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"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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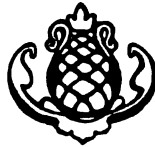
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THE

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IN THE OCTOBER BOOKMAN THE CRAFTSMAN- SHIP OF WRITING

THIRD PAPER

THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE

In the previous article in this series much emphasis was laid upon the importance of developing the critical faculty, and of learning, in all the books we read, to look first of all for the author's purpose. Such a habit renders the valuable service of teaching us the necessity of having a purpose of our own.

The nature of this purpose, its scope and importance, must be determined, in each specific case, by the writer himself. It is no one's business but his own, what he is trying to do. But he himself must have, from the start, a clear-cut idea, not only of what he is doing, but how he is going to do it. There is no use in trying to write unless one has something to say. The most careful craftsmanship, the most polished style, are lifeless without ideas. There is no use in creating the body if you cannot impart a soul.

Second in importance to having a purpose is the necessity of clothing it in suitable form. You may have some light, frothy little ideas such as would make a graceful triolet; do not give it the misplaced dignity of a sonnet or a ballade. Or perhaps you have hit upon a really big situation deserving of the big treatment of a Hardy or a Meredith; be careful not to squander it on a short story or a summer novel. New ideas, or even old ideas in a new shape, are so rare that they deserve the greatest care we can give in clothing them.

Clearness is a quality which cannot be over-emphasised. There is no use in having an underlying purpose unless we are able to make that purpose clear. But you cannot write clearly unless you have learned to think clearly. Let your meaning be direct and your language simple. Clearness without style is better than style without clearness.

OTHER FEATURES

In the October issue Mr. Clayton Hamilton will resume his regular dramatic department with a paper on some of the European plays that are to appear in America this season. "Mr. Hamilton is writing the best dramatic criticism that is being written in the United States to-day," said Brander Matthews recently, an opinion that has been very forcibly indorsed in England by William Archer.

Another article that will appeal to those who are interested in the stage, and above all to those who have written plays or contemplate doing so, is Mr. George Middleton's "Planting a Play." In this paper the author, himself a playwright of wide experience, tells the story of the journey of a play from its author to its final production, provided the play is one of the lucky few. He writes of The Post-Office Route, the Play Agent, Personal Contact, Why Plays Are Rejected, and the Question of Contracts.

In Mr. Ellis Parker Butler's series of Little Ballads of Timely Warning the author of "Pigs Is Pigs" will discuss "Malicious Cruelty to Harmless Creatures."

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No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In last month's Chronicle we suggested, *à propos* of some anecdotes in the

When Dickens Came perhaps the account of our country in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was rather moderate.

In the beginning of George Cary Eggleston's *Recollections of a Varied Life*, to which we have alluded before, the author undertakes to tell, quite simply, of the manner of land this was in the eighteen forties, the decade in which Dickens first visited us. To a younger generation it is graphic and very astonishing. It is like reading of the England of Chaucer, or the France of Francis the First. The absence of bridges, the badness of roads, the primitive character of vehicular devices greatly emphasised overland distances. To the author's native town of Vevay, Indiana, New Orleans was the great outlet and inlet of travel. The East, beyond the mountain barrier, seemed as remote as Cathay. It was to New Orleans that the people of the West sent the produce of their orchards and fields; thence came the goods sold in the shops, and the very money—French and Spanish silver coins—that served as a circulating medium. Across the Appalachians there were no railroads and no wagon roads that were better than tracks over ungraded hills and quagmire trails through swamps and morasses. Measured by ease of access, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were at a greater distance from the dwellers in the West than Hong Kong or Singapore is now, while Boston was more remote than the mountains in the moon. There were no telegraphs, the mails were irregular and unsafe. The wagons that carried them were subject to capture by robber

bands who infested many parts of the country, having their headquarters usually at some town where roads converged and lawlessness reigned supreme. Such a town was Napoleon, Indiana. Mr. Eggleston relates an anecdote illustrating its character:

A man from the East made inquiry in Cincinnati concerning routes to various points in the Hoosier State, and beyond.

"If I want to go to Indianapolis, what road do I take?" he asked.

"Why, you go to Napoleon, and take the road northwest."

"If I want to go to Madison?"

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road southwest."

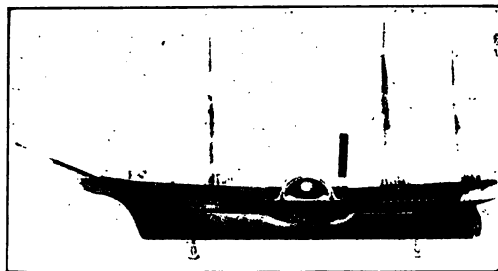
"Suppose I want to go to St. Louis?"

"Why, you go to Napoleon, and take the national road west."

And so on, through a long list, with Napoleon as the starting point of each reply. At last the man asked in despair:

"Well, now, stranger, suppose I wanted to go to Hell?"

The stranger answered without a moment's hesitation, "Oh, in that case, just go to Napoleon, and stay there."



HOW DICKENS CAME TO AMERICA. THE CUNARD LINER STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA," WHICH BROUGHT THE NOVELIST HERE ON HIS FIRST VISIT, IN 1842

A paragraph on "When Dickens Came" may appropriately be followed by one entitled "How Dickens

How Dickens Came

Came. From *Steamships and Their Story*, by E. Keble Chatterton (London, Cassell and Company), we reproduce a picture of the stateroom on the Cunard liner *Britannia*, which the novelist occupied when he came to America for the first time in 1842. We understand that there are to be two editions of *Steamships and Their Story* brought out in the United States. We shall have more to say of this book in a later issue.



THE STATEROOM OCCUPIED BY CHARLES DICKENS
ON THE "BRITANNIA"

While Dickens could not have foreseen the luxury of modern transatlantic travel, he was apparently quite conscious of the inadequacy of such accommodations as the *Britannia* offered, and for which a charge of thirty-eight guineas was made—then the fare between Liverpool and Boston. In *American Notes* he speaks of the cabin shown in the accompanying illustration as "an utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless and profoundly preposterous box." Of the *Britannia's* saloon he wrote: "Before descending into the bowels of the ship we had passed from the deck into a long, narrow apartment, not unlike a gigantic

purse with windows in the sides, having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands; while on the other side, extending down its whole dreary length, was a long, long table, over each of which a rack, fixed to the low roof and stuck full of drinking-glasses and cruet-stands, hinted dismally of rolling seas and heavy weather."

When Mr. Arnold Bennett's strong and sombre novel, *The Old Wives' Tale*, appeared in this country last season a good many readers somewhat rashly assumed it to be the initial work of a new writer, and in consequence marvelled at its finished workmanship. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bennett is a man of forty years and upwards, with half of that period devoted to the pursuit of literature, and eighteen published volumes to his account. In view of the fact that interest in him is steadily increasing, that one by one his other volumes are being reprinted here, and that early next month his most ambitious novel, *Clayhanger*, is to be issued, it seems worth while to give a few material facts and dates concerning him. He was born in 1867, in the Pottery District of North Staffordshire, England, the district that he has painted in more than one of his volumes under the caption of "The Five Towns"—the smoke and gloom and narrow-minded conservatism of which seem to have followed him to his new home across the Channel, with the same haunting depression with which it follows his readers. He was educated at Newcastle, and for a time took up the study of law; but later abandoned it for journalism, accepting in 1895 a position on a London publication called *Woman*, first as assistant editor, and three years later as editor-in-chief. In the midst of these duties he found time to publish two volumes, *A Man from the North* (1898) and *Polite Farces* (1899). In 1900 he resigned from the editorship of *Woman* in order to give all his time to the more congenial work of writing books. He has chosen to make his home in France; and in its congenial surroundings he turns forth new volumes with a diligence

in a new ash-sifter and expects you to come down and see that it works all right.

All send regards to you. You seem to have made quite a hit down here for a Yankee.

Salutations and good wishes.

Yours,
S. P.

American author, was awarded the prize in a competition held in connection with the annual Stratford festival. It is a lyric rendering of the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, illuminated with many fine passages of poetry; but it is not, according to our dramatic critic,



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

The first performance of *The Piper*, by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks), was given in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon on Tuesday evening, July 26th. This play in verse, by an

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in the theatric sense, a clearly progressive and tensely constructed play. At Stratford it was presented by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company of players, and it was received with great enthusiasm. After the performance the prize of £300 was presented

to Mrs. Marks by Mr. Archie Flower, the chairman of the board of governors of the Memorial Theatre. This is the first time that a play by an American poet has been presented as a feature of the festival performances at Stratford; and the audience, gathered largely from London, and including such scholars as Mr. Sidney Lee and such dramatic artists as Sir Charles Wyndham, conceived the occasion as a sort of literary love-feast between the two English-speaking nations.

In view of the uniform Library edition of Walter Pater's works which the Macmillan Company is issuing, a volume at a time, **Pater at Oxford** an article on Walter Pater by Edward Bradford Titchener, written in 1894 at the time of the essayist's death, possesses considerable attraction. The article is too long to quote in its entirety, but some of Dr. Titchener's descriptions of the man as he knew him will be particularly interesting to those who know the writings but not the man behind them. "Pater was certainly not above—probably a little below—the middle height. He had, besides,



JOHN ADAMS THAYER



THE PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT

the typical scholar's stoop, and so appeared shorter than he really was. Bald, with a ring of neutral brown hair; somewhat pale and often tired looking, with deep-set blue-grey eyes, rather a heavy chin and mouth and an immense deep brown mustache—this," writes Dr. Titchener, "is Pater's portrait as I remember him."

Of the reverence which the students at Oxford felt for their professor, Dr. Titchener says: "We at Brasenose looked upon Pater with a reverence that almost amounted to awe. He was to us the incarnation of art—the embodiment of the unapproachable and tantalising Art of which we knew only from books and from a few long-vacation weeks spent in the Louvre, or at Dresden, Florence or Rome, and as such he was a being on a different plane from that of the ordinary Don." As an illustration of this feeling Dr. Titchener relates the following amusing anecdote: "There had been a students' frolic in the rooms above those occupied by Pater, in the course of which a bathtub was overturned upon the floor. Some choice spirit added to the mess the contents of as many lamps as he could lay hands on. The mixture of oil and water soaked through the floor to the ceiling of Pater's bedroom; and he himself was awakened in the small hours by a gentle trickling upon his forehead. The

news spread next morning at chapel time, and when my friend Jones appeared to breakfast with me his first words were: 'Fancy, on *that* head!' We ate our meal in melancholy silence. Had the accident happened to the then Principal, the remark would have been no more than, 'Rough luck on old Toby, wasn't it?' Mr. Watson we all respected and liked; but he was only a mortal."

There has been much written about the marriage of Napoleon the Third and Mlle. de Montijo, but the following anecdote in the Memoirs of the Princess Caroline Murat, the grand-niece of the first Napoleon, seems quite new. The Princess was, of course, present at the wedding. "It was only when they were actually approaching the throne that the Bishop of Nancy discovered that the person who ought to have brought the wedding-ring had forgotten it. What was to be done? . . . Seeing the Bishop's distress, and learning its reason, I offered my own wedding-ring, which fortunately happened to be small enough."

Princess Caroline Murat and her aunt, the Princess Mathilde, came near becoming Empress of the French. Caroline had no ambition to reign over France, but expresses her regret that Mathilde did not marry Napoleon the Third. "More than once he proposed marriage to her, and it is recorded that while he was a prisoner at Ham, hearing of her marriage with Anatole Demidoff, in 1840, he wept and said bitterly to Barrot, 'This is the last and heaviest blow that fortune had in store for me.' It is possible—indeed, very probable—that had my aunt been Empress of the French the Franco-Prussian war would never have taken place."

That redoubtable little volume, *Astir, a Publisher's Life Story*, by Mr. J. A. Thayer, which we discussed in these columns at some length last month, has been likened to the *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*. This is very mislead-

ing. Except that they are self-made men, proud of their handiwork, there is little resemblance between Mr. Thayer and old Gorgon Graham. Old Graham was almost a figure for burlesque. Whether or not satire was the author's motive in creating him, he certainly achieved its results. To be sure, many regarded the *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant* at the time as a sort of handbook of business success, full of good advice to the young, and we recall one British reviewer who referred to old Graham as an admirable type, and regretted that it was not more common in his own country. But these were the wild guesses of literary folk without any knowledge of business. He was as much of a warning as an example, and his large, ambiguous advice would, if followed, have landed as many young men in jail as at the head of their firms. He dealt in the sort of epigrams which when reversed remain quite as good epigrams and quite as true. Mr. Thayer, on the other hand, is a man of particulars, not addicted to epigrams or to any sort of general advice. We may infer the general rule if we like from his manner of overcoming concrete difficulties. There was, for example, the constantly recurrent question of an increase of salary. When a young man, Mr. Thayer's relations with his salary were always very strained. Toward fifteen dollars a week he was indignant; toward eighteen dollars a week he soon grew contemptuous; toward twenty-five dollars and expenses he became in a very short time almost morbidly vindictive. And not for a moment did he conceal his feelings. One of the chief reasons, we should say, for his rapid advancement was his frank and frequent revelation to his employers of this divine discontent. The number of dollars a day he ought to be receiving would at times fairly sing in his ears—

My eagerness overcame his scruples, however, and I was engaged at the same unescapable salary of eighteen dollars a week, for a term, as he carefully explained, not exceeding three weeks, the hours being from eight to five. This was my first encounter with the eight-hour plan and I showed my surprise.

"I long ago decided," he said jestingly, "that

the proper division of time is eight hours for work, eight hours for play, eight hours for sleep——"

"And eight dollars a day?" I continued, completing the rhyme.

"Not yet, young man," he smiled. "Not yet."

And he was as ingenious in his pleas as he was quick in turning his heart's desire into rhyme. Once when a travelling man in Texas he determined to ask his employer to set him at a different kind of work.

Fortunately for me, our personal relations were of the pleasantest. Often his guest at luncheon and a frequent visitor at his country house, I met an indulgent if astonished hearing when without mincing words I announced that I had decided to travel in Texas no more. Asked for reasons, I furnished many, but the heavy shot was this: "I intend to marry some day," I said, "and I owe it to my future wife—whom I haven't met—not to become a confirmed travelling man, unable to do anything else, and saddled, perhaps, with bad habits." To the head of a family as happy as it was numerous this domestic argument made its prompt appeal, and he inquired kindly what I meant to do. I modestly suggested that he permit me to try city trade, a field in which we had no one, and the novelty of the idea taking his fancy, a city salesman I became.

Astir is worth fifty of those guide-books to success which were so numerous a few years ago and of which we have recently seen some sorry examples—books addressed to young men "on the threshold," and abounding in the aphorisms of millionaires. Beautiful as the life of the millionaire is, it seldom, in this field, shows to great advantage. The common form of millionaire advice is that of the once-a-tinker-now-a-merchant-prince type of man, who draws preposterous lessons for the guidance of youth from the store of his own early disadvantages. Be practical, young man, and cut away everything in life that has no money in it. Start early at your job, cultivate no alien tastes, remain stone-deaf and blind to everything that does not pay. It is the literature of the diamond shirt stud and somewhat formidable in bulk. For there

is a considerable number of young and old who detect a pleasant sort of clinking sound in every rich man's large advice. Lovable as the millionaire always is, we have certainly called him in too often to address the Sunday-school. We seem to require the autobiography of every goose that lays a golden egg.

And the average treatise on success talks down to young manhood at a lower than human level. Be honest, be good, be firm, choose the right; and Christian principles are very good things and may sometimes be employed even in your business; and "He who has pluck need not wait for luck," and "Self-control is the first rung on the ladder of success." True words, no doubt, but there is very little hope in this world for the sort of young man that needs them, for, after all, the mind, if there be one, is apt to sprout at an early age. The contrast between Mr. Thayer's shrewd, amusing and most ingenuous little book and all this sort of thing is refreshing.

Insurgent husbands, anti-suffragettes, the old home-guard of "woman's charm," experts in the ever-worn-analy, pickets of "the sphere," in fact, the entire host of shattered hominism may rally with confidence round the first two papers in Professor Andrew Macphail's *Essays in Fallacy* on "The American Woman" and "The Psychology of the Suffragette." They hearten a man for every form of sex-warfare, from fireside single combat to platform campaign. "The American Woman" is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the London *Spectator* more than a year ago and which were at the time something of a storm centre. Both essays are very clever and malign, written out of a head well stocked with varied reading, and fully attaining the author's aim, as announced in his preface, of a "free asperity of expression." Sex-patriots on either side ought to read every word of these two papers, the hominist to equip himself for the manful charge, the feminist to forearm herself against it. No summary will suffice for them. We offer

the following summary and selections merely by way of first aid to some beleaguered family man, perhaps at this moment on the eve of altercation, and probably quite unprepared:

The term "American Woman" as employed by Professor Macphail means a type of "idle busybody" associated in the popular mind with the United States, because especially numerous and thriving there, but by no means confined to that country or even indigenous to it. He says it is wholly inaccurate as a description of the average American mother, wife or daughter.

To speak of the "American Woman" as if she were confined to, or even especially characteristic of, the United States, is as if one were to assume that the common scale which destroys apple trees were found nowhere else than in San José or that the potato-bug confines its ravages to Colorado. These pests did not even originate in the places whose names they bear, and the "American Woman" of the novelists was a common occurrence long before the United States were discovered.

But this injurious type of woman has, he thinks, flourished especially in the United States, though now to be found everywhere. Just as smallpox breaks out with unprecedented fury when transferred to a new environment, just as the "Hanoverian" brown rat upon invading England in the eighteenth century replaced the "Old-English" black rat which till then possessed the country, so this objectionable breed of woman found in the United States a "suitable environment" and

began to develop an exuberant growth and to thrive exceedingly, with such coarse luxuriousness as one beholds in a shade-dwelling plant which is suddenly transported into the light.

But the type itself is very ancient—

In the remote days of the much-distressed Ezekiel there were also women of this type, who by the absurd practice of "sewing pillows to their armholes, made the hearts of the righteous sad."

Woman's primitive functions, the

preparation of food and clothing, and the care of her mate and offspring, have passed from her under the division of labour, whereby food is purchased already prepared, the larder stored each day from the grocer's wagon, and the child turned over to "male and female hirelings—physicians and nurses." Every industrial advance tends to destroy the family. Deprived of its natural functions, the maternal instinct runs riot in "noisy sentimentalism," into mothers' meetings, into undue concern for the infant and neglect of the growing child—

The American mother is famous for the care of her infant and neglect of her child.

Woman now admits the superiority of men in what were once her special callings—the superiority of the man-cook, the man-tailor, and the man-midwife, and finally Ibsen discovered that she could not even sew on a button effectually.

Now the country is rich, but the family is destroyed. One couple in every twelve is divorced. The natural occupations of women are gone. There is money and idleness for the rich, idleness alone for the poor. The rich create work for themselves, charitable drudgery, social rivalries, merely to tire themselves out. They are uncongenial tasks like those of a "dog in a dance" or a monkey at his sewing.

Off the stage, we are told that these animals are subject to fits of ill-temper, to outbursts of emotion, to discontent; that they crave for excitement, and that they finally "break down."

It is the same way with woman. Self-reliance is the most deadly lesson she can learn. Her natural resources are meekness, patience and kindness, and when she abandons these she

merely becomes an "American Woman," and in striving for her "rights" she loses her influence, and gives us a new reading of the old fable of the bone and its shadow.

Women were never so powerful or so happy as in ancient Greece, where they had no rights, but were completely under the authority of men, and where no matter what the woman was or did, the man was blamed for it. The woman who has

a veil upon her head has authority upon her head. The woman who is happy is she who goes quietly and obeys the law of gentleness. Finally,

The American woman—all women—should turn upon the "American Woman" as judges and executioners, with cold, deliberate indignation, in such virgin fury as the workers in the hive display toward the great idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious on the melliferous walls. And happily, there is evidence that the people are tired of the farce, that the lights are out and the audience gone home.

"Behold the feet of them that carried out Sapphira." Having removed the American Woman, Professor Macphail now turns to the suffragette. Here his method is ironical, marked, as a reviewer has said, by "sidelong glances," "jests delivered with a bewildering composure," and the employment of "the *reductio ad absurdum* with a gravity not less than Euclid's." Hitherto, he says, the arguments for woman's suffrage have been too feminine and too easily overborne by flat contradictions. For example, when the suffragettes complain that such a woman as George Eliot or Mrs. Browning should not exercise a privilege enjoyed by her husband's valet, they are met by the answer that the right may as well be taken from the man as conferred upon the woman. When we offer them one of these alternatives:

If women are different from men, representative government without including them is incompletely representative of the State; if women are the same as men, then presumably they have the same need to vote as men—they suggest that we substitute "lunatics" for "women" and see how the propositions read.

But when the anti-suffragists go beyond mere contradictions and put forth positive arguments, there is little difficulty in refuting them. Take, for example, the familiar taunt that women would vote for the candidate whose external appearance was pleasing. What of that, says Professor Macphail, as spokesman for the suffragettes, when the reasons that now prevail are equally flimsy? And

under the new arrangements a House of Rep-

resentatives would be composed of men who would at least be beautiful, whereas to-day they are neither beautiful nor good.

Such arguments, he thinks, are merely mockery and

when mockery fails, they descend to ridicule even of martyrs, laughter at heroines, and mirth, because a suffragette of her own volition assumed and continues to bear the name of Catt.

Quickly brushing aside these trivialities, he settles down to his grim, ironical central argument, which is that by permitting woman to vote we shall render her so unlovely that there will no longer be any danger of the "merging of the male idea into the feminine." For woman "exercises her power by means of a charm, by which she allures and then captivates," and

If the power of this charm were unchecked it would reabsorb the masculine idea into the feminine, so earnestly is it desired by men. . . . If all women at all times behaved themselves in accordance with the principles of the eternal feminine, which are those of appearance and beauty, men would become so enamoured of it that they would mould their lives by it and eventually transform themselves into women.

This is a real danger because the male is, in horticultural language, a "sport" with an inveterate tendency to revert to the female type,

which is the more stable of the two, less sensitive and therefore capable of enduring discomfort, less intelligent and therefore guided more by instinct than by reason, less troubled by those emotions which lead to self-sacrifice for the good of the whole, more enduring because less dominated by those principles which are known as morality.

Instances of this reversion may be seen in the decay of past civilisations through effeminacy and in the frequent occurrence of feminisation in the individual, such as in the young husband who becomes blissfully absorbed in the functions of a lady's maid or the old man whose duties are mainly those of a "hooker-up," as that humble office is technically called.

And society to-day is largely feminised.

All novels are written for women except the few which are worth writing. . . . This desire of women to be deceived accounts for that insincere writing which is found in nearly all novels, and in all those she-papers which fatten upon her credulity. Reading, then, becomes a vapid and frivolous amusement for dazing the mind, and a book no better than a lap-dog.

And art fares no better.

The pictures which are painted to please her must have a superficial prettiness, and the houses which are erected for her use will best serve her purpose if, instead of simplicity, they display a decorated cosiness and have sufficient cupboards for the accommodation of her cast-off finery.

The superfluous top-hamper of civilisation, which makes living difficult for the rich, and impossible for the poor, continues to burden humanity because women will have it so. A world of iniquity is created out of their desire for change. It is not love of beauty which suddenly reveals to a woman that last year's adornment is hideous, but the desire to change one form of ugliness for another. If she possessed that sense of beauty which comes from sincerity, and that in turn from freedom, she would once and for all agree upon some practice of adornment combined with utility, which would have a reasonable degree of permanency, rather than submit to the tyranny of an organised band of mercenaries, who exist for the purpose of exploiting her femininity.

After observing the moral conduct of all created beings, from the amoeba to the members of the International Women's Suffrage Association, he finds that morality had its beginning in the activities necessary to the procuring of food, and since these fell chiefly to the share of the male, the female continued to be non-moral. In the contest with his enemies and with his environment, man developed a logic and a morality of his own; sheltered as woman was, she required neither. Without freedom there can be no character. Woman became servile because she was not free; mindless because she had another to think for her; heartless because there was no need so

far as she was concerned of a wide and disinterested charity; unjust because she was shielded from the penalty of injustice. Not only was she deprived of all incentives to develop a morality, but she became "the victim of man's unconscious egoism and conscious duplicity." There is, for example, the condition known as "being in love," of which Dr. Stanley Hall offered a few weeks ago the following definition:

Emotive delusion, fixed idea, rudimentary paranoia, psychic neurasthenia, episodic symptoms of hereditary degeneracy, and psychic emotive obsession.

Professor Macphail does not go so far as this. He merely defines it as a "mental disorder," of which "the first symptom is an entire incapacity to perceive the truth." In this condition the man projects into his ideal of the woman his own qualities or those which he desires for himself.

A man who is in love with a woman is really in love with himself, but neither the one nor the other is aware of the fact. He begins by deceiving himself and ends by deceiving her, for a time at least, and her future life consists in the employment of every resource to encourage and maintain the fiction. . . . To succeed in retaining this love, she is obliged to live the life of the image he has created, and ends by destroying her inner self.

It is not strange that deprived of freedom and of contact with the world, she should not have developed a morality. The same thing is true of clerics who deal constantly with women, of schoolmasters, professors and writers whose experience does not extend beyond the class-room and the study.

The characteristics of the feminine nature are found in them. They are considered virtuous because the problems of morality have never presented themselves.

Moreover, women being essentially self-deceived or dishonest, can never confess. As Kant says, they never betray their own secret. All the great "Confessions" have been written by men. Contrast George Sand's *L'Histoire de ma Vie* with Rousseau's *Confessions*. Who

could be so absurd as to suppose that she tells us all she remembers?

A man will deliberately revive the remembrance of past sins for his present amendment. . . . A woman forgets an act of meanness because it made no impression upon her mind when she committed it. She does not understand the nature of it. She forgives an act of meanness which a woman commits against her because they understand each other so well.

Men freely confess the savage feelings that still lurk in them. They do not hesitate to display their primitive instincts openly, as

in the joy with which they eat their food, in their poor attempts at the decoration of their persons by means of green hats and coloured waistcoats, in their pitiable attempts to look fierce by an arrangement of the vestige of hair which yet survives, in the alacrity with which they imbibe intoxicants for the sake of casting off that burden of morality which they have so painfully acquired and which yet sits so uneasily upon them.

Yet they have arrived at a higher morality. The present equal suffrage movement is merely an effort on the part of women to do the same. It is an attempt of women to stand on their own feet and "attain consideration by virtue of goodness and not of charm." Their real enemies are the alluring members of their own sex who under present conditions master men easily because men "find it so comfortable to succumb."

There is no creature in the world who is so irritating to the woman who is merely good as the woman who is merely charming, and therefore in a condition of negative morality.

And the value of the suffrage consists in the emancipation of woman from herself in so far as it emancipates her from man. But to attain an independent moral status for her sex the emancipated must not only cease to be "merely charming" herself; she must prevent others from being so, but since men do now desire women mainly for their charm, we may have to face the extinction of the species. This, however, is no bar to the argument.

In a question of morality consequences do not count. We did not create ourselves. The responsibility of ceasing to exist does not rest upon us.

All of which should, we think, exacerbate the great issue between hominism and feminism and lead to shrewder fighting all along the line.

It has been told how Théophile Gautier once wrote a critical study of Balzac, and the latter, seeing it, drew upon Gautier for half the amount paid for the article, on the ground that if he had not existed Gautier would not have had the opportunity to write so many amiable things about him, and that in consequence the two were necessarily collaborators and should share equally. Another phase of Balzac's eccentricity is illustrated in a recent number of *Les Annales* of Paris. In 1841 a dramatist named Siraudin, who although now forgotten had something of a reputation in his day, sent to the Variétés a piece entitled *The Vendetta*, which scored an immediate success. No sooner had royalties begun to come in than Siraudin received the following letter:

MONSIEUR: You are having presented at the Théâtre des Variétés a play, *The Vendetta*. This title being that of one of my stories, I beg of you to forward my share of the profits.

Your Collaborator,
HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Siraudin was naturally profoundly astonished. As he had never read *The Vendetta* of Balzac, his conscience did not trouble him. He decided to submit the case to his confrère Dumanoir, a man of ripe experience. As a result of the interview he presented himself at Balzac's house at Passy. The novelist himself, dressed in his legendary white flannel robe, opened the door.

"Who are you?" said Balzac brusquely.

"I am, Monsieur, one of the authors of *The Vendetta*."

"Delighted to see you. We have something to say to each other."

Siraudin, somewhat disturbed, sat down in an armchair. Balzac, his coun-

tenance showing irritation, remained standing.

"For a long time, Monsieur," said Balzac, "they have been stealing my novels for the stage; they have been transforming them without my authorisation and they forget to include me in the profits. This cannot continue. I have said nothing until the present, but now I have you, and you are going to pay for the others."

Siraudin protested that his play had nothing in common with the work of the novelist. "What does that matter?" retorted Balzac. "They bear the same title and that is enough. If you refuse my just demand the courts will decide between us."

The dramatist rose, bowed, drew from his pocket a little folded paper and said to Balzac:

"Since we are settling our affairs, let me present to you, from M. Dumanoir, whom you know, no doubt, a little claim. Did you not publish, in 1838, a novel entitled *A Daughter of Eve*?"

"Certainly."

"Very well! M. Dumanoir, in collaboration with MM. Lafargue and Solar, presented in 1833, on the same stage of the Variétés where our *Vendetta* is being played to-day, a piece entitled *A Daughter of Eve*. You will, therefore, see that you have despoiled him, and he has charged me to demand from you, for this larceny, twenty thousand francs of damages and interest."

This counterstroke was too much for Balzac. He burst out laughing, insisted on keeping Siraudin to breakfast, and mapped out prodigious schemes for making both their fortunes.

About three years ago there appeared in the *BOOKMAN* an article by Mr. James Huneker entitled "A Half Forgotten Romance." It told the story of the loves of Ferdinand Lassalle and the extraordinary woman who was born Helena von Doenniges, and who became, after the tragic death of Lassalle, the Princess Racowitza. The half forgotten romance is recalled by the publication of *Princess Helene von Racowitza, an Autobiography*, translated from the German by Cecil Mar, and com-

ing from the press of the Macmillan Company. Mr. Huneker's paper so thoroughly covered a story that, to use his own words, "set all Europe gossiping, wondering and, finally, sent it into semi-hysterics, as the affair turned into a tragedy, for which the woman was universally condemned," that we are merely going to outline it here. Lassalle, the fiery leader of German Socialism, met Helena von Doenniges in 1864. The two loved each other from the first, and the stormy passion came to an end when Lassalle fell in a duel with Yanko von Racowitza, another of Helena's suitors. Helena was far from being as unmoved as Werther's Charlotte, who, in the words of the poem:

Having seen the body
Brought before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Nevertheless, six months later she outraged the world by marrying the slayer of her lover. The whole story has been told by George Meredith in his novel *The Tragic Comedians*. After the death of von Racowitza, Helena embarked upon an adventurous career, involving two or three marriages, authorship and the stage.

In the course of her life Helena von Racowitza has rubbed elbows with much that was distinguished in literature and art and music and politics. Long before she met Lassalle her worldly education had begun. When she was a mere girl at Nice she came in contact with such celebrities as Bulwer Lytton, Meyerbeer, Lord Brougham, Dickens, and the old King Louis I. of Bavaria. In her autobiography she tells us that Bulwer Lytton stands in the foreground of her memory. When she knew him at the end of the fifties he was already past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. "He seemed to me antediluvian," she writes, "with his long dyed curls and his old-fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches, and long coloured waistcoat. Also, he appeared always with a young lady who adored him, and who was followed with a man

servant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long, flowing curls, called *Anglaises*. To me, who hated every kind of pose, the famous author seemed ridiculous, as did later Oscar Wilde, with his train of adoring women. In society, however, people ran after him tremendously, and spoiled him in every possible way. He read aloud from his own works and, in especially poetic passages, his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp. If at that time I had had any understanding of the mystical and occult side of the great man who had penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of the unseen world, I should have honoured him and tried to learn from him; but at that age *Zanoni* and all his other works were looked upon as merely clever fantasies. It was only much later that I developed an understanding for these subjects. At that period all society was deep in materialism. In any case, the author Bulwer was more interesting than the man Lord Lytton."

"This," she writes, "was not the case with Meyerbeer. The animated and witty composer was very attractive socially, and my parents were as fond of him as of his operas. I became very friendly with his amiable and clever daughter Cornelia, who later on married the famous painter Richter. Every day she took long walks with her father in the country surrounding Nice, and sometimes I was allowed to accompany them. But as Meyerbeer was mostly in the throes of composition during these walks, it was strictly forbidden to utter a word. Cornelia's father really only took her with him to prevent his falling or having an accident, as he generally rushed onward with wide-opened eyes, which beheld nothing but their own imaginary world. This enforced silence for hours did not suit me and I soon gave up these walks."

Despite the very sound popularity of his novels, accurate biographical details about Mr. de Morgan have been exceedingly meagre. Consequently the article about him by Mr. A. St. John Adcock in the August

number of the *London Bookman* is of more than passing interest. Mr. de Morgan was born in 1839, in Gower Street, London. His father, Augustus de Morgan, was the first Professor of Mathematics of the University College, and held his Chair for thirty-five years. When he was ten years old William de Morgan went to University College School, and six years later passed into University College, where he remained for three years. At this period all his inclinations were toward art; he took lessons in drawing at a school in Bloomsbury, and in 1859 became a pupil in the R. A. Schools. He does not deny that certain incidents of Charley Heath's youth, in *Alice-for-Short*, are derived from his remembrances of those days; but he does deny that Joseph Vance's school has any connection with his own school memories.

Before he was twenty-five Mr. de Morgan had turned his attention to stained-glass work, an occupation in which he continued until 1871, when some experiments he was conducting in pottery in the cellar of a house in Fitzroy Square led to the roof of the house being burned off. After the disaster he took a house in Chayne Row, Chelsea, two doors from Carlyle's, and built a kiln in the back garden. Subsequently he removed to Orange House, Chelsea. In 1882 he transferred his work to Merton Abbey, and thence, in partnership with Mr. Halsey Ricardo, the architect, he removed to Wandsworth Bridge, where the business expired slowly five or six years ago. "A bewildering lot of nonsensical inaccuracy," comments Mr. Adcock, "has been published about Mr. de Morgan, especially in America; such as that he inherited a pottery business from his father, who was a Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and that he was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is true that he studied painting, and in 1877 he illustrated a book of fairy stories, *On a Pin Cushion*, written by his sister, Mary de Morgan; but the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood belonged almost to an earlier generation."

So far as Mr. Adcock can ascertain, Mr. de Morgan's first appearance in print

was with a paper on "Lustre Ware," which was published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* for June 24, 1892. Before he began to write *Joseph Vance* he had never attempted fiction or thought of doing so. When he began that story he was sixty-five years of age and started to write merely for a lark, putting the opening chapter aside when it was done because he thought his indebtedness to Dickens was too obvious to be allowed to pass. Another mistaken rumour, says Mr. Adcock, is that *Joseph Vance* went the round of the London publishing houses before it was accepted. As a matter of fact, when the manuscript returned from the first publisher to whom it was offered it was put away in a drawer until accident led to its being shown to another publisher, who read and was so taken with the story, though he did not see his way to the heavy undertaking of publishing a novel of that unusual length, he carried it off, and submitted it to a



THE PRINCESS RACOWITZA

third publisher, who accepted it at once. Long as *Joseph Vance* remains, in its original form it was much longer.

Ever since it was founded by the great Duke of Richelieu, the enemies of Académie Française have contended that it has been merely a club and that influence has counted

more than genius in winning admission into its ranks. Balzac, they point out, was never elected, and in recent times Émile Zola year after year knocked at its doors in vain. Whatever the truth of the matter in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries may be, that the charge was not without foundation in the early part of the century is shown by the fact that in September, 1720, the Academy called to its bosom Louis François du Plessis, the hero of Mr. H. Noel Williams's volume, *The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu*. The Academy at this period, and for long afterwards, Mr. Williams tells us, always contained a sprinkling of noblemen, who were elected without much regard to their intellectual qualifications, while many of the men of letters who graced it owed their chairs more to the favour



WILLIAM DE MORGAN IN VENICE



A. S. M. HUTCHINSON
Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

Mr. Hutchinson, whose whimsical *Once Aboard the Lugger* was reviewed last month, is the son of a well-known general in the Indian army, and was prevented from entering the Service himself by defective eyesight. He took up journalism instead, and is now on the staff of the *London Daily Graphic*. He had the unusual fortune of having his first book accepted within a week or two of the time it was submitted.

with which they happened to be regarded in court circles than to literary distinction. Richelieu's own education had been so much neglected that he could not trust to his own powers in the composition of his *Discours de Réception*, and summoned to his assistance the witty Fontenelle.

"The most notorious Lovelace of his age," Mr. Williams calls the subject of his study, "who extended his conquests from the *coulisses* of the Opera to the steps to the throne, whom Princesses of the Blood consoled when a prisoner in the Bastille, and for the possession of whose heart titled dames contended with pistols in the alleys of Bois de Boulogne, Richelieu's reputation for gallantry has, thanks to the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Soulavie and Faur, tended to overshadow the other claims to remembrance. These, however, are considerable, for he was one of the most versatile of men, and in his

long and eventful life played many parts. He had a distinguished military career; he was intrusted with important diplomatic missions; he conspired with his country's enemies, and under a less mild *régime* than that of the *Regency* would probably have lost his head; he was the intimate friend of Voltaire, who lent him money and professed for him a boundless admiration, the confidant of Louis XV., a noted wit, a dandy of the first elegance, a redoubtable duellist, and he had a hand in every court intrigue of his time."

In some paragraphs on O. Henry two months ago we suggested that some of **The Ephemerality of Humour** his most entertaining work might have very little point ten years hence. A correspondent writes to ask us if we believe that anything genuinely humorous can possibly be ephemeral. In reply we beg to call attention to one of the finest strokes in French comedy, the last line of Émile Augier's *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, one of the most admirable plays of the nineteenth century. All other matters having been amicably adjusted, the pompous and ambitious M. Poirier is building dreams of his own future greatness. "It is 1847," he says, just as the curtain begins to fall. "Next year I shall be a Deputy, and in 1849 a Peer of France." Now in this, to the American reader of to-day, there is nothing apparently very amusing. But from the French audiences of 1850 it drew screams of laughter. For M. Poirier was building without a premonition of the Revolution of 1848, which resulted in the abolishment of all titles in France.

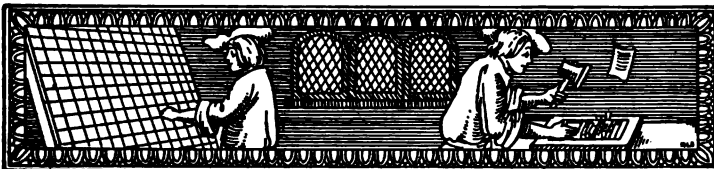
As we have never read anything by Laura Jean Libbey except the titles of her books, we are not **Miss Libbey a Fact** seriously agitated by her recent invasion of the vaudeville stage. It will, however, have the effect of dispelling a curious prevalent impression that no such person actually existed, and that the name merely represented a certain kind of novel of a rather low intellectual order. Such an impression is, we think,



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

justified by precedent. Were there not novels bearing the name of "the Duchess" on the cover written by various hands after the death of Mrs. Hungerford? The author of *When His Love Grew Cold*, *Lovers Once but Strangers Now*, *That Pretty Young Girl*, *Miss Middle-*

ton's Lover, *A Forbidden Marriage*, *Olive's Courtship*, and, to use a line from *Who's Who*, "about fifty other novels—all A7 (which means published by the author), was really Miss Laura Jean Libbey until marriage made her Mrs Van Mater Stilwell.



INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

VI—NOVELS OF "WESTERN LIFE"



NASMUCH as I am not going to sign my name to this article, for reasons that, as will be appreciated subsequently, are obvious, I will describe myself and thereby infer my qualifications to express myself on the subject in point before I set down the expressions of opinion themselves. In the first place, I am a professional gambler and have been a professional gambler for the last twenty-five years. My activities have been confined in this period of time mostly to the West, and I honestly believe that I know what Easterners refer to as "Western life" and the Western character about as well as any man in America. Without going into the specific nature, or rather natures, of my enterprises, you must accept the explanation, by way of premise, that I have "covered" the West from Indiana to California and from the Rio Grande country through the ranch lands and up on through the forests to the Canadian frontier. I have seen "Western life" in its every phase; I have seen and studied Western character in its every change. And all the time have I read.

There may be something that sounds funny in hearing a professional gambler say that he is an extensive reader. It does sound a bit incongruous—even to me. But the fact remains that reading has been my one source of recreation—and again I appreciate that the word "recreation" in this connection is somewhat odd, to say the least. I have never gone in for the deeper kind of reading. Novels have been my hobby, "Western life" novels in particular. And I read every one of the latter as soon as I can lay my hands on it. When I was asked to express my opinions on novels dealing with Western life, I presumed, inasmuch as it was supposed to be an "inside view" I was to give, that I could give my readers the greatest delight by "showing up" the errors in the novels and stories. There are, in general, any

number of slips in the Western life stories, but I want to state at the outset that most of the stories are pretty true to things as they are. I have, of course, read many other brands of fiction besides that devoted to the West, but of all the various kinds, I believe, from my own knowledge, that the fiction dealing with Western life is possessed of a greater *vraisemblance* and veined with a closer appreciation and knowledge of the subject under treatment than any one of the other classes of fiction stories. Western fiction, in short, is fact. And the reason, I hold, is not far to seek. Your average writer on the West has lived in the West, knows it from top to bottom, and loves it. Your average Eastern writer, on the contrary, while he usually lives in the very East of which he is treating, looks not to the dyed-in-the-wool East itself for his themes, but seeks rather to grow fiction orchids where they do not always belong. By "fiction orchids" I refer to such odd "plants" as the overdone "society" theme, the homely old up-State character, who is probably one in one hundred thousand; the milk-and-water "stage" person, and so on to the ennui point. There are very few writers who seem to know the Easterner, the real Easterner—as you may have found him, as I have found him. Winston Churchill is a good Eastern character writer, and by "character" I mean general character rather than a single, peculiar isolated individual "character." Remove the cloak of ultra-romance and you find the really true Easterner, too, in Richard Harding Davis's stories. Robert Chambers and his ilk? They are to "Eastern life" what the dime-novel writers are to "Western life." They only hit the very high spots—if the colloquialism be allowed me.

To get to the Western stories, however, I may point to Alfred Henry Lewis of *Wolfville* fame as one of the leaders in accuracy of atmosphere, and to John Fox, Jr., too, if his *locales* may be considered sufficiently "West." George Pat-

tullo's stories also stand the searching eye of the initiate. Frank Norris was a master of the West of the fiction realm. Booth Tarkington knows his Middle West perfectly for story purposes and Rex Beach his Northwest just as well. The West is so picturesque that the men who deal with it in fiction need only adhere to facts to do their themes justice. The East, too, is undoubtedly possessed of its picturesque side, but the fiction writers prefer to trust to their imaginations when they treat of it and consequently produce nondescript works that start somewhere but get nowhere.

Your Western character is, however, far more easily analysed than your Eastern character. (Hence my reason for confining my activities mostly to that section of the country.) The Texan is, I believe, the simplest of all the Westerners. The man who writes Texas character fiction, as a consequence, has a comparatively simple analytical task before him. Ranchmen, too, are not at all complex. There is not much romance about them, but there is plenty of action suitable for transference to the printed novel page. Your Far Westerner and Northwesterner have had their accurate biographies chronicled in fiction. The writers have caught them, as the photographer would say, in the right light.

Undoubtedly, you are expecting me to criticise with a great deal of severity the almost inalienable "gun play" in the novels and stories of Western life. And you are going to be disappointed. The revolver is rampant on the West's coat of arms—or rather firearms—and although, to be sure, it is not going off all the time, the fiction writers have led their readers into no error when they have introduced the pistol into their pages with seemingly exaggerated ubiquity. Nor has the Western "dialect" in the ranch and lumber camp stories been exaggerated. I have heard many statements to the contrary, but I cannot agree with them. You will find all varieties of "United States dia-

lects" in the West, and I have heard with my own ears several species considerably stranger than those I have encountered in novels. The Western "hero" has come in for his share of criticism, I understand. He is too "heroic," it has been said. The latter criticism, I venture, has come chiefly from the Easterners. Now, while many Westerners are Lords of the White Feather, the average Westerner, as I have found him, is more heroic than the average man of the East. The Westerner is the real American. He may be loud; he may be without the easy graces of your Avenue dandy; he may be "rough." But he has the stuff of men in him, and if that be fiction hero treason—well, then let the Eastern polished "hero's" champions make the most of it.

Mind you, I dislike the so-called "strong" stories of the West as much as any one. The exaggerated "red blood" novels, like one or two of Jack London's, probably annoy me just as much as they annoy some other readers. I like melodrama, but I insist on melodrama with a touch of truth in it. The West has its yellow streak, like any other section of the world, and blood doesn't always run a deep crimson. But the red predominates in the West. It is only when the red is smeared all over the novel that my sense of honesty in fiction rebels. It is this "strong" Western fiction that has prejudiced any number of readers against all Western fiction. I met a man not long ago on a train leaving Omaha who told me he would not read a novel of Western life for fifty dollars. I asked him why. "Because," he said, "the few stories about Western life that I did read made me think I was going into a physical decline." He was not entirely wrong. There is no surer way to lose a reader's sympathy in the "hero" than to have the author make the latter one of those excessively powerful persons who makes the reader feel ashamed of his own perfectly sound and healthy, but otherwise only normal, physique.

THE ELIZABETHAN "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER"



IN New York the "Little Church Around the Corner" first received its quaint nickname from an actor, under circumstances which are recounted in the *Autobiography* of Joseph Jefferson; and it has come to be known mainly through the close relation which it has maintained with members of the theatrical profession. It lies around a quiet and secluded little close, nested away among big buildings, in what has lately become a business district of the city; but it is distant only a stone's throw from the Great White Way of the actors. Many of the profession have been married there; many have lain there for their last obsequies before being borne to the grave. The little church has been a haven of hospitality to actors; and the actors have grown to love the little church, as a sort of grave and decorous monument to their craft.

In Elizabethan days there stood upon the Bankside, only a stone's throw from the Globe Theatre, a church which was similarly hospitable to the actors and the dramatists, at a time when both players and playwrights were consigned by law to the status of "rogues and vagabonds." This church, bearing the beautiful quaint name of St. Saviour's, was already ancient in the days of Shakespeare. It had been founded as early as 1106, by one of the bishops of Winchester, to serve as the Priory Church of St. Mary Overy. In 1540 it was converted into a parish church by Henry VIII; and it continued to be known as St. Saviour's until 1905, when it was raised to an episcopate and christened the Cathedral of Southwark. But Southwark Cathedral seems too pompous an appellation for such a homely and habitable church; and those who care for the connotation of old names must continue to call it by the title that was familiar to Shakespeare.

St. Saviour's, in Elizabethan days, must have been the sole considerable church in that random and riff-raff dis-

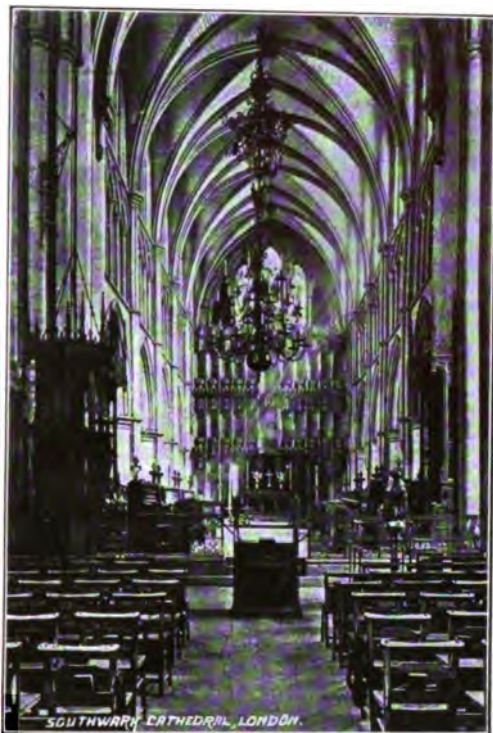
trict across the Thames where the theatres were congregated. It was natural, therefore, that such actors and playwrights who attended church at all should have drifted to St. Saviour's. The records tell us that the great actor Edward Alleyn served as church-warden of the parish. Philip Massinger and John Fletcher are buried in the choir; and beside them is buried Edmund Shakespeare, an actor and a younger brother of the poet. But the literary memories of St. Saviour's are not confined to the Elizabethan age; they extend as far back as Chaucer and Gower and forward through Bunyan to Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson. All of these giants dwelt at one time and another in the parish and were associated with the church.

For any one who is thrilled with the sentiment of high and far-off names, St. Saviour's is by far the most interesting church in London—with the single exception, of course, of Westminster Abbey. But it is a church that is very seldom visited by tourists—or "trippers," as the British call them. Most Americans who come to London depart without ever finding out that such a monument of memories exists. The reason is that St. Saviour's is situated on the southern, or Surrey, side of the Thames; and there is a tradition among travellers that there is nothing notable upon the Surrey side and that one may see all of London without ever crossing the river. This tradition, so happily fallacious, is fortunate, however, for the literary pilgrim to St. Saviour's, since it insures him a solitude of contemplation which can never be enjoyed in such tourist-ridden churches as the Abbey. He may visit the grave of Fletcher without hearing a cockney verger explain who Fletcher was, in parrot-fashion, to a score of drifting, gaping, chattering travellers from Kansas City.

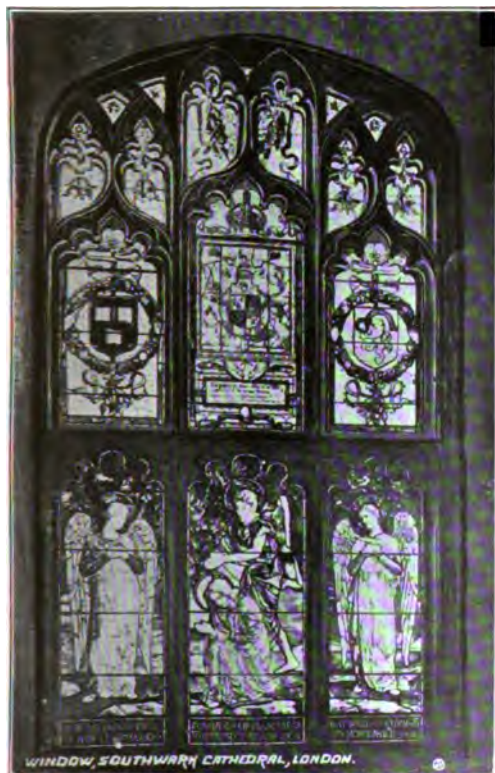
St. Saviour's is, for all that, easy to reach. From the Monument you walk across London Bridge; and there you are. In a little close very near the river, encroached upon by warehouses and mar-

ket-buildings, the old church stands—the sole survivor of the spacious days of the Bankside—the only building in that now huddled and vociferous commercial quarter which was familiar to the eyes of Shakespeare. All else has been swept away by the marching of modernity. The site of the Globe Theatre is now sprawled over by a brewery. The other theatres and the famous taverns were destroyed so long ago that authorities now differ as to their exact situation. But the great old church remains.

You see it first from the southerly incline of London Bridge, looking westward over the four quaint gables of its Lady Chapel to the taller choir and the pinnacled tower over the crossing. The church sits half below you in a little hollow of turf and trees; and to this tiny close you descend, to walk around the church. All day there is an unremitted roar and rattle of traffic over London Bridge; and the Borough Market, which encroaches on the close, is usually rau-



THE INTERIOR OF ST. SAVIOUR'S



THE JOHN HARVARD WINDOW IN ST. SAVIOUR'S

cous with the cries of hucksters. Yet, somehow, in the close itself, you have a sense of absolute quietude—a quietude made audible by the singing of birds in the few forlorn trees within the railings. A tall warehouse nearly jostles the church upon the north; there is no room to enter by the west façade, because the drays of market-men bump and clatter close to the very wall; and the market-stalls to the south are squalid and unpicturesque, and strewn with trampled rotting greenery. And yet, besieged by such a setting, the old church that remembers the Bankside as a green and growing tract of open country, sits in absolute, unalterable peace—calmly contemplative of the rude reforms of time.

The interior is hushed and reverent. You have stepped out of the noisiest quarter into the quietest place in London; and the contrast comes over you as if you had been bathed in a water that is holy. The present nave is new; but it has been built so tastefully in accordance with the old thirteenth century design that you accept it as part and parcel of the ancient

edifice. The windows of both the aisles have in recent years been filled with glass commemorating the long line of worthies who were familiars of the church—Chaucer, whose imaginary pilgrims started on their journey from a tavern in the immediate neighbourhood; Shakespeare, who buried his brother in the chancel; Spenser, Fletcher, Massinger, Beaumont, Edward Alleyn, Bunyan, who

Gower, who was buried here in 1402. If Chaucer was the first great poet in English literature, Gower was assuredly the first great bore; and yet you feel a kindly reverence for this old wielder of the windy, indefatigable pen as you see him lying calm beneath his gothic canopy, with his hands forever clasped in silent prayer. He is laid out like a king of men, with all his orders and his jewels hung



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH FROM LONDON BRIDGE

ministered in a neighbouring chapel; Henry Sacheverell, who was chaplain of St. Saviour's; the burly Dr. Johnson, and the well-beloved Goldsmith. From window after window the faces of these good and faithful servants look down upon you; and when the sun is bright you are smiled upon by England's Helicon.

In a recess of the north aisle of the nave stands the mediæval tomb of John

about his neck; and he is quaintly pil-
lowed on his own three massive volumes—the poem that he wrote in Latin, the poem that he wrote in French, and the poem that he wrote in English, as if to prove that he could be equally dull and interminable in all three languages. There he lies upon his learning and sleeps forever on his thoughts.

Clayton Hamilton.

LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

I. On Dishonesty Arising from Ignorance

King Joris was a kind-eyed king,
A dear old, gentle, smiling thing;
But 'though by nature meek and mild,
Two things could drive him raving wild—
Dishonesty, its naughty ways; Ingratitude, its sting.

Now, in his court there was a man—
Jones, Royal Court Historian—
Whom Joris, the compassionate,
Had raised from very low estate—
Jones drove for movers, once, a van.

The king supplied all Jones could use:
Pens, ink and paper, clothing, shoes,
Food, money, facts, a desk all fixed,
Five hundred thousand words—well mixed—
And, what I'd like to have, a Muse.

Jones set to work, but, poking 'round,
A package in his desk he found
Marked "Punctuations, Use with Care,"
And, looking in, discovered there
Of marks, best grade and mixed, a pound.

He used them! Not, alas! with care,
But sprinkled handfuls everywhere—
Threw commas into *b,ut* and *th,at*,
Poured points in *?Mer.!cy: s*e,e t''he c)at*,
And rubbed a handful in his hair.

Alas! an Auditor austere
Took stock for Joris once a year!
Of all that precious, priceless pound
No punctuation could be found;
Excuses Joris would not hear!

The headsman with one skilful blow
Removed Jones's head and shouted, "So
Perish all traitors who would use
Our punctuation for shampoos,"
Said Jones—and died—"I did not know!"

WARNING

Children: Think well of Jones's fate
And learn, while young, to punctuate.

—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

DOLLARS AND DISPLAY: THE EARNINGS OF ADVERTISING MEN



NCE upon a time George du Maurier made for a friend of his just starting into business the design which is still sold on every Apollinaris bottle. When another friend remonstrated with him, saying that it was undignified, he replied: "I would do anything for George Smith, and besides I did it for nothing." This is one of the things that never could happen again, for in two notable ways the condition of advertising has changed since then. Nobody except the medical profession (which is busily figuring how it can most gracefully descend from its lofty perch) any longer thinks advertising undignified, and nobody does it for nothing.

This is an advertising age. "There is a crying need," said a Chicago pastor in a public address, "for active advertising in the churches." His voice is the voice of the Savings Bank, of the Suffragette and the Anti-Suffragette, of the Solid South, of the Society for the Socialisation of the Unsocialised, and of the Sphere at large. Open the heart of any enterprise and you will find written upon it, "What we want is advertising!"

But a backward look reveals another momentous change. About twenty years ago New England woke up one morning to find this jingle written all over her astonished face.

When a pant hunter pantless is panting for pants,
And pants for the best pants the pant-market grants,
He panteth unpanted until he implants
Himself in a pair of our Plymouth Rock
Pants.

Shortly afterwards this was followed by the universal placarding of the shameless interrogation, "Do you wear pants?" and staid Boston was stirred as by another Bacchante. But when it was found that the originator of these animated legends was the husband of a celebrated and successful story writer—one of America's most conscientious and conservative artists—it was more astounded still. And finally when it was whispered that he made more money with his pen than she with hers, young Cambridge idealists waxed very scornful of the commercial era in which they found themselves. Nowadays nobody who knows the inside of the literary and advertising businesses confesses surprise upon hearing that the rewards of the latter are equalling the former—in fact it is quite the other way; he is much surprised to hear when they don't. A certain magazine which rarely pays over a hundred dollars for a story even by a well-known name has for several years made a standing offer of twelve thousand dollars for twelve pages of advertising copy. When asked how they could afford to pay so much they answered: "The producer is going to invest one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that copy and he is willing to pay any sum to have it just right." Incidentally it may be mentioned that he has up to date found none that was just right, but his offer was undoubtedly genuine. And that is the gist of the whole advertising business: people are willing to pay high prices for copy because they put so much money in it.

THE INCREASED INVESTMENT

Because then of the increased investment, advertising is now recognised as a

In this series there have already appeared "The Illustrator and his Income," by Amos Stote (September, 1908); "The Librettist and his Profits," by George Middleton (October, 1908); "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," by George Middleton (November, 1908); "The Author's Full Dinner Pail," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice (December, 1908); "The Musician as a Money Maker," by Lewis M. Isaacs (January, 1909); "The Hack and his Pittance," by John Wolcott (February, 1909); "The Ghost Walks: the Actor and his Earnings," by Alger non Tassin (April, 1909); "Top Notes and Bank Notes," by George Middleton (May, 1909); "The Painter and his Profits," by Amos Stote (October, 1909); "Theatrical Stock and Its Dividends," by Geoffrey Monmouth (May, 1910); and "Sawdust and Gold Dust," by Isaac F. Marcossou (June, 1910).

dignified profession worthy to enlist the keenest minds, the widest experience, and specialised training. It is a commercial practice absolutely demanded by the exigencies of modern business, and if, like the trusts and other outgrowths of the system, it has its bad points, they are, if rightly handled, largely incidental to the good ones. Part of its odium in the past arose from the fact that it willingly harboured fakirs and tricksters and swindlers. But with its growing dignity it has recognised a growing responsibility. Publishers now are turning away questionable material, and there are even some who spend good money to keep out bad stuff. And with the status of the business, its ideals and aims have changed also. The amusing word-juggling quoted above is perfectly unintelligent advertising of a disappearing kind. It is mere publicity and only makes known the name of a commodity without arousing a desire to possess it. Advertisers of the old school tried to see who could shout the loudest, on the theory that people would say: "So and so must be making a lot of money to be able to spend so much in advertising—guess he must be turning out a good thing." The new school aims more directly at making people buy. It uses colour and picture and oddity only that it may arrest the eye long enough to catch the mind with an idea. Modern advertising tries to start a new stream of thought. The Plymouth Rock Pants jingle is a good example of the old kind; Shredded Wheat is a good example of the present educational informational style. To-day, advertising is the science of finding out what constitutes effective appeal and the art of creating a new want. But it is a science in its infancy, an art in the making; and because people are just finding out the laws upon which appeal is based and because those laws must be embodied in expression, there is no business in the world where the mortality is so high and there is no writing more difficult than good advertisement writing. The advertising man uses his science more mechanically and his art more consciously, but the results he aims for are about the same as those of the literary man who produces his effects more instinctively—to attract and to persuade. Thus both on the score

of supply and demand and of the application of means to ends, the advertising man is worthy of his hire.

And his hire is on the whole considerably greater in general average than that of any other wielder of the pen. As in every other profession, the great incomes are the exception, and an exaggerated estimate of easy money and quick advancement has arisen because the successful men are featured. Advertising is certainly no easier than any other business, and it is possibly harder than most to attain eminence in by reason of its demanding a special faculty. But on the other hand the possessor of that faculty probably meets with quicker recognition than in any other business. The largest and most substantial advertising agency has been forty-one years in business and advertises that it has learned something brand new every day. In every business and profession under the sun, it says, experience counts save in advertising; a good agent who started in yesterday knows something not known to a lifetime of service. "There are few poorly paid men in advertising," says the advertising manager of a New York daily. "That is necessarily the case, inasmuch as it demands men of the greatest mental development and possibilities. In my day I have hired, easily, two hundred and fifty advertising men, and of them two hundred are making from three to fifteen thousand dollars a year and still climbing."

WRITERS, ILLUSTRATORS AND PRICES

The proof that advertising, either as science or art, is no longer the Cinderella of her sisters appears everywhere. Scores of men are at work on the psychology of the matter. A university professor has two volumes on the subject and books on the various phases of advertising are getting numerous. As for the practice of advertising—though Justin McCarthy, Junior, and Elbert Hubbard are scientific advertising men, and humorous writers like Carolyn Wells have made much money inventing catchy phrases—professional literary people have not taken it up extensively. This is probably because they would have to learn a new technique and unlearn an old one. Literature may

be defined as the art of saying in four words what the ordinary man says in two and the advertiser in one. Still, in pamphlet and booklet work, where the style of writing does not by reason of its condensation demand a different habit of thinking, there are many men who make more at copy than at literature. Artists and illustrators, on the contrary, can with very little change of method employ their brushes for advertising. Nor is it surprising to find them bearing away in the back of the magazines, as in the front, the lion's share of the profits. The embittered literary man who said that poetry was purchased by the magazines in order to fill up the chinks in the pages might have said also that stories were chiefly looked upon as providing a *raison d'être* (though often lacking in close connection!) for the illustrations. It is one of the whimsicalities of the magazine world that the most successful of our story writers may sell a story which represents three weeks' exclusive work for six hundred dollars and find that the average successful illustrator has got as much for three illustrations which he can throw off in as many days. It is said that Maxfield Parrish, for instance, gets a cool thousand for every magazine picture. Heaven only knows what he gets for advertising, for the popular illustrators are much in demand with advertisers and they charge considerably more than for magazine work. "Many of them object to doing work for us," said an agent with a wink, "but their objection seems dictated by diplomacy. At any rate, as the advertisers insist upon them, some way must be found of overcoming their objection." Howard Pyle gets one thousand dollars for a drawing, and men like the Leyendeckers and J. M. Flagg are constantly at work for advertisers and their time must be spoken months ahead. They are the ones who compose the groups of strong-chinned pulchritudinous youngsters in the backs of the magazines who, amid some variety of scenery, change their collars monthly and their hats semi-annually, and wear clothes all the time except when they shift to underwear. Armour paid T. M. Pierce twelve thousand dollars for twelve young ladies to adorn a calendar. Guérin once received two thousand dollars for

the reproduction of an ordinary rectangular brick factory which he worked up with lights and shadows just as he would have done a French château. The manufacturer, it seems, had taken a whim to embellish his advertisement with a cut of his factory, had commissioned several artists, but until Guérin none had touched the ideal slumbering in the depths of his fancy. The highest price yet paid to an American is five thousand dollars, but this was for an oil painting which had been seen by an advertiser. Sir John Millais was commissioned by Pears to paint for advertising purposes the picture Soap Bubbles, and their two other leaders—He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It, and You Dirty Boy—were procured in the same way. The Pears's pictures have certainly reimbursed the company, but it is to be doubted if the expenditure in the case of Armour and the æsthetic manufacturer could be justified.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF ADVERTISING

The justification of advertising expenditure is indeed a vexed and delicate question. The theory of advertising and who pays for it are fruitful topics for discussion in both academic and commercial circles. A college professor is credited with the assertion that advertising is an economic loss, an absolute waste of one hundred millions annually (a figure much understated as we shall see). But its adherents maintain that advertising is chiefly salesmanship on paper, and the more paper salesmanship the less personal salesmanship required to put the product into the hands of the consumer. Formerly, they say, a merchant depended on the haphazard of mouth to mouth praise or on the number of people that passed his door to sell his goods; or depended more certainly on the number of clerks he could hire to go out and talk about him. Now he sounds his own praises in paper and magazine, makes people come to his door, and can do away with drummers. Thus advertisers say their expenditure is justified, but they begin to disagree when they come to the question of who pays for it. Some say the advertiser, some say the non-advertiser in the same line, some say the poor old consumer, and some build themselves

a refuge in the glittering proposition that it pays for itself. The fact that the panic year of 1909 was the biggest year advertising had ever seen throws no light upon the matter; but it is certain that printers, copy writers and artists, agents and solicitors are the last people to worry unduly about so theoretic a matter. "We spend two dollars and ten cents for beans and one hundred dollars for printers' ink," says Van Camp laconically; and his results are probably enough justification for him.

In 1905 the percentage of advertising in magazines and newspapers was 56.7. Thus whether he is paying for it or not, the man who spends five cents a day on current reading matter is getting over two and a half cents worth of advertising material. But newspaper and magazine advertising, though the largest items, are by no means all the story. The figures of the annual volume of advertising expenditure are to the outsider somewhat stupendous. Here is a list compiled by the chief advertising organ, *Printers' Ink*:

Outdoor, electric, and painted signs, 25 millions	
Posters	30 "
Street car	19 "
Demonstration and sampling.....	18 "
Distributing	6 "
Magazine	50 "
Newspaper	300 "
Novelty	30 "

When New York City spent a million dollars last year for one brand of chewing gum, we need not wonder how (at least) the money comes to advertise it so extensively, even if the head begins to swim in figuring out of whose pocket the publicity comes.

This advertiser, by the way, offers a neat illustration not only of the modern ideas of psychology and imagination in advertising—the two powerful slogans of the new profession—but also of the fact that success here as elsewhere often cuts defiantly across lots and strikes out boldly a path for itself. When his critics condemned him for his inelegance, his childish humour, and his crude vulgarity in picture and phrase, he replied that childishness was exactly what he strove for in his copy. As most of his business was with children and people of unex-

acting minds, childish reasoning and the Mother Goose quality was wanted.

THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISING

When one begins to look into the business of advertising, it takes on large proportions. Any one who has for the purpose of mailing the reading matter shorn a popular magazine of its advertising pages and—with humour not untinted with resentment—compared the two parts, needs to remember philosophically that but for the latter there would be no former; and he may solace himself with the reflection that the subscribers to the eleven standard farm papers (none of which he has probably ever heard of) pay for twelve thousand more lines of advertising than the nineteen leading magazines put together. The profession has about a dozen publications of its own, weeklies and monthlies; there are innumerable house organs each with its staff of artists and copy writers. There are separate magazines for the poster, novelty, and street-car branches; the post-card department is an entire business world all by itself; it takes an army of workers to devise, handle, and distribute the outdoor signs which all over the country flare by day and flame by night; and in each of these branches the general advertising man is out of his element and a specialist must be employed. In New York City alone there are said to be ten thousand advertising men of one kind and another. Most of these fall roughly into four large classes—agents, managers, workers on copy, and solicitors.

There are in the United States about five hundred agencies. These are clearing-houses of advertising ideas between manufacturer and publication. It is their business to conceive advertisements and get them into final shape for presentation to the public. Their work—as one of them advertises—is furnishing illustration, copy, sales plans, trade-marks, selling factors and merchandising ideas that are the result of skilled knowledge and organised brains. The earnings of the agencies are their profits at the end of the year, and most of them are corporations with the members of the firm as stockholders, each getting his share according to his holding. The top-notch of profit

is about two hundred thousand dollars a year. This is in a great office with branches everywhere, maintaining an immense staff and constantly talking to every manufacturer and producer. There are probably two or three such concerns that make between seventy-five thousand and one hundred thousand dollars. The staff of an agency is mainly divided into two classes, copy-writers and artists. The copy-writers get from fifteen to one hundred dollars a week and average around forty dollars. One agency advertises that it pays its leading copy man one thousand dollars a week. Such a man would be an expert and left to follow his own devices, but the usual procedure is the same as in an architect's office—the planning is done by the firm and the carrying out by the writers. Pamphlets and booklets are written in the ordinary offices and the work is not done specially except when a particularly literary touch or the service of a specialist is required. A man who has had electrical training will be asked by an agency to write a pamphlet on some electric contrivance or a doctor to turn out a booklet on some new tonic. In such cases, of course, an agency will have to pay somewhat higher rates than if the work were done by its own men. An agency advertisement does not grow over night, but is the result of careful analysis from factory to finish and the final co-operation of its best literary and artistic minds. Completed, it is the product of no one man's brain, but of the conference of the entire outfit. The material for advertising is tremendously worked over and condensed. Even for an unimaginative thing like a piece of piping, a campaign is plotted several times and each step of the way minutely thought out. The consequence is that few campaigns fail nowadays. The artist in an agency gets on the whole a somewhat higher salary than the copy-writer, but he is probably shorter-lived. He grows earlier into a high-salaried man, but his ideas give out sooner and he is not as able to keep it up. The agent, in addition to his receipts from the advertiser, gets a commission from the publisher for developing a manufacturer into an advertiser. This commission is sometimes as low as three per cent.

and goes as high as fifteen. All the agents advertise themselves largely, and one of them has hit upon a unique and valuable way of doing so. It keeps an ex-university professor at work compiling data useful to advertisers and advertising men, and sells its yearly note book for two dollars. The expenses of an agency in any one proposition may be large enough to eat up the profits of it. Curiously enough, this has happened in some of the best known cases. Phœbe Snow, for instance, netted the agency from which she jauntily emerged very little indeed—the artist, the model, and the incidental expenses got most of it. Two or three agencies make a specialty of press-agent work. When, for example, a certain brand of champagne is used at a notable dinner they try to get it in the papers. It is claimed that the publicity given to the Singer Building and to the *Lusitania* was all carefully worked through an agency.

THE LURE OF THE CATCH PHRASE

An agency or a manufacturer frequently pays a hundred dollars for a name or a catch phrase. But the two most widely advertised and successful names, Sapolio and Uneeda, were invented in the company's offices. Catch phrases are innumerable. Competitions for them with a hundred dollars offered as the prize used to be very frequent, but with the steady decrease of word juggling in the business they have practically gone out. Sometimes the advertiser offers a well-known writer or humourist a goodly sum for a half a dozen pat words. "See that hump," is one of the oldest catch phrases, but it is rapidly becoming only a legend, for the firm which originated it—though once disbursing one hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising—is no longer on the list of "live" advertisers. The clever idea stuff, like Sunny Jim and Spotless Town, is nowhere near as popular as it used to be, probably because it was not found to be particularly profitable. Advertising, indeed, has grown soberer with age and rarely now is a sub-way or street-car journey enlivened by mere cleverness. The Campbell Kid as the embodiment of sheer joy is of a vanishing race. "Cut out all foolishness," is

the word in more than one agency. Even the smile that won't come off is no longer considered happy advertising; for psychology or imagination or something else which shapes the policy of advertisement nowadays has insinuated that a permanent smile is suggestive of idiocy and is more likely to estrange than seduce the discriminating buyer, who is conscious that he rarely assumes one even in the face of the perfect cereal or collar button or stove polish or safety razor. What has turned out to be probably the best catch phrase ever invented has not the slightest trace of cleverness or humour. It was the product of an accidental circumstance seized upon by a quick brain. One day an employee in a Cincinnati soap firm beat a batch of soap too long and appeared to spoil the whole boiling. It turned white and it floated. There was a man in the firm who thought that white soap which floated might prove very attractive in the region watered by the muddy Mississippi and its branches. He rechristened the soap "Ivory," overbeat every batch, and "it floats" has doubtless been responsible for tremendous sales.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

Advertising managers compose the third main class of advertising men. Every large business and almost every publication has an advertising manager, sometimes with writers and artists in his employ. This position is as attractive and as lucrative as any in the business world. The qualifications of an advertising manager are something like those of a politician, for besides being a successful salesman and thoroughly grounded in the science of selling, he must be a good mixer and have humour. The manager of a store business in a small city gets about two thousand dollars; in a large city about five or ten thousand dollars. In the great New York department stores a man may get up to fifteen thousand dollars—especially if, like Wanamaker's, Rogers Peet, and some others, he has developed a style of his own. It is said that the manager of one of our large clothing firms who originated a most characteristic style, chatty and yet substantial, was taken into partnership because his salary

became so large that the firm decided it would be cheaper to make him share in the fluctuations of the business. The advertising manager of an automobile combine says he gets fifty thousand dollars a year. As for publications, on a small city daily a man might earn fifteen or eighteen dollars a week in such an office; on one of the leading dailies in a great city he might get ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year—it is even whispered that one gets twenty thousand. A magazine manager gets considerably less. Sometimes in both kinds of publication a man has a commission on the volume of business as well as his salary, and on a long-time contract with a growing paper this arrangement has been known to work disadvantageously to both parties—the publication, forced to pay out an over-large sum to its manager, promptly discharged him at the expiration of the contract. The advertising manager of a magazine does much missionary business in developing producers into advertisers. He travels over the country visiting manufacturers, and when he finds it would not be to the advantage of a producer to advertise at present, he candidly tells him so, relying on the confidential relation thus established to bring golden returns later. A manufacturer before he can profitably advertise may need to enlarge his factory, improve his goods, better his distribution, or get on better terms with the jobber and retailer—in all these cases the advertising manager advises him to wait, thus sowing a seed of kindness for the reaping by and by.

THE ADVERTISING SOLICITOR

In the fourth class of advertising men are the solicitors. The chief assets of a solicitor are confidence in himself and in the advertising space he seeks to sell. He is the apotheosis of the comic paper book-agent. In the rank and file the salaries here are larger than in any other profession. For what he is supposed by his advertising manager to do he gets a beggarly pittance, since he is expected to supply in his own person the answer to that ageless conundrum, "What will happen when an immovable body is confronted by an irresistible body?" But for the work he actually accomplishes he is paid ex-

tremely well. The factor of personality is strikingly large in the business of soliciting, as will be seen from the modest list of requirements demanded by the advertising manager of one of our leading magazines. "He must be likable and humorous, be able to meet everybody on his own ground, talk pertinently without becoming argumentative, be a clear and quick thinker, be able to run the gamut of the human emotions, and have the ten commandments writ large across his face." In short, the ideal solicitor is a rare bird for whom the business world still waits expectant, but one of comparative equipment can command one hundred dollars a week. Beyond this sum it is scarcely profitable for a magazine to utilise his services, and he is ready to become a manager on his own account. Like a manager, he may combine salary with commission. Any solicitor who can create a brand-new proposition might very well secure a twenty-five per cent. commission. The young man who conceived and carried out the idea of Brooklyn department stores advertising in New York papers was able to command a substantial commission on an enormous annual business. Solicitors are always on the lookout for new propositions of this sort. The latest is possibly the moving picture man, who comes to a firm with the plot of a play which he wants to weave around that particular business or product. He contracts to arrange a complete story and put it in the moving-picture theatres for five thousand dollars.

Besides the four large sections of advertising men there are free lances of various sorts. Some are publicity agents attached to business houses and, with considerably less frankness, to other enterprises. This masquerade advertising is not particularly in favour with the more serious circles of the profession. It would, they say, be more dignified for Yale University to attempt to secure more patronage through open advertising media than through press agent work. But naturally the whole policy of indirect advertising is looked upon with reproachful eyes by advertising men, as it diverts great sums annually into other channels. When *Collier's Weekly* has its several phenomenal series of prize stories or an-

nounces widely that it has bought up the Gibson output for the next hundred drawings at one thousand dollars apiece; when a large clothing firm gives yearly prizes amounting to two thousand dollars for college essays on economic and commercial subjects; when *The World* offers a prize of thirty thousand dollars for the first air-ship flight from New York to St. Louis; when Fresno, California, spends ten thousand dollars to establish a Raisin Day and Des Moines organises thirty of its most important business men to get a wide publicity for the commission form of city government which it originated; when a reputable vaudeville house amazingly permits an actress to scatter packages of chewing gum from the stage—all these are methods of indirect advertising which evade classification in the ordinary branches of the profession. But more typical of the unattached are the free lance copy writers and artists. The latter include those successful illustrators who allow themselves to be persuaded to do advertising work. The former fall into the two general extremes of beginners and experts. "I write six good business-bringing ads. for two dollars. Retail only," used to be a familiar line in small trade papers, but lately it seems to be dropping out. Possibly this kind of copy writer was more or less of a fakir and got found out, or possibly with the greater organisation of the business every small town has now some sort of agency. But the free lances who have become so because they found they could make more money on their own account than attached to an agency are somewhat numerous. A well-known free lance charges twenty-five hundred dollars for any series of ten advertisements on one proposition. This man writes directly for the advertiser and does not place business. The ordinary successful free lance advertises himself largely in advertising publications. Lastly, there are those who call themselves advertising counsel. They are in the category of doctors called in for consultation. A business is sick of some mysterious disease and they are invited to make a complete diagnosis and suggest a remedy, or they stiffen up an infant industry to step out into the cold and unheeding world. They do not write copy, though

they sometimes edit it and punctuate it with striking phrases. The best known man of this class says he is good for sixty thousand dollars a year, but he runs an agency also and so gets a larger amount of business.

Thus, after a bird's eye view of the business, one may without difficulty see that it pays to advertise—not only in the sense of the advertiser but of the advertising man also. "The literature of the future will be advertising written by a genius" vociferates one enthusiast. This may be but genial arrogance, like the boast that, even as it is, other reading matter is admitted to the magazines only to provide

an artful variety. But that an advertising man looks down somewhat pityingly on a mere writer is—alas!—too true. And that no writer scorns advertising is at least conceivable. Perhaps this incredible genius of the future will advertise himself! At any rate, it seems likely that this well-published world of ours will be more advertised before it is less, for advertising men on every hand assure us that their business has as yet hardly begun to be. Possibly the goal we are approaching is that of the reputed natives of the Scilly Islands, who make an easy living by taking in each other's washing.

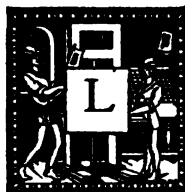
Algernon Tassin.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

II.—THE POWER OF SELF-CRITICISM.

The previous paper in this series pointed out that writing, like the other arts, requires both an inborn talent and a carefully developed technique. This in-born talent a young writer may develop through proper study and practice; but if he does not have it to begin with, no teacher can give it to him, any more than a singing master can create a voice. The technique of writing, on the contrary, can and must be learned, like that of any other craft, through patient, earnest work—but with this difference: it is largely self-taught. The young author, first, last and always, must be his own best teacher.



ET us assume, from this point onward, that any would-be writer, whose eye happens to fall upon these articles, possesses in some degree that quality which is Inborn and not made—the potential force of authorship. The next all-important question is,

how is this inborn talent to be best developed? **The Importance of Self-Criticism** What is the first faculty for a young author to cultivate? The answer may be given with emphatic assurance: The faculty of self-criticism. Yet a good many teachers will answer differently; they will tell you that in writing, as in everything else that is worth doing well, the one indispensable factor is persever-

ance, industry, the tenacity that sticks to a task until that task is mastered. In a certain sense the teachers who say this are right. There is just one way of learning to do a thing, and that is by doing it—doing it over and over, until the trick of it is mastered—and this holds just as true of the trick of constructing a short story as of that of kneading bread. But all the industry in the world will not take you far if it is misdirected. No amount of wasted flour and wasted energy will make a baker of you, if you cannot tell good bread from bad—and no amount of straining thought and patient twisting and untwisting of the threads of a plot will make a good short story if you do not know the right twist from the wrong.

For this reason, a young author who

has developed the power of self-criticism enjoys a distinct advantage. He has

**The Rarity
of This
Power**

within him the ability to help himself as no one else can help him. Others may tell him whether his work is good or bad; but only the author himself is in a position to know just what he was trying to do and how far short he has fallen of doing it. It is easy for a critic of broad sympathies and keen discernment to point out a writer's faults and to show how a specific piece of bad writing may be worked over and improved. But in a big, general way it may be said boldly that no one can teach a writer how to remedy his faults, no one can provide a golden rule for his future avoidance of them. Suppose, for instance, that an author's trouble is in plot construction. It may be easy to tell him where his plot is wrong and explain to him the principle that he has violated. But if he is to obtain any real and lasting profit he must find out for himself how to set the trouble right. Of course, you might construct the plot for him—but then it would be your plot and not his; you would be, not his teacher, but his collaborator; and his working out of your plot would almost surely result in bad work. Or suppose again that his fault is one of style. You may point out that his prose lacks rhythm, that his language is pompous, or high-coloured, or vulgar. You may remedy specific paragraphs with a rigorous blue pencil; but the writer must learn for himself how to acquire an ear for rhythm or a sense of good taste in word and phrase. Unfortunately the power to judge one's own work with the detachment and impartiality of an outsider is so rare a quality that we may seriously question whether any author ever acquires it in an absolute sense. Many writers of distinction have been to the end of their lives notoriously unable to discriminate between their good work and their bad. Wordsworth is a flagrant case in point.* Mark Twain, in

*Walter Pater, in *Appreciations*, says: "Nowhere is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's own poetry, of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. . . . Of all poets equally great he would gain most by a skilfully made anthology."

our own generation, is another—or else the genius that produced *Tom Sawyer* and *Innocents Abroad* would never have allowed such sorry stuff as *Adam's Diary* to don the dignity of print. Other writers, even some of the greatest, can get the proper outside perspective of their work only by some systematic method, some mechanical device. Balzac, for instance, needed the impersonality of the printed page before he could judge the value of his writings or do any effective revision; it was only through repeated sets of proof sheets that much of his work slowly grew into final shape.

Now this vital power of self-criticism, which even the great writers have, many **Self-Criticism** of them, developed slowly and painfully, is at **Learned by** best rudimentary in the **Criticising** Others average beginner. Every writer, whether he will or not, puts a good deal of himself into his work; and every amateur writer is inordinately pleased with that part of his work which he feels to be distinctive, that quality which stamps it as his own. It may bristle with mannerisms, as a hedgehog bristles with spines—nevertheless it is the part dearest to him, the part that he is slowest to recognise as wrong. He cannot see himself as others see him. How is this rudimentary sense to be developed? First of all, it would seem, by learning to criticise others. Writing in this respect does not differ from shoeing a horse or making a pair of trousers. If you have not learned to judge whether a horse is well shod or a pair of trousers well cut, then you may go through life without knowing the quality of your own work as blacksmith or tailor. What you must do is to go to blacksmiths and to tailors of recognised skill and patiently study their methods and their results until you make yourself an expert on these subjects—perhaps, even, until you discover ways in which their work may be improved upon. And the same rule holds good, if instead of horseshoes and trousers you wish to learn the craftsmanship of the essay and the sonnet.

Now, it is far easier to say. Learn to criticise others, than it is to tell how to go to work to learn. But the first and weightiest rule is this: begin by reading

the best models in whatever line of work you are desirous of taking up. Go to the fountain-head, read the books themselves, don't read what some one else has written about them—or if you do, at least make such reading a secondary matter. If your chosen field is the short story, spend your time in reading the recognised masterpieces of Poe and Maupassant, Kipling and O. Henry, in preference to the best text-book ever written on short-story structure. If your life work is lyric poetry, then by all means read lyrics, memorise lyrics, the best you can find and the more the better. You may get some help from critical studies; but you will get vastly more from the knowledge that you slowly and laboriously dig out for yourself. When some one once wrote to Matthew Arnold on behalf of a young woman who thought that she possessed the poetic gift and wished to know if there was such a thing as a dictionary of rhymes, he replied: "There is a *Rhyming Dictionary* and there is a book called a *Guide to English Verse Composition*. But all this is sad lumber, and the young lady had much better content herself with imitating the metres she finds most attract her in the poetry she reads. Nobody, I imagine, ever began to good purpose in any other way."

It is rather surprising and extremely suggestive to find how many of the world's great writers were insatiable and omnivorous readers in early youth. Pope records that as a boy "I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm. . . . I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods just as they fell his way." Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, gives a list which the author of *Childe Harold* jotted down from memory, of books read before he was twenty*—a list so varied and ex-

*The editor here suggests that this list would make an interesting footnote. To which the author offers the crushing retort that it would take two pages. The books are grouped under the headings, History, Biography, Law, Philosophy, Geography, Poetry, Eloquence, Divinity, and Miscellaneous, concluding with the following paragraph: "All the books here enumerated I have taken down from memory. I recollect reading them and

tensive as to make many a mature man of letters of his day feel sadly delinquent. George Eliot, at about the same age, writes to a friend as follows: "My mind is an assemblage of disjointed specimens of history, ancient and modern, scraps of poetry picked up from Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth and Milton; newspaper topics; morsels of Addison and Bacon, Latin verbs, Geometry, entomology and chemistry; reviews and metaphysics." Théophile Gautier is, perhaps, the most extreme instance that can be cited. He learned to read at the age of five. "And since that time," he adds, "I may say, like Apelles, *Nulla dies sine linea*." And his biographer, Maxime du Camp, says further:

This is literally true; I do not think there ever existed a more indefatigable reader than Gautier. Any book was good enough to satisfy this tyrannical taste, that at times seemed to degenerate into a mania. . . . He took pleasure in the most mediocre novels, equally with books of high philosophic conceptions, and with works of pure science. He was devoured with the thirst for learning, and he used to say, "There is no conception so poor, no trash so detestable, that it does not teach something from which one may profit." He would read dictionaries, grammars, prospectuses, cook-books, almanacs. . . . He had no sort of system about his reading; whatever book came under his hand he would open with a sort of mechanical movement, nor lay it down again until he had turned the closing page.

Now there may be some disadvantages in this sort of voracious and undisciplined reading, in which many a famous author has confessedly indulged. But at least it tends toward forming an independent taste and avoiding the slavish echoing of cut-and-dried academic judgments. In an essay entitled "Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?" Mr. Augustine

can quote passages from any mentioned. I have, of course, omitted several in my catalogue, but the greater part of the above I perused before the age of fifteen. . . . I have also read (to my regret at present) about four thousand novels, including the works of Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Mackenzie, Sterne, Rabelais, Rousseau, etc."

Birrell remarks pertinently: "To admire by tradition is a poor thing. Far better really to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Miss Austen's." There is nothing so deadening to the critical faculty as the blind acceptance of text-book and encyclopedic verdicts. No critical estimate of any author, living or dead, is ever quite final. As Anatole France is fond of reminding us, even Homer has not been admired for precisely the same reasons during any two consecutive centuries. Unless you are devoid of literary taste, you must find pleasure in a certain number of the recognised masters; but you are under no obligation to admire them all.* The ability to give an intelligent reason for differing from the accepted estimate of Milton, or Fielding, or Dickens, is not a bad test of the possession of the critical gift. "A nan," says George Eliot, "who dares to say that he finds an eminent classic feeble here, extravagant there, and in general overrated, may chance to give an opinion which has some genuine discrimination in it concerning a new work or a living thinker."

As a basis, then, for forming a sound critical estimate of books, one needs: first, a broad acquaintance with the best authors, the wider and more catholic the better; secondly, an open and independent mind. If, beyond this, your taste happens to run to a serious study of criticism, its history, its methods, its controversies, all this will tend to strengthen your self-confidence and sureness of touch. Yet, for the purpose of craftsmanship, the principles on which to judge a book are few and simple. You are not required to dogmatise about the ultimate value, in the universal scheme of things, of the newest novel or the youngest verse. As a craftsman you are interested primarily in its possible present value to you. Accordingly, there is just one way in which to weigh the books you read, the new books equally with the old: and that is, to ask yourself what was the author's

*This is practically the thought of Thoreau, when he wrote: "If the writers of the brazen age are most suggestive to thee, confine thyself to them and leave those of the Augustan age to dust and the bookworm."

underlying purpose, what special means he took to accomplish it, and whether or not he attained his goal. The further question, whether the thing was worth doing at all, concerns the craftsman only indirectly—just as the question whether a cube and cone and pyramid are worth reproducing endlessly in black and white should never trouble the art student. If his purpose is to draw a cube or a cone, then his one concern is to find out how to do it in the best possible way. The moral or ethical value of a painting or a book is not a part of the craftsmanship of art or of literature. The one paramount question is always: What did the author try to do, and how near did he come to doing it? This form of criticism, which seeks to classify books according to the author's purpose, is very nearly what Mr. Howells had in mind when he wrote:

It is hard for the critic to understand that it is really his business to classify and analyse the fruits of the human mind very much as the naturalist classifies the objects of his study, rather than to praise or blame them; that there is a measure of the same absurdity in his trampling on a poem, a novel or an essay that does not please him as in a botanist grinding a plant underfoot because he does not find it pretty. He does not conceive that it is his business rather to identify the species, and then explain how and where the species is imperfect and irregular.

It has already been said that the young writer can get comparatively small aid from volumes of criticism and monographs on how to write; that he should go to the authors who have produced literature rather than to those who tell others how to produce it. There is, however, one class of critical essay, the importance of which, to the young writer, can hardly be overrated; and that is the criticism written by men who have proved themselves masters of the art they criticise. I have in mind such essays as that of Poe, in which he analyses the structure of *The Raven*; Maupassant's introduction to *Pierre et Jean*; and Valdés's introduction to *La Hermana San Sulpicio*; Trollope's chapter on the novel in his *Autobiography*; and in general the

various critical writings of Zola and Anatole France, Henry James and William Dean Howells—the list could be amplified at pleasure—in which they allow themselves to theorise freely about their conception of the art they practise and the methods by which they strive to produce their results. Every page of such criticism is in the nature of a craftsman's confessions—they are full of priceless illumination.

Yet it cannot be too strongly insisted that, in writing far more than in painting, there is a great deal that cannot be taught and that you must think out for yourself. One reason, undoubtedly, is that the craftsmanship of letters is more elastic than that of the other arts—there is scope for a greater freedom and originality. Henry James, in *The Art of Fiction*, shrewdly says: "The painter is able to teach the rudiments of his practice, and it is possible, from the study of good work (granted the aptitude) both to learn how to paint and to learn how to write. Yet . . . the literary artist would be obliged to say to his pupil much more than the other, 'Oh, well, you must do it as you can.'" Again, there are some things which an author cannot teach because he does not quite know how or why he did a certain thing. Oftentimes a novelist achieves some of his happiest results unconsciously,* and by sheer instinct; and then, again, a carefully planned chapter or in some cases an entire volume fails of its effect, and the reason of the failure eludes him.† These are the sort

of questions which a young writer should have constantly before him, in all his reading: Why is a certain chapter tedious and a certain other chapter tingling with an almost painful suspense? And did the author mean to achieve these results, or has he simply failed in what he tried to do? Take, for example, two passages from Kipling; not perhaps the best we might find for the purpose, but at least they are to the point—the one conveying the sense of dragging, monotonous hours, the other that of tremendous speed, the conquest of time and space. On the one hand we have in *The Light that Failed* the unforgettable picture of Dick sitting, day after day, in his unending darkness, dumbly turning over Maisie's letters, which he is never to read; on the other, in *Captains Courageous*, we see Harvey Cheyne's father speeding across the breadth of the American continent, goaded by an intolerable impatience to reach the son, whom by a miracle the waves have given back to him. Now, the first case is flawless. The second, much praised and often quoted, is off the key. That private car of the elder Cheyne, "humming like a giant bee" across mountain and prairie, by the very sense of motion it conveys, robs us of a true perception of the way in which time seems to drag to the impatient man within it.

But above all, in your reading, do not be content with studying the so-called masterpieces of literature. It is wise to know the *Decameron* and *Don Quixote*, Richardson, and Smollett, and Sterne;

*Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, writing the chapter describing how Rawdon Crawley, released from the sponging house, returns to his home to find Lord Steyne in Becky's company and hurls the noble blackguard to the ground, gives the final touch with "Becky admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious." After he had written these words the novelist dropped his pen and brought his fist down on the table. "By God! That's a stroke of genius!"

†Mr. Henry James's own confessions regarding *The Awkward Age*, contained in the preface to the "New York Edition," seems very much to the point: "That I did, positively and seriously—ah, so seriously!—emulate the levity of Gyp and by the same token, of that hardest of flowers fostered in her school, M. Henri Lavedan, is a contribution to the history of

The Awkward Age that I shall obviously have had to brace myself in order to make. . . . My private inspiration had been in the Gyp plan (artfully dissimulated, for dear life, and applied with the very subtlest consistency, but none the less kept in secret view); yet I was to fail to make out in the event that the book succeeded in producing the impression of any plan on any person. No hint of that sort of success, or of any critical perception at all in relation to the business, has ever come my way. . . . I had meanwhile been absent in England, and it was not until my return, some time later, that I had from my publisher any news of our venture. But the news then met at a stroke all my curiosity: 'I am sorry to say the book has done nothing to speak of; I've never in all my experience seen one treated with more general and complete disrespect.'"

but the modern writer can no more depend upon them as models than the modern painter can depend upon Botticelli and Ghirlandaio. A knowledge of Elisabethan foot-gear, or of the relative artistic value of the moccasin and the *sabot*, is of little value to a modern shoemaker. What he wants to know is how shoes, the best sort of shoes, are made to-day, by the latest methods. And it is precisely the same with literature. There is no demand to-day for a new *Hamlet*, a second *Paradise Lost*, another Sir Roger de Coverley, or even a *Tom Jones*, *David Copperfield* or *Vanity Fair*. The technique of writing is constantly in a state of transition; and however much we may delight in the methods of a generation or a century ago, we do not tolerate them at the hands of modern writers. Take for instance the modern novel; its form and structure—one might almost say its spirit, too—has been radically changed from that of Thackeray and Dickens. And it does not help us nearly so much, as writers, to know which of the two is the greater novelist, as to understand in what respects Henry James and Maupassant are better craftsmen than either of them. Professor Woodberry, in *The Appreciation of Literature*, insists that, even for the general reader, "the serious study of one's own literature is most fruitfully begun by acquaintance with those authors who are in vogue and nearly contemporary." In the case of the would-be writer it is not merely most fruitful, but absolutely imperative, to keep abreast of the best contemporary work that is done in the field of his own labours. And by "best work" I do not mean only such books as seem likely to stand the test of time, books that are unmistakably big in theme, in purpose and in technical skill: contemporary works of this class are so few that the apprentice's lesson would be soon ended. No, I go much further than that and include all the new books which exhibit, even in some single direction, an encouraging tendency, the evidence of some problem faced and solved, some interesting innovation attempted. Above all, in your reading, avoid that narrow provincial spirit that limits your range to the

works of your own countrymen. The American writer cannot afford to ignore what is being done in his own field by Englishmen. And if he has the time and the gift of languages he will be the broader and better artist for keeping abreast of the best thought and best work of France and Germany and Italy.

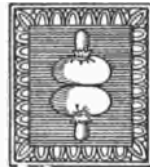
And in all your studies let the two great essentials, reading and writing, go hand in hand. Clarify your impressions by transferring them to paper. They may never be of value to any one else, but they will be of inestimable service to you, as milestones of your own progress. "Of late years," wrote Trollope at the close of his *Autobiography*, "I have found my greatest pleasure in our old English dramatists, not from excessive love of their work, but from curiosity in searching their plots and examining their character. If I live a few years longer, I shall, I think, leave in my copies of these dramatists, down to the close of James II., written criticisms on every play." In Zola's published *Lettres de Jeunesse*, letters written between the ages of twenty and twenty-two, the chief interest centres in their testimony of the eagerness with which he devoured books, the earnestness with which he thought about them, and the enthusiasm with which he poured out his opinions upon paper. Through those rapid, immature and often turgid pages one sees already the germs of ideas that later came to fruition, the origin of many of his articles of literary faith. And not so very different was the method by which an author of widely different quality and creed learned his craftsmanship. This paragraph from Stevenson's letters, though often quoted, will hurt no one to read once again:

All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my private end, which was to learn to write. I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read, the other to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. . . . And what I wrote was for no ulterior use; it was writ-

ten consciously for practice. . . . I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me, and I practised, to acquire it, as a man learns to whittle, in a wager with myself.

But in all your studies of other writers, the living and the dead, cultivate independence. Never slavishly imitate. Take what you find best from the technique of each book you read and reject the rest. Notice what qualities and what defects the authors you read have in common and what are their individual sins and virtues. In learning your lesson from them, do not be afraid of independence, so long as you know the reason why. But as Miss Ellen Terry remarks aptly, in her volume of autobiography, before you are allowed to be eccentric you must have learned where the centre is. Mistrust the extravagant individualism of youth; realise that there is no virtue in being different, unless the difference produces some deliberately sought result. To come down from your apartment by the fire-escape will no doubt make you conspicuous—but there is really no point in doing so unless the stairs are on fire. In writing we want some better and more logical reason for eccentricity than a mere peacock vanity, a desire to attract attention. Where a literary form is well established, do your share in maintaining it, excepting when you have some excellent reason for making a change. The chances are that in doing a thing differently you will not do

it half so well. Only a madman would try to write a sonnet in fifteen lines, just to be different from others. Yet George Meredith made use of a sixteen-line form of verse in his *Modern Love*, which is often loosely spoken of as a sonnet sequence—and he was justified in doing so because he knew exactly why he did it. The poem is not merely a series of separate and complete thoughts, connected by a single thread, like pearls strung on the same string, after the fashion of Shakespeare's sonnets, or the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. They form a continuous piece of narrative, and for that reason the extra two lines help the forward movement, where the formal set-tete of the sonnet would have continually broken in with a misplaced sense of finality. Many a rule of rhetoric and prosody and technique may be broken—provided always that you have a reason that justifies you. The early stories of Kipling fairly bristle with strange phrases, words forced into new partnerships, and what Mr. Gosse has called "the noisy, newspaper bustle of his little peremptory sentences." And yet, more often than not, he justified himself, because he knew so well just what he was about—and knew also that he was succeeding in expressing his thoughts a little better than they could have been expressed in any other and more conventional way. So remember, in writing, to be independent; on occasion be even boldly innovative, so long as you can be so intelligently.



IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF HEINE

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.

—Goethe.



AFTER fifteen years of dreaming and an eternity in the cars from the Hook of Holland, I found myself actually in Göttingen, my point of departure for the Hartz.

The doors of my heart opened suddenly to a flood of enthusiasm as I sat in my room at the "Krone" trying with difficulty to realise that at last I was about to begin the journey that had brought peace as well as joy to Heine, Goethe, Chamisso and to so many others who sought to combine beauty with solitude. Now that I was within a day's walk of the Hartz region, no artist could have painted scenes so vivid or so beautiful as those depicted by my yearning imagination. The hills and the pines and the castle-ruins, the mountain torrents, the homely natives, their picturesque legends and customs—I hungered for them all. My one concern was lest any of the beauty should fade before my coming. It behooved me to start at once, and much remained to be done. I walked forth into the streets of Göttingen.

"Göttingen," says Heine, "looks its best when you have turned your back upon it." To me it was almost beautiful. A peaceful, venerable city it seemed, with an air of quiet wisdom about it, much like an elderly gentleman who has lived chiefly in the study—Faust before the temptation of Mephistopheles. Little traffic disturbed the spacious quietude of Weenderstrasse. Quaint gables and old-fashioned balconies overhung the roomy pavements. The booksellers' windows along the street gave the scene an air of redeeming dignity.

My business, however, at that particular hour was to purchase a knapsack and other equipment for my journey. Of knapsacks there was a lavish display in the first shop I entered. How often had I not pictured myself, staff in hand and slightly stooping under just such a knap-

sack, disappearing into the bosom of a mysterious forest in the Hartz. I must have had what philosophers call an *à priori* knowledge of these *Rucksacks*, for I realised I had never before seen one. I touched the greenish pouch with almost trembling fingers and the saturnine damsel who conducted the sale must have seen that she could ask any price she chose. But Göttingen is of a hopeless honesty.

The next day broke so clear and cool that had it not been a Sunday I should have felt moved to depart that morning. As it was, I resolved to wait until the Monday and to look in the meanwhile upon Göttingen. I drove about the speckless city gazing my fill upon the ugly university buildings, the venerable Aula, the Anatomical Institute, with its gruesome collection of half a million skulls, and the others. The white dwelling houses surrounded by glistening verdure on that brilliant morning gave to northern Göttingen an almost tropical appearance, both refreshing and alluring. Handsome statues decorate the public square and the Goose Girl Fountain in front of the Rathaus, that sweet maiden whom Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm have brought out of Fairyland, would have pleased even Heine. I looked upon the modest one-story house where lodged the Iron Chancellor in his student days, on the gabled house in Weenderstrasse where Goethe in 1801 wrote his *Farbenlehre*, and with a quickened pulse on Number 53, the crumbling old brownstone dwelling that bears the tablet "Heinrich Heine." A tailor's shop now occupies the ground story, and a saddler dwells in the low-ceiled rooms where nearly a century ago the poet dreamed his wildest dreams, wrote some of his most beloved lines and cursed the study of jurisprudence. From that door it was that he escaped, nearly a hundred years ago, into the soul reviving Hartz. On the morrow, I thought, I too should set out on precisely that magical journey.

"Good-bye, good-bye," to the head waiter, to the second head waiter, to the valet, to the boots, to every one a silver farewell and from every one a friendly little speech well worth the silver. I was somewhat late in starting, for the head waiter had urged me to make the most

of my bath and then to take a tender farewell of it, for I should probably not look upon its like again in the Hartz. I was under weigh at last, however, and the heavens were doing all that in them lay to give heart to the solitary traveller. A sky of blue so tender and serene I could



"AUF DIE BERGE WILL ICH STEIGEN,
WO DIE DUNKELN TANNEN RAGEN,
BÄCHE RAUSCHEN, VÖGEL SINGEN,
UND DIE STOLZEN WOLKEN JAGEN.

—HEINE.

not remember anywhere else. Its speckless arch seemed to cover a world without sorrow or turmoil, without squalour or pain. Black care, that frequent companion of the traveller, was nowhere in my vicinity. Penetrated with a feeling of boyish irresponsibility and gladness I walked out toward the Weender gate, the



HEINE'S GÖTTINGEN LODGINGS AT 53 WEENDER-STRASSE

golden sun pouring down its limitless flood of light upon the quiet city. Past nine though it was, Göttingen was scarcely astir as yet. Shops were still being opened by seemingly drowsy shopmen. A milkman's wagon rattled along the cobblestones, a butcher's boy was leisurely urging a Dalmatian hound harnessed to a meat-basket on wheels; a tiny, mouse-grey donkey was nonchalantly drawing a heavy two-wheeled cart with a strapping man in it. Toward the city gate the street began to die out and soon it perished utterly and was merged into the great white highway that swept nobly on, bordered by green meadows and yellow wheat fields until it was lost beyond the horizon.

Joyfully I marched on along the ribbon of springy footpath with the golden fields of barley and of rye on either hand, alternating with squares of soft green meadow land, like some god's checker-board, until I came to the outskirts of Bovenden, which is nearly all outskirts. Göttingen students were wont to fight their duels here, and the village was accordingly patrolled by university proctors, though the real object of these gentry, according to Heine, was to hold quarantine here lest any enterprising young tutor should import some new ideas into the learned city. I felt ashamed to be hungry after exactly an hour's walk, but as my breakfast had been light, I entered the inn, unstrapped my knapsack with the air of one who had been marching many hours, and ordered luncheon.

From the cosy inn parlour I looked upon the empty square about which were grouped the village church, the school-house and the town hall. In the centre was the town pump and watering trough. A dog lay sleeping in the shadow of the church. Now and again the sweet treble of childish voices singing either in the church or in the school-house, I could not tell which, came floating across the square, with that haunting, touching quality that children's voices always have. The clangour of a bell suddenly brought me out of my reverie, and there beside the town pump stood the bellman with a scroll in his hand. He was the town crier, and in drawing, monotonous voice he read to the church, to the school-house, to the dozing dog, to the empty square and to me the announcement that a meeting would be held that evening for the purpose of voting the village taxes. Every citizen probably knew of the meeting anyway, but for hundreds of years news had been spread after that fashion in Bovenden, and in such places fashions do not change.

The townsfolk were all in the fields. Everybody was occupied excepting myself. I, in the character of the weary traveller, sat there quietly eating the bread, or rather the eggs, of idleness. Could those eggs have been laid by merely earthly hens? A pleasant-faced field-labourer broke in upon these gustatory reflections by calling for *Schnapps*, re-

marking upon the drought and asking me whether I travelled on business. But when he learned that pleasure was my only object his face darkened, and to my surprise he grew somewhat bitter and cynical.

"Pleasure," said he with a frown, "is a thing nowhere found. People travel the world over, but health and home is the best they can ever discover."

I strapped on my knapsack, paid my score and left the inn. It was high noon. The sun was warm. Before coming anywhere in the vicinity of the Hartz I must still walk twelve kilometres—to Northeim—or at least two hours. I did what Heine doubtless would have done had he been able in the year 1824. I moved quietly to the railway station and took a train for Northeim. Thus only could I gain the time I had lost by late rising and slow marching. But as we sped through the sunlit fields I felt a little shamefaced. A maiden's charm, however, soon made me forget my peccadillo.

She and her father were in the same compartment with me. She was blue-eyed and golden-haired. Before long she had wormed out of me my name and confided that hers was Edith. She cheered the way with a merry song, and her father seemed merely amused in his good-natured German way as she carried on recklessly with the stranger. She made me tell her my age; she could have made me tell her anything. She told me her age also. She was three.

In Northeim, a place of some animation, the children were coming home from school and here and there a grown-up man or woman would walk in the street just as though they were not figures in an old print or a picture book. "Die Sonne," a pleasant inn that was fifty years old when Heine stopped there, is almost unchanged. The waiter wore a dress suit and there were gas fixtures in the dining-room, but the carpet in the corridors, I could have sworn, had been laid in 1775. Heine had tasted here the first food on his journey, and he avers it was a great improvement on the stale academic courses set before him at Göttingen. His wraith seemed still to be hovering in "Die Sonne," and I recalled how he had solemnly directed at this

place a trio of inquiring travellers to the Hotel de Brubach, Göttingen's university prison.

When the sun was lower in the heavens I resumed my march. Once clear of the town, I took, in the German vernacular, "the road manfully between my legs," and began to walk in dead earnest. I had nearly fifteen miles to Osterode and the



"I LODGED AT AN INN NEAR THE MARKET PLACE."
—HEINE.

road already began to climb up hill. I shall never forget that walk from Northeim. All the sweet, simple pictures of summer that the city-pent heart yearns for bordered the highway. Fields of ripe yellow wheat were swayed gently by the breeze in golden music. Scythe-men were swinging their flashing blades in the oat-fields, while the women plodding behind them bound the sheaves. Spans of oxen were drawing ploughs and frequently even cows could be seen ploughing—which struck me as ungallant. Beyond the fields on either hand a range of densely wooded hills, harbingers of the



"THE NAME GOSLAR SOUNDS SO CHEERFUL . . . THAT I EXPECTED AN IMPOSING, STATELY CITY."
—HEINE.

Hartz, curtained the horizon. I felt wonderfully free and happy. Through my mind flashed the long years of waiting and hoping for this journey through a magic land, and the old boyish dreams of achievement and joy and glory began to stir and waken as from a long sleep.

"Steiget auf ihr alten Träume!"

I passed through Caltenburg, which was one deserted village street with only a few ducks and hens in possession. The burden on my back kept increasing in weight. The sun declined rapidly and cool breezes came wandering now and again from the distant hilltops. Soon I saw the red roofs of Osterode gleaming under the slanting rays, and as I entered the main street of the city a ball of misty fire, promising rain for the morrow, disappeared behind a ridge of the hills.

Wearied and footsore I entered the Hotel Kaiserhof, engaged a room and fell limply upon the bed. Despite all my fancied wisdom I had done what nearly every foot traveller does on the first day: I had walked too far and carried too much. I lay there inertly for a space, the pain oozing from my body and my mind dully conscious of the process. After half an hour's rest hunger began to animate me and I knew that I should recover. But I was still aching as I crept into the deserted dining-room and made a sparse meal of a leathern omelette. In this I surpassed Heine. For when he came here he was so tired he could not eat at all, but went supperless to bed and dreamt grotesque and fearful dreams. When I stepped out on the pavement

under the watery rays of a street lamp the chill struck me so sharply I contracted like the mercury in a bulb. But in New York, I reflected, people were sweltering under an August sun.

Not another human being seemed to be abroad, for, as I afterwards found out, tales of ghosts and hobgoblins are so numerous in Osterode that to this day the inhabitants are literally afraid to go home in the dark. Even the sceptical give a certain credence to these legends, and children particularly are convinced that an enchanted captain in the shape of a black dog nightly patrols the streets of Osterode.

Tired though I was, I offered the credulous head waiter who told me this story a handsome *trinkgeld* if he would accompany me to the captain's haunts.

"*Bewahre!*" gasped the nervous little waiter, "not I, Herr. Besides," he added, after a pause, "I can tell the Herr what the dog looks like; he is the image of dogs employed by butchers to draw meat carts. I have seen him more than once." But it was my desire, I told him, to ask the captain to pose for his photograph the next morning. The waiter looked at me dubiously for a moment and then in soothing tones inquired:

"Does the Herr require anything for the night?"

Thanks to the rain the next morning I had opportunity of learning something of the history and legends of Osterode—which resembled a very clear etching of a mountain town overhung by the passage of storm. At the hotel breakfast table the conversation consisted in the



BARBAROSSA'S PALACE IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS

single word "Mahlzeit," which every one utters upon sitting down. But later an elderly gentleman of gossiping tendency regaled me with conversation. Siege and fire and pestilence, it seems, are common factors in the history of most of these Hartz towns, and the names of such generals as Tilly, Merode and Pappenheim are still spoken with dread in the mountains. They sing songs now in Germany about "the jolly Pappenheimers," but these rollicking blades had a way of encamping round a town and demanding forty thousand thalers or promising, as an alternative, ruin and utter destruction. My new acquaintance told me various legends of bygone Osterodeans who could cast spells, and in particular of an ancient headsmen of this city.

"Once," said the old man, "on a Saturday night a thief was stealing cabbages from the headsmen's kitchen garden. Just as the rogue was scaling the wall to escape with his plunder the headsmen fixed him with a spell upon that wall until the Sunday morning, when good folk were on their way to church. There hung the thief with his cabbages in sight of all. The *Scharfrichter*, who had put so many others out of misery, laughingly then presented him with a pig's head and said, 'Take this as well, for it is a poor stew without meat,' and so released him."

Before leaving Osterode I sent a

variety of objects back to Göttingen. No rare curios these, culled by the wayside, but things that yesterday I had deemed indispensable—the half of a pair of hair brushes, a tin of tobacco, some clothing, books, and rolls of films. As I strapped on my knapsack I laughed aloud for joy, so light seemed my load compared with yesterday.

The rain had ceased suddenly and the sun began to shed a tender hazy light upon the ancient ruin of Osterode castle, toward which I was now marching. So far back as the sixteenth century this abode of the dowagers of Grubenhagen was already abandoned, and Heine, when he passed by it, saw only a round tower standing. Only half of that tower remains to-day. Weeds and rank grasses grow thick upon the site; creepers pierce the clefts among the stones and worm their way among the corpse-like remains of bygone grandeur, completing the picture of desolation. The owl's hooting is heard from the dead grey tower, and the country people tell many a legend of this ruin. Heine wrote one of his most beautiful ballads upon it:

Gras bedeckt jetzt den Turnierplatz
Wo gekämpft der stolze Mann
Der die besten überwunden
Und des Kampfes Preis gewann.

I walked briskly along a green turf

footpath beside the great Hartz road and the deep tenebrous forest of pine and cedar seemed to take me to its bosom and soothe me with its rich and brooding silences. At almost regular intervals new hills, dark and pine-crested, swung into view with a kind of rhythmic majesty, and I seemed to experience the effect of wonderful strains of music crashing heavenward. Perfect stillness hung over road and forest. I slackened my pace to drink in the beauty I had so long waited for. Happy thoughts flitted through my brain as I drank in the balmy pine-laden air.

the glade and a wolf-hound came baying toward me. "Spitz! Spitz!" some one cried below, and the dog turned tail and ran to his master, an elderly, grey-haired man in a fustian tunic, gaitered to the knees, who lay stretched in the luxuriant grass, surrounded by his tuneful herd. I gave him good-day, unstrapped my knapsack and sat down beside him, wondering whether he knew what a delectable way of life was his. We chatted of many things, and after his first shyness before the stranger had passed, this man of seventy told me to the tune of the woodland bells the tale of the Hübich Rock, which



"I FOUND A NEST (GOSLAR) WITH STREETS MOSTLY NARROW AND OF A LABYRINTHIAN CROOKEDNESS."—HEINE.

Golden rays of sunlight filtered through the verdure and fell in bright patches everywhere. The road kept winding upward through the dusky woods, with here and there an open glade sloping away. From the hollow of one of these open spaces along the road a strange murmurous music, the like of which I had never heard before, came creeping up to the road above and seemed to envelop the traveller like some sweet seductive perfume. Far below me a herd of milch-cows was grazing, and I could scarcely believe that the bells of the herd were making the rich, satisfying music that seemed nature's own peculiar psalmody.

I ran down the slope to the bottom of

was near to the town of Grund, somewhere on our left.

"That rock," he began, as though he were telling me history, "was much higher than it is now. In the Thirty Years' War it was truncated by cannon. So tall was it in ancient days that no one could climb to the top. A forester's son, however, succeeded one day in climbing to the very peak, and great was his delight at this achievement. But Hübich, King of the Pygmies, who lived under the rock, resented such effrontery and resolved that the young man should die. By his magic power he made it impossible for the youth to descend, and it seemed the wild boy was doomed to starve to death on

the top of the rock. His father the forester came and the young man begged him to shoot him and so release him from the torture of death by starvation. But this the Hübich King, touched by the father's suffering, would not permit. Just as the old forester aimed his piece at the son lightning flashed, crash after crash of thunder rent the forest stillness, and a violent rain-storm made shooting impossible. Hübich, moved to mercy, took the young man into the dim recesses of his underground realm, gave him silver in

eyes she was probably the ugliest of her sex hereabouts. But when I gave her good-day and asked her whether she would like to be photographed, she mumbled:

"No; for that would bring upon me the evil eye."

Lerbach's population is largely made up of Albinos, whom their neighbours call "white blackamoors." There is much intermarriage here, everybody is related to everybody else, and many children are born crippled and deformed. The defec-



"... AS I STOOD [UPON ILSSENSTEIN] LOST IN THOUGHT, . . . I SAW THE RED TILE ROOFS OF ILSSEBURG BEGINNING TO DANCE BEFORE ME."—HEINE

abundance and much gold, made him promise never again to climb the great rock and sent him home rejoicing."

The way to Lerbach continued to be an avenue of wonderful beauty and verdure. It seemed as though Nature had assembled every fair spot she possessed for a proud exhibit in this place. Afterward she would no doubt disperse those treasures to the humbler regions, all whose pride and glory they were.

Before Lerbach I met an old Albino woman bent double by a huge basket on her back; yet she walked briskly, knitting a stocking as she went. With her wrinkled, ashey-white face and pinkish

tive children are thought to be changelings inflicted on parents by malevolent pygmies.

Above Lerbach the way lies through noble forests of pine and cedar and beech, and they seem to be constantly murmuring of a blissful, beautiful place that passeth understanding. As the venerable heads of those magnificent giant trees swayed from side to side, gently, rhythmically, they all seemed to be giving a stately greeting to the wayfarer. Now and again I heard the sound of an axe from the depth of the wood, but in the road I was solitary, for this is not the highway touristry.



"UND SO LIEBLICH RAUSCHEN DREIN
WASSERFALL UND TANNENBÄUME . . ."
—HEINE.

Now and then I paused and looked back with a growing wonder upon the opulent landscape of hill and dale, forest and glade, that lay spread out below me. With a kind of tenderness I gazed upon the fair and placid scene drenched in soft, golden sunlight, quite forgetting the toil that many a steep piece of road had cost me; just as in life, once the first fever of youth is past, you look back yearningly upon the dear days that are no more and the happy memories they hold, forgetting that pain was there as well as pleasure.

At the forest tavern of the Heiligenstock, which stands upon the site of an ancient chapel for travellers, some rough woodsmen were drinking at a table by the roadside and making the forest ring with their loud, troll-like laughter. The reason for their jests and demeanour I soon found to be a well-dressed solitary lady, young and pretty, who was the sole occupant of the post coach that had halted before the tavern. The horses were being-baited and the postillions themselves were taking a snack of some-

thing, but the lady herself remained in the depth of the great yellow coach, which had drawn up near to the woodmen.

I continued my way through the forest, past Buntenbock, a maroon-roofed village, and Ziegelhütte, a solitary summer hotel standing by the roadside, intent upon reaching Klausthal before the threatening rainfall. A spattering of drops, however, overtook me and I sought protection by entering the great forest and walking under the shade of the towering pine tops. The bit of rain soon took off, but I continued to walk on the dry needles among the pines, which gave me an indescribable thrill of adventure. That "probably arboreal" ancestor of ours was doubtless delighted to come into his own again to flit in and out among the great giants of the forest, ancient scene of his life's conflict.

The clouds lifted for a brief space and as I emerged from the forest to the open road again I beheld, far and dim on my right, a peak that rose above the circling hills. A young man and a girl with cloaks over their heads were standing by the roadside and gazing from out of their tent-like garments to the distant hilltops.

"That," they said both together, in somewhat awestruck tones, "that is the Brocken." This was a Pischah sight that had not been vouchsafed to Heine; at all events, he makes no mention of it. The way I was going the Brocken was still several days' journey. By railway the distance could, of course, be made in a few hours. But the railway was wholly absent from my calculations. I had become a pedestrian and measured all distances accordingly. The Brocken at that moment seemed to me remote as Mecca.

Klausthal suddenly rose before me at one leap. Such is the shape of the country that you see nothing of Klausthal until you actually stand before it. Heine had the same experience, although he entered the town at high noon.

At the Golden Crown, which I entered at dusk, a mild, blond young man received me and gave me a room bedecked with profusion of royal purple. It was the most expensive room in the house, but apologetically he informed me that he had no other. It was four marks the

night, inclusive of breakfast. By way of mitigation he informed me that his Imperial Majesty William II, when he, in his younger days, had made his Hartz tour, occupied the selfsame room, and for that occasion it was decorated. "Heine, too," he added, "slept in this apartment." I took the room without a murmur.

The bland young waiter of the silken moustache hovered about me for a space with an indescribable air of friendly detachment. He was the image of a young German duke I had once seen in a Paris café. With his remote air he theorised in murmurous, apologetic tones concerning the colour scheme of the room. Majesty, he said, found no difficulty in sleeping here soundly, despite the fact that red is not a restful colour.

In the dining-room I sat down at the large table in the middle, and scarcely had I done so when a party of three entered and took places near me—a middle-

aged man, his wife and daughter. My eyes did not linger long on the rubicund, bearded features of the gentleman, nor yet on the well-fed, placid countenance of the wife. For in the face of the daughter I instantly beheld something pleasantly familiar—in a flash I knew: she was my lady of the diligence. She smiled faintly, I thought, as she pronounced, in one voice with her parents, the courteous dissyllable "Mahlzeit" and sat down opposite me. Short though my wanderings had been thus far, I nevertheless experienced in some degree the exile's pleasure on seeing a face not wholly strange. My solitary pilgrimage was purely voluntary, long-awaited and painted by fancy in the colours of the rainbow. But such is human nature that I had a thrill of pleasure upon beholding some one I had seen before. In actual exile I suppose not only every familiar face, but every stock and stone fills the heart with endless tender yearning. As



"I SHALL CLIMB THE HIGHEST HILLTOPS,
LAUGHINGLY LOOK DOWN UPON YOU."

—HEINE

Cacciaguida foretold to Dante in Paradise:

Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta,

for all things are dear when you are forced to leave them.

"You are, I see, a stranger in these parts," said the girl's father. "I do not suppose they have such mountains in England." He took me for an Englishman. My pride was humbled. Hitherto the simpler people I had met believed that I was a native of some part of Germany not their own, at least until I told them

"As you probably know," I told her, "we are all savages and cowboys and Indians there, little better than wild Apaches or Mohawks. But with all that, we make prodigious sums of money every day."

"The Herr thinks we are peasants, papa," she pouted, "and that we should believe all that nonsense." The parents smiled upon their handsome daughter.

"At all events I believe that nonsense," I pursued, "and that is why I did not allow a certain American to-day to take passage in a mail coach that held a beau-



" . . . THE REMAINS OF WALLS, TOWERS, . . . GIVE THE CITY [OF GOSLAR] SOMETHING OF A PIQUANCY."—HEINE

otherwise. But the educated man detected me at once by my speech. When I told him, however, that I was come all the way from America to look upon the Hartz and to wander up and down in it, he and his ladies became alive with interest and friendliness.

"Ach, America!" exclaimed the wife in astonished tones, "but that is wonderful." And the daughter cried:

"What a Klotz (log) I am! I should never have known the Herr was not a German. Will you not tell us about America?" she begged with a very pretty manner.

tiful lady as sole passenger—despite his inclinations."

At this they all laughed heartily.

"Now you see, daughter," said the mother earnestly, "nothing passes unnoticed in this world. I told her," turning to me, "that it would not be seemly for her to travel alone from Osterode to Klausthal. But she insisted on being left behind to stay with a sick school friend."

The talk became general and soon the landlord, a man of seventy, with a strong face, erect and soldierly of bearing, sat down with us and pleasantly remarked

that if walking be our plan he feared we should have a wet road to-morrow.

"Come wet, come dry, we shall walk, nevertheless," answered the father of the Fräulein; then, with a glance at his daughter, he added, "we do not like to travel in mail coaches." She blushed and we all smiled. It seemed very grateful to a lonely stranger like myself to have that bit of old Grouse-in-the-gun-room humour between him and this pleas-

to Venice underground, taking with him a Klausthal citizen who did not reappear until centuries had passed. We heard many legends of the Devil, whom almost anybody, apparently, at least in Klausthal, can summon by the simplest of means. Of two miners who worked together, one brought a book with him and read it in the depths of the mine until the Devil came. He looked at them and vanished. But when the second miner tried



"FOLK SAY THE DEVIL PUT THIS [FOUNTAIN] IN THE MARKET PLACE ONE NIGHT."—HEINE

ant family, Hartz pedestrians like himself. The landlord volubly went on to tell us about the city of Klausthal, of which he seemed very proud. The father of the young lady he deferentially addressed by the title of "Herr Geheimrath," which showed that I was in distinguished company; and, indeed, as I afterward found, Herr Geheimrath Hoppe was a Privy Councillor to the King of Saxony.

Numerous were the legends the old landlord told us that night. There was the tale of the Venetian overseer of a Klausthal mine who walked all the way

the same trick the Devil reappeared and threatened to take his life unless he could read the same page backward. Luckily the miner could and so escaped. Just as Charles Lamb could have written Shakespeare's plays "if only he had the mind," so, in Klausthal, apparently anybody can conjure up the Devil if he but has the inclination. Indeed, we seemed almost to feel his impending presence the while our host spun his genial yarns.

"I never thought," Fräulein Hoppe broke in joyously, "that the Devil was so much of a household pet in Klausthal."

We all laughed. The landlord smiled indulgently and replied, not without gravity:

"He is well known to most of us."

When the party broke up for the night we, who a few hours ago met in the hallways with the enveloping silences of strangers, were now almost like a family party, cheerily commenting on the agreeable evening and bidding one another good-night.

"What," asked Fräulein Hoppe gaily, "think you of our German old wives' tales?"

"Old wives' tales," said I, "and young

wives' faces—both are very pretty and interesting." She gave me a comical look.

I pitied William of Hohenzollern, who, now that he is Emperor, cannot repeat the journey he made in the careless days of his youth. Willingly, I knew, would he sleep again in the purple bed that once was his, but which now tendered me its luxuries, if only he could leave his cares behind. I thought of the Brocken, my goal, as the rain whipped incessantly upon the panes and swiftly I sank into the sleep that fears no waking.

Henry James Forman.



"THE ZWINGER . . . HAS WALLS SO THICK THAT
WHOLE ROOMS HAVE BEEN HEWN OUT
OF THEM."—HEINE

SELLING NOVELS BY PSYCHOLOGY



PSYCHOLOGY in its possible relation to everything from crime to trade has been discussed pro and con during the past year in the prints. It has been worked literally to an abstract death—abstract, because in almost all of these treatises little of actual relationship has been chronicled. When, therefore, there is divulged the fact of a quite intelligible application of the science to one branch of trade, and when the results of this application have been proved to be dollars and cents, rather than less concrete deductions, a further exposition of the subject takes on less an air of carrying additional scientific coals to an already theory-overstacked Newcastle.

Not long ago the present writer, in conversation with men interested in the sale of literature on the railway trains, learned that, for some time, the "book butchers" had been making a practical psychological test in conjunction with the disposition of their wares. To be sure, the word "psychology" is not their word. They call it "human nature"—but, analysed fundamentally, the study that the "book butchers" have made of "human nature" is little less than the application of a very interesting form of psychology to their particular element of trade. In other words, the men who sell novels on the trains are selling many of them by psychology. As to quibbling over the latter word, the reader may decide for himself after he has read the illustrations set down herein.

In the first place, as every train traveller knows, the "book butcher," in the great majority of cases, has very little time in which to dispose of his wares. He must, in short, do the bulk of his selling, if at all, just before the train gets under way. He appears at one end of a car, takes in the situation at a glance, proclaims the fact that he has books for sale, and then, walking slowly down the aisle between the seats, seeks to interest passengers in this or that novel. Obviously—and by way of getting to the point more quickly—he could not interest the

average middle-aged masculine passenger in a novel written in the suffragette key any more than he could hope to interest the average woman passenger in, let us say, a baseball novel. The "book butcher" knows this well. He knows, too, that if he makes one misstep, if he offers the wrong sort of novel to the wrong sort of passenger, he has lost a possible customer in that particular passenger, for the trip in point at least. Inversely, the train salesman appreciates the fact that his sales will be commensurate with the special and concrete appeal he can make to the greatest number of persons in the car. And he has about ten minutes, at most, in which to act.

This is the situation. Time and practice—and experience—have brought about the result. The result is selling novels on trains by what would be termed colloquially as "sizing up," but what may be termed, it seems fairly, as psychology. In support of this there is quoted verbatim the statement recently made to the present writer by one of the salesmen. "If it weren't for what may be called psychology just as well as anything else, I suppose," he said, "you can take it for granted a train 'book butcher' wouldn't be able to sell three novels a day. This is the way we work, and I'll talk about my own way so you can get a quick idea of what I mean. When I enter the car I run my eyes slowly over the seats, take in the passengers with a general sweep, eliminate the so-called 'hopeless' ones—those who look too cheap to buy novels—and then, as quickly as I can, group those remaining in my mind's eye. I then start down the aisle. The first passenger I approach, let us say, is a young lady about twenty-two years old, well dressed, who, I have observed, has been apparently looking out of the window, but who, in reality, as I have come to know in the years of my work, has been catching the reflection of her face on the plate glass. Darkness, you know, assisted by interior light, makes the train windows mirror-like. The young lady, then, is slightly vain. And I offer her—not *Little Sister Snow* or *Lords of High Decision* or

The Goose Girl—but *When a Man Marries*. And, often, she buys it. Why? Because, being sentimentally young and eager to look her best, she buys the novel for its title, knowing nothing about its contents. She figures that the novel has to do with the sort of woman a man loves and marries; she thinks it may contain a helpful suggestion or two by which she can profit, and she wants it. The next passenger is a grumpy, middle-aged man. I note that he is looking over the financial page of an evening newspaper very studiously, and, taking advantage of his particular interest at the moment, I lay a Wall Street novel beside him. I do not say a word, but walk on to the next passenger. I know the man will feel the book slide down next to him; I feel sure, when he has studied the quotations he is after, he will look at it; and I know the title will catch his eye—*Samson Rock of Wall Street*, or whatever it chances to be. And, by what you may call, thank you, yes—‘association of thought,’ I sell that man the novel three or four times out of five. The next passenger, let us say, is a young fellow, well dressed and ‘collegey.’ Without psychology, I would probably offer him a novel dealing with athletics—a football story, a baseball or rowing story. You would say that yourself, wouldn’t you? But I know better. I have seen him fool with his finger nails, polishing them, and so on. I have caught the general exactness in the part in his hair, of his necktie and well-shined shoes. I give him a novel with a pretty girl on the cover. ‘One like her,’ I tell him, ‘had the seat you’re sitting in on yesterday’s trip.’ He’s in love, evidently, and he buys the book. The title? It doesn’t matter in the least.”

The “book butcher” continued down the aisle in his conversation, pointing out how he approached each passenger and how, in the manner outlined, he tried to insinuate his novels into their pocket-books. He pointed out that the day of throwing any novel in any seat regardless of the character of book or passenger had passed several years ago and that, where still practised, it netted small returns. “The passenger’s nature,” he said, “must be analysed before the novel is handed to him. He most often hasn’t thought of

buying a novel—probably doesn’t want one—so you must take advantage of his actions or attitude as you approach him. The man reading the Wall Street edition of the newspaper is an illustration of what I mean.”

A man of long experience in the selling of novels on trains has added to what the former “book butcher” said by assuring the present chronicler that the oft-repeated argument that young girls uniformly want sentimental stories and that men want “problem” stories is based on tastes of a bygone day. “A book butcher who goes on that theory, without studying the individuals themselves, would not hold his position for more than a week,” he says. “The proposition,” explains this second psychological book seller, “is this. You have a passenger. You have a dozen novels. You have one minute to make a sale—one minute, because you must divide your short time into small bits among all the passengers. You cannot go at the customer, so to speak, in a slap-bang rush. You must first look the passenger over carefully, ‘figure him out,’ select the *one* novel that will make the strongest appeal to him, get that *one* novel into his hands in the subtlest way you can, and rest on your oars. Seven times out of ten you must argue to yourself in terms of the titles and covers. Always give a young lady in a lavender dress a book with a cover that will harmonize with that dress. This has been told often—and it remains true! It almost always works. Do not give middle-aged men books with ‘Princes’ or ‘Dukes’ in the title. A ‘John Marvel’ is plain and good enough for them. And, above all things, do not give a homely woman a novel with a feminine American Beauty on the cover. She will give it back to you before you can say Jack Robinson. She will not stand for so jarring a reminder of her own deficiency in the way of looks.

“In another line, never ‘get on a passenger’s nerves’ by interrupting him while he is talking or reading a newspaper. Rest content by sliding the novel you want him to buy into the seat beside him. Always try to see the newspaper he is reading. You can frequently get an idea of a man’s literary taste by noticing the

character of the newspaper he prefers. If you can get a glimpse of the page he is most keenly interested in—sporting, financial, society, or whatever it may be—you have a hardly beatable point from which to work.”

Lack of additional space precludes a

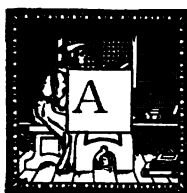
further elaboration of the subject. The effort has been made, accordingly, merely to indicate the conscious or unconscious application of what you will grant may be called psychology to the sale of novels on trains by the men whose task it is to sell them.

George Jean Nathan.

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

III

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."



ABOUT the year 1880 a man who had worked as a mining and civil engineer and chemist in various parts of the West, and as a stock broker on the San Francisco Exchange, removed to New York with the determination of embarking upon a literary career. His natural inclination was for the stage, and among other scenarios that he had jotted down was one of a drama about a Corsican Vendetta. That this scenario was not worked out in the way originally planned was entirely due to a casual remark. Among Archibald Clavering Gunter's acquaintances in the city was a well-known New York man by the name of Banks, who possessed an ample fortune and whose main occupation in life seemed to be that of killing time. Mr. Banks was a member of the New York Rifle Club, and upon a memorable occasion had won for America an international match by showing himself to be absolutely devoid of nerves, and scoring bull's eye after bull's eye just as if nothing at all depended upon the accuracy of his aim. One day he fell into conversation with Mr. Gunter and the talk turned to the subject of books. "I say, Gunter," drawled Banks, "I'll bet you to save your life you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." Then and there the challenge was accepted, the idea of the play dropped, and Mr. Gunter began mentally to plan the story which

afterward became known all over the world as *Mr. Barnes of New York*.

II

It was Mr. Gunter's first idea to call his story *A Corsican Vendetta*, the title which he had given to the projected play. He had already in mind the duel scene at the beginning of the book and the tragic chapters at the end. Mr. Banks's challenge had resulted in the introduction of a certain Thomas Jefferson, which was the original name given to the hero of the story. The first draft was written in New York. On short notice Mr. Gunter's business called him to San Francisco and he left for the West, leaving the manuscript behind. His stay in San Francisco proved much longer than he had anticipated, and being unable to get hold of the original manuscript, he began the work of writing the whole tale all over again. But try as he would he could not remember the name that he had given his hero, and chancing to meet a friend from New York by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. Not only the beginning and the end, but most of the other episodes of the story had been thought out long before, but the railway journey from Paris to Nice, during which Barnes starves Enid Anstruther into amiability and friendliness, grew out of the writing of that part of the book. The fine and dramatic description of the bombardment of Alexandria, with which *Mr. Potter of Texas* opens, was originally designed for *Mr. Barnes of New York*. On this subject Mr. Gunter had had information at first hand from an

American naval officer who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the Richmond. This the author supplemented with his own knowledge of the city of Alexandria and from the most reliable newspaper accounts of the action. British officers who read *Mr. Potter of Texas*

ter, represent the type of American abroad that we like to think has become extinct. It's dominant trait was irrepressible "cheek." Mr. Barnes, for example, was a crack pistol shot, and had plenty of cash, and on five minutes' acquaintance he was certain amiably to inform any



ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

were in the habit of expressing astonishment at the accuracy of the description. But finding that it did not fit into *Mr. Barnes of New York*, Mr. Gunter saved it for the later book.

III

Mr. Barnes and his successor, Mr. Pot-

stranger of both these facts. Yet he was just the hero to fit the book. His crude vigour carries along a story that is equally crude and vigorous. He is thirty years of age and has been travelling about the world with the irresponsibility of a millionaire and a certain kind of American in fiction, when chance, in the form of an invitation from an acquaintance, a

certain Count Musso Danella, takes him to Corsica. The Count introduces Barnes to his ward, the beautiful Marina Paoli, who with her brother is the last of that ancient Corsican name. The brother, an officer in the French naval service, is expected to return at any moment, and Marina, who has been separated from him for three years, is awaiting him impatiently. The next day in Ajaccio Barnes witnesses a row between a French and an English officer, which results in a challenge for a duel, to take place the following morning at eight o'clock. Barnes, learning that the French officer is no other than young Paoli, resolves to interfere to prevent any fatality. He seeks out the seconds of the English officer, introduces himself very emphatically as "Barnes of New York," and finally persuades the English principal to promise to offer an apology. He makes, however, the fatal mistake of testing the pistols that are to be used, and explaining in just what way they are defective. At the meeting the apology is intentionally distorted by one of the English seconds to a form so grossly offensive that acceptance is impossible, and Barnes finds that all he has done is to let every one concerned know how weapons that normally aimed would be harmless for a hundred exchanges, may be made instruments of deadly destruction. The volley is fired and both men are hit. The Englishman is saved by a lucky penny and the Frenchman, apparently only badly wounded, sinks to the ground. The English officers are rowed away to their ship. Barnes, who has been educated as a surgeon, examines Paoli and finds that he is mortally hurt. Marina comes upon the scene, learns of the duel, and over the body of her brother swears the Vendetta.

IV

Book II opens in the Paris Salon a year later. The object of universal attention is a picture entitled "Murdered." Barnes, coming face to face with it, recognises it as a presentment of the duel on the beach at Ajaccio and knows that it has been painted by Marina Paoli, and that she has not forgotten her vow. But the impression that the picture makes is second to that made upon the American by an English girl whose name he

soon learns to be Enid Anstruther. The impression that he makes upon her is far from being so favourable, thanks to an American cattle king whose remarks are as compromising as they are audible. But Barnes is of too stern a stuff—he is too much of the American of the Archibald Clavering Gunter novel—to be rebuffed by mere looks of disfavour, and realising that there is no time like the present he decides to strike. Learning that his divinity is bound for somewhere in the south of France, though he does not just know where, he resolves that he shall go too. Chance causes Lady Chartris, Miss Anstruther's travelling companion—fair, fat and well beyond fifty—and her children to be left behind, and Barnes finds himself alone with the lady of his hopes in a French railway compartment. The beginning of the journey is far from being auspicious. The young lady recognises him as the reprobate of the Salon, to whom the name "Faust" has been applied, and is naturally inclined to regard his advances with distinct disfavour. Barnes, repulsed at every attack, decides upon a plan of campaign that he feels sure will prove effective—he will starve her into submission. To this end he brings every resource of money and wit into play, subsidising extravagantly a knowing guard, and ordering in advance by telegraph a sumptuous repast for himself. At Dijon, where there is a stop of twenty minutes for refreshments, the genius of the inspired guard manifests itself. He opens every door but that of the compartment in which are Barnes and Miss Anstruther and then is called away to the engine.

In this way ten minutes are consumed. Finally the young lady attracts his attention and expresses her wish for something to eat. The guard, with the comment that there is still plenty of time, departs to bring the bill of fare, but returns to say that there is no printed *ménù*, and to enumerate with time-wasting deliberation a great list of possible dishes. When Miss Anstruther interrupts to say that anything will do so long as it is served quickly, he departs again, only to come back with the question, "Will Mademoiselle have it hot or cold?" Finally, just as the whistle is blowing for the train to start, he reappears followed by a boy

bearing a huge tray laden with dishes. But at the moment Miss Anstruther's hands are expectantly outstretched the guard's foot somehow gets in front of the boy, who falls headlong on the platform, and the door of the compartment is shut and locked with the comment "Macon is the next buffet. All aboard!"

When, a few minutes later, a huge hamper for Barnes appears, and that miscreant calmly turns his attention to its contents, Miss Anstruther, after a final struggle, yields and accepts his advances and his hospitality. True, there are moments when her suspicions are aroused. She remembers the episode of the guard, and her mind is somewhat perturbed by the fact that there are in the hamper two plates, two forks, two knives, and two wineglasses, but these suspicions she wisely curbs. There is one time, however, where she asks him very pointedly if it is his habit always to travel without any luggage; to which he retorts that he sometimes carries a cane on long trips, a remark which very clearly indicates Mr. Barnes's "cheek" and resourcefulness of character. But the girl is very genuinely impressed by his thoughtfulness and chivalrous attentions, and by the time that Nice is reached, Mr. Barnes has gone a long way upon his sentimental journey.

Meanwhile, that the tragic action of the story has not been at a standstill, is indicated by the fact that they have been followed by two mysterious men who, at Dijon, had temporarily left the train to send a telegram addressed to Count Musso Danella. At Nice, Barnes soon learns the meaning of this espionage—he has been followed in the belief that he is Enid Anstruther's brother—and with this knowledge there comes with a thrill to the American the memory that the name engraved on the pistols used in the duel at Ajaccio was that of Edwin Girard Anstruther, whom he has learned is an officer in the English navy, and who a year before had written his sister a letter from the ship *Vulture*, and had mailed it in Corsica.

V

At Nice the plot moves swiftly. There are present on the scene besides Barnes, Miss Anstruther and Miss Anstruther's

friends, Lady Chartris and her daughters, the sinister Count Musso Danella, to whom Marina Paoli has promised her hand when he shall have enabled her to avenge her brother's death, and Marina herself who had gone as a nurse to the English hospitals in Egypt for the purpose of tracking down the slayer only to fall desperately in love with a young English officer who has been brought back to life by her devotion and care. The name of this officer who had almost made her forget her vow, is, she confides to Barnes, Edwin Girard Anstruther. Although they never knew the name of the Englishman who shot Antonio Paoli, and Barnes has never seen Enid Anstruther's brother, the circumstantial chain is too strong for him to doubt, and Barnes, meditating in a dazed, startled way, mutters to himself "Great heavens! if these two meet; and she should ever know."

Meanwhile Barnes's love affairs are progressing favourably though not as rapidly as he had hoped. Miss Anstruther is not a girl to yield after thirty-six hours' siege, and Barnes's impetuosity has won him a few well-deserved rebuffs. The comic action is sustained by the incorrigible Miss Maud Chartris, insatiably greedy for the *marron glacés* with which Barnes liberally supplies her, and which are less in keeping with her real age than the age she is forced to assume out of deference to an exceedingly vain mother. The latter, Lady Chartris, regards Barnes somewhat askance until she learns that his sister is the socially eminent Countess of Morington, a bit of information which Barnes is only too ready to impart. When Enid Anstruther, after some more or less embarrassing complications, finally consents to become Mrs. Barnes of New York, he imparts the information to Lady Chartris and there follows a little set-to which is exceedingly characteristic of them both.

Meantime Mr. Barnes has walked up and demanded the attention of Lady Chartris, and got it, from the very depths of her soul.

"My dear madam," he opens, "would you do me a favour; just write to Lord Ferris—you know where he is at present?"

"Yes!" murmurs the matron, "he is in Nice to-day; to-morrow he will be here."

"Precisely," continues the American; "write

to him in Nice, and incidentally mention in your letter, in a sort of casual, off-hand manner, that Enid is engaged to marry me."

"Engaged to marry you?" Lady Chartris repeats these words after him in a scream of astonishment.

"Yes—within two months!"

"Within two months!"

"I thought it just as well that Lord Ferris knew it, as it might save Enid some embarrassment, and that gentleman a useless jour-

ney, with disappointment at the end of it; besides it was a duty to you as Miss Anstruther's chaperon to tell you at once!"

"And Enid preferred you to a lord?" gasps Lady Chartris, for a lord is a big thing in her eyes, as her dead husband had only been a knight.

"She had that peculiar taste!"

"Very well! I presume you have enough to support her in the style in which she has been accustomed to live? You will excuse

has forgotten his weed for over 167
eight hours, all on account of the
girl who would sooner starve than
accept bread at his hands.

A muffled of the paper parcel
comes from Miss Anstruther's corner,
he glances at her. She has opened the
package, that apparently had been
full of bon-bons, and is taking from
it piece after piece of crumpled white
paper, ~~and~~ a look of amazed dis-
appointment on her face. At last
she comes to the end and draws
out two miserable gum-drops &
a card with a word or two upon it.

The gum-drops, ^{straight} go to her mouth,
for ^{at} the moment of discomfort
she is unable to resist such edible
morsels; she reads the card and
exclaims visionarily "The little find!"
and gives one long hopeless sigh that
nearly ends in a sob that makes
Barnes go crazy to comfort her.
But he fights it down & ~~goes~~
~~continues~~ opening his basket,
goes to eating his pâté de foie-gras
with very good appetite for he now
feels sure that his destiny will

my asking the question, but Enid is very young, and I feel responsible to her brother for her not making a mistake under my charge!"

"Certainly!" says Barnes. "You have a perfect right to be answered on that point!"

"Very well!" here Lady Chartris becomes grandly important, "What are your expectations?"

"Expectations? Ah!—Oh, of money I suppose you mean? I haven't any!"

"No expectations? And you come here to marry a girl that was the belle of the last London season; whose family is one of the oldest in England, and who might make a grand match!"

"I've something better than expectations. I've the *cash*!" says Barnes slowly.

"What is your income?" says the matron curiously.

"About sixty thousand a year!"

"*Pounds?*" almost screams Lady Chartris.

"No! only dollars, I am sorry to say; but it's enough!"

"Enough! I should say it was. Well, Burton—I suppose I must call you Burton now—you know Enid is my cousin; you've got the best girl in England and I hope you'll make her happy—Sixty thousand dollars; that's twelve thousand pounds a year—of course you'll make her happy. If I wasn't so young I'd kiss you; but it might make your *fiancée* jealous!" and she shakes his hand very cordially.

As his betrothed and Marina Paoli have become exceedingly intimate, Barnes's happiness is marred by the fear, which is almost a certainty, that his future brother-in-law is the object of the Corsican girl's projected vengeance. In order to set the last doubt at rest he starts for England in order that he may see a picture of Edwin Anstruther, the one that Enid usually carries in her locket having been maliciously abstracted by Maud Chartris. The latter young lady adds to her already long list of mischievous sins by hinting to Miss Anstruther that Marina Paoli is in love with Barnes, and stirring the English girl to jealousy. At this joint, Barnes being absent on his mission, the long absent brother appears, and between him and Marina the old love which began in the Egyptian hospital flares up into a fresh flame. Against it she struggles with all her strength; but it is too much for her,

and she has made up her mind to relinquish her vow just as the message comes to her from Danella, "I have found the man! He is near us, where we can reach him! Be happy."

VI

Edwin Anstruther has known of the existence of some vow that has influenced Marina's life, but he thinks that it is of a religious nature and laughingly foils all her attempts at confession. Marina's old servant Tomasso reproaches her for having forgotten that she is a Corsican, but finally falls at her feet, whimpering in pretended submission. But with the coming of Danella, Satan enters Paradise. The Count has been to Gibraltar in search of information regarding the movements of certain English ships and certain English officers. There he fell in with Anstruther, and while he did not question directly about the duel, he gathered a great amount of circumstantial evidence—enough to lead him to build a fine plan about inviting Anstruther to Corsica for a little mousillon shooting that may have some unusual results. He returns to Nice to hear from Marina's lips that she loves another man and will marry him, and that the name of this man is Edwin Girard Anstruther. "As he glances at the name upon the card, he almost utters a cry of hideous triumph, but by a desperate effort, fights down the joy in his heart."

Formally, and with all the punctiliousness of a gentleman of the old school, Count Musso Danella gives his consent to the marriage of his ward, Marina Paoli, to Edwin Girard Anstruther of the English naval service. Furthermore, he suggests a Corsican wedding in order that he may surrender Marina's property, and make a proper settlement of accounts. It is the last favour that he asks Marina, to see her wedded from her native village, in a manner worthy of the last daughter of the Paolis—that on her nuptial day she may be a true daughter of ancient Corsica. All this Burton Barnes learns when he returns to Nice to find that Anstruther and Enid and Danella and Marina have started for the scene of the wedding, and that a telegram to himself apprising him of the turn of affairs has been suppressed by the Count. Through

his mind there flashes the significant words that Musso used to him a few weeks before, "If we can lure him to Corsica and kill him there, Marina Paoli will be blessed by a native jury as the guardian angel of her brother's tomb." Barnes cables a warning message to Enid and then, finding that no regular steamer to Corsica will enable him to reach there in time, hires a felucca and, as they are out upon the open sea and the wind dies down cries, "Oh, God! for a little breeze to carry me to Corsica in time!"

VII

When the wedding party arrives at the Corsican port Danella's first move is to call at the telegraph office and inquire if there are any dispatches for Miss Anstruther or her brother. Finding Barnes's warning cable, he volunteers to take charge of it, and, needless to say, the American's message does not reach his *fiancée*. From the moment that she sets foot upon the island there is brought home to Marina from every side a spirit of that Corsica which, in her love, she has been endeavouring to forget. The eyes of the peasants, as she passes them on the road, light up with an ill-concealed hostility. The welcome of her own servants is forced and sullen. She is to marry one of the race who killed Antonio. But a strange change takes place the day of the wedding. Danella is subtly whispering that Marina is marrying into her husband's nation in order that some day she may be within dagger's reach of her brother's slayer. The Corsican spirit understands and approves.

With many strange ceremonies the marriage is celebrated, and the moment is ripe for the last act of Danella's vengeance. Before the eyes of the semi-savage Tomasso he thrusts a valise marked "G. A.," and contrives that this valise shall fall open revealing contents that transform Tomasso into a tiger thirsting for blood. Then the two go to the room where Marina is waiting the coming of her husband, and a little later, when Barnes arrives upon the scene, and, to his unutterable relief, finds Enid, there is borne to their ears a scream which makes the American fear that he is too late. These final chapters are the very essence of rousing old melodrama. Danella tells

Marina that her husband is her brother's slayer, and lays before her proof after proof. Having convinced her to a degree that she is almost at the point of madness he leaves her with Tomasso, but returns later to witness the final achievement of his vengeance. Marina, for a moment under the spell of the Vendetta, comes to herself and turns the dagger that has been placed in her hand against Tomasso. The latter, however, overpowers her and while holding her with one hand, strikes twice through the curtains at a form which has outlined itself against them. At this moment Barnes and Enid arrive to find a mad woman bemoaning wildly the murder of her husband. But an instant later Anstruther himself appears, and Barnes, who has guessed shrewdly, draws back the curtains, revealing the body of Count Musso Danella, who had returned to his own destruction. Of course it is soon explained that the "G. A." on the valise stood for George Arthur and not Gerard Anstruther, and that Marina's husband is quite guiltless of her brother's death. Of course, with Danella out of the way, it all ends happily within a few pages, and Barnes and Enid, and Anstruther and Marina see the coast of Corsica fade away in the dusk. Enid announces her intention of marrying Barnes at once by telling her brother that in three days she is to be the happiest girl in the world. "What a curious synonym for Mrs. Barnes of New York" laughs the American. And there the book ends.

VIII

In selecting *Mr. Barnes of New York* as the subject of a paper in the "Best Sellers of Yesterday" series, the writer had in mind, less the book itself than the four stories which illustrate Mr. Gunter's work when he was at his best. The choice might as well have been *Mr. Potter of Texas* or *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* or *That Frenchman*, which unquestionably should have been entitled *Monsieur de Vernay of Paris*. Perhaps the last-named book shows Mr. Gunter's invention at its best. *Monsieur de Vernay* is a Gallicised Mr. Burton Barnes. Like Mr. Barnes, he has lots of cash, and if he does not possess the eminence of the American in the matter of handling firearms, that is amply compensated for by the fact that

he is the king of wrestlers—the unknown who, with his face masked, had been setting Paris wild by the ease with which he has toppled over all the professional champions of Europe. It is in the last days of the Second Empire, and De Vernay's services to the Imperial cause have won him high recognition and favour. He scents a plot against the life of the Prince Imperial, a plot before the cunning of which the official police seem baffled and powerless, and it is about this plot that the story revolves. The conspirators are Alsatian socialists of the most extreme type, who believe that the death of the Prince Imperial will remove the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and above all, the Empress, to establish more securely the dynasty, and that this death will consequently avert the impending war between France and Germany. They design to entice the Prince Imperial into a cave in the Bois de Boulogne, in which he has been in the habit of playing, and when the plot is ripe, to fill this cave with poisonous gases. One of the arch-conspirators is the champion wrestler of Germany, and in one of the best scenes of the book he meets the Masked Man on the mat in a hall crowded by all the celebrities of Paris. Upon the body of the challenger are concealed the papers containing the details of the plot, and in the course of the fearful struggle he finds the hands of the masked wrestler feeling him over, searching, and not trying for a throw. Then he guesses; the thought comes to him that this Masked Man knows their secret, and must be badly disabled so as to make him powerless to betray or to interfere.

To any one who has ever seen Richard Mansfield in *Prince Karl* it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Gunter, who wrote that play, has humour. This humour has not always been of a very high quality; it has often been dependent upon absurd complications and misunderstandings of the customs of the country. Mr. Potter of Texas goes to a Paris café chantant and orders a drink from the modest seat which he takes far back from the performers. Becoming more and more interested in the houris on the stage, he draws nearer and nearer to the footlights, and finally precipitates a row as he

finds that he is being charged more and more for each successive drink. Although this is more or less horse-play, it unquestionably amuses you immensely. Considerable humour of much the same kind is built up about the predicaments of the little detective in *That Frenchman*. But a touch of a much higher order in the same book was when one of the conspirators was waylaid in the open street by members of the secret police disguised as thugs, who wished to search his person for incriminating papers which he was known to carry. In vain the attacked man shouted: "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!" His waylayers went on with their work without interruption. Finally, gaining wit from his danger, the victim bawls out lustily, "*Vive la République!*" and in a twinkling the street is filled with zealous gendarmes.

In all of his earlier books and in most of his later ones, Mr. Gunter had one stock comic character—an undersized, inordinately conceited, monkey-like little man—usually an American Anglomaniac. The word "dude" has just been coined and had a significance which it does not have to-day. And Gussie Van Beekman of *Miss Nobody of Nowhere*, and Ollie Livingston of *Miss Dividends*, and the Anglo American cad of *Mr. Potter of Texas* were dudes. There is a variation of the character in *That Frenchman*, in the person of the little detective Microbe—he of the Mabilite suit—whose gratitude to his patron De Vernay manifests itself in no uncertain way when the latter, through the cunning of Demidoff, is caught in the web of the Russian secret police.

IX

After sending the manuscript of *Mr. Barnes of New York* to half of the publishers in the United States, only to have it come back again and again accompanied by the conventional note of rejection, Mr. Gunter decided to publish it himself. Its success was as instantaneous as it was astonishing. Everywhere—in railway trains and in the deck chairs of ocean liners—the paper-covered yellow volume was to be seen. Contemporary criticism was outspoken in its praise. "Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?*" wrote the veteran Joe Howard. "If not, go and read it at once, and thank

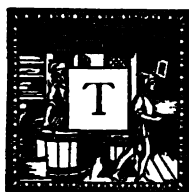
me for suggesting it. I want to be put on record as saying it is the best story of the day—the best I have read in ten years.” “A capital story—most people have read it—I recommend it to all the others,” wrote James Payne in the *Illustrated London News*, while another writer in the same journal characterised Marina Paoli as “a giant creation—just as strong as Fedora.”

Tastes have changed. We like to think that had Mr. Gunter, in the full flood of his invention, been writing to-day, he would have produced work of equal interest and of far higher literary order. Nevertheless, it is worth while to call attention to those days of transition, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the invariable question was “Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?*”

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

BJÖRNSON'S PARIS DAYS

O love, so long as love you can,
O love, so long as love you may,
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by a grave you'll mourn some day.



THESE warning lines of Freiligrath, heavy with longing and regret, have not ceased to echo through my soul since the newspapers brought tidings of the death of

Björnsterne Björnson. He spent the last months of his fading life in Paris. Often during this time I passed the hotel in the Rue Rivoli where he lived, suffered and died. I avoided mounting the stairs to his sick-room. And he left Paris in his coffin, to commence the last journey to his beloved Aulestad, without my having seen him again, living or dead.

And yet there was a time when we were on terms of familiar intercourse, united by a warm friendship, which it seemed as if nothing could sever. Still, a few unduly hot words, a fit of ill-temper, sufficed to sunder it. Was the fault mine? Was it his? It would serve no purpose to consider this now. Probably we were both too easily excited and too obstinate. So, through a momentary outburst of anger on both sides, arose a rupture which never healed, because neither he nor I would be the first to do what was necessary. My hand never again rested in his, which had so often and so warmly clasped it.

Our relations began in the autumn of 1882 and lasted more than two years. In

the summer of that year Björnson had come to Paris with his wife and two little daughters (Dagny, at that time scarcely four years of age, and Bergliot, who was older) to make a long stay, and had set up housekeeping. True, it was very simple. Only the most necessary articles of furniture had been procured, and the fourth floor apartment which the family had hired in the Avenue de Niel resembled the interior of a tent in a camp. But it was a Field Marshal's tent. Madame Björnson had wonderful skill in creating an atmosphere of comfort and almost elegance from the simplest materials. A magnificent Polar bear skin, a narwhal tooth of extraordinary size, a Norwegian flag artistically draped, attracted the eye in her drawing-room and prevented it from lingering indiscreetly on the furniture and estimating its value. Where Madame Björnson ruled, no suggestion of Bohemian housekeeping, or even the idea of a temporary home, could ever arise.

Björnson sought in Paris both rest and stimulation. At that time the surges of party passion were running very high in Norway. Conservatives and Radicals were contending with the utmost bitterness, and they were on the eve of the impeachment of the ministry which was to terminate in the sentencing of the Prime Minister Selmer and the Cabinet to loss of office and forfeiture of any claim to pension. Björnson had been one of the instigators to the conflict. He felt that politics would take complete possession of him, and he did not wish to enter into

them. Just at that instant the desire to create was seething within him with the violence of a tempest, and he wanted leisure to devote to it.

In Paris he thought he could best escape interruption and diversion. Paris itself invigorated and rejuvenated him. He was a sturdy pedestrian, and often walked about the streets for hours to become familiar with the appearance of historic places. Often he leaned a long time upon the parapets of the quays, gazing dreamily at the grey-green waters of the Seine. At the first national festival he witnessed he was as much interested as a child. He went everywhere: to a review of the troops in the morning, the fireworks in the evening, the street balls at night. On this 14th of July, as on all other days, he moved unknown through the crowd, many of whom, men as well as women, turned to gaze at his striking appearance. At that time he had no French acquaintances and he was too proud to endeavour to make them. France knew nothing about him. His works were not yet translated into French. The newspapers took no notice of him. His presence in Paris remained unobserved. Besides, French social intercourse would have been difficult and must at first have been fruitless, for he scarcely spoke the language at all, though he read it with tolerable ease. He had come to France with strong sympathies, which extended far back into the past. In 1870 he had publicly sided with France, and, with the impetuosity of his ardent temperament, collected funds for the French wounded and prisoners of war. The French Consul General in Christiania had not neglected to direct the attention of his government to this act of the author, already highly distinguished in his native land, and in the midst of its heavy anxieties it found time to express to this friend in need the gratitude of conquered and humiliated France, in the form of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

It would have been enough merely to remind some member of the Parisian press of this to secure for him the attentions of the official and literary circles. His independence, his dignity, forbade him to set the advertising machine in motion. For years this dweller in the Ave-

nue de Niel saw Frenchmen only in the street, and the sole Parisian with whom he came into regular contact remained, until a much later period, his concierge.

He avoided mentioning this subject, yet he was unmistakably sensitive to the fact that Paris persistently omitted to notice his presence, and it is undoubtedly for this reason that he called the French, with their self-satisfaction and systematic neglect of foreign countries, the Chinese of Europe. On the whole, however, his feeling of friendship for France resisted his personal experiences during his first long stay in Paris, and the great deeds of French energy in history, the noble work of French intellect and science, literature and art, have never had a more honest admirer than he.

Björnson's society in Paris consisted almost exclusively of Scandinavians, principally Norwegians. The most intimate was Jonas Lie, the admirable writer, who, with his wife and children, lived permanently in Paris, except during a few weeks in the summer, spent at Berchtesgaden. Madame Asta Lie, the kind, quiet, busy little Norseland woman, with the fair hair and deep blue eyes, in whose shy, almost apprehensive manner one would never have recognised a pianiste of the first rank, gave the kindest assistance to Madame Björnson when she was establishing her Parisian household.

Another intimate friend was Fritz Thaulow, the giant, who listened willingly with a gratified smile when people commented on his striking resemblance in face and figure to the Farnesian Hercules, and who was not to win success until many years later by his wonderful pictures of calm and surging water. To this group also belonged the Dane Fich, founder and owner of the Northern Telegraph Bureau; the Finland artist Edelfelt, who in spite of his Swedish native tongue was Parisian by nature, and, beneath the Montmartre varnish, more Russian nobleman than Scandinavian; the sculptor Runeberg, son of the author of *Sayings of Ensign Stal*; also my friend, the Danish writer, Richard Kaufmann, at that time a bachelor, whose widow later became my wife, whose children were to be my step-children.

Richard Kaufmann occupied an im-

mense studio, extending through two stories, as broad and lofty as the nave of a cathedral, and wonderfully furnished with a Gothic altar, mediæval saints in stone and wood, a church organ and other pious paraphernalia.

Here I made Björnson's acquaintance. He was one of the most striking human beings whom I have ever seen. At that time not quite fifty, he looked many years younger. Of unusual height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with an immense head, large hands and feet, he was a figure from the Gangu-Hrolf Saga, a Viking of Pagan times when the ancestors of the Norman-English aristocracy still had the original peasant and sea-pirate roughness, not yet refined to the type of the modern blue-blooded Englishman with the small head and narrow, long hands and feet. The lion visage—except for a slender rim of beard, framing the cheeks from the temples to the mouth—was smooth-shaven. Beneath bushy brows steel-blue eyes, bordering on grey, looked boldly forth, their keen brilliancy scarcely lessened by the glasses of gold spectacles—the true *oculi cærulei* truces of Tacitus. The mane, familiar from all portraits, bristled thick and close above the high, arched brow. The voice corresponded with the massive frame and did not disappoint, as, for instance, in the case of Bismarck. It was a deep baritone, often descending to bass notes, full, warm and strong, and when he spoke it rolled like distant thunder through the spacious studio. When he laughed, which was easily and frequently, the thunder pealed close at hand and violently, shaking doors and windows. Björnson was extremely vivacious. His language was well sustained, the rhythm varied frequently, according to the purport, energy emphasised words and sentences, vocal effects strengthened special turns of expression; it seemed as if he were addressing a large assembly and trying to convince or carry his audience. He must have been a remarkable public speaker. Those who have heard him confirm this. Besides, just at that time he had returned from a lecture tour through the United States, which from beginning to end had been a triumphal procession, and also afforded him the

means to lead a care-free existence for several years. He was still full of this success and a little spoiled by it. Wherever he came he took, as it were, the chair. He did not sit; he was enthroned. He began to talk calmly, but the others soon became silent, and unconsciously, imperceptibly, he passed into the address, the authoritative diction, the dictatorial tone of the rostrum.

This occurred quite naturally, through the physical weight of his tremendous personality and the respectful withdrawal of the others.

It could not escape my attention that he liked me. Besides, he told me so plainly, with a frankness which had a tinge of royal graciousness, and was only prevented from appearing unduly condescending by his simple, almost uncouth lack of elegance. We soon became intimate. He invited me to visit him, and when I came had already spoken of me to his wife, and in a tone which, from the manner of her reception, I could not find it difficult to guess. He returned this call the next day, and from that time our intercourse was uncommonly frequent and friendly. Björnson fell into the habit of spending at least two evenings a week with me. He came toward nine o'clock and usually went about eleven, unless the conversation held him until midnight, which often happened. His wife rarely accompanied him. She did not like to leave the children alone in their apartment, in a foreign city, where they could not make themselves understood. For Bergliot spoke German well, but not French, and little Dagny did not know a word of anything except Norwegian.

Björnson always carried a costly ebony cane on whose gold head was engraved a dedication—the gift of an admirer. He entered, put it in a corner, sat down on the sofa, and did not move until he rose to go. We had soon discovered that he was especially fond of a Spanish wine, sent to me by an Andalusian friend, and a certain almond cake, the specialty of a confectioner on the Boulevard des Batignolles. He drank the first glass quite quickly, the second in little sips, very slowly, with much enjoyment. He never took more. "You discover my

weaknesses," he said to my sister, shaking his finger at her with a smile. Yet he was grateful to her for having noticed his taste and taken it into kindly consideration.

As a rule Richard Kaufmann was also in our company, but often Björnson was with us alone. As my mother and sister did not understand Danish, only German was spoken when they were present. Björnson had thorough control of the German language; he spoke it fluently, was never at a loss for an expression, and even understood how to colour and to shade, but he did not care for correctness and blunders did not trouble him. Perhaps he did not notice them. He spoke German like a person who has learned it as an adult, in intercourse with cultivated people and from the best authors, but not according to the rules of grammar. Where the German word was dangerously near the Danish one, he unexpectedly exchanged it, and it was not always easy for a German listener to repress a smile. His wife, on the contrary, speaks the language faultlessly, though that is no wonder, since she is a niece of Jahn. Björnson's oldest son, Björn, who came to visit his parents during their stay in Paris, was at that time an actor in the Meiningers, and spoke German not only like a native, but even, when in a good humour, like a Thuringian, with a slight Saxon dialect.

I knew Björnson, when we first became acquainted, as the author of the peasant story, *Synnöve Solbakken*, and the grim, energetic drama *A Failure*. At that time his mind was beginning to be occupied with the moral and psychological problems which demanded creative form. During our evening chats many things were discussed—art, politics, ethnology, even political economy, which was not his strong point, but he always returned to the two subjects which filled his whole mind, the sex morality of the man and the mysterious phenomena of spiritual life. One evening we had a long and heated discussion on the sex problem, upon which Björnson had very decided views. From this discussion came the play *The Glove*, in which a young girl breaks her engagement with her betrothed, in spite of an ardent love for him, because she dis-

covers that he has not an unsullied past.

In the piece a physician is introduced, an experienced, worldly-wise man, highly cultivated, somewhat sceptical, very indulgent, universally kindly, who desired to bring the obstinate little moralist to reason. This personage Björnson, in remembrance of our conversations on the subject, named for me.

When the author showed me the manuscript, and I saw my name in the list of characters, I earnestly entreated him to give his physician another one. He did so reluctantly and incompletely. He made Nordau, Nordan, and the doctor in *The Glove* bears this cognomen to the present day. Nordan means, in a poetic form of expression in Norwegian, the north wind, "and there is something of your nature in it," said Björnson, smiling.

The other subject which fully enthralled him when he had written his soul free from *The Glove* was the dark sides of spiritual life, the wide, dusky region of sub-consciousness, hystero-epilepsy, hypnotism, suggestion, which at that period was also the central point of my own studies. He never wearied in discussing these questions with me. I could never tell him enough about them. I made him acquainted with the literature of these themes, then very scanty, especially the works of Braid and Liebault. I took him to the Salpêtrière, to Charcot, who was friendly to me and had recently been my "président de thèse." I made him acquainted with my poor friend and colleague, Gilles de la Tourette, the director of the Charcot clinic, who was afterwards to die a madman. He went with me several times to the Tuesday clinics, which were especially well attended. He understood nothing of the explanations, but he saw those who were ill with nervous diseases brought in, and watched with passionate interest the experiments made upon them. The impressions received he used in the mystical drama *Over Aevne*, in which a devout pastor prays his hysterically paralysed wife well and believes he has wrought a miracle. When the piece was finished he read it aloud to me.

I did not fail to appreciate its poetic beauties, but could not help shaking my head over it. I was to seek a suitable

German version of the title. This cost me much racking of my brains. I proposed in succession *Beyond Understanding*, *Beyond Capacity*, *Beyond Power*, but none of these expressions fully satisfied me and sufficiently coincided with the Danish *Aevne*. For lack of a better word, Björnson decided upon the latter, which has remained the German title of the piece. The author wished to have the work published in a Northern paper before its performance, in which he did not exactly have confidence, and, if possible, appear at the same time in German, and asked me to arrange this with the *Deutsche Rundschau*. I proposed the matter in a letter to Julius Rodenberg, who at first answered that the idea was extremely attractive to him, but he must leave the decision to the publisher, and a few days later, June 27, 1883, he sent the following missive from Fulda:

DEAR DOCTOR: I have just received the letter from Messrs. Paetel Brothers, in Berlin, in which they, like myself, expressed their pleasure at Björnson's complimentary offer, but differing from me, are of the opinion that a dramatic work will not suit the special purpose which we pursue with the October number. This, being the first of the new year, is our sample number, and, as such, is widely scattered beyond the circle of our subscribers and readers. If the point in question was a new story by Björnson, or if we could publish his drama in any other number, Messrs. Paetel Brothers would seize the opportunity, but the October one must contain only contributions which will please everybody's taste, and it is thought this could not be said of a dramatic work. You know, Doctor, that at first I favoured the proposition, but you will also understand that, in so important a matter, I must consider the doubts of the publisher. I hope, however, that in this purely business treatment and settlement of the question, Herr Björnson will see nothing which could in any way affect my opinion and admiration of him . . . etc.

The conclusion of the letter does not concern the matter.

Björnson noted the communication, nodded and made no comment. I perceived his deep annoyance and proposed to offer the piece to Paul Lindau for *Nord und Süd*. He thanked me, but declined. Rodenberg's refusal had wounded

his sensitiveness and he gave up having *Beyond the Power* appear in German simultaneously with the original composition.

One autumn evening in 1884 Björnson again sat sipping his little glass of Spanish wine. We were talking about the North American protective duties; the author became confused in the unfamiliar province of statistics, and quoted several fantastic figures. I remarked in all innocence that they could not be correct, upon which, with incomprehensible vehemence, he flew into a passion and replied almost in a shriek: "How dare you contradict me? You forget who I am. I will not tolerate being so treated."

I was very much astonished, but remained calm and merely said: "Herr Björnson, it is not generous to adopt this tone to me under my own roof, where consideration for a guest prevents my answering in a similar way."

He turned pale, hastily seized his ebony cane and walked with long strides to the door. My sister, a horrified spectator of the scene, hurried after him, took his cane from his hand, led him to his usual seat, and begged him to calm himself.

He became quiet, sat down and remained. But the conversation did not flow as usual. We both felt that some tie between us was severed. After a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour he took his leave. It had been his last visit. We never saw each other again. Madame Björnson, to whom her husband instantly related the event, tried to effect a reconciliation. She repeatedly entreated, by letters and through friends, that I would forget what had occurred and we should again be as before. I felt that this was not enough, the invitation should not come from her; it must be from Björnson. And as it did not come, the breach remained.

Years after Björnson twice sent me from Norway new books, the woman's rights novel, *Flags Are Flying in the City and the Harbor*, and the poetical *New Stories*, with dedications in his own handwriting. I thanked him courteously. These were our only communications after the Parisian days.

Max Nordau.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EDITOR



It is only a Westminster flat of modest dimensions the Lucys live in, and yet nowhere else is one likely to meet so many distinguished people. It was a custom for them to pencil their names on the tablecloths at luncheon or at dinner, so that the hostess could afterward stitch them in for permanence, and those tablecloths make one of the finest collections of autographs I know of. An index of them would be as comprehensive as the better part of the English *Who's Who*, combined with what is pre-eminent in the American edition of the same work. Among them are princes, litterateurs, explorers, prime ministers, Lord Chief Justices, members of the Cabinet, actors, like Wyndham, Hare and Irving; Royal Academicians, and, of course, the staff of *Punch*—Tenniel, Keene, Du Maurier and Burnand.

I need say little of the host, for he is revealed in his recently published autobiography, that vivacious story of literary vicissitude and professional and social success. Most people are in one way or another, and often in many ways, like other people. Lucy is like nobody else, except that in appearance he may recall Dickens's Tommy Traddles. He is one of the smallest of men, rubicund of complexion and crowned with a mop of tumultuous hair, white, surging and uncurbed as the crest of the sea, which knows no other combing than an occasional abstracted or distracted sweep of the fingers. He is an individual as rare and original as Mark Twain; without duplicate and of a pattern that Nature in a fastidious mood evidently decided not to repeat, another instance of Byron's lines—

Nature formed but one such man
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan—

a variation of another line by Ariosto.

His humour is of the twinkling kind, like Aldrich's, and like that poet's, too, it is always catching you unprepared. It is like a restless winged thing, a little tormenting but quite stingless. It comes at

you unexpectedly round the corner, and if it disappears for a moment it returns and pricks you till you laugh in perceiving that nearly everything may be assuaged and brightened by it. As text it has been *Punch's* best asset for many years, and I believe, too, that the public men of England prefer a line or two of its amiable banter in the columns of that sheet, so far as mention of themselves go, to a whole column of editorial exaltation in the *Times*, or in any other paper.

However wearisome and splenetic the sittings of Parliament may be, his "essence" of the proceedings always discovers some saving and reconciling grace which heals animosities and revives patience, and without the "Member for Sark" (his imaginary constituency) the House of Commons would be as little like itself as it would be without the Speaker himself or the mace on the table. Probably no one else has so complete a knowledge of its procedure, usages and traditions, and probably no one else is to the same extent *persona grata* with all the individuals of all parties and all the factions as "Toby, M. P.," "Harry," or to give him his proper name and new title, Sir Henry W. Lucy.

A charming little lady complements him: a lady of infinite tact, friendliness and winsomeness, who is never apart from him and who participates in all he does, both work and play. When they are at sea she smilingly describes herself to her friends as "marine secretary," when in the country as "rural secretary."

They are much at home and constantly entertaining, yet you find them everywhere in society—at Marlborough House, at Windsor, when King Edward gives a garden party, at state balls, at every new play, at all the functions of the season. I am proud to have had them as friends for nearly thirty years.

For a time Lucy was editor-in-chief of the *Daily News* and used to gather at his table some of his colleagues, including the versatile Andrew Lang and Richard Whiteing. Lang ate, drank and talked, never missing the thread of con-

versation, and wrote his article for the morrow's paper while the dinner progressed. The article was always a good one, moreover, and we, accustomed as we were to literary facility, looked upon the achievement as upon some feat by a magician which we could not explain. He never lets it be seen that he takes anything seriously. The world is a world of trifles for him, agreeable trifles or disagreeable trifles. Nothing is worth while except fishing or golf—London and all that goes on there a waste of time, to be laughed at or scorned. His attitude is one of mockery and disdain, not bitter but playful, and he makes a joke of even his own scholarship, and occasionally of the scholarship of others. Pooh! Pooh! *Qui bono?* Rubbish and rot! You listen to him wondering to what extent he is dissembling, and while you are pondering it your ears catch bits of slang like splashes of mud on fresh marble, and some one you hold in awe is spoken of as a "good-natured duffer" or as a "bloke." Then his speech returns to respectability without solemnity, and flows along in the pleasantest way like a clear and sparkling river, now deep, now rippling in the shallows. Suddenly he pauses in the middle of a sentence, and astonishes you further by drawing a tall, loose, serpentine figure upon the floor to fondle the poodle or the cat, and stretched there continues the conversation from a position which, though it may surprise the others, evokes no apology or remark from him.

Nothing matters with him. He becomes almost petulant if anything is spoken of as being difficult or imposing. "But why?" he repeats, and makes light of it.

He reminded me of a story which Gilbert Parker tells of Beerbohm Tree. When Tree was touring this country in Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*, the author took the actor to see Niagara Falls, and so arranged it that the first view should be as impressive as possible. He watched closely and eagerly, expecting an outburst of awe and rapture over the sublimity of the spectacle, and he was dumbfounded when no emotion whatever appeared in Tree's face.

"Well?" said Parker.

"Well," said Tree, "*is that all?*"

"Is that all?" frequently says Mr. Lang when others are holding their breaths over something very unusual, either admirable or in some way startling. I came from the country one night to dine with him at his house in Marloes Road, Kensington, and when he found that I had turned my back on the peace and beauty of Box Hill for that purpose he upbraided me for what he probably thought was the height of folly. Nevertheless, sitting between him and Edmund Gosse (they are very intimate and sympathetic) I had my reward in the interplay of wit, as full of sparkle and exhilaration as the wine. The scope of his knowledge is extraordinary, and he has the same facility that Sir Edwin Arnold had.

I was talking with Arnold one day as to subjects on which he might write for *The North American Review*.

"I am ashamed to say it, but I must," he sighed. "I have been in journalism so long that I can write on any subject," with strong emphasis on the "any."

It was true. I gave him many subjects during my acquaintance with him, and he never failed, various and dissimilar as they were, to develop them into just the kind of article both editor and reader are eager for. He could not be dull. He had the true journalistic instinct and capacity for lucidity, colour, animation and condensation—the art (or perhaps some may choose to call it the trick) of sufficiency without redundancy, and the projection of the essential and most significant parts of his material over the abstract and recondite. Necessity swung the whip. He who had written *The Light of Asia* could not have submitted to the toil of the "handyman" of the press without some distaste and some sense of misapplication and waste. Not even at the last did fatigue appear in his work, but while it was carefully hidden there it was pathetically visible in him. Blindness cast its darkness upon him, and a son betrayed him and defaulted, yet up to the last, cheery and courtly as ever, his pretty and devoted little Japanese wife at his elbow, he dictated what he could not write without revealing the creeping shadow of his afflictions.

Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief Justices also came to the Lucys', and I met

Lord Russell of Killowen there as well as at his own house near the Jeunes' in Harley Street. He was quite unlike what one would have supposed him to be from his reputation at the Bar. Though an Irishman, and the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice, he looked like an English squire, and not a trace of the brogue lingered in his speech. A commanding figure, with a noble and mobile, clean-shaven face, and a clear rosy complexion, he had a rural freshness about him, and when he talked his interest in agriculture and sport confirmed the influence which assigned him to a place in the country. Ascot and the Derby, the chances of the horses and the betting on them, topics of that sort would quickly draw him out and lead him into stories of the efforts he had made and the sacrifices he had endured that he might be present at some race meeting at Chester, Newmarket or Epsom. He would confide to you, if you showed the right sort of understanding and appreciation, how once he nearly owned a Derby winner, and while he took a pinch from his snuff-box and you recovered your breath, he would look the words as plainly as if he had spoken them, "What do you say to that?" Then the theatre and plays: he was fond of them, but old-fashioned in his preferences. He knew and admired Irving, but had said to him, "You know, Irving, I like those things you used to do two hundred years ago much better than those you are doing now."

Yes, observing him without knowing him a stranger could not have been blamed for want of perspicuity if he had assumed from glimpses of him in such moods that he was a conservative and benevolent but rather "sporty" country gentleman, of more than average intelligence and education. That he, this apparently bland and ingenuous person, could be the Lord Chief Justice of England, who as Charles Russell (later Sir Charles) had been the terror of those he opposed and who in the cases of Mrs. Maybrick and Charles Stewart Parnell, not to mention scores of others, had impressed the whole world by his skill in the most ingenious and relentless cross-examination which the stubbornness of falsehood and guilt quailed under and at

last confessed to, was more than perplexing.

I am speaking of him in his later years, when his age and his elevation to the Lord Chief Justiceship had, of course, imposed more restraints upon him than were necessary in the combative advocate. As Lord Chief Justice he bore himself with all the decorum and impartiality the office calls for; perhaps his composure cost him some effort, for he was naturally vehement, impatient and more or less overbearing. Mellowed by age and unprovoked, however, he became on the surface at least almost benignant, and the volcanic explosions that had burst from him as a barrister were heard from him no more. Any body would have thought him a philanthropic and confiding old gentleman, whose faith in human nature had never been disturbed. That was the impression he made on those who at the first glance did not identify him in the relaxation of social intercourse, though a fuller acquaintance was sure to reveal by and by something in his eye, a sort of probe or X-ray, which penetrated the object on which it was focussed with a perhaps startling comprehension of an unavailing reticence not intended for exposure. He himself revealed nothing of the effect on him of what he discovered, nor connoted it except by another pinch of snuff. After all, the old Charles Russell was only sheathed and subordinated in the graver and more responsible Lord Chief Justice, and he no doubt "spoke in silence" to himself with his old impatience of fraud, humbug and hypocrisy. Strong men change less than weaker ones, and concealed but not abandoned were his old weapons of inquisition, analyses and denunciation.

In his early days at the Bar his temper sometimes got the better of him, and on a memorable occasion he brought down on his head a rebuke from the court, presided over by Justice Denman, who said that before the next day he would consider what he ought to do. On the following morning both Bench and Bar were in a state of excited anticipation, and Justice Denman, entering the court with more than ordinary solemnity, began the business of the day by saying, "Mr. Russell, in my condition of sorrow and re-

sentment yesterday I could not trust myself to take the action which seemed imperative, but since the court adjourned last evening I have had the advantage of considering with my brother Judge the painful incident, and I—" Russell was instantly on his feet, and spreading his outstretched arms with an air of superb magnanimity and pacificatory desire, said: "Yes, my Lord, and I beg that you will not say another word upon the subject, for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and forever dismissed it from my memory"—a turning of the tables which evoked such a roar of laughter in the court that even Mr. Justice Denman and his associate had to join in it.

One night at Harley Street a girl from Cincinnati was among the guests, and for some reason or other not apparent she was very ill at ease. Perhaps it was the importance of the Lord Chief Justice that agitated her, though it is not usual for an American girl to be flustered by the eminence of the people she meets. She, the ordinary girl, will air her ideas of science to a Tyndall, her philosophy to a Spencer, her poetry to a Tennyson or her political knowledge to a Gladstone without any consciousness of fatuity, folly or impudence. When others sit and listen she unabashed will offer her own opinions with the assurance of an equal and with a staggering lack of diffidence. The girl from Cincinnati was not of that kind, however. She was more like one of those English girls who are fast disappearing in the manumission of the sex in this Age of the Suffragette—those demure, tremulous, self-effacing creatures who blush when spoken to and whose only comment on whatever may be said to them is "Fancy!" The Cincinnati girl got little further than monosyllables, and stammered over even them. When Lord Russell himself spoke to her she sank as if on the verge of collapse. His manner was gentleness itself and his handsome face smiled. He spoke of his fondness for America and of New York, which he knew well.

"Yes," she said laboriously. "New York is—fine."

"I think Fifth Avenue is the most magnificent thoroughfare in the world."

"Yes. The gardens round the houses are so beautiful, aren't they?"

It was ill-bred of me and unkind, I confess, but I could not contain myself. "Gardens round the houses in Fifth Avenue!" I exclaimed.

The hopeless look she gave me shamed me. His face did not show surprise; it was one of those faces that rarely mirror what is passing in the mind. After a moment's hesitation and beaming encouragement he replied: "The gardens in Fifth Avenue? Ah, yes, to be sure. I had almost forgotten the gardens." He pitied and ameliorated her plight as soon as he saw it. I assumed that she knew the street well enough, but that she was in such a nervous confusion, so like a person drowning, that her knowledge lapsed into illusion and her tongue wagged away from whatever intelligence she may have had when she was not distraught.

Could this be he, I asked myself again, of whose imperiousness and explosiveness I had heard so many instances?

He reserved his sympathy for the weak and the wronged. The aggressive and domineering side of his character came out not only in his encounters with crime, but also when he was offended by pretence and vulgarity. A Manchester solicitor, gold-chained, jewelled and wearing a magnificent fur coat, came into his chambers one day.

"What do you mean by coming here in a coat like that? Take it off at once, sir," Russell cried savagely. Everybody present was dismayed, but as soon as the coat was removed he plunged into the case which the solicitor had brought as if nothing unusual had happened. When he was irritated he could use pretty strong language.

Having many friends among the members, I spent a good deal of my time at the Houses of Parliament in those days, an experience that depended for its pleasure, like so many things in life, on the novelty of it. The proceedings themselves are often of less interest than what one can see in the lobbies, in the dining-room and on the Terrace. There may be no vacancy for one in the galleries, but any member can invite his friend to tea or dinner as often as he pleases, and those who are in the Cabinet and the min-

istry have rooms of their own, up winding stairs and at the end of narrow, musty corridors, where they can entertain in privacy and without restrictions. A delightful feeling of mystery and exclusiveness envelops one in being among the chosen of those little, privileged companies, who, I am not ashamed to say, I sometimes turned to account in the editorial work I was doing.

"If you want to see anybody I'll send for him," William Woodall, who was then Financial Secretary to the War Office, used to say, and he would provide a corner in which I could discuss with possible contributors the matters I had in hand, while he engaged his other guests, fellow members of the House and people of the world of literature and art, who had dined with him earlier, in a post-prandial way. It was easier for an editor to get celebrities of the political world to write for him then than it is now. The misuse of their names and their material by sensational and unscrupulous periodicals has made them wary and suspicious of even the best. What the Kaiser blabbed in one of his loose-tongued moments and the crushing consequences of his loquacity discourage the confidential revelations in print over their own signatures of prominent men in public life.

But when Woodall sent his message the person sought usually and most obligingly came, and the business was done off-hand, or if not quite off-hand, after a little haggling. The commercial spirit holds hard and fast in many places, and I never quarrel with it or despise it when through it a man merely seeks the most he can get from sources amply qualified to provide it. I can recall how surprised the late Robert C. Winthrop of Boston was when he was told that Tennyson accepted pay for his poems and Gladstone pay for his articles. The unsophisticated old gentleman thought they sacrificed their dignity and slighted the rights of humanity in doing so, but his point of view was that of the rich amateur, who in his abundance and leisure finds sufficient reward on his occasional excursions into books and magazines in the accruing honour of what he flatters himself is a service to mankind. Tennyson drove hard bargains with his publishers, and I

think it was I who awakened Mr. Gladstone to a sense of the commercial value of his articles. He had been satisfied with twenty or thirty guineas as a fee as often as he wrote for the English reviews. I was able to increase his honorarium to several times that amount, and thereby established a precedent to which henceforth he always adhered. After his first transaction with me a London editor pressed him for a contribution, and it came, but in the corner of the manuscript was pencilled, like the figures on a lawyer's brief, the inexorable price, one hundred guineas. The editor fainted, and his review, one of great merit, did not long outlast the shock. I also had a curious experience with Tennyson. He wrote some verses for us, and as soon as he had received the very substantial sum agreed on, he wrote that we had better publish them without delay, "as otherwise they might leak out." That was an ingenious way of putting it, and I had some difficulty in convincing him that if they "leaked out" before they appeared in our columns they would have very little value for us.

I do not of course mean to say that Woodall, kind and influential as he was, summoned the Gladstones, the Motleys, and the Balfours of the House to his sanctum, but lesser, though not undistinguished men answered his message by appearing, probably as a favour to him rather than as a concession to me. They were not lacking in business instinct. I have to smile now as I recall a dashing young fellow who was then at the beginning of his career, unabettled by wealth or power, and with no other advantages than his talents. He was full of energy, but gasping after his run up the stairs. He listened to my proposal with rapid comprehension. "All right! All right! I'll do it—but not for twenty guineas. Make it thirty, and it's done." Since then that business-like young man has been raised to the peerage and has had the highest office in the gift of the Crown.

This reminds me of a story the President of the Adams Express Company told me of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie had confided to him that his first savings were invested in ten shares of that company's stock.

"And have you got those ten shares yet?" the President asked.

"No."

"Too bad! If you'd kept them you might have been a rich man now."

But I could not possibly say to Lord Curzon that if he had devoted himself to literature rather than to statesmanship he would be any better off than he is to-day.

William H. Rideing.

THE TATTLER

BEAUTIES WHICH ARE INEVITABLE. MAY EVE



WAS told that some one wanted to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

They told me it was an old lady, who would give no name. I inquired of her appearance. "She is an old lady," they replied, "and very, very small." I think I must have guessed, for I asked no further questions. I told them to show her in.

If I could only describe to you the way she came into the room! She was so wee and so tiny, her eyes sparkled with such brilliancy, she might have been seven instead of seventy. And when she bobbed me a curtsey as she entered, I could have believed she was a fairy come from the uttermost ends of the earth to attend a christening.

There was every good reason for my belief, not the least of which was that it was May Eve. In Ireland, as you know, the folk dare not go out after dark on this eventful day. The fairies are in the fields, fairies good and bad, and heaven only knows what you may not come across if you wander through the boreens or across the hillside when once the evening has put on her mantle of grey.

Not only will you meet them in the fields, moreover; they come to your very door and milk they ask of you, and fire and water. Now, except that she asked for nothing, but rather brought a gift to me, my wee visitor might have been a fairy come out of the land beyond the edge of Time; come ten million miles to this old farmhouse which hugs itself so close to the land in the valley between the hills

For the moment I felt my heart in my throat. I had added things together so quickly in my mind that I was sure my belief was right. She was a fairy. May Eve—the very time of day when the grey mist is creeping over the meadows and the river runs *blip, blip* between the reeds; the strange and youthful glitter in her wee brown eyes, set deep in the hollows of that old and wrinkled face; and, last of all, her bobbing curtsey and the way she smiled at me as though she had a blessing in her pocket—these were the things I added so swiftly together in my mind. The result was inevitable. Undoubtedly she was a fairy. Then, see how strange the tricks life plays with you; for, whereas I had believed in fairies before, I knew now that my belief had been vain. I had only believed in the idea of them—that was all. I had only said I believed because I knew I should never see one to contradict the doubt which still lingered in my heart. That is the way most of us say our credo.

"I've brought you your travelling rug," said she, and she bobbed again.

"What travelling rug?" I asked.

And then what happened, do you think? I could hardly believe my eyes. She took from off her arm what seemed at first to me some garment, lined richly with orange-coloured sateen. My eyes grew wider in wonder as she laid it down and spread it out upon the floor.

It was a patchwork quilt!

Oh, you never did see such a galaxy of colours in all your life! Blues and reds, greens, yellows and purples—they all jostled each other for a place upon that square of orange-coloured sateen. All textures they were, too; some velvet, some silk and some brocade. It was as if the caves of Aladdin had been thrown

open to me and I were allowed just for one moment to peep within.

But that was not all.

For when I said: "You've finished it, then?" I saw to what purpose that completion had been made. Right in the centre of all those dazzling patches was a square of purple—purple that the Emperors used to wear—and worked across in regal letters of gold there were my own initials.

I stared at them. I went down on my knees and looked close into the stitches to make sure that there was no mistake. Then I gazed up at her.

"But it's for me?" said I.

She nodded her head, and her whole face was lighted up with pride and satisfaction. She was so excited, too. Her eyes danced with excitement. You know the quaint little twisted attitudes that children get into when they are giving you a present which they have made themselves; they are half consumed with fear that you are going to laugh at them and half consumed with pride in their own handiwork. She was just like that.

Lest you do not know already, I should tell you that I had made her my pensioner as long as she lives in order to enable her to leave off work and make this patchwork quilt, whereby she might be remembered by those who slept beneath it when she had gone to sleep. But I had thought to myself, surely it will be in the family. I had wondered who would become the

proud possessor of it. Imagine my amazement, then, when I realised that it was my very own.

"And you'll think of me when I'm gone, won't you, sir—when you go to bed at night?" she said.

"Think of you?" said I. "You may well call it a travelling rug. I only have to wrap this round me and, with the mere wish of it, I shall be in the land of dreams—millions and millions of miles away."

"P'raps I shall be there, too," said she, clasping her hands.

"And then we'll meet," said I.

She began folding it up with just that care which she had used in the making of it. She folded it one way.

"It's nice and warm," said she.

She doubled it another way.

"Every one of the squares is lined with sateen."

She redoubled it once more.

"And it's all padded with cotton wool."

When she said that, she stood up with her face all beaming with smiles, and she laid it in my hands.

Then I did what I had wanted to do from the very first moment I saw her. I took her little face in my hands and I kissed the soft, warm, wrinkled cheeks.

"When I was very unhappy," said I, "I used to entertain what is called a belief in fairies. Now that I know what it is to be happy, I find them. It's a very different thing."

E. Temple Thurston.



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"LORD GLENESK AND THE MORNING POST"*

Among the many forgotten episodes of British journalism revived in Mr. Reginald Lucas's very entertaining volume on *Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post* is the brief but remarkable career of the *Owl*, a London paper devoted to society and politics which ran its course in 1865-69. It owed its origin to the sudden determination of a group of young men to surprise and mystify the London public by a new paper under unknown editorship dealing very intimately with social affairs and state secrets. It was first conceived, according to Lord Glenesk, at a dinner party at the Crystal Palace, consisting of Evelyn Ashley, Stuart Wortley, and Lord Glenesk himself (then Algernon Borthwick), where there "was much brilliant talk."

"We all sparkled," wrote Lord Glenesk long afterward, "and I sparkled particularly, so that one of them said to me, 'This is too good to be lost. Why don't you publish it, and bring out a paper?' 'Very well, I will,' I said, and so we brought out the first copy of the *Owl*."

A mysterious company, known as Owls, was formed, comprising besides the three men above named Lord Whamcliffe, Laurence Oliphant, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Henry Bulwer, Knatchbull Huguessen, Sir Andrew Clarke and others. The very first issue set every one to talking and wondering who the Owls were. They were all young men in the same social set who were intimate with many persons prominent in society and politics, and who went about a good deal and took note of what they heard. Its publication was irregular; sometimes it did not appear for a fortnight. It deliberately snubbed the public, urging people not to buy it, telling them that they bought it only to be fashionable, which, of course, increased its sale.

One feature of the *Owl* was to announce engagements which we knew on good author-

ity were likely to take place, but which had not been formally announced. So popular was the proceeding among the young ladies of the day that they frequently would not say yes to a suitor until they had seen their name coupled with his in the *Owl*.

Its fame was established by printing a mock despatch from the Emperor of the French signed by the Emperor's private secretary, which brought forth a solemn protest from the latter against the use of a false signature to give an air of "*vraisemblance*" to a "*mystification effrontée*." It distinguished itself further by absurd and purely imaginary reports of cabinet meetings and diplomatic conferences, which nevertheless disclosed a surprisingly close personal knowledge of the participants. Ashley, who was in the confidence of Palmerston and Corry, who in the confidence of Disraeli were both prominent Owls, and Borthwick himself, who was chief of them all, was well acquainted with the leading statesmen of the Continent as well as of England. Hence there was a measure of truth behind many of the burlesques. The following specimens of the *Owl*'s nonsense are from the reports of the Schleswig-Holstein Conference:

. . . These preliminaries having been arranged, the members of the Conference exchanged full powers and other acts of civility; and Earl Russell took advantage of their being thus engaged to vote himself unanimously into the Chair.

After reproving the Hon. William Stuart in an undertone for winking at this, the noble Earl proceeded to state frankly that as they had met to secure the blessings of peace to the north of Europe, he would use the strongest and most abusive language against the first member of the Conference who should raise a difficulty or contradict him. . . . Lord Clarendon had been associated with him because he could speak French; . . . he did not believe anybody except himself thought him (Lord Russell) in any way qualified for the position he then held. . . . At this moment the proceedings were interrupted by Lord Clarendon, who requested to be allowed to shake hands all around.

*Lord Glenesk and the *Morning Post*. New York: John Lane and Company.

When Lord Sefton was sent on a mission to Portugal, the *Owl* printed the following Admiralty Orders addressed to the Admiral with whom Lord Sefton was to sail:

My Lords are informed unofficially that great powers of conversation exist amongst the members of the Embassy. You will therefore for your own sake give every opportunity to the Ambassador for speaking ships, as thereby great relief will be afforded to yourself and your officers. . . .

If it should be necessary to repair the standing rigging of the ship, owing to any stays carrying away in heavy weather, you are recommended to use for purpose yarn spun by the Earl of Sefton, as by experience these have been found to be unusually long, free from any point, and have never been known to break off unexpectedly or before it was desired.

In the *Life of Delane* the *Owl* is described as "a journalistic plaything," but at times its purpose was serious enough. Like the class whom it represented, it disliked and distrusted the United States, and on one occasion declared war with this country to be inevitable, blaming the British public for "dreaming on, disbelieving in the evil day." Bismarck was one of its *bêtes noires*, and it did its best to raise suspicion against him. It took lofty ground on the subject of the decay of manners, holding forth against slang and the vapidness of fashionable conversation in a vein very familiar to present-day readers. It spared Palmerston and Clarendon but poked fun at Disraeli. Toward Lord Russell it was generally vindictive. John Bright was made to say, "As I never pretended to be a gentleman I dare say my friends will excuse any accidental lapse into good taste." To Gladstone it attributed the definition of "deputation" as "A noun of multitude signifying many but not signifying much." It had the limitations of its class and time and the whole is deservedly forgotten, but it afforded many good specimens of what was then regarded as remarkable cleverness. One unusual feature of it was that it was not based on any financial consideration whatsoever, the editors and contributors all working without pay.

The biographer of Lord Glenesk adds another to the many instances of Thackeray's snobbishness. It relates to the *Morning Post*, of which Thackeray has much to say in his writings, referring to it always as the organ of fashionable society. The author thinks it probable that Thackeray was angry because his own name was not mentioned in the *Morning Post* among those who attended evening parties, and he repeats this story, though he does not regard it as authentic:

One evening he stopped in an entrance-hall and said to the recorder of names, "I am Mr. Thackeray." The official was said to have qualified for his appointment by previous service in fashionable circles upon a humble footing, and to have believed, rightly or wrongly, that Thackeray had turned him to account. "I know you are," was the answer, "and I am Charles James Yellowplush."

Whether Thackeray was unhappy at missing his name in the *Morning Post*, or only despised those who were vexed when it happened to them, matters not; he was at all events aware of the value set upon it by common mortals as a medium for social glorification. This familiar passage shows his appreciation.

"Had Colonel Newcome read the paper that morning, he might have seen amongst what are called the fashionable announcements, the cause, perhaps, why his sister-in-law had exhibited so much anger and virtue. The *Morning Post* stated that yesterday Sir Brian and Lady Newcome had entertained at dinner His Excellency the Persian Ambassador and Buchsheesh Bey, the Right Honourable Canon Rowe, President of the Board of Control, and Lady Louisa Rowe, the Countess of Kew. . . . Afterward her Ladyship had an Assembly, which was attended by, etc., etc."

To take another instance at random: When the preposterous Major Gahagan is bragging of the catholicity of his genius, it is the *Morning Post* which he quotes as attributing his volume of poems to "Miss Gahagan."

The duties of a British editor who also happens to be a Member of Parliament may be inferred from the following account of Lord Glenesk's daily engagements while conducting the *Morning Post*:

Seldom a day that had not its public engagements; here are a few taken at random from consecutive entries: "Committee Newspaper

Soc., 2.30; Institute of Journalists, 3; P. L. General Purposes Committee, 3; Committee Leprosy Fund, 4; Deputation Chelsea Teachers, 5; Imperial Federation League Committee, 11.30; Soc. Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 3; National Union, 7; Charity Organisation, 7; Chelsea Hospital Foundation Stone, 4.30." And with these a stream of private engagements ranging from an august dinner party to a cotillon—the latter noted as carefully as any.

This does not take into account presiding at public dinners, which could be made exceedingly profitable. One day a man called on Borthwick (Lord Glenesk) at the House of Commons and offered him five hundred pounds to preside at a dinner in support of a certain. By way of joke the editor remarked that it was rather a meagre offer, whereupon the figure was raised to one thousand pounds. Borthwick then said he would take a day to think it over, and when the man called again proposed that the amount should be raised to a thousand guineas. This was accepted, Borthwick presided at the dinner and promptly received a check for a thousand guineas, which he made over to the Newspaper Press Fund.

The "celebrated Mrs. Norton" figures in these pages as a matter of course, for no volume of mid-Victorian memoirs dealing with persons of social importance would be complete without her. Nothing is said of the old story, which *Diana of the Crossways* did so much to circulate, that she betrayed Peel's decision to repeal the Corn Laws to the *London Times* for a certain number of thousands. Since Meredith, in his preface to the third edition in 1897, declared that the story of *Diana* was to be read as fiction and that the incident as related to Mrs. Norton was a baseless calumny, less is heard of it, though it is still occasionally repeated. Borthwick met Mrs. Norton in Paris at a reception given by the Prince President to the diplomatic corps and other high officials on the eve of the *coup d'état*. The thought of some such sort of action on the part of the President or the Assembly was in every one's mind, but naturally was not made the subject of conversation. One of the ministers, however, having asked Mrs. Norton if he could not be of some service to her while she was in Paris, she replied:

"There is only one thing I wish for—to see a *coup d'état*."

"That is not in my province," he said, turning away laughingly.

The Prince President was not five feet off from the group and he must have heard the little conversation. He turned round and with his usual slow manner proceeded to quit the room for his private apartments, so quietly that not the slightest impression was made upon any one of what was going to happen in an hour.

After helping Mrs. Norton and other ladies into their carriages, I walked home in a brilliant moonlight night to my apartments and my bed. The next morning the servant woke me very early to tell me, "Rouse yourself, monsieur! There is a *coup d'état*! The troops are all moving, and all the walls are placarded with the announcement!"

Borthwick went immediately to Mrs. Norton's hotel and told her he would show her a *coup d'état*. They soon reached the Place de la Concorde and the Bridge, whence they could see the deputies arriving at the Chamber and being refused access. They passed to the Tuileries, where the troops refused to let them cross the courtyard, but Mrs. Norton's "persuasive glances" overcame the officer. "Her eyes triumphed" and he marched them across the courtyard under a military escort.

She corresponded for many years with Borthwick and some of her letters are reproduced in this volume, but like the others which have appeared from time to time are quite free from any trace of the wit or graces for which she was distinguished. She suffered under the animosity of her husband's relations and had to endure many petty slights and false rumours. On one occasion she sought Borthwick's aid in a matter of social prestige. It seems that the rumour had been circulated that she would not be received at court and that if a Mrs. Norton's name were ever announced in the press, it could not be this Mrs. Norton but the wife of another brother. To defeat this campaign of spite she writes to Borthwick asking for a notice in the *Morning Post*:

MRS. NORTON TO A. BORTHWICK

Now it is a mere nothing I would ask of you: somehow to notice my being amongst

those who pay their respects to Her Majesty on this occasion. It is the first public reunion I shall have attended since I lost my poor Fletcher, who died just as he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Athens, and whose loss is to me irreparable. It is a "mourning" drawing-room or perhaps I would not go even now, for the world is bitter to me and blank since he went, but I have still—and I suppose while I live I shall always have—a sore feeling about those Court appearances as a matter of reputation; and that is why I write to you.

Again:

I am very much obliged to you for doing what I wished, and touched by the manner in which it was done. I am quite sure it will do all I desired outside the small circle of friends where I need no help beyond their own kindly feeling toward me. Sometimes I think it strange that I should still care what is said, but it is, as the French say, "*plus fort que moi*," when I hear speeches such as I wrote to you reported and gossiped round.

C. M. Francis.

II

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES*

The speeches in this volume are all very short, some of them taking up only two or three pages. Mark Twain seldom sinned against the rule of platform brevity. Short as they are, some of them are distinctly tedious, read apart from their occasion, and are not worth keeping in print. Mr. Howells says he never knew Mark Twain to fail completely in a public speech, which, however it might drag for a time, was invariably redeemed by some sally before the end. His comparative failures occurred, he thinks, on the rare occasions when Mark Twain trusted to the inspiration of the moment. Generally he "mused his words to an imaginary audience," according to Mr. Howells, and studied every word and syllable, committing them to memory by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt-cellars, inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and at clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant suggestion.

*Mark Twain's Speeches. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1910, pp. 434.

The surprise of the audience was carefully planned; surprise was what he aimed at, and when he had attained it he sat down.

Mark Twain's curiously inconsecutive manner of expressing himself, a familiar and delightful quality in his humorous writings, goes so far in his speeches that some of them are unintelligible. He must have carried his audience over these hiatuses by some oratorical or histrionic spell, missed altogether on the printed page where we can but wonder what each sentence has to do with the one before. Mr. Howells calls him a "most consummate actor," and is no doubt right in saying that when not supplemented by this art the effect of the speeches cannot be appreciated.

Nevertheless, much of Mark Twain's true quality will be found in them—especially in the lighter ones. Some of the serious speeches are as dull and ponderous as any that could well be devised for occasions of public somnolence. Here as elsewhere he is, of course, at his best when perfectly irresponsible and preposterous. Take, for example, this absurd play on the theme of the Siamese twins, when he was introducing Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley to an audience:

I am very glad to introduce these young people to you. . . . I saw them first, a great many years ago, when Mr. Barnum had them and they were fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, the literature became their best hold later, when one of them committed an indiscretion, and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff.

In that old former time this one was Chang, that one was Eng. The sympathy existing between them was extraordinarily strong, it was so fine, so strong, so subtle, that what the one ate the other digested; when one slept, the other snored; if one sold a thing, the other scooped the usufruct. This independent and yet dependent action was observable in all the details of their daily life—I mean this quaint and arbitrary distribution of originating cause and resulting effect between the two. . . .

For instance, in moral matters Mr. Chang Riley was always dynamo, Mr. Eng Nye was always motor; for while Mr. Chang Riley had a high—in fact, an abnormally high—moral sense, he had no machinery to work it with;

whereas Mr. Eng Nye, who hadn't any moral sense at all, and hasn't yet, was equipped with all the necessary plant for putting a noble deed or thought through, if he could get the inspiration on reasonable terms outside.

In intellectual matters, on the other hand, Mr. Eng Nye was always dynamo, Mr. Chang Riley was always motor; Mr. Eng Nye had a stately intellect, but couldn't make it go; Mr. Chang Riley hadn't, but could. That is to say that while Mr. Chang Riley couldn't think things himself, he had a marvellous natural grace in setting them down and weaving them together when his pal furnished the raw material.

Whatever else may be said of this, it is unmistakably Mark Twain's, but why preserve under his name the following passage on Queen Victoria, which is typical of much in the present volume?

You do me a high honour, indeed, in selecting me to speak of my country in this commemoration of the birthday of that noble lady whose life was consecrated to the virtues and the humanities and to the promotion of lofty ideals, and was a model upon which many a humble life was formed and made beautiful while she lived, and upon which many such lives will still be formed in the generations that are to come—a life which finds its just image in the star which falls out of its place in the sky and out of existence, but whose light still streams with unfaded lustre across the abysses of space long after its fires have been extinguished at their source.

H. B. Smith.

III

GUSTAV POLLAK'S "THE HYGIENE OF THE SOUL"*

In presenting to American readers in a new form a selection from the writings of Baron von Feuchtersleben, the Austrian thinker and physician, and the philosophical forerunner of all that is most valuable and enduring in the so-called "new thought" of to-day, Mr. Gustav Pollak has successfully tried to do what Feuchtersleben himself was always careful to do in passing judgment upon the

*The Hygiene of the Soul. The Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

work of others; he has made clear to himself the actual relation between the author and the man. This was precisely what previous English and American versions had failed to do.

The title of the book is happily chosen. It is intended to identify the health of the soul with the laws of individual morality, but its distinctive feature is the exposition of those powers of the mind which enable the body to ward off a threatening illness. Mr. Pollak gives an outline of Feuchtersleben's career which shows how the noble maxims in the book were wrought out of a heroic life.

We are told by a capable though caustic judge of character, Grillparzer, the Austrian dramatist, that Feuchtersleben was a man who had the right to say of himself: "I have had to fight for whatever I am." And the philosopher himself speaks of *The Hygiene of the Soul* as the result of silent self-contemplation after many trials and much suffering. It was intended as a solace to himself; but it searched the soul so faithfully and prescribed such efficacious remedies for moral and spiritual disease that on its publication in 1838, when the author was only thirty-two years old, it met with immediate success. Up to 1850 no other German book except Goethe's *Werther* was so widely read.

The power of the mind and will over body and circumstances—this was the liberating doctrine taught by Feuchtersleben more than seventy years ago in the most reactionary spot in Europe, Vienna under the rule of Metternich. The personal experience of which it was the outgrowth was of a special quality. It had been nourished by the deep study of mental problems on their physical side, and at a time when great medical discoveries were being made. Feuchtersleben's attainments in this line were so marked that in 1844 he was appointed the first professor of medical psychology in the University of Vienna.

His own life struggles had driven him to probe deeply into the causes of morbid feeling. His youthful experience as a student in the Academy at Vienna had been gloomy and painful. His father was a suicide, a victim of nervous despondency, and the son, who after leaving the

university in 1834 had married and begun to practise medicine, was for a time in the grip of grinding poverty. Through such crucial ordeals the character of Feuchtersleben came out fine gold. His mind had been tempered into serenity, calm, hopefulness. It had attained a better and broader stoicism than that of the ancients, in that it was cheerful instead of grimly fixed. It was, moreover, deeply touched with religious emotion that imparted the hope of a future life.

Mr. Pollak has done a distinct service in giving to thoughtful readers a book well adapted to counteract the extreme views and fugitive speculations that are just now hindering the national progress of belief in the power of mind over body. Feuchtersleben's maxims are permanent contributions to the literature of power, more especially to that department of it which may be described as the literature of spiritual encouragement, for which there is evidently so much need. It is, however, a just rebuke to much of the new thought pamphleteering of to-day; it is more scientific in method and more cautious in its promises.

J. W. Russell.

IV

MR. CHAMBERS'S "AILSA PAIGE"*

In Mr. Chambers other and inferior dispensers of polite fiction may behold an example of prodigality, opposed to sneaking maxims of short-sighted prudence, but wholesome nevertheless if they would last out their time. With perhaps a score of titles standing against his name, Mr. Chambers has arrived at a condition of literary opulence that might seem to permit some restraint of his productivity. But not by restraint and a miserly doling out of his wares has he come to his present high condition; not by such cowardly means will he retain his leadership of his fellows. His reward has been proportioned on his giving, and such is the nature of his talent that the more he gives, the more apparently he has to give. With success fairly won, he has not slackened the rate of his production, nor stinted the measure of his annual offering. His

*Ailsa Paige. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

newest book comes on time to the moment, and it is a book of goodly bulk, of comprehensive outline, of multitudinous and exacting detail. It may even be held that it is more than a single book—it is two. No reasonable requirement of taste is slighted. So Mr. Chambers gives us in turn a Ouidaesque romance of a desperately wicked young Adonis whose soul has been slain by cruel injustice, and a really capital story of the Civil War.

Though a rough line of demarcation between the two stories might be drawn at about page 250—the book contains five hundred pages in all—yet they are more or less mingled throughout. It is, I suspect, this gift for combining the elements of two diverse types of fiction that gives Mr. Chambers his distinction and his strong hold on the multitude. We live and read in an age which has outgrown the conventional melodrama of elder days; yet there are few of us who would not confess, if we are honest, to an occasional fondness for the pure romantic claptrap that we have banished. Out of the door we have long since chucked it, with a show of righteous contempt; but if it pushes in at the window—well, we have done our utmost. We have declared our principles; and now, let us with a clear conscience revel in the indefinable fascination of this handsome and desperately wicked young hero; let us learn if we can the terrible secret that will not allow him to offer marriage to an honest girl; let us watch him with bated breath as he gambles and cannot lose, as he tries to drink himself to death and fails, as he recklessly plunges into the maelström of battle and emerges unscathed. Let us triumph in his reformation under the holy influence of the beautiful heroine, and let us even find an interest in the inevitable misunderstanding that prolongs the ordeal and rounds the tale to its fitting climax.

All this Mr. Chambers gives us in *Ailsa Paige*. But if this were all, it would be nothing, for it would never be ours. We do not in this day keep Ouida's *Moths* on the library table, nor read *St. Elmo* in a street-car. So Mr. Chambers decks his mid-Victorian sentiment in the habiliments of 1910. In his manner he is aggressively, even ostentatiously modern.

To the ancient formula he adds a spice of sensuality at which even the boldest of our fathers' contemporaries would have gasped, and a liberal infusion of the best brand of realism. If you are careful not to be too attentive, too coldly judicial, you may read him for pages and chapters on end and never once reflect that this is really the same old stuff you used to devour surreptitiously when a child. In the particular book in hand, begin in the middle and you will discover a story of war that presents, along with the romance, much of the actual grisly horror of the battlefield. The real horror of war, one may learn now and then from a soldier, is not the gallant young officer lying dead on the deserted field, with wide eyes staring up at a mild moon, but blistered feet and dysentery and marching in the rain on muddy roads, and mangled, struggling horses and the stench of decaying flesh. Something of this side of the picture Mr. Chambers has got into his later pages, along with the more familiar, more glorious view. And under its influence, his characters, even the most hopelessly sentimental of them, assume the likeness of human beings. Philip Ormond Berkley, in spite of his highflown name and his unspeakable past, becomes almost comprehensible. So natural at times are the lineaments and movements of these persons of the melodrama, that they are lightly forgiven their betraying habit of coming together on the stage at opportune moments for the making of an effective group in tableau.

This latter portion is by all means the most carefully considered and substantial portion of the book. I would not, however, discourage a single prospective reader by implying that Mr. Chambers ever lets the romantic aspect entirely escape him. And in his generous, expansive moments he is startlingly free from the trammels of a jaded literary taste. With all the delight of meeting an old friend, one hears his hero exclaim, on page 11: "You have killed something in me. I don't know what, yet—but I think it was the best part of me." And then, on page 243, the heroine: "You have killed in me, this night—this Christmas night—something that can never again live in me." This is the very ac-

cent of the sentimental romance for which we yearn. Mr. Chambers deserves well of us for having fetched it back to our hand from the dark backward and abysm of time.

Burton Bancroft.

V

GEORGE MEREDITH'S "CELT AND SAXON"*

When R. L. S. died and left his *St. Ives* for another hand to complete, a melancholy sense of loss, of something precious irrevocably gone, was inevitable. There was a young man, cut off in his flower; all that he had done was forgotten in the tale of what he was yet to do. The case with Meredith is far different. More than a dozen years had passed since *The Amazing Marriage* set the seal on his career. For a decade we have been accustomed to think of him as one whose work was done. There remained no gap in the round of his achievements. Leaving behind him a product which for the display of sheer mental power and sweep is unmatched in English fiction, he could rest in the assurance that nothing more was required of him. The announcement, following his death, of an uncompleted novel, was a stimulus to curiosity, to sentiment, to the affectionate interest with which the man was regarded; there were no vain regrets to be stirred. If it proved to be in itself a gift of value, that would be so much more than had been expected. Whatever it might be, it could not break the circle of superb accomplishment which was closed years ago.

In this attitude no most ardent admirer of Meredith need fear to approach *Celt and Saxon*. Concede even that had it been completed, it would have ranked below any of the author's known works; it is yet a thing to be cherished, to be enjoyed, perhaps to furnish the Meredithian with the most effective ammunition wherewith to overwhelm the unbeliever. A report has gained circulation that this unfinished novel was not the work of Meredith's old age, but a piece begun forty years ago and abandoned as unsat-

**Celt and Saxon*. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

isfactory. Either way the argument is obvious. What other novelist, you will hear, ever cast aside work of such power and insight and beauty? Or, here is the vigorous, living fruit of our hero's green old age, put forth at a time of life when lesser men are in their dotage. If he was capable of this at eighty, conceive what he was at forty!

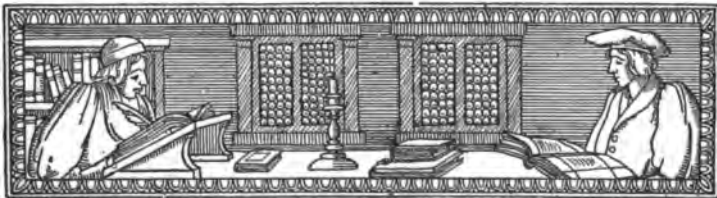
Curiously enough, both arguments find support in the evidence of the work itself. The conception of *Celt and Saxon*, which is clear enough in spite of its unfinished state, has unmistakable analogies with the work of Meredith's middle life—the period of *Sandra Belloni* and *Beauchamp's Career*. It is a racial problem that he attacks. In later life he showed himself more and more absorbed in those delicate questions which hang on the shifting status of woman in civilised society. But if the problem belongs to an earlier year, there is much in the actual writing that recalls his latest work. In style it is perhaps simpler and more direct than any of the completed books; and this is characteristic, not of Meredith's apprenticeship, but of his last years. It reveals the astounding mental vigour and suppleness which, as *The Amazing Marriage* shows, he retained to old age. There are plenty of passages in it that for amplitude of thought and brilliancy of expression may safely be placed beside anything in the novels. And the conception is suggestive of fine possibilities. However it may have turned out in the actual trial, it marks no waning of invention.

It is not easy, as it is ordinarily dangerous, to base a judgment on a fragment.

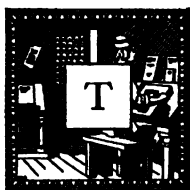
Every critical habit calls for a suspension of the verdict, for a conclusion only after the whole has been seen. It is an altogether different process, I may add parenthetically, from judging a part *after* the whole is known. Yet I believe the majority of readers will agree that *Celt and Saxon* could never have been one of Meredith's great works; that he was, indeed, wise to abandon it as relatively a failure. And the reason that suggests itself for this is not a flagging of the inventive faculty, not a cessation of the old power to realise character in itself, but a subtle failure to relate the thesis of the book quite concretely to the drama through which it is to be displayed. In the great books it is not so. Sir Willoughby Paternie may be Egoism incarnate; he is none the less an authentic individual—no living person more so. In *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria*—which offer, it may be, the closest racial parallel—the problem springs from the characters, it is not imposed upon them.

Somewhere in this region must be sought the basis for the conviction that *Celt and Saxon* could not have been wholly a success. Devotees of the master—among whom I cheerfully range myself—may find a fresh stimulus for their admiration in the clear-eyed self-criticism that warned him of the truth and held him back from offering this book as of the best that was in him. And, granted that the critical yardstick is not to be laid upon it, it will remain, thanks to a noble spirit of humanity and the mellow richness of its expression, a document of inestimable value to the Meredithian.

Ward Clark.



THE PARADISE OF THE LOOSE END AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



O Mr. Henry James belongs the credit of the exceedingly happy phrase, "The novel, as largely practised in English, is the perfect paradise of the loose end."

The phrase is worth remembering, because, whether the author so intended or not, it expresses in striking and incisive metaphor the chief source of inferiority of English fiction, as compared with the practice of that art in France. In a play, on the contrary, the loose end "is as grave a dishonour as the dangle of a snippet of silk or wool on the right side of a tapestry"—which is simply Mr. James's way of saying that the conventions of dramatic technique demand a closer, firmer and proportionately more artificial structure than that of the novel. Now there is no use in quarrelling with existing conditions, no use in trying to blind ourselves to the fact that even second-rate plays are usually better pieces of construction than many first-rate novels. But it is worth while to ask ourselves what is the logic of this distinction between these two forms of presenting a story—the narrative and the histrionic—and to consider whether, on the one hand, it is possible in any form of art to picture life truly, with no loose ends at all; and, on the other, whether even the freest form justifies the author in leaving on all sides the raggedness of an unfinished edge.

In the first place, we must go back to the basic principle that all art is founded

*One Braver Thing. By Richard Dehan. New York: Duffield and Company.

At the Sign of the Burning Bush. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Fruit of Desire. By Virginia Demarest. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Vera of the Strong Heart. By Marion Mole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Rod of Justice. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentanos.

The O'Flynn. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Song of the Wolf. By Frank Mayer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

ultimately upon an interpretation of life; but that, in order to be art, and not a mere mechanical transcript, it must be tempered with the spirit of compromise. Now, life, as we see it around us, no matter how broad or how narrow our individual view may be, is never in itself complete; it is always a part, a detail of some vaster, unseen pattern, for ever measureless and unfinished. To take from life any human story with naturalistic literalness, must be like cutting a single figure from the centre of an intricate piece of lace—all the way around the circle it bristles with severed threads. Such lack of finish would be unendurable in a novel; yet a finished selvage would be, at the opposite extreme, equally bad art. You cannot so isolate a group of human beings as to sever them completely from the rest of the world. Were it possible to fling a man and a woman out of this world altogether, onto some remote asteroid or one of the moons of Jupiter, even then their undying memories would intervene to hamper their actions and form an inseverable link with humanity.

The problem, then, comes down to this: not, how can we do away with all loose ends; but, what is the smallest number of loose ends with which we can maintain a semblance of reality? And the answer depends very largely upon the purpose of the individual novelist, the particular sort of picture that he is trying to give of life. There is no question that the modern tendency of the technique of fiction is more and more to do away with superfluous loose ends, more and more to concentrate in a single, unified effect. In no other respect does the development of fiction show, even within the past decade, so steady and interesting a forward movement. In the earliest times, the loose ends dragged, unheeded, behind epic and novel and short story alike. The *Odyssey*, in this respect, is like the "ravelled sleeve of care;" so, too, are *Don Quixote*, and most of the tales of the *Decameron*. It was Poe who first conceived of the strict unity

of the short story, and formulated his theory. To him, the short tale differed from the novel in aiming at a single unique effect; "there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not toward the one pre-established design. . . . The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel." It is an interesting evidence of the forward movement of fiction that, a quarter century later, we find Trollope pleading for almost the same sort of unity in the novel: "There should be no episodes in a novel. Every sentence, every word, through all those pages, should tend to the telling of the story. Such episodes distract the attention of the reader and always do so disagreeably. Who has not felt this to be the case even with *The Curious Impertinent* and with the *History of the Man of the Hill*? And if it be so with Cervantes and Fielding, who can hope for success? Though the novel which you have to write must be long, let it be all one."

And this idea of unity in fiction, no matter what the length, is year by year coming to be the chief aim of those who practise the best technique. Whether your story structure contains two figures only or two thousand; whether the lapse of time is a day or a century: the underlying principle is the same—there must be some central, unifying idea, some definite and complete pattern, drawn in strong lines and pronounced colours, so as to leave behind it an unfading image on the mind's retina. The novelist who leaves behind him an impression of separate details instead of a completed work, ought to feel that he has fallen short of the highest attainment. Of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Vanity Fair*, is it not true that most readers remember, first of all, separate incidents, individual characters, rather than any general design? And is not this as much a disparagement of the older order of fiction as works of art, as though a person should say of the Milo Venus, yes, I remember the nose, and the chin, and the left shoulder, but I have no recollection what she looks like, as a whole!"

Now, the Loose End is quite a different thing from the irrelevant episode; and yet

in most cases it is quite as disastrous. It breaks the effect of unity as completely as straggling locks of hair destroy the effect of the most elaborate coiffure. But there is this important distinction to be made regarding different types of the Loose End. Suppose, on the one hand, yours is a very simple story, some intimate drama that concerns directly only two people in the world. Now, in this case, the introduction of another character, with interests of his own, momentous problems that remain unsolved, leaves a loose end of the type that forms an intolerable blemish. But if, on the contrary, your story is of epic dimensions, if its unit of measure is not individuals, but groups, families, communities; if your whole scheme involves handling mankind in the mass, rushing men and women into life and out of it again with the ruthlessness of war or pestilence—then one character or a score of characters, for that matter, who drop out of sight with their histories unfinished, are not loose ends, but merely a surface roughness, so to speak, inherent in the particular form of material you have chosen to use. To keep the metaphor, it is as though you had chosen to weave with a rough thread, bristling with coarse fibres—and, no matter how carefully you finish off the ends, those fibres will stick out all over the surface.

This helps us to understand why, on the whole, the technique of the stage is more rigid than that of fiction about the introduction of superfluous characters and incidents and the slipshod trailing of loose ends. From the physical limitations of the theatre, the dramatic unit of measure is necessarily the individual. The epic breadth of treatment, the epic disregard of the individual, the epic complexity of detail, subordinated to the unity of some big ethical or national idea, is the peculiar prerogative of narrative, as opposed to dramatic structure.

Very few books have appeared during the current year that are so rich in good

material, strong characters, dramatic situations, as *One Braver Thing*, by Richard

Dehan. The author had much to say, and he was prodigal of it. There is a wealth

of people and scenes and incidents in the book that in the hands of a less spendthrift writer would have sufficed for at least three novels, instead of one. He had also the advantage of a really big theme—an often used theme, to be sure, yet one that may always be relied on to offer new and striking aspects: the action and reaction of warfare upon human character. The Boer War has given us already an extensive shelfful of fiction, good, bad and indifferent—chiefly indifferent. And of the good it is fairly safe to say that this new volume by Mr. Dehan shows us the broadest, most vivid and most detailed picture that we have yet had from any novelist. He shows us the land, the people, the conditions of life, before the struggle and during it and after the war is over. And in doing so, he accomplishes that rather rare feat of creating with us the illusion that we are actually there with him; that we are absorbing the story he has to tell, not merely through the visual impression of printer's ink, but through the ear and nostril and other senses as well; in short, that we, too, for the time being are sharers in the hopes and fears, the anguish and the victory that he is describing. The present reviewer happens to know nothing at all in a personal way about Mr. Richard Dehan; it is, of course, possible that he has never been in Africa at all. But certainly the book bears the imprint of a personal knowledge, a series of wonderfully graphic and accurate pictures done upon the spot, by an artist with a far-seeing eye and a steady hand. These are in themselves enviable qualities; and any novelist possessing them is likely to go a long way. Nevertheless *One Braver Thing* is not nearly so good a novel as it might easily have been—and the reason for this lies in its faulty construction, the slipshod impression that always comes from loose ends.

For the purpose of studying problems of construction, it would be hard to find a better object lesson than Mr. Dehan's book. He comes so near doing the thing in the biggest, broadest, best balanced way! He has all the elements demanded by that type of fiction which we have learned to speak of as the epic novel: a big, general theme, the Boer War; and a special central interest, the growth of

character and shaping of the lives of a man and a woman, through the part they play in that war. Now, as we have previously seen, an epic treatment demands the presentment of men and women, not singly or in detached groups, but in masses; figures appear and disappear unheeded, individual joys and griefs come to our knowledge for the moment, to be disregarded the next, lost and overwhelmed by the mightier problem of a country's destiny. In any verbal tapestry woven on such a scale as this, the only sort of loose end that demands serious anxiety is a regiment that drops out of sight, a raid that comes to nothing, a beleaguered town whose struggle we witness in detail, and whose fate the author, perhaps, forgets to mention. Faults of this kind are not to be laid at the door of Mr. Dehan. Then why, we may ask, does his book convey the impression of loose ends?

To answer this question, it is not needful to examine the plot at all minutely. Indeed, it is so involved, so crowded with a close network of interwoven lives, that even a careful reading of the book itself makes full understanding something of an effort. But these salient facts at least must be mentioned: Lynette Mildare, left an orphan waif, in the heart of the veldt, by the death of the man and woman who had fled together, in defiance of honour and the law, is reared in ignorance and wretchedness by a brutal Boer at whose hands she later suffers nameless outrage. She is rescued by the gentle mother-superior of the first Catholic convent in the Transvaal, cared for and educated. Owen Saxham, an English physician of much promise, has his career ruined and his approaching marriage broken off by the scandal of an unfounded charge brought against him in London, by the very Boer, as it later turns out, who was the cause of Lynette's early wretchedness. Saxham, broken in spirit, buries himself alive in South Africa, drinks recklessly, and soon becomes known by the Dutch soubriquet of the "Dop Doctor." Such are the conditions of the two central characters, when, all of a sudden, the storm of war descends in all its violence. The war has this immediate effect: It brings both the Doctor and Lynette out of their voluntary

exile into contact with humanity. The physicians on the military staff are only too glad to have the help of a man who once was recognised as the ablest surgeon of his age in England; the hospitals are equally glad of the gentle aid of Lynette who, with the mother-superior, proffers her services as nurse. It is obvious that the doctor is destined to meet the girl and promptly fall under the spell of her fragile beauty; that his desire to win approval from her will do more than anything else to cure his craving for alcohol; and that she, on the other hand, treasuring in her heart a secret horror of all men, will involuntarily shrink from him, even though she recognises his bravery, his devotion and his bigness of heart. All this interplay of human emotions we get, intensified by the bigger drama of the background, the atmosphere of sickness and of death, the pungency of powder, the scream of shells, the reek of blood and of antiseptics. But the end of the story does not come with the end of the war. Lynette, in spite of her horror of man, inconsistently falls in love with a young army officer, who conceals from her the fact that he is already married; and in spite of this love and her still unlesened horror of man, she consents, after the young officer has died in battle, to marry Saxham—stipulating, however, that the marriage, be in name only. The scene shifts to England, and the narrative drags on for another hundred pages—no longer, however, in the epic key, but simply and frankly as an intimate personal history of certain episodes in the lives of just one man and one woman. Now a novelist has a great deal of liberty. Within certain limits, he may practically do any thing he pleases. But he has no right to start to write one kind of a story, and then shift off into another; he has no right to make the whole Transvaal the heroine of his story throughout three-quarters of its length, and then, without warning suddenly tell us, in act if not in words: "I have changed my mind; my heroine is not a South African Republic, but just one frail, unhappy English girl, who has made a rather sorry mess of her married life." The net result of this sort of blunder is that, as we close the book, every one of those throngs of figures that

filled the middle part of the picture suddenly present themselves to our memory as a veritable snarl of loose ends.

At the Sign of the Burning Bush, by M. Little, is a volume which presents "At the Sign of the Burning Bush" itself most appropriately, as an effective contrast to the one we have just been considering. It is a good illustration of the type of novel in which from first to last there has been a deliberate intention to leave individual stories unfinished, and where the dangling threads resulting from this method are not to be regarded as loose ends, but a sort of intentional fringe, a deliberately planned part of the pattern. The basic theme of this novel is the Church as it is to-day in Scotland; that is to say, the general conditions of faith and doctrine and religious tolerance, both within the Church and without, among the clergy and the laity. Try to make any one of the separate characters of the book the hero or heroine, and you immediately have difficulty in discovering anything like an attempt at structure;—but if you make the Church itself the protagonist, like the Stock Exchange in Zola's *L'Argent*, or the Department Store in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, and the author's pattern stands out at once, in all clearness. The book opens in the rooms of three divinity students, Pink, De Stuynier and Mackenzie—Pink, underbred, parsimonious, and sickly; De Stuynier well born, snobbish and frightfully poor; Mackenzie, neither one thing nor another, but big-hearted, intensely human, and much troubled by grave doubts of his fitness for the ministry, and his right to subscribe to a creed in which he does not believe. It is the careers of these three men, and the spheres of influence that they extend from the various parishes to which they are successively called, that give the book its substance. We get an impression of a rising spirit of religious liberty so revolutionary as to seem an ironical exaggeration; a breaking down of old conventions and practices, all of which is extremely interesting and suggestive—and when we ask ourselves why we find this interest and suggestiveness in disputes over creeds and doctrines, we realise that it is because the author has

known how to paint character with such a fine humanity, making these people all actually live for us, with their virtues and their weaknesses—making us know them, in short, much as we know ourselves, and considerably better than we usually know our neighbour. In the end it is not the hard-working, sickly, self-seeking Pink, nor the brilliant, haughty De Stuyrier who achieves success and a big following; it is Mackenzie, the unambitious, the doubter, whose lack of faith goes almost to the verge of agnosticism, but who, nevertheless, holds men because of his sympathetic understanding, his unquenchable love of his fellow-men. The book contains many subordinate threads; there is, for instance, a very beautiful, if somewhat idealised, affection between a man and a woman, which remains to the end upon that most unstable footing, a platonic friendship. Taken altogether, it is a big book, big in theme, big in purpose, and in the abiding impression it leaves behind it, of the innate goodness of the average man and woman.

The Fruit of Desire, by Virginia Demarest, is a book which may wisely be

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of Desire"

passed over with the fewest possible words, in a magazine intended for general reading. Nevertheless, it makes any thoughtful reviewer, with pronounced views upon the central theme, long for an opportunity to express himself with the frankness of a medical diagnosis or the forcefulness of Zola's *Fécondité*. Of loose ends there is no lack; indeed, excepting for the sake of creating a most unpalatable sort of made situation, the first half of the book resembles a piece of lace ruthlessly chopped off and dangling to the remainder by only a single thread. What the author wished to find was a situation that would give excuse for a man and a woman living together simply on a footing of friendship yet forced to pass themselves off to the world as husband and wife. The author's thesis is that so long as their relations remain simply friendly, they are happy, but that when their union becomes a true marriage, jealousy and hatred take the place of affection. Now, there is no use in discussing this theme, unless we could discuss it somewhat exhaustively;

and, after all, there is no point in discussing an inferior presentment of a subject which Tolstoy treated once for all in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. But one may at least say, parenthetically, that the closing chapters of Mr. Dehan's book, reviewed above, serve as a pretty forceful answer to Miss Demarest's argument. And why, in a story which she obviously meant as a typical and general case, did she so far make it special and limited as to take for hero an ex-convict and for heroine a girl whose reputation has been ruined by a widespread scandal?

Vera of the Strong Heart, by Marion Mole, belongs to the class of novels

which are interesting, not in themselves, but in the promise they contain of something better yet to

come. Marion Mole has a good deal yet to learn about the art of novel writing. But she has an encouraging power of invention, an individuality of style that needs only a little wholesome discipline, and a trick of character portrayal that makes her people seem real, even where she exaggerates them. None the less, *Vera of the Strong Heart* is often tedious, and would benefit by some ruthless cutting. One becomes wearied of hearing what a phenomenally wicked man Lord Carshalton was, and somehow, in the absence of a bill of particulars, the bare statement does not carry conviction. To be sure, when his twin sons were born, it was rather irregular of him, after Nana the nurse had carelessly mixed them up, to toss up for choice of the heir. And later, when the lads are nearly grown, and inseparable comrades, who have carefully been guarded from the knowledge that it was the carelessness of one of them in early childhood that left the other a cripple for life—it is natural enough for the father to fly into a rage when they both defy him and refuse to follow his plans for their education—and it seems to the reader that a paralytic stroke is a pretty heavy penalty for the old man to pay for the privilege of a brief anger and a few curses. At all events, the father realises that he is near death and, wishing to be sure that his line will be continued, decides that both sons, lads though they are, shall forthwith be married. Now

Cedric, the lame brother, has inherited his father's bad temper and wayward tendency, and it takes a girl of a strong heart to find the courage to marry him—such, at least, is the author's way of seeing the situation, and her excuse for the title of her book. And with the love of woman comes the first estrangement between the brothers, an estrangement which endures until Vera and the other young woman to whom Ralph, the other twin, is engaged, make the mistake of telling the brothers the true history of Cedric's lameness. Straightway, their old love for each other is revived, and quite overshadows their interest in the women they are to marry. And although the weddings take place at the appointed time, the brothers leave home soon afterward, regardless of their brides; and the book concludes melodramatically with the birth of a daughter to each of the deserted wives, simultaneously with the arrival of the news of their husbands' deaths. It seems a pity that so much good workmanship was spent upon such futile material.

The Rod of Justice, by Alice and Claude Askew, the joint authors of *The Shulamite*, is good melodrama, and in spots rises to a somewhat higher level. The scene is the

Transvaal, the theme, the insane jealousy of a stout, plain featured, slow-witted Boer woman, who sees her last chance of marriage taken from her. Ivory Creighton, a young English woman, has fled to Africa, because she loves a married man and doubts her own strength to withstand him. Friendless and ill, she is taken in by Peter Van Naas, a rough, uncouth farmer, who has been on the point of marrying his cousin, Keziah, but now transfers his interest to the strange, exotic charm of Ivory. Allen Osborne, the Englishman, from whom Ivory has fled, follows close upon her tracks, for his wife is dead and he is free to remarry. He traces her to Van Naas's farm, but the Boer, knowing Ivory's history, and realising that he is now likely to lose her, denies any knowledge of her whereabouts. Ivory, not knowing of Allen's arrival, consents to marry Van Naas, feeling that in this way she will still fur-

ther be protected against her own weakness. But the wedding is hardly over, when Allen returns, has an interview with Ivory and discloses Van Naas's treachery. Ivory starts to flee with Osborne, is followed by Van Naas, and on the point of being captured, when the farmer trips over his own rifle, which goes off, mortally wounding him. He lives long enough to tell Keziah the truth, and sign a paper exonerating Osborne and Ivory from any blame for his death. But Keziah, crazed with jealousy, hides the paper, summons the farm hands, tracks down the fugitive couple, and grimly proceeds to execute them both. Of course, help arrives in the nick of time, just as the rope is tightening around Ivory's neck, making a fine curtain scene, for a story which is obviously a developed scenario of a four act drama. It has at least the merit of good dramatic construction—a minimum of loose ends.

The O'Flynn, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is another light-weight but well constructed story, written evidently with one eye upon the footlights.

It deals with that restless period when King William was feeling no small amount of anxiety, because James Stuart, in his refuge in Ireland, was awaiting the arrival from the continent of his wife's jewels, the Blue Mogul diamond, the Turkish Ruby, and the almost priceless pearl necklace—for with these he would be able to raise fresh troops. They are being brought to Ireland by three separate messengers, the pearls being intrusted to Lady Benedetta Mountmichael, who is travelling ostensibly to visit her father, Lord Mountmichael. A certain Hendrigg, an expert and slippery rascal, is sent to intercept the pearls—and he would, no doubt, have succeeded, had it not been that by mere chance The O'Flynn, Irish gentleman and soldier of fortune, was travelling by the same route as the Lady Benedetta and chose to take a hand in the affray. Such is the beginning of a light little comedy of the romantic sort that Mr. McCarthy has the trick of producing with a uniform and well sustained deftness.

The Song of the Wolf, by Frank Mayer, is a book that cannot fail to exasperate any reader who has a sense of good construction. It is a story of Colorado in the early eighties; the types of cowboy, scout and pioneer; the life of the mine and the cattle ranch, are all drawn with a sureness of touch that comes only from firsthand knowledge. Even the well worn theme of the girl from the East conquering her prejudices and accepting the rough and primitive ways of her cowboy lover, is here handled with a certain commendable freshness. But there is one sin

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of the Wolf"

that is a little worse than that of the loose end; and that is, when a novelist, discovering that certain ends are dangling, instead of finishing them off neatly, ties on a new thread of a different colour, and merrily goes on weaving with it, indifferent to the fact that he has spoiled the harmony of colour and symmetry of plot. The trouble with Mr. Mayer is, that with plenty of interesting material and a fluent, vivid style, at his command he lacks even a rudimentary sense of the proper point at which to stop. He does not know when he has reached the end of one story and is beginning another.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

REPRINTED PAGES

THE RELIGION OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON*



It was the fortune of Robert Louis Stevenson, dying untimely as he did, to be treated as a classic before his death, and there is something in the circumstance singular and extraordinary. It is a fate which has happened to few, to scarcely any one indeed whose period of earthly toil has been so brief. It is quite possible that more distant generations may not endorse our spirit of laudation, and may accuse us of lack of perspective and hastiness of judgment. But I am not one of those who entertain such forebodings. Stevenson is for me the most vivid, brilliant, and suggestive figure in our later literature, and his writings possess an element of charm which I find in no others. Pre-eminently he is a great master of style. It would be hard indeed if he were not, considering the immense pains which he took to write perfectly. He is entirely frank in confessing that he does not wield an easy pen. He never thinks of the immense fecundity and power of Walter Scott without despair. He says frankly,

"I cannot compete with that." In a darker mood he cries, "What makes me sick is to think of Scott turning out *Guy Mannering* in three weeks! What a pull of work! heavens, what thews and sinews! And here am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done." But he has certainly written as Scott never did, with a precision and subtlety of style which at its best is nearly inimitable. The swing and ease of Scott he has not; but he has contrived so to interpret himself in all his work that there is scarcely a page which does not throw over us the spell of something intimate and spiritual—a nameless aroma of genius which all sympathetic to him must feel, though few can describe.

Perhaps it is because this curious essence of personality which pervades his work is so elusive that few critics have discovered the right word to say of it, and have found it easier to fall back upon a general analysis of Stevenson's qualities as story-writer. That these qualities are of supreme excellence no one will deny. He himself justly felt that his power as a novelist lay in the direction of

*From the *BOOKMAN* for September, 1896.

the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a fine ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island*; the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker*; the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in *The Ebb-Tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in *The Beach of Falesá*, the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in *The Master of Ballantrae*—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted shows of life. He writes not only as a realist, but as a prophet. His meanest stage is set with Eternity as a background.

Take, for example, the astonishing subtlety and truth of the scene in which he pictures Herrick as attempting suicide by drowning, in *The Ebb-Tide*. The moment the wretched man takes the water, he begins to swim by a sort of instinct. He is about to "lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of

sleep;" there will be plenty of time to stop swimming presently. But could he stop swimming? He knew at once that he could not.

He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he—at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve within his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open—and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. . . . There were men who could commit suicide; there were men who could not: and he was one who could not.

There is not a hint here of the sort of imagination which a commonplace novelist would indulge in—the marching before the mind of the drowning man of his past life, and so forth; but there is something infinitely more terrible. Stevenson admits us into the very soul of the miserable man. He makes us partners in his extreme self-contempt, the utter self-loathing which makes him feel "he could have spat upon himself." He gives us a momentary glimpse of far-off powers that watch the spectacle: a city "along whose distant terraces there walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration." This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative writing in our literature, but it is much more than this. It is the work of a man profoundly impressed by spiritual realities, and only such a man could have produced it.

It would be easy to arrange in opposing categories the novelists who have a religious sense and those who are destitute of it. The first usually spoil their art by making it the abject vehicle of something that they want to teach: the second usually fail of the most difficult success, because when they come to the greatest episodes of life they lack the spirituality which can alone interpret them aright. Stevenson belongs to neither of these classes. He does not profess that he has anything to teach, and has no temptation to the didactic. He aims at one thing only, to tell his story in what seems to him the completest and most perfect manner. His ethical views are to be found in

his essays, and of these we are not speaking now. But nevertheless Stevenson is a moralist or nothing. The Scot can rarely escape the pressure of those profound and serious thoughts which constitute religion; and Stevenson carried religion in his very bones and marrow. That which gives his great scenes their most impressive element is not merely their force of imagination or of truth; it is this subtle element of religion which colours them. The awful, the distant, the eternal, mix themselves in all his thoughts. The difference between a great scene of Scott and a great scene of Stevenson is that the first impresses us, but the second awes us. Words, phrases, sudden flashes of insight, linger in the mind and solemnise it. We feel that there is something we have not quite fathomed in the passage, and we return to it again to find it still unfathomable. Light of heart and brilliant as he can be, yet not Carlyle himself moved more indubitably in the presence of the immensities and eternities. Wonder and astonishment sit throned among his thoughts, the wonder of the awe-struck child at divine mysteries, the enduring astonishment of the man who moves about in worlds not recognised. It is this intense religious sense of Stevenson which sets him in a place apart among his contemporaries; it is, to use his own phrase, a force that grasps him "ineluctable as gravity."

Sometimes, though but rarely, he permits himself a wider latitude. Thus he puts into the lips of Attwater thoughts which no doubt had moved his own heart deeply. Attwater is very far from being a perfectly conceived or rendered character; indeed, he must stand among Stevenson's failures. But he is useful in showing us the mysticism of his creator's mind. He is a man who walks awestruck through the labyrinth of life. He hears across the desolate lagoon eternity ringing like a bell. He ponders life and death with insistence, with passion and absorption. He preaches to the wretched fugitives who are his guests; he uses the very words which might express Stevenson's own sense of the unseen—"We sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators. And you call that solitude." To Herrick, who has implied

his total disbelief in God, he replies that it is by the grace of God we live at all:

The grace of your Maker and Redeemer, He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom you daily crucify afresh. . . . Nothing but God's Grace! We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe; and a puppy in pyjamas prefers self-conceit!

A trifle grandiloquent, perhaps; but then Attwater is meant to be a grandiloquent personage, a half-barbarous and half-evangelical South Sea Hercules. Yet surely these words of his are a deep cry out of Stevenson's own heart. A man whose daily breath was a sort of miracle, and who felt that every hour he lived he was cheating the grave of its proper prey, might well feel that he lived literally by the grace of God.

Nowhere does the spiritual genius of Stevenson express itself with such force and fulness as in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And incidentally it may be remarked that nothing which he has written has laid hold so strongly on the public mind. When one comes to think of it, there are very few, even of the greatest writers, who have created figures so vital and so real that they have become familiar and alive to the great world of readers. Dickens has done it: hardly any one else of our time. There is certainly no firm in England so well known as Spenslow & Jorkins, and no public personage half so familiar to us as Micawber, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. The politician or the speaker has but to use these names, and instantly his parable is perceived: on the mimic stage of memory and imagination there struts forth a figure, better known to us than the clerk in our office, or the friend who talks with us at dinner. And thus to seize upon certain living traits of character and certain catchwords of speech, and so mould the whole that the result is a personage so thoroughly alive and so delightfully human that we can sum up whole stages of observation and experience by the mention of his imaginary name, is the crowning skill of great creative art. No novelist can expect a higher triumph than this; but this triumph has certainly been Stevenson's.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has already become a password: men utter the phrase and declare a parable. It has become, in fact, a synonym for the dual nature of man, and the deadly war of opposites which is always going on in human character.

But there is this difference—and it is a typical one—between the creatures of Dickens's stage and those of Stevenson's: Micawber and his fellows spring out of humorous fancy, Hyde and Jekyll from the womb of a sombre and terrible imagination. Here, again, we come upon that profound seriousness of soul that underlies all Stevenson's best work; the questioning and philosophic mind groping at the intricate coil of things; the intense imagination of the Celt, fascinated by the grim and subtle mysteries of human nature. The seed-thought of this appalling fable of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is familiar enough: it is the ancient Pauline description of a war in our members, so that the thing we would, that we do not; and the thing we would not that we do. The summary of the whole—it might well form the inscription for the title-page—is that great cry wrung out of the very agonised heart of this internecine conflict, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have heard the words many times on the lips of preachers and theologians, but one would certainly have doubted if they were capable of being vitalised by the art of the novelist. But in the mind of Stevenson there existed just that combination of faculties to which they most powerfully appealed. He has told us that the fable was a form of literary art which always fascinated him, and in the truest sense *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fable. But what a fable! There is the weirdness of Poe, his eloquence too, and his power of piling up detail, but a power of analyses and a psychologic subtlety which he never reached. It may be doubted if any novelist has ever cut so deep into morbid psychology as Stevenson in this short story of one hundred and fifty pages. What an awful picture is this of a man torn between his good and evil natures; in his right mind given to religious and serious thoughts, in the guise of Mr. Hyde greedy of

abominable vices; repenting and sinning in turn; conscious all the time that the ape-like thing within him grows stronger for each fresh indulgence and liberation, and yet incapable of restraining him; to the last desirous of good, but impotent of achieving it. Fantastic, all but grotesque as the story is, yet it has all the firm outline of reality. Reading it, we readily permit ourselves to be convinced that such a thing could be. The horror grows with every stage: it becomes palpable, tremendous. The ape-like thing called Hyde, the incarnated evil of the soul of Jekyll, pursues our very dreams. And with what solemn and lamenting eloquence does the allegory close:

This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again: that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter, and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life.

A piece of writing like this is a unique achievement in the art of letters. It is really comparable with nothing else; it stands alone. And it is conclusive evidence of that subtlety and force of spiritual genius which gives Stevenson a place apart, and high above all contemporaries, as an interpreter of the deepest things of the human soul.

A sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* may be found in another and earlier story of Stevenson's, called *Markheim*. As a story this is briefer and less elaborated, but it is scarcely less powerful and tragic. In this instance it is the soul of a man who appears to him immediately after he has done a cruel murder, and calmly analyses all the slow moral disintegration which has led up to this crowning infamy, and finally extorts from the man a confession of the truth of the analysis.

"You have grown in many things more lax," says the accusing spirit: "possibly you do right to be so; and at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in

any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

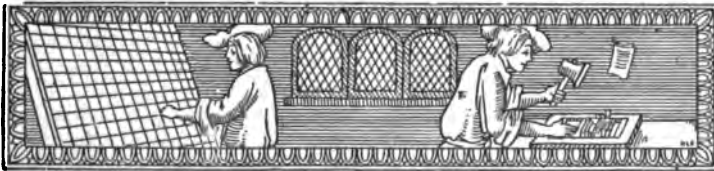
"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all!"

But here again, powerful as the story is, and told with an incomparable realism and suggestiveness, it is not the story which holds us spellbound so much as the moral drama which it displays. It probes deep into the intricacies of human motive, and the mystery of human sin. No one who has read pages such as these in Stevenson with the least degree of right appreciation can ever mistake him for the idle story-teller of an idle hour. Most readers will be far more inclined to say that nowhere in our literature is there to be found a writer who displays such mastery over the secrets of the soul, or speaks with a voice more undoubtedly prophetic.

It is an astonishing thing that a writer who has deliberately set himself to write pure adventure stories should possess such a gift of spiritual subtlety, and it begets in us a doubt whether, after all, Stevenson was rightly aware of the nature of his own genius. But this at least must be admitted, that he has contrived to lift the adventure story to a quite new elevation by the powers which he has brought to bear upon it. That which gives his books their enduring hold upon the mind is precisely this spiritual subtlety which informs them. We read them once, we read them twice; we read them again after the lapse of years during which many things have happened in the development of our own minds, and we still find them fascinating. Nor is it altogether the clearness and beauty of the style that compels attention: still less is

it the narrative. It is rather a compulsion which arises from the spirit of the man; something in the turning of a phrase, in the felicity of an epithet, in the imaginative force of a sentence that has the effect of being flashed upon the brain, which opens up profound depths of thought, and calls the mind to solemn speculations. Stevenson was too modest a man to pose as a thinker; yet a thinker he was, and of great originality and insight. And in the truest sense of the word he was an entirely pious man. He knew what it meant, as he has put it, to go up "the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed." In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy; ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude; a certain gaiety of soul that never deserts him; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles. Neither his work nor his life have yet been justly apprehended, nor has the time yet come when a thoroughly accurate and balanced judgment is possible. But it will be a painful surprise to me if coming generations do not recognise his work as one of the chief treasures of our literature, and the man himself as one of the most original, rare, and entirely lovable men of genius of this or of any time.

W. J. Dawson.



THE REPORTER AND LITERATURE*



N observer of American conditions can hardly fail to notice that our newspaper reporters are each year taking a more prominent part in the literary world. Editors used to become literary men, but reporters almost never. For the change there are several general causes. In the first place, beginners in journalism come from a better class than they did a decade ago. Horace Greeley was one of many in the last generation who distrusted college graduates, and believed that the good newspaper man, as he told Mr. Dana, was the one who had in his boyhood slept on papers and eaten ink; and those who did not work up from the bottom drifted into the business because they had failed in other occupations. To-day the papers seek men fresh from college, because they write better English; and their formal education helps them in many of the subjects covered by the press to-day. It is natural, therefore, that the reporter of the present time is more often heard of outside than was the broken-down lawyer or business man who gathered the news twenty years ago. His opportunities are excellent, as his regular duties give him the best material for stories, descriptive articles, and essays, and the habit of noticing detail, picturesque situations, events, and characters, obviously tends to literary production.

But there are dangers, the first of which is the fixed tone which in the paper of to-day runs through all of its columns, to make a consistency, a uniformity, to which its servant is obliged to bend, however much it may depart from his own nature. As observation and shrewdness increase, the ideal qualities of his individuality often vanish, and the style which is the man, the untranslatable and intimate part, is crushed, that he may write instead the *Sun* style, the *World*, *Post*, or *Tribune* style, not in manner alone, but in substance and general intellectual attitude. Cynicism dominates one paper, sensationalism another, business common

*From the *BOOKMAN* for April, 1897.

sense a third, society a fourth, and men and things must be judged by the reporter in the light of this point of view from which he is hired to write. News is padded or omitted, made plausible or doubtful, impressive or ridiculous, according to its bearing on certain opinions. Of course the reporter may keep up two selves, but usually the point of view which he uses every day has its influence on him. "Your worst fault," said a successful reporter to a beginner, "is that you are always criticising. A newspaper man ought to know his paper thoroughly, and learn to share its ideas." Within limits individuality is encouraged, but the limits are essential.

Cynicism is a natural result, and few professions show so much of it. It exists to a rather surprising extent in the best papers, but of course it is more marked among the men who work for the sensational sheets; who pry into private matters, break confidences, intrude where people are mourning, get facts through keyholes, make revelations which cause shame and suffering. What is said of all this? Certainly the public does not care very much. It mildly disapproves in extreme cases; but none the less, its first interest is in getting the news, this kind of essentially unimportant news, gossip, which is usually the subject of such underhanded "scoops." A little over a year ago a Chicago paper obtained a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on a subject of national importance by means, it was generally supposed, of bribery of printers or stenographers. Readers and reporters spoke of what a tremendous thing this paper had accomplished, and few expressed regret that such things should be. The reporter as a rule regrets that the taste of the public is so low. "But," he adds, "we don't run newspapers for exercise or for the good of humanity. We run them to make money. Therefore we give the public what it will buy." The public does not feel responsible for the newspaper nor the newspaper for the public.

But there is a strong social penalty for the individual. The young man in society

often meets a coolness because he is a reporter, and his friends do not use that word in introducing him. Often he appears as a "journalist" in the directory. Naturally, the youth who belongs to a class which gets by shrewd means the facts which the taste of the better part of society thinks should not be made public must be looked upon with a feeling of distrust. However sure his friends may feel that apart from his business, his standards are as high as theirs, the general contempt for the methods of the profession must fall to some extent on him; and usually, whatever his paper, he has, inevitably, breaches of taste to answer for. However strong his social position, he sees that his associates watch him with regret, as a good man walking in dark paths. They laugh at his stories, and are interested in his experiences more than in those of the lawyer or the doctor, but they seem to feel that some of his essential dignity is gone. And even where there is no condemnation there is often aloofness, as among business associates. He is regarded as a creature apart, one who may tell things, and whom events interest only from the point of view of fitness for his use. He cares for the outcome of nothing. "Go on and stir things up," said a reporter to a politician. "I do not care what you do, so you do something. It is all good for me." This is the attitude with which the world has identified him. Two reporters were discussing the Venezuela trouble. "The doctrine has cost a terrible pile," said one. "It has made lots of columns," the other replied. "Yes," said the first, "I suppose on the whole it has paid." The world does not like that standard of judgment, but it is only too typical of the characteristic irony of the newspaper man.

These considerations are no more moral than artistic. The domination of our literary world by the newspapers increases the number of writers clever at giving the public what it desires, but does it work for or against the production of real literature? The gloomier view is the more readily stated, and among the many who hold it may be named Lord Rosebery, who said in a speech last June: "What you want to develop in your race is the art of thinking, and thinking is an

art which stands a very good chance of perishing from among us altogether. The risks to which independent thinking is exposed, when you come to reckon them up, are manifold and dangerous. I think the Press, with all its great merits, is one of the greatest enemies of independent thinking. To begin with, we are furnished every day from at least half a dozen quarters with the best thoughts of trained and able minds on the subject of the day in the daily papers. It is all that one able-bodied man can do to get through these able-bodied papers in the course of a day. . . . Not merely have we that, but if the appetite is sufficiently omnivorous, he has the weekly Press in profusion, with the more leisurely thoughts of distinguished minds; and if he has a minute or two left, he can read all the monthly magazines and complete the cycle of his intellectual system."

The danger which exists for the mere reader of the paper is, of course, greater for the servant of the paper, and it certainly is probable that the average man loses more individuality in the service of a daily journal than he would in a law office or a business house. His work absorbs his energies more, touches his private life more closely, and has less continuity, less development. He comes to the office at eleven in the morning, perhaps with a vacant mind, ready for anything; is assigned to a murder, a political story, an interview with a minister, an accident; he finishes it, dismisses it from his mind, and goes away, to return the next day equally ready for anything and equally detached from any single subject. But although the dark side is easiest to see and easiest to state, the hopeful side exists for the man who is strong enough to take the opportunities and reject the temptations. Even on our worst papers are a few men who use intelligently not only their opportunities for observation, but their opportunities for good action. The reporter sees men daily in critical situations, in the first despair of business disgrace or of personal bereavement, in the flush of sudden success and in accident, and if his interest in human nature be deep enough and clear enough, each interview may inform and strengthen him fundamentally. He sees also where the

needs of the city are ; he has more facts, if he wishes them, than most men ; and if he have public sympathy, a large view of life, and personal power he could hardly have a more favourable aid to effective work. At least one reporter in this town has done an enormous amount for political and social improvement, and equal op-

portunities lie before all. He is one of the few men who are proud of the name of reporter, who are impressed by their duties to the public and the possibilities of their own lives, and who influence their papers more than they are influenced by them.

Norman Hapgood.

BARON TAUCHNITZ*



ALTHOUGH the name of the German publisher who died on August 13th was familiar to the English-speaking public, the precise nature of his connection with our literature was not equally understood by them. To most, the well-known Tauchnitz edition suggested handy pocket volumes of their most popular authors, which they could read with the added sweetness which is given to forbidden fruit.

Baron Tauchnitz came of a family of publishers who did much to spread a knowledge of the classics and of their own literature, and he carried on their work. Toward the end of the last century his uncle set up in Leipzig a press noted for the cheapness and elegance of the works which issued from it, and the business was continued by a son who died only some ten years ago. It was in 1837 that the nephew, the late Baron, established his publishing business, also in Leipzig, and in 1841 that he began printing the works of English authors, and so did an immense service to English literature by widening the range of appreciation of it. It is natural that at the moment of his death the generosity toward English and American writers with which he carried out this undertaking should be most commented upon. When the Tauchnitz edition of British authors was begun there was no international copyright, and there was none for several years later ; but all along, the German publisher obtained the authors' consent, and paid them

for it. That this consideration on his part rewarded him amply when international copyright came to be established there is no doubt ; but, from the first, Baron Tauchnitz had an ambition beyond the filling of his own pocket. We believe that in his original prospectus he proclaimed an intention of making the first step toward an extension of the rights of copyright, and of publishing his edition in accordance with these rights. With the literary relationship between England and Germany which he established thus, there arose a relationship still more delightful between the English author and the German publisher. This was shown by his dedication of his thousandth volume, in 1869, "To my English and American authors, as a token of esteem for the living and a tribute to the remembrance of the dead," and by his celebration of the publication of two thousand volumes, twelve years later, with Professor Morley's well-known *History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*. The good feeling on the other side is amply discovered in the letters from English authors contained in the *Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz*, which appeared as a jubilee volume in 1887.

These letters, which are signed by the most eminent names in Victorian literature, are interesting and pleasant reading : pleasant because of the exhibition they give of friendship and trust on both sides, and interesting because in many cases the correspondents spoke out more freely than they might have been inclined to do in addressing an English publisher.

*From the *BOOKMAN* for October, 1895.

Charles Reade, for example, who was introduced to Baron Tauchnitz by Thackeray, wrote expressing his reliance in the good faith of the publisher, and added: "Only this I beg: let me be paid according to my sale; for instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more. Your collection is a notable one. It contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the entire works of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Dickens, too, was warm-hearted, as this note shows. "I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealings to wish to depart from the custom we have already observed. Whatever price you put upon the book will satisfy me." The author of *Lothair* wrote with equal cordiality, but in a wholly different style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosper-

ity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." The whole of the correspondence is a standing testimony to the frankness and delicacy with which, for all that some may say, the transactions of author and publisher may be conducted.

Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz was born on August 25, 1816. In 1837 he entered business for himself, and in 1843, having turned his mind to the great undertaking of his life, he visited London and laid his project before the English authors whose works he proposed to publish. The broad lines on which an agreement was arrived at were: (1) Payment to English authors; (2) exclusive authorisation of the Tauchnitz edition for the Continent; (3) no importation of the Tauchnitz edition into England or her colonies. Over three thousand volumes of the "Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition," have been issued since its inauguration. He was created a Baron in 1877 by the late Duke of Coburg, and he was a member of the Upper Chamber of the Saxon Diet; he was also British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony.



A BALLADE OF PETITION*

The Blue Skallalatoot stories are all morning stories.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Prince of the Pen, your work comprises
Love and Sorrow and Peace and War;
Your versatile genius authorises
The babble of babes and the jungle roar.
Tales you tell of the crew and corps,
The old official, and young recruit;
We've read all these, and we beg for more—
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

The weird name baffles all surmises,
Its strange uncertainty we'd explore;
For ever the heart of man despises
The mysteries he has solved before;
We only delve for the hidden ore,
We crave unknown, not forbidden fruit;
Give us the treasure you have in store,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Tell us, we pray, what his shape and size is,
Why is he blue? and what is he for?
Recount his exciting enterprises,
Where he resided and what he wore;
Tell us his history, we implore,
Sharpen your quill or tune your lute;
In verse or story or Indian lore,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Envoy:

Kipling, we've read your yarns of yore,
How Bagheera growled and Mulvaney swore.
Now whether he's Man, or Thing, or Brute,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Carolyn Wells.

*From the BOOKMAN for January, 1899.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The House of Mystery. Irwin. (Century Co.) \$1.15.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Book of Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Astir. Thayer. (Small, Maynard). \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Laws of Heredity. Reid. (Macmillan.) \$5.50.
2. Kingship of Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
3. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) \$3.00.
4. Wild Birds and Their Music. Matthews. (Putnam.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. My Very First Series. (Doran.) 25 cents.
2. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Jungle Books. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Astir. Thayer. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.20.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Book of Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Owls of St. Ursula. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Fenner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.
2. Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) \$1.50.
3. Black Bass. Henshell. (Clarke.) \$3.00.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. West Point Series. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. A Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Books. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Child's Guide Series. Clarke. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Trimmed Lamp. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Channel Islands. Holder. (McClurg.) \$2.00.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The Chinese. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
4. The New Baedeker. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

2. Addresses. Northrup. (Watson.) \$1.80.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Garibaldi and His Thousand. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chubb. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn & Co.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Rust of Rome. Deeping. (Cassell.) \$1.20.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Modern Chronicle. (Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Every Day Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Marriage as a Trade. Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Grandpa's Little Girl. Curtis. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Dodge.) 35 cents.
2. Chesterfield Letters. (Chesterfield Soc.) Ed. de Luxe. Sub. price \$6.00.
3. Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. (Chesterfield Soc.) Ed. de Luxe. Sub. price \$6.00.
4. Cooked-up Peary Dictionary. 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Lieutenant Commander Beach. Naval Stories. \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. The Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Quaker in the Forum. Gummere. (Winston.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The High School Freshman. Hancock. (Altemus.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu. Williams. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Our Garden Flowers. Keeler. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. Daniel Boone and Wilderness Road. Bruce. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Illus. by Parrish. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. College Year. Payne. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Golf. Whitlatch. (Outing Co.) \$2.00.
2. Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Hopkins. (Munn.) \$2.00.
3. Dogs. Leighton. (Cassell.) \$1.50.
4. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The American People. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.25.
3. The Ship Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Little Knight of X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Auction Bridge. Bodsworth. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
3. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. Lake Champlain. Reid. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Dethronement of the City Boss. Hamilton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) \$1.25.
2. Boys of Brookfield Academy. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Prince and His Ants. Vamba. (Holt.) \$1.35.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Potash and Perlmutter. Glass. (Altemus.) \$1.50.
6. Emigrant Trail. Bonner. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
2. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50 cents.
3. Trees of California. Jepson. (Cunningham.) \$2.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.60.
2. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Lookout Island Campers. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. The Black-Poppy Book. Aldin. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 75 cents.
3. The Lass of the Silver Sword. Du Bois. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) \$1.25.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limerlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Letters to My Son. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Pie and the Patty Pan. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

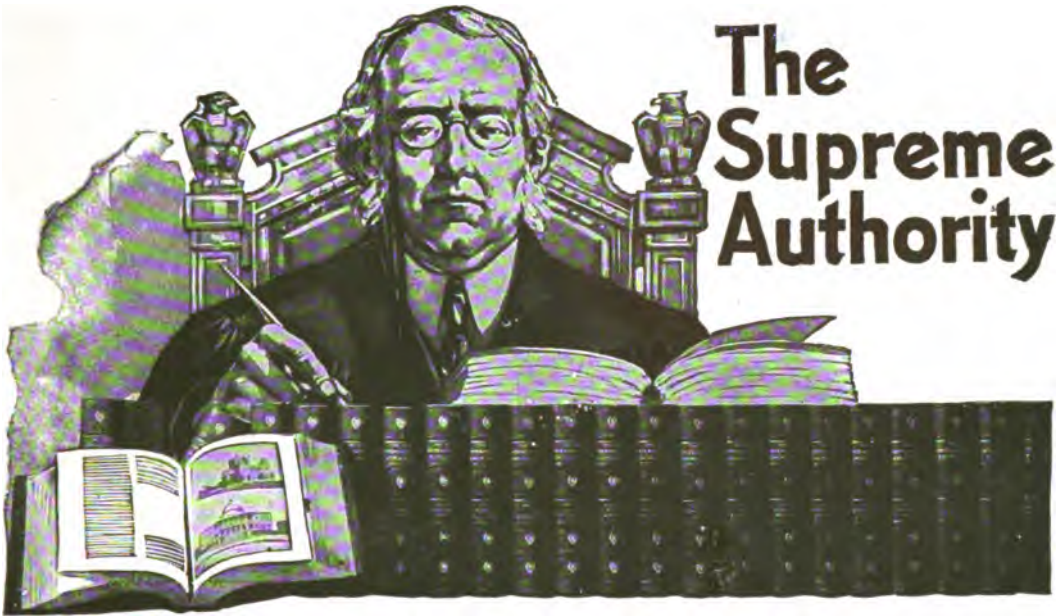
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50	240
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	212
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50	186
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	139
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	117
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	71



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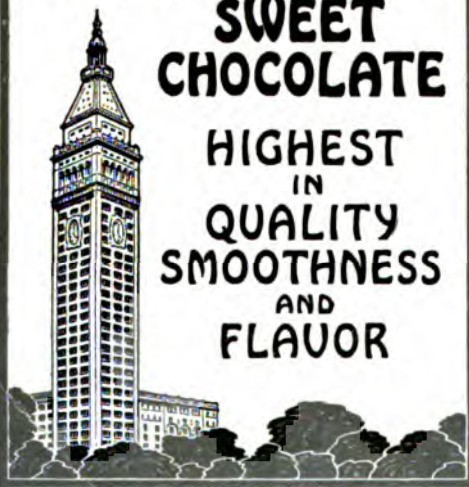
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Vol. XXXII
No. 2

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The BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1910

Planting a Play
The Craftsmanship of Writing
A Suppressed Novel by Mr. Howells
Significant Plays of the London Season
The True Story of "Carmen"
The Czar's Birthday Books
Etchings by Anders Zorn
The Casual Reader
The Heroine and Her Clothes

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

IN THE NOVEMBER BOOKMAN

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

Fourth Paper

THE TECHNIQUE OF FORM

It is not enough for an author to have ideas and to be able to express them clearly. He must learn which of the various artistic forms is best adapted to be his medium of expression. An idea in itself is not inevitably the beginning of a sonnet or a four-act drama, any more than a ball of yarn is necessarily destined for an afghan or a pair of stockings. Ideas are the raw material of literature; what they are to be worked into depends upon the individual author's bent of mind, the way in which his thoughts naturally take shape. There is no poorer service that we can do to a young writer than to persuade him that an idea which he has already seen clearly in one form must not be used for that form, but for something quite different. Many an author has wasted months on a bad novel, when he could have used the same idea in a good short story; many a short story has spoiled an idea that might have served well for a ballad or an elegy or a musical comedy, and all because the author has failed to follow his natural bent.

But, whatever form a young writer uses, it is his first duty to master the technique of that form, to learn how the best authors have used that form in the past, and how the modern generation is modifying it to-day. He must learn to distinguish between the writers who are masters of the technique of form, and those who have become great in spite of poor technique. It is the difference between a rough diamond and a polished rhinestone,—the value may all lie in the stone or in the cutting. But better than either is to have both the gem and the cutting valuable.

For instance, a young author, writing his first novel, has no right to be satisfied with Fielding and Thackeray and Dickens for his models, even though he knows that he never will come within a measurable distance of their understanding and their interpretation of human nature. For his own sake, he must know the faultiness of construction of those earlier novelists, and must learn the technique of the best craftsmen of the present day.

THE SOUTH IN FICTION—First Paper

In the November issue we shall begin a series of articles dealing with the South in Fiction. The first paper will treat of Kentucky and Tennessee, describing the scenes of the novels of James Lane Allen, John Fox, Jr., Nancy Huston Banks, Alice Hegan Rice and others. The second paper in this series, to appear in a later number, will deal with the South Atlantic Coast.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

As is announced in the text pages of the present number, Kate Douglas Wiggin will be the subject of the thirteenth paper in the series to appear in the November issue.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXII

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 2

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

That America, as well as England, owes an immense debt of gratitude to the memory of Charles Dickens is something that it is not necessary to urge. We know of no one who will be inclined to question it. Nevertheless, we are not yet ready to plunge head over heels into the plans for a Great Dickens Memorial for the purpose of raising money to present to Dickens's heirs. That the English people should do so is quite right—the expression of any opinion on that point is almost an impertinence—and if the collateral descendants of Lord Nelson are given an annual pension of five thousand pounds, there is no reason why like generosity should not be shown to the heirs of the great humourist. But of America's obligation we are not so certain, and that is a subject upon which we have every right to speak. We recall that, in the old days of transatlantic travel, while four-fifths of the cabin passengers on English ships were American, the proceeds of the ship's concerts were turned over to associations for the benefit of British seamen. Of course, in time, this was changed, but not until certain passengers were found with force of character enough to make themselves temporarily unpopular by their insistence on a fair division between the charities of the two countries and their refusal to contribute until such a course should be followed. It is quite true that the absence of an international copyright law wrought a gross injustice to Charles Dickens. But let us not forget that it also wrought injustice, and far more painful injustice, to the American writers

of the day who were forced to compete on very unequal terms with his great genius and popularity.

Dickens, after a life in which he certainly did not stint himself, was able to leave to his heirs an estate of an approximate value of half a million of dollars, and his immediate family was by no means a large one, as large families go. The fact that some of his grandchildren to-day are engaged in earning their own livelihood, and that others are receiving small pensions from the English Government does not absolutely shock us. Nor can we confess to any strong sense of national shame that the estate of Dickens was not larger. Let us not be misunderstood on this point. That his stories were printed in this country and that he did not receive his share of the profits accruing from their sale was monstrously wrong. But it was only in proportion to his popularity that the wrong was any greater to Dickens than to his contemporaries. And if to any English writer the American people tried to make reparation for an injustice, that writer was Charles Dickens. Turn to page 434 of the second volume of the standard edition of Forster's *Life* and read of the second visit to this country—the visit of 1868—and its material results.

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been three thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars. But, on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and

indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars, the lowest were New Bedford (\$1640), Rochester (\$1906), Springfield (\$1970), and Providence (\$2140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than \$2400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, New Haven, and Portland rose to \$2600. Washington's last night was \$2610, no night there having less than \$2500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by \$300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by \$200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was 11,128 dollars.



AUGUSTA GRÖNER

Mrs. Augusta Gröner, the Austrian novelist and the author of *Joe Müller, Detective*, which has been recently adapted for American readers by Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, is a woman of means and position

who can look back on a long literary career of extraordinary fertility. She has written forty volumes, and several hundred more novels and short stories which have appeared only in magazines or newspaper supplements. Mrs. Gröner's specialties in fiction are detective stories and tales for children, certainly an odd and interesting combination. This writer, who lives either in her villa on the outskirts of Vienna or in her country home, a romantic old castle in the Alps (Burg Alt-Teuffenbach in Ober-Steiermark is its official title), enjoys her work thoroughly. She has been widely translated into other tongues, and has a large following especially in the Scandinavian countries. But she is delighted now at what is her first formal introduction to the American reading public. The detective Joseph Müller, whose doings are chronicled in this first book of hers to appear in America, is her chief creation. He is the hero of a number of her most popular novels and stories.

The late Caran d'Ashe once drew a memorable series of cartoons entitled "The Evolution of War."

An Incident of War The first cartoon showed two cave men locked frantically in each other's arms. The second picture represented the enemies with shields and smallswords, feinting and parrying, separated by a space of two feet. Number three brought us to the days of the crossbow, and number four to the first use of gunpowder. The fifth cartoon showed warfare as it was practised at the time of Blenheim or Fontenoy with two or three hundred yards separating the combatants. The final picture, representing modern warfare, showed the figure of a single soldier, lying by his long range rifle, while before him there stretched miles of country. But that modern war sometimes reverts to the old conditions of personal encounter is borne out by an anecdote told by Captain Charles Gilson of the British Army, whose novel, *The Refugee*, was recently published by the Century Company. Captain Gilson saw a great deal of service in the South African War and in the action at Vlakfontein was dangerously wounded in five different places.

The small force to which I belonged was surprised and charged very gallantly by a large commando of Boers under Kemp and Delarey. We had four hundred men and they about twelve hundred, eight hundred of whom charged down upon our guns under cover of a veldt fire. Our force lost fifty per cent., that is to say, over two hundred in twenty minutes fighting, and our guns were captured. I advanced my company to support our own artillery, which turned upon us and fired shrapnel at almost point blank range. This was the first intimation I had that the guns were captured, and I ordered my men to charge. We were not in sufficient numerical strength to drive them off, though we got to close quarters and fought at a range of less than ten yards. There were very few of us who were not damaged. And our work served its purpose, that is to say, we prevented the Boers taking away the captured guns, and almost immediately a new company, hastening to our aid, cleared them from the field at the bayonet point. It was an almost unique incident and certainly was so in that war. Guns were captured by the enemy and re-captured fifteen minutes later. The casualties on either side were as severe proportionately as those at



CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Albuera, though of course the forces engaged were inconsiderable.



EDITH HALL ORTHWEIN

Seven or eight years ago it was Mary MacLane of Butte, Montana; three or four years later it was

**The New
Claimant**

Elinor Glyn; now it seems to be Edith Hall Orthwein. We have not

read Mrs. Orthwein's *Love in the Weaving*. We do not expect to read it, for a brief glance at the first page and the last is enough to convince us that it is a story that we should care neither to read nor to endorse. However, that a great many persons of various conditions of life are reading it is not to be questioned. For the benefit of future historians, who may wish to reconstruct our age, and understand the conditions under which we are living, we reprint the first paragraph of the publisher's prospectus of *Love in the Weaving*.

In these days of divorce and heartbreak, of materialism and selfishness a real love story is especially refreshing, and such a tale is *Love in the Weaving*. The inspiration, delight, and contentment of love shine in its



AT THE BOWDOIN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT. MRS. RIGGS (KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN) IS NEAR THE CLUB, THE HONOURABLE CHARLES F. LIBBY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR HALE, OF

pages. The only true love between youth and maiden, between man and woman, and royally between mother and child form its precious theme.

The next paper in the Representative American Story Teller Series will deal with the work of Kate K. D. Wiggin Douglas Wiggin. It will appear in the November issue. In connection with this announcement we present a picture of the commencement exercises at Bowdoin College last June, in which Mrs. Riggs is one of the central figures, and reproductions of the covers of her books

printed in foreign lands. These are *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in Japanese, *Timothy's Quest* in Danish, and *Timothy's Quest, Polly Oliver's Problem* and *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in one volume in Swedish. The French translations of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *A Cathedral Courtship* and others are in bound volumes of the magazines. There is a German edition of *Rebecca*, but the French edition is not yet on the market. There is also an edition of *Rebecca* in English used in the Berlin public schools that contains a glossary that Mrs. Riggs describes as "precious beyond words!" *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *The Story of Patsy*, and *Rebecca* are all printed in



CENTRE OF THE PICTURE. OTHERS IN THE GROUP ARE PRESIDENT HYDE, OF THE ARCTIC PEARY ASSOCIATION, GOVERNOR QUINBY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND JUDGE CLARENCE PORTLAND

raised type for the blind, and eight of Miss Riggs's books appear in the Tauchnitz editions.

The forthcoming *Life of Tolstoy*, by Aylmer Maude, is the first consecutive and authoritative biography, and is appearing first not in Russian but in English for the reason that

there is much in the narrative that could not be printed in the domains of the Czar. No writer not himself a Russian has had such opportunities for studying his subject as Mr. Maude. He has known Tolstoy for twenty-five years, has co-oper-

ated closely with him in various undertakings, and has made the best translations of many of his works. The book includes an account of Tolstoy's youth, his war experiences in the Caucasus and in the Crimea, his educational work in the country, his marriage, his conversion, his repudiation of property, his manual labour among the peasants, his Famine Relief work, his Excommunication, and his narrow escape from incarceration in Sôuzdal Monastery. In order to insure absolute accuracy the book has been read and corrected, chapter by chapter, by the Countess Tolstoy, while Tolstoy himself has read, and advised upon the statement of his views on religion and art.



"THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL" IN JAPANESE

Early in 1862, while the Civil War was raging in America, a young Confederate captain, Henry Vignaud by name, arrived in Paris with Slidell dispatches, after a most trying voyage of sixty-three days on a sailing-vessel. Captain Vignaud had participated in the defence of New Orleans against the combined forces of Farragut and Butler, but had succeeded in escaping from the clutches of General Butler after the capture of the city. He was very homesick in Paris at first, and he would have returned to America, but return was out of the question, for he had paid a Federal officer two hundred and fifty dollars for the pass which had enabled him to traverse the enemy's lines, and he had barely forty dollars of ready money left. So he turned to journalism, which he had already practised in New Orleans before the war, and for a number of years he thus earned his living. Then he became successively private secretary to Minister Washburn, who was pursuing historical researches calling for trained assistance, Second Secretary of the United States Legation, and, in 1882, First Secretary—positions for

which he was particularly fitted by an exceptional mastery of the French language. He remained attached to the American diplomatic service for thirty-four years. During this time he did not have a single leave of absence and (with the exception of a short time in 1908) he was never ill. The French Government recognised the value of his services by making him *chevalier*, then *officier* and finally *commandeur* of the Legion of Honour, and the American Colony by providing him with a substantial pension fund when the moment for his retirement came.

Henry Vignaud's avocation through all these years was the study of the career of Columbus, but it was not until rather recently that he began giving the results of his researches formally to the world. In 1900, at the Congress of the Society of the Americanists (an organisation of

LÄSNING FÖR UNGDOM

UTMÄRKTA ENGELSKA FÖRFATTARE.

XXX.

POLLYS PLANER

OCH

LILLA JULROSEN.

TVENNE BERÄTTELSE

AF

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,

(öf. af "Två små hemlösa")



STOCKHOLM. ALBERT BONNIERS FÖRLAG.

Pris 2 kr.

"POLLY'S PROBLEM" IN SWEDISH

which he has since become the President), he read a paper, afterward printed as a brochure, denying the authenticity of the famous letter of the Florentine scholar Toscanelli; and a year later he published, upon the same subject, a volume which the Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero affirmed in a personal letter to be "one of the ablest and profoundest historical studies which have appeared during the last fifty years." In an article contributed to the *Figaro* in March of the present year, Signor Ferrero said further:

My travels in the two Americas made me eager to know the history of the discovery of America in detail. Consequently, I read the most important works upon Christopher Columbus and upon his extraordinary adventure in the historical literature of the nineteenth century. The Columbus historians have naturally tried to explain how the obscure Genoese navigator and merchant conceived one day the idea of plunging with a few ships into the



"TIMOTHY'S QUEST" IN DANISH

unexplored immensity of the Atlantic. They had to choose between two versions: that which attributed the idea to the suggestion of a letter written by a *savant*; and that making it proceed from a hazard of life. All the historians save one chose the former. In a striking study upon the letter and the chart of Toscanelli, published ten years ago, Mr. Vignaud proved in a manner which seems to me definitive, that the letter attributed to Toscanelli was composed after the discovery of America, when the Florentine *savant* was already dead; he maintained with good arguments that the story of the pilot had been transmitted to us from sources much more serious than had up to the present been admitted; and he concluded that the substance of the story, stripped of the somewhat romantic details with which it has been embellished, is not at all improbable. And, as a matter of fact, there can be no doubt that, before Columbus, boats astray on the Atlantic had touched the American coast.

In 1903, Henry Vignaud published (in English) a volume entitled *A Critical Study of the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Christopher Columbus*, in which he affirmed that the real date of



"THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL" IN SWEDISH

Columbus's birth was 1451 and in which he claimed that Columbus, his relatives and friends, deliberately concealed this date "to prevent the discovery of the fact that he belonged to an artisan family which lived by manual labour." In 1905 he published (in French) the first volume of a critical biography of Columbus (crowned by the Institute), which undertakes to demonstrate, among other things, that Columbus was never at the Univer-

not make proposals to Genoa, England and France.

Editorially, we are expressing no opinion of *African Game Trails*. It is, to a certain extent, a book for a specialist, and we refer our readers to another part of this issue of the magazine where Colonel Roose-

**The Colonel
and His
Book**



HENRY VIGNAUD, FORMERLY FIRST SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN PARIS

After the Painting by S. Seymour Thomas

sity of Pavia; that there was no famous admiral in his family; that he never commanded a galley for King René, nor fought for that monarch; that he did not leave Portugal because the King wished to rob him of his secret; and that he did

velt's book is formally reviewed by Mr. Stewart Edward White, who, by the way, is himself about to start in a few days for an African hunting trip. We have, however, been much interested in what the newspapers have been saying about the

Roosevelt book. It is not surprising to find that *African Game Trails* as a book is very much obscured by the personality of its author, and that we can turn to a review and learn whether the newspaper in which it appears is for or against "My Policies." For example, the *Evening Sun* of New York sums up *African Game Trails* with the remark that "the

Street that 'every lion would do its duty' was not fulfilled." The Colonel's book is not one that we should expect to be assigned to a feminine reviewer. But one Iowa paper has done this with the result that we read: "There is delight of the hardy life of the open, in long rides, rifle in hand; in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this,



THE COLONEL AS AN AFRICAN HUNTER

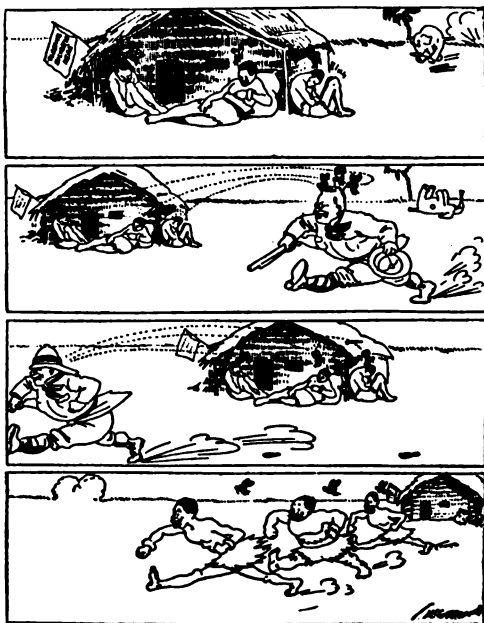
From "McCutcheon on T. R."

closed book would be an ornament to any drawing-room table."

The morning *Sun* of New York devotes less than twenty lines to the book, and of it says: "The public will thus be able to preserve in permanent form the record of the most thoroughly observed hunting expedition of modern times." *The Transcript* of Boston devotes a column and a half to *African Game Trails* and sums it up with the comment: "Taken all in all every one who has the good fortune to read Colonel Roosevelt's story will be glad that the wish of Wall

yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons and the splendour of the new stars, where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide places of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting."

Full of Kentucky fire is the review which appeared in the *Louisville Courier Journal*: "Truly a book of terrible beasts is this record of adventures by father and son of the doughty Nimrodian tribe of Roosevelt . . . making but child's play the performances in the cage of ca-



HOW THE DEADLY AFRICAN SICKNESS, CAUSED
BY THE BITE OF THE TSETSE FLY, WAS CURED

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

precious, growling Republicans into which the ex-President seems unwittingly to have stepped since his return to the placid shores of his civilised America." We present our respects to Colonel Watter-son. Says the *Chicago Tribune*: "The absence of literary style which so disappointed Colonel Roosevelt's auditors at the Sorbonne may perhaps also be charged against his printed chronicle of the African hunting expedition." The *Rochester Post-Express* treats the book as: "An unconscious revelation of character . . . it is hard to realise that a man with such tastes could take an interest in the ethical problems of history or could seriously record himself as a Christian idealist. In reality he has far more in common with Nimrod than with either St. Paul or Tolstoy."

Good old swashbuckling abuse is the portion served by *The Galaxy*: "If there ever was a work which in the interest of humanity should be suppressed it is this. . . . Roosevelt itches to flood the country with the weak and miserable stories of which he himself is the vaunting hero. . . . If this self-advertised vandal,

Theodore Roosevelt, is again elected to the Presidency of this nation it will be to our shame and degradation." These opinions are apparently not shared by the reviewer of the *Springfield Sunday Union*, who says: "Mr. Roosevelt nar- rates his hunting adventures with a fit- ting modesty, and it is probable that many of his experiences would have been more sensationally depicted had he had some one other than himself for the hero." Also in an amiable mood is the *Chicago Record-Herald*: "Entirely apart from the great popularity of the author, this book has the qualities that would raise any volume of the kind into the first rank of out-door literature. It has action, ad- venture, the excitement of the chase, and, what is much more, it has the picture- making phrase that stirs the imagination on every page. . . . It is a book rich in many kinds of interest and vitalised by one of the great personalities of our time."

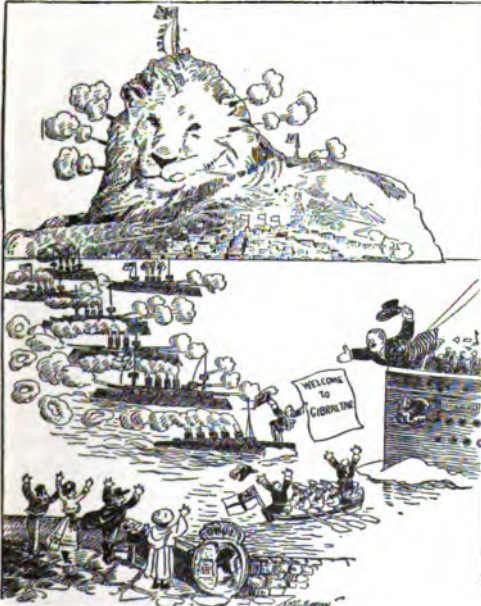


"DEALERS IN EUROPE HAVE BEEN BUYING AGED
ANIMALS FROM MENAGERIES AND ZOOS. AND
SENDING THEM TO EAST AFRICA TO MAKE
THAT DISTRICT MORE POPULAR FOR
HUNTERS" (NEWS ITEM)

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

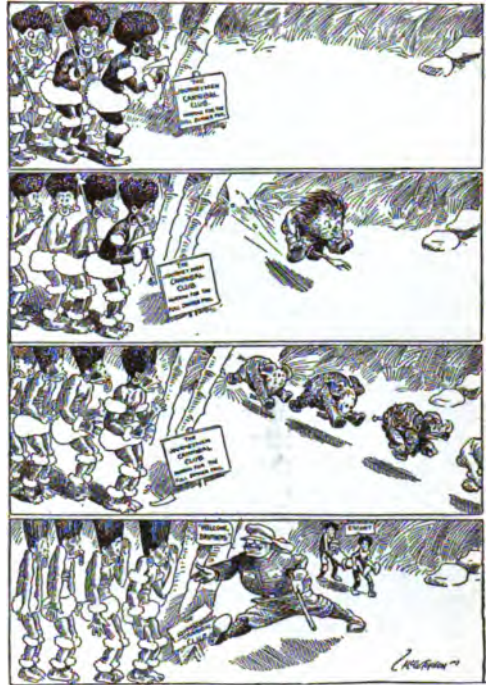
"A goodly volume of more than 150,000 words, a live narrative, a serious scientific study of the peoples and beasts he encountered, and most of all, a characteristic enlargement of the theme in which Roosevelt is perennially interested." Thus the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. "Filled with a vivid human interest which would make it a remarkable literary achievement entirely apart from the personality of its author," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. "Of course, the book of the year" according to the *New York Tribune*. We wonder whether there is any hidden meaning in the review of the *Syracuse Post-Standard*. That paper finds "a pronounced literary quality in the Colonel's writings," but ends up with the curious words: "He was after game; and in some sense or other he will continue to be after game as long as he continues to be the Colonel we know."

There will this autumn be published in England and America a translation of a book by Gerard Harry Maeterlinck on Maurice Maeterlinck at Home which appeared last year in a series entitled *Les Ecrivains Français de la Belgique*. Judging by the prospec-



HIS FIRST LION

From "McCutcheon on T. R."



SOME ONE HAS EXPRESSED THE FEAR THAT COLONEL ROOSEVELT MAY BE ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS IN AFRICA

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

tus of this series, the plan is to have every Belgian writer figure twice, once as a subject and again as the biographer of some one else. Certainly if, as M. Harry and others of his countrymen have testified, Belgian writers find little general appreciation in their own land, there is no dearth of mutual admiration among the writers themselves. The present monograph is little more than an essay. The author analyses Maeterlinck's ideas, briefly sketches his literary development and his career as a writer, and presents a discreet portrait of the man in his temperamental traits rather than in his personal characteristics. This doubtless is due to Maeterlinck's well-known aversion to the invasion of his privacy by the curious public. Now that he is married, he turns over all inquiries for his wife to answer, but years ago, when *La Princess Maleine* appeared, and when he still had no buffer between him and the insistent interviewer, he seriously contemplated a hasty visit to London to escape the exigencies of reporters from the Paris

papers. M. Harry represents his subject as having been rather disconcerted than delighted by the sudden fame that descended upon him as a result of Octave Mirbeau's extravagant laudation, and as having characterised his first work as "Shakespeatrie," while he spoke of his young renown as "gloire à la Rollinat." He resented the attempts to make a lion of him, and when he accepted an invitation he insisted that he should be received and entertained without ceremony, reminding his host that he was a peasant.

The little New Hampshire town of Peterborough, the country home of the

An American Pageant

late Edward MacDowell, the composer, was a few weeks ago the scene of an experiment of real socio-

logical as well as artistic interest. An elaborate musical pageant in sixteen numbers, illustrating the history of the village, in which two hundred of the neighbourhood people took part, was carried through on a plane of unusual excellence. In a natural stage setting in the woods, on the MacDowell grounds, music, poetry, movement and colour were combined and arranged so as to suggest episodes in the life of the community from the days when the Indians peopled the place to the present time. The stage elevation presented an extensive view of the surrounding country, with Mt. Monadnock framing it in the distance—the same view that inspired the composer to his finest efforts. Entrances and exits were made from the deep glades on either side. The costumes, many of them brought out by the townspeople from their treasured presses and breathing the aroma of rose leaves and sweet lavender, were both historically correct and picturesque. The pageant was under the direction of Professor George P. Baker of Harvard. Associated with Professor Baker were Hermann Hagedorn, also of Harvard, who furnished the lyrics, and Chalmers Clifton, an undergraduate at Harvard, to whom fell the task of arranging and rehearsing the music for voices and orchestra. The members of the little art colony that has sprung up around the MacDowell home, headed by Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, who arranged the dances, also contributed

to the production, which was witnessed by almost five thousand persons.

Aside from the spirit of co-operation shown by all the participants, the vital importance of the Peterborough Pageant lies in its significance as an expression of American art impulse. Mr. MacDowell believed strongly that great good would come from a co-ordination of the arts and the creation of a centre of interest to artists in varied fields, who, living and working in close contact, would learn to appreciate the fundamental unity of art principles and establish among themselves a bond of sympathy. He planned that his Peterborough home should be dedicated to the idea of such an art centre; and upon his death, the property was transferred by Mrs. MacDowell to the MacDowell Memorial Association, formed for the purpose. It was peculiarly fitting that the performance in which the union of arts was so exemplified should be given as a tribute to his memory and in these surroundings. The idea of the pageant was Mrs. MacDowell's, and to her above all others belongs the credit for the executive as well as the artistic success of the production. The music was nearly all adapted from Mr. MacDowell's compositions.

It has always been known that Taine once tried his hand at writing a novel.

"Etienne Mayran"

Indeed, the critic talked freely to his friends about this experiment, which never went beyond the eighth chapter, and which he said he abandoned because he found he had imitated Stendhal unconsciously. He always refused to show his manuscript, however; so, doubtless, there will be some to question the propriety of the publication of the fragmentary *Etienne Mayran*, which has just appeared. It is an account of the intellectual awakening of a boy in a school where his superior self-respect opens a gulf between him and his associates. It contains, a critic has said, "personal reminiscences mingled with memories of the youth of Julien Sorel"—the hero of Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir*, to which Taine accorded such glowing praise in his *Essais de*



THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT—THE MUSES ENTER, ATTENDED BY THE DREAMS THAT THEY INSPIRE



THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT—THE CALL TO ARMS. THE PEOPLE OF PETERBOROUGH SAY FAREWELL TO THE SOLDIERS DEPARTING TO JOIN THE REVOLUTIONARY FORCES

Critique et d'Histoire. Paul Bourget, in a long preface, emphasises this autobiographical element, which he assigns as the principal reason for the abandonment of the undertaking in its early stages, since it violated at once the modesty of the man and the æsthetic principles of the objective critic. The publishers, on the other hand, in a note of their own, warn the reader against taking the chapters too literally as a picture of the author's early life. The ideas and sensations of *Etienne Mayran* may have

been Taine's, but the external circumstances surrounding the latter's boyhood were altogether different. Opinions may differ as to the artistic value of this fragment, which M. Bourget rates highly, but there can be no question as to the documentary interest of the single creative work of the historian and philosopher, who, at the age of thirty, and under the influence of Flaubert and the Goncourts, turned from the field in which he had already won fame to construct a *psychologie vivante* of his own.



H. G. Cairns

In the introduction to the new edition of *Sally Ann's Experience* Eliza Calvert

**The Story
of a Story**

Hall tells the story of how she came to write that widely read tale. Under the old common law of Kentucky, which came from England, a husband could collect and spend his wife's earnings. Marriage gave to the husband all the wife's personal property, and the use of all her real estate owned at the time or acquired after her

marriage. Moreover, in 1889, Kentucky was the only State in the Union where a married woman could not make a will. Instances of the injustice of the law led to the writing of *Sally Ann's Experience*. The story made a two-year pilgrimage from one magazine to another and was finally accepted and published by the *Cosmopolitan* in 1898. Not many weeks after the publication in the United States it reappeared in a woman's paper in New Zealand. Since then the *Woman's Jour-*



RUTH KAUFFMAN AND REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE," A NOVEL BY THESE TWO AUTHORS, DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL EVIL, IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE



LILIAN WHITING

nal of Boston has printed it three times, and in July, 1908, ten years after its first publication, it reappeared in the columns of the *Cosmopolitan*. It was this story that former President Roosevelt recommended as "a tract in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of their womankind."

Boston in the fifties, Lilian Whiting tells us in her *Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend*, had little to boast of in the artistic line, but in its intellectual life it had long been distinguished among American cities. In the early years of Mrs. Moulton's life there Lowell gave his course of lectures on "Poetry" before the Lowell Institute, and Curtis his course on "Bulwer and Disraeli." Longfellow at this time was writing "Hiawatha"; Richard Grant White was often coming over from New York to confer with the Cambridge group on nice points in his edition of *Shakespeare*. The interest in literature is illustrated by the fact that when "Maud" appeared in the summer of 1855

Longfellow and George William Curtis made a pilgrimage to Newport to read and discuss it with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Moulton made her first visit to Europe in 1876. Her poems had been published in England, and her welcome at the hands of London literary men and women seems to have been very genuine. It was at a breakfast given in her honour by Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) that she first met Browning.

Shortly after I came into the room, Lord Houghton, whose voice was very low, brought a gentleman up to me whose name I failed to hear. My fellow-guest had a pleasant face, and was dressed in grey; he sat down beside me, and talked in a lively way on every-day topics until Lord Houghton came to take me in to table. Opposite to us sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the man in grey. Presently Lord Houghton asked me if I thought Browning looked like his pictures. "Browning?" I asked. "Where is he?" "Why, there, sitting beside my daughter," he replied. But, as there were two gentlemen sitting beside Miss Milnes, I sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, wondering which of these two men was Browning. After going back to the drawing-room my friend in grey again



ELIZA CALVERT HALL



L. C. MOULTON

came and sat beside me, so I plucked up courage and said, "I understand Mr. Browning is here; will you kindly tell me which he is?" He looked half puzzled, half amused, for a moment; then he called out to some one standing near, "Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which one of us is Browning. *C'est moi!*" he added with a gay gesture.

Readers of George du Maurier's *The Martian* will recall the extraordinary English of the Frenchmen who were sup-

posed to teach English in the French school attended by Barty Joselyn and Robert Maurice. Du Maurier might have been describing the poet Stephen Mallarmé whom Mrs. Moulton met in London and with whom she formed a close friendship. Mallarmé was at this time professor of English in a French college, and his use of that language afforded Mrs. Moulton some amusement. "He always addressed me in the third person," she related, "and he made three syllables



JULES GUERIN, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

of 'themselves.' He spoke of useless things as 'unuseful.' Mrs. Moulton saw much of Mallarmé later in Paris, and when she was about to cross the Channel once more Monsieur and Madame Mal-

larmé came to pay a parting call. 'We have wished,' began the poet, mustering his best English in compliment to the occasion, 'Madame and I have wished to make to Madame Moulton a souvenir for the



ROBERT HICHENS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

good-bye, and we have thought much, we have considered the preference beautiful of Madame, so refined; and we do reflect that as Madame is pleased to so graciously the dolls of Paris like, we have

wished to a doll present her. Will Madame do us the pleasure great to come out and choose with us a doll, *très jolie*, that may have the pleasure to please her?"



THE inspiration of one of the most frequently sung operas, and itself perhaps the finest short story ever written, Prosper Merimée's *Carmen*, hardly had need of the bringing forward of its heroine's great-granddaughter to secure its perennial popularity. The fact is, however, that the young lady, Mintz Nadushka, has recently become the wife of a Parisian journalist, M. Léon Roger.

As a side issue resulting from one of Merimée's archæological surveys of Spain he recounted the history of one Don José Navarro, Brigadier of Cavalry in the Almunza Regiment, who first met at Seville a *gitana*, Carmen, so called—"La Carmen-cita." The soldier fell in love with her, killed her lover and then took up the life of a smuggler, committing further crimes from day to day. Carmen preferred, however, a picador of the Plaza Toro to the gallant Cavalier. The soldier in a jealous fury knifed the bull-fighter to his death, buried him with his own hands and gave himself up a prisoner. Upon these slight but moving facts of history Merimée founded his *picaresque* romance. That the incident, or incidents, existed in the real there is no doubt, and now comes on the scene, in the Paris of the twentieth century, Madame Léon Roger, to give another air of reality to the tale.

To begin with, Carmen was a Spanish name adapted by Merimée for his hero-

ine—for, well, for many reasons, perhaps, but at all events it was wrong to give it to a *gitana*, the more so since Madame Roger tells us that a gipsy would never bear a patronymic thus: that her real name was Ar Mintz, signifying the tigress or the untamable. Merimée did well, or ill, to change the name. It all depends upon the point of view; Carmen is smoother to the speech, but it lacks, after all, the picturesque force of the Roman nomenclature. Possibly it was by intent that Merimée thought to shield the family, whose name was Nadushka, from any hurt.

The tribe had camped in the environs of Gibraltar, at Algeciras across the bay—how many conducted or non-conducted steamship tourists know this—and pursued the happy, care-free and profitable life of smugglers.

From her infancy Carmen vagabonded over the highways and byways of all Iberia with never a care save that her happy, roving life should lead her into no disaster. By night or day, by pale moon or dazzling sun, it was ever the same: March! March! March!

Very young, Carmen first married a *gitana* of her tribe, Yaleo, without doubt the one Merimée called Garcia le Borgne, but who, as a smuggler, was subsequently killed in a fight with the customs officers. Was Ar Mintz, or Carmen, a cigarette-maker at Seville? That no one knows. It was a picturesque environment in which to put the leading character of a

romance, and, in a way, it increased the rapidity of action of the piece, and Merimée adopted it for that reason. Madame Roger thinks that such a thing was hardly possible with Ar Mintz. It was said that she detested the cities and loved only the open road or the vast mountains of the peninsula. A character such as this would fit in very badly with the regular, sedentary life of the cigarette factory.

The meeting between Carmen and Don José could hardly have been as Bizet represented it at the Opera Comique when he set Merimée's tale to music. It was a much more simple, less dramatic encounter. At Tarifa, where is that great international lighthouse where emigrating Latins are winked on their way to the new world and which welcomes thousands of American tourists Mediterranean-bound to-day, Ar Mintz had been engaged in a little smuggling operation of her own. A coast-guard patrol having captured her as she attempted flight she was sent to prison, but there a gallant brigadier, for a glance of her eyes or some other favour, was amiable and faithless enough to his duties to enable her to escape. And the rest one can well imagine. This brigadier was the Don José of the romance and the opera, but again this was but a pseudonym for him who was known to the tribe of *gitanas* as Issar Aboga, that is, "the stranger who brings misfortune." This brigadier was of a good old family of Navarre, who had arrived at his rank at Pampelona. In manner violent and unstable, owing to a grievous fault he had committed, he was obliged to leave his home. He took service in the Cavalry stationed in a distant province, but was a bad soldier and a worse officer, quarrelsome, brutal and unreasonable.

Becoming enamoured of Carmen, who was already a widow, he thought to treat the proud tigress of a *gitana* as he had treated his other conquests in the Basque Mountains. More than this, the brigadier loved the life of the city and his pleasures, while Carmen adored the open country, and the open road had for her more charm than all the *ramblas* and *prados* from Catalonia to Estra Maduro. Certain it was that the two fell in love, but

their conception of the divine passion was quite different; such an alliance could be of but short duration. Don José gave in first; for the love of Carmen he deserted his regiment, became a smuggler, and even a brigand on occasion. For a year this new life continued, a year of quarrels and wilful misunderstandings, provoked chiefly by the autocratic manner and jealous disposition of José. Was his jealousy well founded? Never did a *gitana* belong to two men; when her love for the soldier should die it was a tenet of her creed that her heart must beat for another. It goes without saying that the *gitanas* of the tribe did not receive José very graciously to their bosoms; in fact, they did all possible to break up the union. Furious at being supplanted by another, for Carmen had by now deliberately transferred her affections, José sought by all possible means to reconquer the wilful spirit. Repulsed at each attempt, in a final fit of rage he killed her.

This, then, is the true history of Carmen; this is the story as it is known in the south of Spain even to-day, where the *gitanas* ever cast maledictions upon the head of the stranger. The novel-readers and the opera-goers, almost without exception, express their sympathy for the murderer; but should not the poor, maltreated, misunderstood Carmen have a tithe of their charitable consideration also? This Ar Mintz, or Carmen, had a daughter who, in time, married one Djarko, a gipsy singer of note, and in turn gave to the world several sons and a daughter named Thiécla. This daughter of Carmen bestowed her affections upon a private of artillery, an Englishman of the Gibraltar garrison by the name of Gresham, and of this association was born a girl who was named Mintz Nadushka, the present Madame Léon Roger.

This soldier of the Gibraltar garrison was an honest man. Obligated to leave the Rock for service in India he confided the baby girl, Mintz, and her mother, Thiécla, to relatives of the family living at the time in France. The soldier left for his post in India and was killed during an engagement with the Sikhs. Thiécla and her daughter some time after returned to Gibraltar and were received with affec-

tion by the now aging Djarko. The young Mintz was taught by her grandfather to sing, and at the age of twenty began a theatrical career, making her début in the rôle of Carmen. The *gitanas* of the family, learning of this and believing it a sacrilege, sought to poison the singer, and succeeded so well that for months the young woman was obliged to relinquish the boards and lay between life and death.

A year later the singer again took up her operatic life and was fulfilling an en-

gagement at Valparaiso at the period of the recent earthquake. Her death was announced through the Parisian press, a rumour which the lady herself hastened to deny by appearing shortly in the capital. It was then that the life history of Mintz Nadushka was made public. "If," she said, "the revelations give cause for irritation to my brothers I trust they will pardon me; they were made solely out of respect and affection for the memory of my great-grandmother."

CARMEN

(After Théophile Gautier)

BY LOUISE ELIZABETH DUTTON

Carmen is thin, with draggled locks;
She has strange pigment in her eyes;
The Devil took his colour-box,
And tanned her with his dyes.

Carmen is thin, the women say,
But all the men are hers to tease,
And when the bishop kneels to pray,
He kneels before her knees.

Close in her amber neck, how slow
She twists and coils her splendid hair.
Down slender shoulders hanging low,
It was a weary weight to bear.

Now, in her heavy pallor set,
Her mouth with conquering laughter parts.
Her lips are red, her lips are wet,
For they are red with blood of hearts.

So she was made; a haggard thing,
Keener than beauty red and white,
Because her glances burn, and sting
Stale senses to delight.

She has, to be her secret lure,
A grain of salt from that fell sea
Whence Venus, springing calm and sure,
Must trail the foam unendingly.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

BY CAPTAIN JAMES CHURCHILL

VI—THE NOVELS OF "BROADWAY LIFE"

Editor's note: The following views are those of Captain James Churchill, transcribed by George Jean Nathan. Captain Churchill, for many years connected with the New York police department in the Broadway district and in the last four years operator of the well-known Broadway restaurant that bears his name, is one of the most familiar figures on the so-called "Great White Way." His intimate knowledge of "Broadway life" in its every phase permits him to throw a sharp, differentiating light on the actual Broadway panorama and the "Broadway life" of fiction. The ubiquity of the latter subject in the recent fiction makes the printing of this interview doubly opportune.



THE word Broadway in fiction stands for only one thing — dissipation. The phrase "Broadway life" in fiction stands for dissipation interpreted by dazzling show girls (they are always "dazzling"), millionaire youths of bloodless countenances (they are always millionaires and their faces are always pale), lobsters, champagne, cigarettes, taxicabs, shaded electroliers, seductive music and the other members of the overworked cast of the fiction stock company of Broadway. To the uninitiated novel reader in, let us say, Omaha, Broadway must seem a river of wine upon the surface of which there floats gay craft bound straight for the great fire resort. After a sufficient amount of reading, he cannot but believe that Broadway was given its name in contradistinction to the Narrow Path, that the easy road to Avernus starts at Twenty-third Street and becomes more and more facile as it nears Longacre Square, that the spectacle of a man and woman seated at a restaurant table close to midnight indicates the presence near at hand of the ogre of degradation, and that there is no surer way for a bank cashier to get a start on his way to Canada than by being seen on Broadway after the sun goes down.

To any man in a position like mine, these novels containing pictures of alleged "Broadway life" are mightily interesting. There is nothing like one of them to cure me of the blues. The fun-

niest theatrical farce cannot give me half the amusement. I have been on Broadway in the course of my different pursuits long enough to get at least a definite peep back of its scenes and, while I do not care to argue against the fact that "Broadway life" is not always as "home-like" as it might be, I can say with positiveness, from the light of my own firsthand knowledge, that the general atmosphere of fiction Broadway is full of tiring humidity.

Oddly enough (and who would guess it after reading the novels?), Broadway restaurants are intended and used as places where persons may get something to eat—also to drink, if they wish. Not every one who enters a Broadway restaurant at night is on dissipation bent. Some, and not a few, are hungry, really, truly, honestly hungry. Would you ever believe it! For one broiled lobster, a Broadway restaurant sells six Porterhouse steaks and for one order of *pâté de fois gras*, it will sell twenty orders of poached eggs. Furthermore, go into the Broadway restaurant of fiction and you behold a gay, singing, laughing, chatting crowd of jewel-decked women with crimson souls, accompanied by puffy-eyed men with crimson noses. Every one is "toasting" every one else in champagne, and the popping of corks drowns the orchestra. In the "Broadway life" of fiction, the popping of corks is as inevitable as are the "dimpled waters of the blue Mediterranean" in the hammock love stories. If you lay down your novel of Broadway life, however, and go into the

average real restaurant, a vastly different spectacle will greet your eyes. The popping of a single cork at a far table will cause a considerable number in that portion of the crowd within hearing distance to turn around in unsophisticated astonishment and semi-delight. They have read of cork-popping; they realise it is a necessary part of the picture; they are pleased to see this touch of "Broadway life"—and they turn back in contentment to sip their own beer. Let us look further into "Broadway life" and analyse the usual actual crowd that does its share toward vivifying the phrase. In the first place, how gay is it? How "singing," "laughing" and "chatting" is it? Generally speaking, there are only two times in an evening when "Broadway life" even remotely earns any of these characterisations. It is "singing" when the orchestra plays "Dixie" and it is "chatting" when one of its number is called to notice by the head-waiter for being too "gay." Such a warning to desist invariably causes the hungry crowd to indulge in rattling, staccato critical chatter. Being "gay" on Broadway in real life is not such an easy accomplishment.

What, too, about the "actresses," "millionaires," "race-track men," "Wall Street men," and the rest of the coterie of restaurant Broadway, in fiction? I can best answer by referring you to the make-up of an average after-theatre restaurant crowd, the one in this restaurant now, for example. You know who that couple is, don't you? Yes, Jones, the automobile salesman, with Mrs. Jones. At the next table, you see Adams, Smith and Robinson, newspapermen off duty, who have stopped in for their usual ham and eggs and beer. Over there is Johnson, the book-maker. That's Cohen, his partner, with him. You don't see any "actresses" with them, you say? No, they usually eat alone. Once in a while Johnson comes in with Mrs. Thompson, his sister-in-law, at whose home he has been boarding since his wife died, and once in a while Cohen does bring Tootsie Tiptletoes, of the Casino, along to supper. Tootsie's real name is Becky Abrams, you know. She's Cohen's brother's wife, and when brother is off "on the road" for the cloak and suit

house Cohen occasionally takes Becky out for a meal.

Over there at the corner table is Blinks, who wrote the popular song, "When the Moon Shines in the Sky, It Surely Cannot Rain." That's Lucy Easton, the vaudeville singer, with him. I was sitting at their table before you came in and Blinks was talking over a new song he has just written for her, but Miss Easton says she wouldn't consider it for a minute unless she gets a thousand dollars down at the start for "pushing" the composition. They look like a very romantic and very gay Broadway couple from here, but they are really bickering over the song and the amount she wants to be given to sing it. That care-free, spontaneous merriment you hear emanating from her side of the table follows some such exclamation on her part as: "Sing it for nothing, Blinks! Go on, you make me laugh!"

Where are the dazzling footlight queens and the millionaires who are always with them, in fiction? I'll tell you. Most of the "dazzling queens" are home cooking something over an oil stove and most of the millionaires are home in bed. Oh yes, you do see some of them around once in a while. There, for instance, is Allison, at the third table. He had quite a lot of money left him by his father and he is going through it pretty fast, but he is scarcely a millionaire. Who is the homely, shoddy girl with him, you ask? That's a show girl in *The King of Calico-land*. That couple is the nearest approach to the "dazzling show girl and blasé millionaire" that you will find in this place.

There, see that party coming in now! The two ladies are exquisitely gowned, aren't they, and the men in evening clothes are typical of the sort known as "about town." To let you into their secret, the tall fellow is a wine agent for "Green Seal Brut" and the dark chap with him is the agent for "Cleopatra Cork-tip" cigarettes. The ladies are employed by Madame Cerise, the famous modiste, to display her latest ideas in gowns in the restaurants. They are pretty well paid for their work, too. Presently, you will see the party sit down at that table in the very middle of the

restaurant, where all can see them. The wine agent reserves that special table for four nights in every week. And presently you will hear him call in a loud voice for "Green Seal Brut" and the party will indulge in its regular cut-and-dried merriment. It is business with them, just as it is a shoe clerk's business to impress you the shoes in his shop are the best on the market. The champagne man is thus craftily advertising his brand of champagne, the girls are silently advertising the latest modes of their employer, and the cigarette man, who calls for his brand of cigarettes in perfectly audible tones and then throws the packages, labels up, on the table, where all near can see them, is slyly "pushing" his own goods. Yet how different it all seems if you do not, cannot look behind the scenes. What a gay party it makes and yet what a hollow sham it really is.

In fiction, the wages of "Broadway life" is death. The central male character in the narrative, a man of "brilliant prospects," feels the lure of Broadway, heeds it, and forthwith begins shooting gradually down the toboggan of virtue. In fiction, if this same man enters Fifth Avenue, he ends up on page 325 by marrying the heiress and living ever after in the manner to which he has not been accustomed. On Broadway, alas, a revolver, a leaking gas jet, or carbolic acid marks his last appearance in print and otherwise. Broadway in the novels stands for beckoning sin. Does a novelist ever consider the fact that there are hundreds of stores, offices and shops on this busy thoroughfare; that it is not entirely a gorge of "gay resorts"; that sometimes the sun shines on it; that it is the greatest business street in America; and

that the real, true Broadway life is not Broadway life at all, but rather out-of-town life on Broadway? Broadway's laughter comes from the mouths of the visitors lingering temporarily within its gates; Broadway wickedness, where it exists, is most often to be traced to Chicago, Boston and Milwaukee in urbe, so to speak. Of course, fairness insists that admission be made of the sporadic instances of the actual presence of "Broadway life" on Broadway—on New Year's eve and election night, for example—but save for an intermittent outbreak in the times between, the Broadway panorama is quite prosaic, quite usual and of quite normal temperature. The "baleful influence" of Broadway may, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be analysed as four highballs. In the hundredth case, it may be analysed as five. Fiction superstitions to the contrary, there is not much hypnosis in Broadway's electric lights, no fatal lure in its "gay moving throng," no seductiveness in "the laughter of its women." Broadway is simply the Coney Island of night-time New York, where some of the people play a bit, eat a bit, drink a bit, talk, sing and laugh a bit—and get a bit dizzy. But the dizziness imparted by Broadway is no more fatal than the dizziness that comes from riding on a gaudily painted merry-go-round, and people on Broadway, as on the merry-go-round, usually finish just where they start. The greatest "degradations" suffered are late hours, a full stomach, and the memory of a more or less good time. It is all very innocent, very innocuous and not ruinously expensive. You can even get a big, well-broiled lobster for about a dollar, you know!



LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

II. On Malicious Cruelty to Harmless Creatures

The cruelty of P. L. Brown—
 (He had ten toes as good as mine)
Was known to every one in town,
And, if he never harmed a noun,
 He loved to make verbs shriek and whine.

The "To be" family's just complaints—
 (Brown had ten toes as good as mine)
Made Brown cast off the last restraints:
He smashed the "Is nots" into "Ain'ts"
 And kicked both mood and tense supine.

Infinitives were Brown's dislike—
 (Brown, as I said, had ten good toes)
And he would pinch and shake and strike
Infinitives, or, with a pike,
 Prod them and then laugh at their woes.

At length this Brown more cruel grew—
 (Ten toes, all good ones, then had Brown)
And to his woodshed door he drew
A young infinitive and threw
 The poor, meek creature roughly down,

And while the poor thing weakly flopped,
 Brown (ten good toes he had, the brute!)
Got out his chopping block and dropped
The martyr on it and then propped
 His victim firmly with his boot.

He raised his axe! He brandished it!
 (Ye gods of grammar, interpose!)
He brought it down full force all fit
The poor infinitive to split—

* * * * *

 (Brown after that had but six toes!)

WARNING

Infinitives, by this we see,
Should not be split too recklessly.

THE HEROINE AND HER CLOTHES

BY EDNA KENTON



WHEN the novelists enter temporarily the realm of the fashion writer and drape some "Daily Hint from Paris" upon Margaret or Dolly or Gwendolyn they are likely to be making either a frank appeal to the sensuously inclined or a subtle appeal to the psychologist. Now and then the appeal may seem nothing but an impassioned—and futile—one to the illustrator, who, heedless of the elaborate or impressionistic treatment of costume, casts upon Margaret, who should wear a street suit, the luxurious opera cloak of Gwendolyn. But whatever the novelist's "motivation" of their sartorial excursions, there are countless plums in the Teufelsdröckhian pudding, and if not the plums, at least the flavour.

For examples of sartorial plums, large, juicy and delicious, one has but to cast his eye upon almost any page of Robert Chambers's novels and read what follows. As, for instance, in *The Fighting Chance*, where Sylvia is attired in:

"—khaki, with its buttoned pockets, gun pads, Cossack cartridge loops, and the tan knee kilts hanging, heavily pleated, over gaiters and little thick-soled shoes." Also there are shooting gloves, for in the next paragraph she pulls them off.

Again behold Sylvia, this time in her boudoir, standing in her drenched riding habit before the fire. "She flung her wet skirt and coat from her, and stood like some slender youth in riding breeches and shirt—her boots and the single spur sparkling in the firelight." And an hour later, fresh from her perfumed bath, luxurious in loose and filmy lace, her small white feet shod with silk, she lunches, except for the wide-eyed Young Person who reads, alone.

Geraldine strikes her gait early in the pages of *The Danger Mark*, when she makes her demand in person to the Half-Moon Trust Company assembled: "Can I have what other women have, silk un-

derwear and stockings—real lace on my nightgowns and plenty of it! Can I have suitable gowns and furs, and have my hair dressed properly!" She could and she did. There is a fancy-dress ball in *The Danger Mark*, where men deport themselves on "flower-embroidered" grey and purple and violet court dresses and ladies float in blossom-embroidered panniers and loup masks, and there is a "demon red" court costume and, incidentally, much trouble. Also Geraldine in one chapter wears a skeeing costume: "—white wool from collar to knee kilts, with her thick clustered hair flying." One young Mr. Ruthven in *The Younger Set* is hardly a heroine, but he is more certainly not a hero, and his negligées are worth while, for he seems to lounge most of his way through the book. Once he is in a "—lounging suit of lilac silk, sashed in with flexible silver," and again he wears "pale rose pajamas under a silk and silver kimono, an ibi pierced with a jewelled scarf pin, and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw." In Mr. Chambers's pages there are verbal photographs of swimming costumes and skating costumes and ball and boudoir gowns, and even lingerie—with electric hair-drying machines and none but silk-shod men and women, and cigars balanced delicately in gloved fingers, and satin slippers pattering. It is believed that in that novel which is to succeed *Ailsa Paige* as the sun the dawn, the very latest, and at once almost the earliest aviator's costume, will be worn by the heroine.

David Graham Phillips runs Mr. Chambers a close second in his use of dress for decorative purposes. We have hardly recovered from the bathtub cult Mr. Phillips seemed to be forcing upon the great unwashed West in *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, and although Margaret is bathed and groomed and dressed elaborately, it is Joshua and his struggles with Cleanliness as exemplified in Grant Arkwright that we consider longest. Arkwright, by the way, had a roomful of shirts, another of clothes,

seventy or eighty suits, not counting extra trousers, and accessories in superabundance. Of Margaret we learn that she had "three or four dozen expensive dresses a year, and hats and lingerie and everything in proportion." "Her spring dress was of pale green, suggesting the draperies of the islands of enchantment. Its lines coincided with the lines of her figure. Her hat, trimmed to match, formed a magic halo for her head." Again: "She was in a walking costume of pale blue, scrupulously neat, perfect to the smallest detail."

Here is a bit of Margaret's devotion to the cult of the tub:

Then came her bath. This was no hurried plunge, drying and away, but a long and elaborate function at which Selina assisted. There had to be water of three temperatures; a dozen different kinds of brushes, soaps, towels, and other apparatus assisted. When it was finished Margaret's skin glowed and shone, was soft and smooth and exhaled a delicious odour of lilacs. During the exercises Selina had been busy getting ready the clothes for the day—everything fresh throughout, and everything delicately redolent of the same essence of lilacs with which Selina had rubbed her from hair to tips of fingers and feet. The clothes were put on slowly, for Margaret delighted in the feeling of soft silks and laces being drawn over her skin.

Mr. Phillips has a penchant for pale green. Witness in *The Hungry Heart*: "He was admiring her pale green chiffon dress that left the slender column of her throat—" etc. "She was wearing a big, pale green garden hat, and her hair was perfectly done, as always." Again, as a child, "dressed in her best, in white frock—with shimmering sash of pale green and bows of pale green on her braids."

Toward the latter third of the book Courtney degenerates: "She got herself together in any old way in the mornings, took to breakfasting in bed. Wrinkled stockings had been her special abhorrence, as she was proud of her slim, tapering legs; now she habitually went the whole day without garters." It is hard to believe. Garters she may have lacked—and the initiative to procure others—but there is always lurking in a bureau drawer an old ribbon, a bit of string.

Young women heretofore immaculately groomed may fall from grace to the extent of permitting themselves gaping placquets and unbuttoned blouses and stringy hair, but the horrid sense of falling to pieces that no garters gives one—never!

Mr. Phillips's *chef-d'œuvre*, however, is this: "Courtney looked admiringly at Sarah's long, willowy figure and striking costume—sunshade and hat, dress and stockings and ties—all of various cool, harmonious shades of red!" That blaring, screaming colour against which neurologists are warning all humanity—cool! Courtney, too, takes baths and breathing exercises and Gallatin wears "beautiful striped linen pajamas, monogrammed in grey, and faintly perfumed with lavender."

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, unlike these two confrères, nimbly sidesteps sartorial descriptions. From the beginning, that is to say, in *Graustark*, he seems to have adopted a certain vagueness that gives free play to the imagination of his undaunted readers. When the princess first appears, in the wilds of Denver or thereabouts, to be slightly vague ourselves: "They were all dressed in travelling suits which suggested something foreign, but not Vienna nor Paris, but far from American tastes." Later he was puzzled, having seen the princess last "in white," to behold her in "a garment of some dark material suggestive of the night or the green of a shady hillside." It may have been a purple dress, since that is what artists paint in for shady hillsides. This, by the way, is the boldest flight Mr. McCutcheon makes into fashion's realm. Elsewhere the princess wears "—the blue coat but not the blue cap. A jaunty sailor hat sat where the never-to-be-forgotten cap had perched." Also: "She wore an exquisite gown of white, shimmering with reflections from the moon that scaled the mountains." And later yet: "Pages carried the train of her dress, a jewelled gown of black."—The court was in mourning, by the way. Jane Cable sits: "—well-groomed and graceful—straight and sure upon the box, her gloved hands grasping the reins," and that is about all, in a detailed way, of Jane. Beverly is attired, once in "white," and

for Beverly too, except for gloved hands and hatted head now and then, that is about all. Mr. McCutcheon advances, pen in hand, upon the innermost holies of court life in all the Zenda kingdoms, but before the modiste's doors its points deflect and it refuses to write.

O. Henry had a facile pen for descriptions, coupled with an inaccuracy that sometimes pains. As in *The Trimmed Lamp*, when Nancy says of her "plain, dull olive jacket," "This jacket has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day—the material cost me \$3.98." The cost of material matters least of all—if Nancy could cut and fit so, or could pay for such a cut and fit, she need not be the virtuous young clerk that she is pictured. In the same tale survey Lou: "She is clothed in a badly fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long, but her ermine muff and scarf cost \$25, and its fellow-beasts will be ticketed in the windows at \$7.98 before the season is over. Nancy has the high-rated pompadour and the exaggerated straight front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb."

O. Henry was at his best in impressionistic work: of a fortune teller—"a fat woman inside a red jumper with pot-hooks and beasties embroidered on it; of the temporarily deserted husband gazing at the ruins—"On the chair hung the red wrapper with the black dots that she always wore while getting the meals"; of the bride—"She's up at the flat—she cooked eggs this morning in a blue kimono—Lord, how lucky I am!" of the "crack model," of the blonde type known as medium, who tried on "princess gowns in the light shades," and an evening gown of "lavender and tulle." Lavender what? the buyer from Cactus City might have asked, and the model could have told him, if O. Henry could not. Dulcie, in "An Unfinished Story," is pictured in detail: "—the dark blue dress fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but slightly soiled gloves, all representing self-denial, even

of food itself." Of the two brides in "The Golden Circle" he writes: "Pale blue is the bride's colour and this colour she had honoured. A useless strip of white chaf—oh, no, he was guiding the auto car—of white chiffon—or perhaps it was grenadine or tulle, was tied beneath her chin, pretending to hold her bonnet in place, but you know as well as I do that hat pins did the work." There was the other bride "in a loose tan jacket and a straw hat adorned with grapes and roses. Only in dreams and milliners' shops do we gather grapes and roses at one swipe."

Here are two contrasting portraits, both stenographers: "She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or locket. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw." And of the lady about to take her place: "A high rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, and imitation seal-skin sacque, and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories, and Pilcher was there to construe her."

Gertrude Atherton always dresses her heroines carefully. In *The Californians* she gowns Magdalena in brown tweed with dashes of scarlet, in fawn camel's hair, in a dinner gown of pale blue with bunches of scarlet poppies, and a ball gown of ivory gauze—the deepest shade that could be called white. She dresses Tiny Montgomery in a white embroidered nainsook and a leghorn covered with feathers, and Helena in a white tulle gown made with half a dozen skirts. Of Isabelle, in *Ancestors*, she says: "Had she been on her way to a tryst with Lord Hexam she would have thrust a rose in her hair, accentuated the smallness of her waist with a blue ribbon, the whiteness of her throat with a line of black velvet; but she had the instinct of dress, which teaches, among other things, that self-consciousness in external adornment provokes amusement in other women." Later she invests Isabelle in white tulle

upon whose floating surface were a few dark blue lilies.

In *Tower of Ivory* Helene von Wass wears pale green tulle, water lilies, and many pearls. Margarethe is clothed in "a modish gown of maize tulle in which the purple lilies seemed to grow;" and later she wears a white organdie frock sprigged with violets, flounced and full, the bodice crossed by a Marie Antoinette fichu tied loosely at the back, with a lavender ribbon in her hair. Again she wears a tea gown of mignonette green velvet.

William Locke revelled in the symbolic when he dressed Lola for her various appearances in *Simon the Jester*. He gives her "an indoor dress of brown and gold striped India silk" that clung to her figure. "Dark bronze hair and dark eyes that glowed with deep gold reflections completed the pantherine suggestion." Again: "—a great, powerful, sinuous creature of sweeping curves, clad in a clinging brown dress, her head crowned with superb brown hair, two warm arms bare to the elbow, at which the sleeve ended in coffee-coloured lace." "She wore a closely fitting brown dress, which in colour matched the bronze of her hair." "She wore the black blouse and skirt with which I have not yet been able to grow familiar, as it robbed her of that peculiar fascinating quality which I have tried to suggest by the word pantherine." And by the garments pantherine!

In *Septimus Wigglegstick* stands for clothes, and they of the masculine order. Zora and Emmy are "coated and veiled" and Septimus's gift of the hat of purple feathers and green velvet and roses has two paragraphs. Otherwise Mr. Locke seems unmoved before fashion's demands.

Robert Herrick also indulges in symbolic dressing in *A Life for a Life*. Alexandra, evidently the Goddess of Gold, is given golden hair and is almost imperiously arrayed by her creator in "white with bands of gold about her waist and bosom and a gold wreath in her yellow hair." Again "in silk with thread of gold," with a girdle of gold and "a wreath of pure gold." Only one day did she adorn herself in "rare colours with many jewels," and even then "her golden hair was bound with a band of dull gold."

In *Together* there is more dress and

less symbolism, but not much detail. "Isabelle, in a Paris gown that gave due emphasis to her pretty shoulders and thin figure"; Mrs. Conry, "rather bizarrely dressed in a white and gold costume she had designed herself with a girdle of old stones strung loosely about her waist." There is one rather odd touch in giving two women morning gowns of—all possible colours to choose from—black! The last colour for a woman's boudoir dress!

Mrs. Wharton suggests clothes but describes them hardly at all. Her heroines are clothed in the very essence of the crucial instances through which they move, and details are taken for granted. In that remarkable picture of Lily Bart posing as "Mrs. Lloyd," almost a page is consumed in the painting, but "pale draperies" is the only reference to dress in the paragraphs. Mrs. Dorset, in *The House of Mirth*, glitters in serpentine spangles and appears in "a combination of sable and point de Milan." Lady Cressada Raith is "a weather-beaten person in Liberty silk and ethnological trinkets." Of Mrs. Penniston is written: "Her clothes always looked excessively new and yet slightly old fashioned. They were always black and tightly fitting, with an expensive glitter; she was the kind of woman who wore jet at breakfast." In the collections of short stories one Mrs. Linton trails her Doucet draperies up and down the place, and Mrs. Waythorne looks singularly soft and girlish in her rosy pale dress against the dark leather of an arm-chair. But, probably because the spirit is more than matter and the psychological attitude finer than fine raiment, Mrs. Wharton does not give her readers the latest thing in hunting suits or motor coats.

Winston Churchill in *A Modern Chronicle* clothes Honora in "a wonderful coat and hat of dark green velvet," in "a simple summer silk of soft and glowing pink," in "furs of silver fox over a mauve afternoon gown," in "an evening gown the colour of a rose-tinted cloud," in a pink dressing gown, and having thus given us an all-prevailing idea of Honora always in pink except when she is in mauve and green, he lets the matter of clothes go.

H. G. Wells does not run in the Chambers-Phillips class of fine dressing, perhaps because with him the environment and sociological condition is more than raiment. Ann Veronica upon a time "dressed carefully for dinner in a black dress that her father liked and that made her look serious and responsible." Then she wore "a simple evening gown of soft cream silk with a yoke of dark old embroidery that enhanced the gentle gravity of her style, and her black hair flowed off her forehead to pass under the control of a simple ribbon of silver. A silver necklace enhanced the dusky beauty of her throat." Hardly a successful gown—the dark yoke would have to be handled most discreetly to be made endurable.

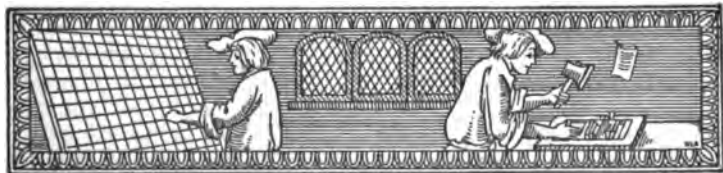
In *Tono-Bungay* Aunt Susan wears blue all through the long book. Marion was "very plainly dressed with dark brown hair in a knot on her neck behind. Her plain black dress gave her a starkiness." Later "Marion wore the white raiment of a bride, white silk and satin that did not suit her, that made her seem large and strange to me; she obtruded bows and unfamiliar contours." Of Beatrice, there is nothing except once or twice a loose unbuttoned coat and a "grey, broad brimmed hat," except for the stiff short skirts of her and the slim black legs of her when she was a child, and the children kissed.

Sometimes a single note of colour runs curiously through a book. Galsworthy, like Wells, is apt to leave externals in

abeyance. But in *Fraternity* the colour note of "blue-green" rings through the pages. Of Cecilia Dallison, in the first chapter, "Her eyes, which were greenish grey, seemed probing a blue gown to the very heart of its desirability." The Little Model wears "an ill-shaped blouse and a blue-green tam o'shanter cap." Later, under Hilary's directions, she bought "bluey-green" garments plenteously. Cecilia sits through another chapter beside a Persian blue hearth, wearing a Persian green blouse with sleeves that would have hidden her slim hands but for silver buttons made in the likeness of little roses at her wrists." Bianca has a blue scarf and Thyme a bright blue dress.

Hichens handles dress masterfully. Many of his descriptions are carefully wrought out studies of foreign dress, obviously for "atmosphere." But when Hichens gives his women clothes, he bestows them generously, he pictures the woman first, usually elaborately—then the dress to match! All through *Felix* the sensuousness of clothes accentuates that book of sensations. In *Bella Donna* he employs dress with the arts that Bella Donna would have used. And in *Flames* Cuckoo Bright is an unforgettable creation in all the careful drawing of her flimsey reds and drooping feathers and shabby finery.

Clothes make the novel, sometimes. It is rather interesting, however, to see how little ephemeral detail matters when the canvas is big and the brush is held by one who sees beyond.



SIGNIFICANT PLAYS OF THE RECENT LONDON SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



THAT atmosphere of aristocracy which environs the experience of going to the theatre in London, and which is so delightful to the sitter in the stalls, is not without its danger to the art of the dramatist. It is true that the theatres of London are more tastefully managed than the theatres of New York; and it is also true that London plays are better acted as a whole. I say *as a whole*, because the best actors of both countries stand very nearly on a level and leading parts are usually no better performed in England than they are in America; but in casting and presenting minor and contributory parts, the British are far and away in advance of us. Probably (to look at the matter from the managerial standpoint) it is easier to cast a play well in London than it is in New York, because the salaries of good supporting actors are only a third as large; but whatever the reason may be, the spectator in a London theatre is seldom offended by bad acting in a subsidiary part, and witnesses not infrequently a performance that is well-nigh perfect from one end of the cast of characters to the other. During the recent season, for example, the revivals of *Trelawny of the Wells* and *The Case of Rebellious Susan* were so superlatively presented as to obliterate in the mind of an American observer all performances of the same plays that he had seen at home. *Chains*, which was produced under the skilful stage-direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault, was also perfectly performed, although there was only one artist in the cast whose name had been heard across the Atlantic. There can be no denying that in the London theatre they do things well—distinctly better, as a whole, than we do them in New York.

But if we shift attention from the art

of presentation to the plays themselves that are presented, the balance of credit is all on the other side of the ledger. In any given season, the public of New York is shown a far wider range and variety of plays and a much greater number of dramas of the first importance than the public of London; and if it be true that, in the theatre, the play's the thing, it must be decided that, at the present time, the art of the drama is more vigorous and virile in America than it is in England. To see thirty plays in London, one after another, as I did last June, was to be delighted by innumerable details of acting and of stage-direction and to be charmed by the general atmosphere and conduct of the theatres, but, on the other hand, to be surprised and a little dismayed by the sameness of the presentations and the paucity of real ideas in the great majority of the plays presented.

For the existence of this state of affairs there may possibly be several explanations. One of them, as I suggested at the outset, is that theatre-going in London is one of the functions of Society, in the specially aristocratic sense of that word of many meanings. Now the mind of Society may be distinguished from the mind of humanity at large by its possession in familiar combination of a finely developed taste and a narrowly restricted interest in life. It must be admitted that what Society regards as "the thing" is almost invariably fine; but there are many more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its philosophy.

Owing to the dominance of the stalls, the most favoured type of play in London is the polite comedy of high-life, witty, fashionable, and with just sufficient spice to give it savour without offence to taste. That admirable comedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, which was revived once

again during the recent season by Sir Charles Wyndham and played, as usual, to crowded houses, may be taken as a definition of what fashionable London likes. The play has urbanity, elegance, witty intrigue, and amusing satire; it smiles pleasantly at the very sort of people who are looking at it from the stalls. But for plays that earnestly represent some phase of life that is incommensurate with their own habitual experience, the

Royal of Drury Lane is incomparable. The most recent production at old Drury, a conglomeration called *The Whip*, set forth a railroad wreck which was so thrilling to the eye that it made even the sophisticated auditor grip the arms of his stall as the pit behind him broke into clamorous applause. London also, owing to the personal popularity of several romantic actors like Lewis Waller, Fred Terry, and Martin Harvey, still retains



"GLASS HOUSES." ACT III. GEORGE BEALBY, VIOLET VANBRUGH, AND ARTHUR BOURCHIER

patrons of the stalls evince a laggard interest.

Melodrama they will relish, to be sure, if it be labelled frankly as melodrama and presented in a theatre that is dedicated to that sort of entertainment: to this they go with a smiling condescension, and having gone, enjoy themselves like children. A really good melodrama may nearly always be seen at the Adelphi; and for melodramas of the more frankly childish and mechanical type, the old Theatre

has an interest in the shallow costume-play of unimaginable adventure that has grown obsolete with us. Mr. Waller recently revived that dear old melodrama of Denner's (who perpetrated *The Two Orphans*), *Don Caesar de Bazan*, built (with the rugged giant's consent) about that slippery and shiftless character that Victor Hugo introduced in *Ruy Blas*; and it must be confessed that there was something very boyish and appealing in the excitement and bravura of the play. Mr.

Harvey's melodrama, *The Breed of the Treshams*, by John Rutherford, rose to a real thrill at many moments; but it was difficult for an American critic to understand how Mr. Terry, for all his admirable acting, could still be playing *The Scarlet Pimpernel* after over one thou-



MARYONE MAUDE AS THE TOYMAKER'S DAUGHTER
IN AUSTIN STRONG'S "THE TOYMAKER
OF NUREMBERG"

sand performances. This concatenation of clap-trap, by the Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow, is utterly unskilful. Climax after climax is missed, where a little deftness in the handling would have brought about an effective curtain-fall. This melodrama does not play the game; the authors aim astray and miss fire in scene after scene. Mr. Terry is coming to America this autumn; but he will be ill-advised if he opens in this crude and bungling play.

London also enjoys entertaining trivialities; and these are nearly always very deftly done. An example of this type at its best was given by Mr. George Alexander in his revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. This clever assemblage of epigrams by Oscar Wilde is still as witty as ever, and as tiresome because of its excess of wit. The swift succession of scintillating lines leaves the auditor no time for hearty laughter. Farces and those pretty little wishy-washy plays that may best be labelled as sweet nothings succeed more easily in London than in New York.

If, then, the typical London audience is interested primarily in plays about typical London people and secondarily in plays about nothing, either of the thrilling or of the rippling type, it will be seen that it is little likely to take to plays that earnestly set forth a study of other sorts and conditions of men. The serious foreign drama is practically excluded from the London stage. This is due, of course, not only to the fact that Society takes very little interest in any sort of life except its own, but even more to that insularity of mind which is characteristic of the British public at large and which shows itself emphatically in a British theatre-audience.

An instance of this insularity was given in the production, by Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh, of *Glass Houses*, "adapted" by Kenneth Barnes from the *Connais-toi* of Paul Hervieu. This is the same play that Mr. Arnold Daly produced last winter in New York under the title of *Know Thyself*. Like most of the pieces of M. Hervieu, it is an intimate study of an intricate psychological entanglement, the action passing inside the characters rather than outside them and resulting, without pronounced external action, in a revolution of their souls. *Connais-toi* is, to people who are interested in the psychology of human relations, a very interesting play. It is, however, peculiarly French, in that the particular entanglement it analyses could occur only in a French family. Shift the scene to any other country and you rob the play of truth. In London the piece was presented in a straight translation, almost line for line; but the characters

were all given British names and the programme stated that the action happened in a "house near Salisbury." Actors wearing British uniforms and behaving with carefully elaborated British mannerisms read lines which formulated thoughts and suggested underlying emotions that were essentially and absolutely French. The result was that travesty of the serious social drama, a play without a country. Yet I was told in London that the case was typical, and that the London audience will rarely accept a French play unless the actors pretend that it is British.

In America we imagine France or Germany or Norway, or whatever national environment is necessary to the understanding and enjoyment of an earnest play. Our public prides itself on knowing what manner of people live in other lands beyond the sea; but the British public does not care to look across the Straits of Dover. I think it not unfair to say that they wear their insularity proudly, like a badge. At tea one afternoon in the house of an eminent and very gracious man of letters I was introduced to an elderly lady of considerable culture whose husband was a member of Parliament. She asked me if Kentucky were in New England; and when I explained with careful courtesy that it was not, she seemed a little proud of her ignorance of American geography. Later in the conversation I contrived to say something that indicated a belief that Lincoln was in Yorkshire; and though my deliberate error was a matter of less than fifty miles, she corrected me with a great pity for my ignorance. Most English people expect foreigners to know all about England, but see no reason whatsoever why they themselves should know anything about any other country.

I have stated this point emphatically, and even a little ungraciously, because it goes far toward explaining a peculiar feature of the interchange of plays between England and America. In America we accept the plays of Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, and the other British dramatists with no sense at all that they are foreign, and we have no difficulty in understanding the purely local features of them. But our own serious studies of

American life seem too foreign to interest a London audience. In London *The Witching Hour* would indubitably fail; it is too carefully localised in Kentucky and in Washington, and the London public would not understand the slang of the delectable gambler. How is it, one wonders, that the American public of the second class manages to understand the coster-songs of the great Chevalier? The only American plays that succeed in London are plays that are not really about American life. *Alias Jimmy Valentine* was successful during the recent season, because it was a good story-telling melodrama, and so little attempt was made to preserve the atmosphere of the American *locale* that Mr. Gerald du Maurier wrote a letter with a quill pen in the office of the bank in Springfield, Illinois! The only other play by an American author that saw the footlights in London for a regular run during the recent season was that essentially unsound fabric of sentimentality and hysterical religiosity, *The Dawn of a To-morrow*. At a series of special matinees, Mr. Cyril Maude performed Mr. Austin Strong's dainty and tender little idyll, *The Toymaker of Nuremberg*; and the piece succeeded, after its failure in New York, because it was immeasurably better acted. But these few American products were not really representative of our promising and growing art; and it seems a pity that the London public should be constitutionally debarred from seeing and appreciating the best contemporary American plays as our own public sees and appreciates the best contemporary British.

Of plays that succeed in one country after having failed in the other, it seems that London prefers the more trivial among them and that New York prefers the more serious and meaningful. Two of the reigning successes in London during the recent season were *Tantalising Tommy*, a version of the very light comedy that failed in New York under the title of *The Richest Girl*, and *Priscilla Runs Away*, a version of the same story as *The Cottage in the Air*, that cast a gloom upon our spirits at the opening of the New Theatre in New York. In defence of London taste it must be stated that both of these pieces were very much

better acted in their British than in their American presentations. *Priscilla* was carried by the rare talents of Miss Neilson-Terry, a young and beautiful actress of extraordinary promise, though the stage-director and the actors knew and admitted freely that it was a very shallow play. It seemed strange to an American observer that the London public should be so lightly pleased. On the other side of the ledger, we must remember that of

is democratic. The London public is insular; ours is cosmopolitan and catholic. The London public is conservative and habitual; ours is eager for the new and true. Lest this statement should seem dictated by a patriotic prejudice, I may be permitted to say that it expresses the opinion of most of the eminent dramatists and critics in London at the present time. Critics like Mr. William Archer, dramatists like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and



"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 2. THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. CHARACTERS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) WATER, SUGAR, MILK, BREAD, CAT, DOG, FIRE.

British failures that have succeeded subsequently in America we may count to our credit such masterpieces as *Mid-Channel*.

The immediate future for the art of the dramatist is more promising in America than it is in England, not because we have better talent, for I think on the whole that we have not so good, but because we have better audiences.

The London public is aristocratic; ours

Mr. Rudolf Besier, both said to me that the outlook for the drama was more promising in America, because it was more easy to interest our audiences in a wide range of serious dramatic art; and Sir Arthur Pinero, speaking from the point of view of the British dramatists, said, "If it weren't for America, we couldn't keep alive."

Most of the really significant plays of the recent London season have already

been announced for production in America. It may therefore be worth while to consider them in some detail, both because they are interesting in themselves and because our own public is soon to see them.

THE BLUE BIRD

The greatest of them all is *The Blue Bird*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, a fairy-dream in five acts and ten pictures, which is scheduled to open the autumn season

even as a theatric entertainment the popular reception that greeted it in London; and in New York it should serve to make the winter beautiful.

To Tytyl, who is a little boy, with a younger sister, Mytyl, appears the fairy Berylune, who gives him a magic diamond to open his eyes. Since the death of the fairies, men no longer see things in their truth nor suspect the miracles that happen all about them; but by the magic of the diamond, Tytyl is given to see all



"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 3. TYTYL AND MYTYL LEAVING THEIR DEAD GRANDPARENTS AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS

at our New Theatre. In London it was put on tentatively at the Haymarket, under the skilful direction of Mr. E. Lyall Swete, as a sort of Christmas spectacle, in the hope that it would appeal to children and their friends during the season of the winter holidays; but it succeeded beyond expectancy with both young and old and ran to crowded houses till July. Though it is a spiritual panorama rather than a play, it deserves

things not as they actually seem to ordinary eyes but as they really are in their essential nature. In a single phrase, he is given to see the souls of things. As he looks about him, his living-room seems to undergo a wondrous change. The very souls of the dog and the cat, of light and fire, water and milk, bread and sugar, stand living in the place of the actual animals and objects that formerly clothed and hid them from the dimmed eyes of

the boy : for Spirit is immanent in Matter ; all things in the universe, whether animate or inanimate, have souls as well as we, though we have lost the fairy gift of seeing them ; and man is not an isolated sentient creature, cast alone upon the universe like a sailor shipwrecked on a rock at sea, but a member of a vast family of souls all quickened by the same ancestral fire.

thinking of them ; and that such a thought wakens them and makes them live so long as it lasts and as often as it recurs. As soon as the living children remember their dead brothers and sisters, the whole troupe of them come plunging forth to play, with a ripple of delighted laughter. And the moral of this moving scene is that we should evermore think lovingly of our dead and keep them from falling



"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 4. THE PALACE OF NIGHT. CHARACTERS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) CAT, SUGAR, BREAD, NIGHT, TYLTYL, LIGHT, MYTYL, DOG.

Accompanied by the souls of homely animals and objects, Tyltyl and Mytyl set forth upon the quest of the Blue Bird, which symbolises that secret of all things that are, of which the possession will give to man the perfect happiness. They seek it first amid the Land of Memory. Here they come upon their grandmamma and grandpapa, who have been dead for several years, and who are sleeping peacefully until the thought of the children awakens them. For it appears that all the dead drowse forever in a sweet sleep, except when their friends on earth are

asleep in that dim land of memory. Here Tyltyl finds a blue bird ; but before he can carry it away, it tarnishes to black.

In the Palace of Night, Tyltyl encounters many mysteries and terrors of the ignorant dark,—spectres, maladies, wars, horrors, and superstitions. The maladies are but a sickly lot ; for they have grown afraid of man, because of the winning war that he has waged against them since the discovery of microbes. The superstitions also are dying out ; but the wars are more terrible and mighty than in earlier ages. Tyltyl at last discovers a

moon-silvery nocturnal chamber, in which millions upon millions of blue birds are fluttering through an atmosphere of dream. As an American poet has said, "They are the proof of all that over-truth our dreams have memory of, that day cannot recall." Tytyl gathers them by handfuls; but these mere dreams of perfect knowledge and perfect happiness

Then follows the most lyrical and touching scene of the entire phantasy. Tytyl and Mytyl go to a graveyard in the dark of night, to seek the Blue Bird in the tombs of the buried dead. They have been told that at midnight the graves will yawn and the dead rise spectral from their tombs to look abroad upon the shadowy discarded world. With quiverings



"THE BLUE BIRD" SCENE 7. THE CEMETERY. "THERE ARE NO DEAD."

cannot endure the light—they die before the dawn.

There follows a scene in *The Forest*, in which the souls of trees and savage animals struggle to exterminate man, in the person of Tytyl. He is sore beset by the anchored armies of the vegetable kingdom and their wild animal allies. The enemies of man are treacherously aided by the cat; but the dog is faithful to his master and holds the battle in the balance, until the arrival of light, man's greatest friend among the elements, turns the scales and overcomes the terrors of the forest with the dawn.

of terror the children wait the mystic hour. As the twelve slow strokes of midnight reverberate upon the hushed and awful air, the crosses tremble, the tombs yawn, and the slabs lift as if on hinges: but lo! the graveyard suddenly blooms into a bower of a myriad lilies, all shimmering with dew and sung to by the morning-hymns of birds. Mytyl, wandering amid the paradise of song and flower, asks amazedly, "Where are the dead?" and Tytyl, equally amazed, answers simply, "There are no dead."

The children visit next the Kingdom of the Future, which is inhabited by chil-

dren waiting to be born. Here everything is coloured heavenly blue, and the souls of the unborn prepare their future labours upon earth and yearn forward for the consummation of the world. It is a scene of magic imagination, with many simple lines that, when we hear them first, sound as if we had heard them before in some pre-existent and forgotten world and make us feel as if our birth were but a sleep and a forgetting.

lation of man to the other members of the universe, and a shadowing forth of that endless struggle of humanity to grasp the truth that will give the key to all things and will bring that perfect happiness which is perfect peace. In the theatre, only the most obvious aspects of the narrative can be made apparent to the audience; to grasp its deeper philosophic import it is necessary to read the piece, in that simple French of M. Maeterlinck



"THE SPECKLED BAND," BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. ACT III. SCENE 2. DR. WATSON, SHERLOCK HOLMES KILLING THE SNAKE, AND EDITH STONER

After all their wanderings the children find the Blue Bird in their little room at home, where it has lived all the while without their noticing that it was blue; but at the last moment it escapes and flies away—to be recovered some day, for Tytyl now knows the secret of its dwelling-place.

Outwardly, the story thus crudely summarised is merely a fairy-tale for children; inwardly, it is a parable of the re-

which can never be translated. To read this wondrous work in quietude is to see a panorama of the universe in which the present, past, and future are conterminous—three mystic notes which sing together into the single chord of eternity; it is to see man neither as the master nor as the slave of the universe, but beset on all sides by innumerable brother-souls, some friendly, some inimical, all struggling to express the immanence within them of

that great Soul that drifts through all things and bids them be; it is to view the vanity of all things, except *the* thing which has never yet been grasped—that ultimate truth whose capture by the seeking soul will put an end to time. *The Blue Bird* is one of the greatest works of imagination that have been achieved in recent years; and to look upon it wisely is to look into the eyes of everything that is.

"CHAINS"

The most significant British play of the recent season was a piece called *Chains*, which was produced at the repertory theatre, the Duke of York's. It was written by Miss Elizabeth Baker, a typist in the *Spectator* office, who was utterly unknown until Mr. Charles Frohman discovered and presented her play. *Chains* is an intimately realistic study of the humdrum, dull, and deadly life of middle-class people in the suburbs of London. The male characters hold small clerkships in town. Every morning, having donned that uniform of servitude, the frock coat and top hat of the office, they hurry for the 8:10 to the City; and every evening they wander home to sit around in boredom. Meanwhile, day after day, their women-folk have been going through the changeless, petty round of the cares and duties of housekeeping. Life is monotonous and wearisome; it has no object, no hope, and no reward. The men want to break free from their chains; but they dare not resign the sure positions that they hold, even though their salaries are small and they can never hope to rise beyond a head-clerkship, even after twenty years of serving. Charlie Wilson takes it into his head to run away and try his fortune in Australia. His mad ambition is discussed pro and con by all his family and friends; and nearly all of them discourage him. His sister-in-law, however, is more courageous than the rest, and spurs his spirit until he is on the very point of going. Then his wife tells him that they are soon to have a child, and he settles back into his chains for the rest of his career.

There is hardly any story to this piece. The plot, indeed, is a negation of action—the very point being to show how it is that nothing can happen to the characters.

At every step their wills are thwarted; and for all their yearnings and their struggles, the final curtain leaves them in the very same positions which they held at the opening of the piece. *Chains* is static instead of dynamic; it is, as it were, a struggle of wills with a minus sign in front of them; and yet somehow it has the force of drama. The characters are drawn with unfaltering truthfulness and each is sharply individualised; they form a little group of portraits reft directly out of life. And the dialogue is so real that one does not think of it as dialogue, nor indeed of the actors as actors; the people on the stage seem to be saying those words for the first time, and one feels that the next evening they will express the same thoughts in other words. The illusion of actuality was aided by the superlatively careful stage-direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault and the perfect acting of the repertory company. The performance was a rare thing to see. Mr. Frohman has promised to produce the play in America; and it will probably succeed if it is presented as faithfully as it was done in London. But a single American actor in the cast, for instance, would spoil all of the effect; and if any attempt be made to make the atmosphere of the piece seem less foreign to Americans, the play will surely fail. It must stand or fall as what it is—a *genre* study, as local as a Dutch interior painting, and just as universal in the hints it offers of humanity at large.

"THE PLAY-BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

The players of the Irish National Theatre Society, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, gave a season of repertory at the Court Theatre in London, which, though not financially successful (because most London people find it difficult to imagine such a place as Ireland), was a rare treat to the poetically minded. The acting of these Irish players is quite incomparable—it is so spontaneous and apparently unstudied. They eschew the usual conventions of stage-direction: they merely stroll upon the stage and *become* the people that they represent. Their performance seems more a matter of living than of acting.

Many of their plays are rather faddish, and indicate a straining for the odd;

but there is one play, at least, in their repertory which is a literary masterpiece. This is that greatly named comedy by the late J. M. Synge, *The Play-Boy of the Western World*. It is not likely that this rare work will be presented in America; but it has been published, and is accessible to those who care. It is a bit of beautiful reality, irradiated with humour and with poetry. The action passes among the whimsical and dreaming Celtic people on the sea-girt western coast of Ireland, a people untamed and primitive and naive. A young lad with a queer poetic strain in his soul, a subtle compound of wild whim and Celtic melancholy, having endured for a long time the persecutions of his father, suddenly hits him heavily over the head and leaves him dying. He flees to a neighbouring hamlet, where, when he tells that he has killed his father, embroidering the tale of persecution and revolt as he narrates it, he is accepted as a hero and wins the worship of all the girls and women-folk. He falls in love with a lass, who loves him in turn, because of his courage and the romance of his committed murder. Then in strolls his father, scotched but not killed, with bandaged head and brandished stick, to order the boy about. It turns out that the lad is not a hero, after all; his imaginative narrative was based on nothing; he lacks even courage to face his father; and the women who worshipped him now jeer at him in scorn. Goaded to desperation, he strikes his father again, but once more fails to kill him. The lass he loves will now have none of him, and he is doomed to wander forth alone.

This story, which is replete with clever dramatic surprises, will hardly bear summarising. It is all so whimsical; but the whim is made earnest by humanity. At times it has a haunting beauty that is almost sad. And it is wonderfully written. Synge's words somehow seem to have longer memories than those of British and American writers; they remind us of more, and thereby reawaken more of life within us. There is a glow about this whole work which can only be described as mellow. It is as young as a bird-song, and yet as ancient as the sea. When J. M. Synge died a year or so ago, the world lost one of its poets: to quote the last line

of this play of his, it "lost the finest play-boy of the western world."

"PRUNELLA"

Prunella, a Pierrot play in three acts, by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was revived during the season at the repertory theatre, is a quaint and dainty little entertainment. It is written in rhyme, played partly in pantomime, and accompanied by a running commentary of music composed by Joseph Moorat. *Prunella* is a young maiden who lives immured in a Dutch house and garden with three forbidding aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. Along comes a company of strolling players, headed by Pierrot and Scaramel, who gain access to her and awaken in her a longing to flee away into the mysterious and tumultuous world. Pierrot wins her love, and aided by Scaramel and the others, abducts her from her prison-house at night. In the last act, after Pierrot has tired of her, she wanders home friendless and disenchanted.

This little piece is not quite so good as it ought to be. At the outset, certain probing touches in the lines lead one to suspect that it is to have a philosophic purport, and one is rather disappointed when it turns out to be merely a picturesque re-telling of the old conventional story of seduction. But the whole is very picturesque and colourful, and, produced with charming taste by Mr. Barker, leaves a sweet echo of singing in the mind.

"THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"

In conjunction with *Prunella* was produced a one-act play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, called *The Twelve-Pound Look*. A boorish man of business has just been knighted, and is teaching himself and his lady how to wear their new honours in the accepted way. A flood of letters of congratulation requires him to engage the services of a stenographer to answer them. The secretary sent to him by an agency turns out to be his former wife, who ran away from him and allowed him to secure a divorce. In an intimate and humorous conversation, she explains to him for the first time why she left him, sets before him that image of egotism which is himself, and states that as soon

as she found herself capable of earning twelve pounds she deemed it preferable to embark upon a self-supporting life of toil rather than to sacrifice her independence for his wealth. She bids him beware of the moment when he shall see the "twelve-pound look" in his new lady's eyes, and leaves him disenchanted and perturbed.

This little piece is written with all of Mr. Barrie's habitual whimsicality and charm; but there is a new note in it—a note never before apparent in his pieces—that is just a little uncomfortable. This is a note of acerbity that approaches cynicism. In the present little piece it is not disagreeable; but if it should be protracted into a longer effort, we might lose our Sentimental Tommy to gain only another Shaw.

"THE NAKED TRUTH"

Among the farces of the recent London season, the one which incorporated the best idea was *The Naked Truth*, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell, which was presented, with all his customary charm, by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. Bunny Darrell is presented by his uncle with a magic ring from India, which (although none of the characters knows it) has the power to provoke the naked truth from anybody who is wearing it. Bunny occasions no end of comic difficulties by saying exactly what he thinks in every situation instead of resorting to the usual subterfuges and circumlocutions of courtesy. The ring later has the same effect

upon his uncle and one or two of the other characters; and the audience is amusingly impressed with the fact that social relations are made possible only by the mutual acceptance of a convention of euphemistic falsehood.

"THE SPECKLED BAND"

The best melodrama of the London season was *The Speckled Band: An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes*, dramatised by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from one of his own stories. This piece, which has been announced for production in America, is genuinely thrilling. An elaborate and apparently insoluble murder mystery is set before the audience, and is unravelled point by point by Sherlock Holmes. The murder has been effected in a room with a locked door and window; and it has been proved that no other person than the victim can have been present in it at the time. The sister of the victim is placed in similar peril of her life, and is saved by Holmes's discovery that the crime was committed by her uncle, an Anglo-Indian madman, by the expedient of charming a deadly serpent and training it to enter the locked chamber through a tiny orifice in the wall and suddenly sting to death the chosen victim. Holmes, aided by Dr. Watson, waits for the appearance of the serpent with the speckled band, and wounds it with a heavy cane, whereupon it retreats and stings to death its guilty master. This story is very effectively told, and at the Adelphi Theatre was received with sympathetic gasps and thrills.

AFTER CARNIVAL

BY THOMAS WALSH

The world of maples set the feast aglow;
But see, the hoar-frost now on path and vine
Is pale and deathly as some mad Pierrot
In search of Columbine!

PLANTING A PLAY

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



NE can't have an income from a play till he has an outlet for it. To-day, when all over the country thousands are writing dramas, it seems natural to ask why this lure of the stage is so prevailing, and why so few unknown authors are discovered. While many, no doubt, are legitimately trying to express themselves in the peculiar form demanded by stage conventions, this keen interest is unquestionably more excited by the traditional and exaggerated earnings of a successful play. Yet the proportion between those who write and those who achieve production is tragically small, and the main reason, aside from the most obvious one of no ability or technical instinct for dramatic composition, is because many are doomed to failure, even before they are started, through their general ignorance of managerial conditions and the mere business of planting a play. The dramatist who has succeeded has done more than write his play: he has had it produced. "Talent writes a play," runs an adage, "but genius gets it accepted." At present there are greater opportunities for the playwright than ever: more theatres to fill, wider territory to cover and larger rewards for a success. So, perhaps, if some slight comments be made upon a certain phase of the playwright's dilemma he may realise that writing a play is only the first step in its tangled history. There are, it is true, large prizes, but few laymen seem to realise that the successful dramatist has earned his income not so much by the mere writing of his play as through his disappointments, the uncertainties of his profession and his efforts *after* his play has been typed. The written play has only subjective value to the author: no man is a recognised dramatist till he is produced. What, then, are some of the difficulties especially for the unproduced playwright, and what are the conditions under which he must first labour to "place" his play?

THE POST-OFFICE ROUTE

Apparently the most instinctive method is to submit the completed manuscript by registered post to the manager or star. But if the author expects to meet the same systematic consideration which is accorded to the writer by the magazines or to the novelist by the publishers he is very much mistaken. With one or two exceptions play-reading in a manager's office is the most badly conducted of all the departments. This is partly due to the discouragingly low order and obvious unproducable quality of most plays submitted by unfamiliar writers, and partly to the absolute gamble any play is as a money-maker. Since their business is a very detailed one in many other directions, managers have little time to waste over manuscripts, and consequently they prefer to take what is at best a chance anyway with a familiar writer who has been produced than with one who has not. It is not that unsolicited plays are never read, but they are often left to stray members of the clerical force, who are easily endowed with a capacity of judging most manuscripts submitted, but are scarcely qualified to have sufficient knowledge of the drama to be competent judges of what may be a departure or a masterpiece. There is, however, a great difference between a good play and a play which will make money: not even an expert can be infallible about the latter, but intelligence and sensitiveness could pick the former and give encouragement to its author. Managers quite justly claim they cannot teach play-writing by criticism, and though there are several always generous with valuable suggestions, what is still most lacking to the struggling author with some capabilities is intelligent professional comment and substantial interest. The lack of any clear reason why his play is persistently refused, or the long protracted delays before his play is returned, has discouraged more than one writer of culture and capacity, who, with some nurturing, might have become a val-

uable investment for future potential outputs.

Some offices have professional play-readers who only read manuscripts and send them to the manager with an opinion; but even after that delay continues. Though everything in this profession has exceptions, one of the best known play-readers acknowledged after many years' experience that not one of the plays he had recommended had ever been produced by the manager noted for his foreign importations—and many of them had been sent back unread. Another manager refuses absolutely to read any completed play, even from a dramatist of some experience, which is not submitted first in a brief three hundred-word outline; his theory being that charm and treatment are unessential and that the story and idea is everything. The husband of a well-known star on being asked what he intended to do with a large pile of unread manuscripts in the corner of his studio, remarked: "Oh, I'll keep them a year and send them back." The man who has made a "hit" has no such difficulties, for he is eagerly sought; yet even the twenty or thirty coming men with some small success and productions to their credit have often to put up with the same discouraging delays. There is no time like to-morrow for reading an unsolicited manuscript.

Sending a play to a star offers a better chance for proper consideration, but stars frequently have little power to select their own plays, and for reasons, which will be mentioned later, they, too, become discouraged at the kind and quality of manuscripts *indiscriminately* sent to them. One star carries a trunk full of plays all about with her, and by her own confession the trunk is seldom opened. "Goodness! how am I ever to wade through all those plays I just know won't suit me?" It is as impossible as it is unkind to make too sweeping a statement concerning the discouragements the proffering author must go through here, as with managers, for there are many pleasing exceptions which he will discover only on trial. But it is best to say frankly that, as a rule, the approach to a Broadway production by the post-office route is seldom successful.

THE PLAY AGENT

Then there is the play agent. Here one comes upon an interesting institution which, with the widening theatrical horizon, has also grown enormously in the last twenty-five years. Formerly there was only one in New York, now there are five or six of importance, with connections in all the European cities. All agencies are not alike: some have specialties, such as vaudeville sketches; others are general and handle anything; while one of the most powerful has a firm grasp on the French dramatists, and, with an allied firm, practically dominates the "stock" field. The agent exists on the percentages obtained from the royalties of plays he handles. Usually this percentage is about ten per cent. on plays in this country. For this he "places" the manuscripts, tends to the necessary correspondence, assists frequently in "casting," copyrighting, drawing up contracts, consulting lawyers on legal questions which may arise, keeps a record of the performances of the play and collects its royalties. He is invaluable to the playwright in placing "foreign rights" for a successful play here, or *vice versa*, and for leasing and sub-leasing it after its initial run, in "stock" and road tours. His position, however, is frequently a delicate one; for while the playwright and not the manager supports him, he, in a way, is an agent for both parties. Then, too, the agent may have a half dozen different playwrights under negotiation with one manager and the situation has its obvious disadvantages. But, on the other hand, the agent often controls the works of certain prominent authors here and abroad, and in this fashion can force for them better terms and consideration. Managers seeking foreign successes, or with books to be dramatised, unproduced manuscripts to be rewritten and plays running on the road "to be whipped into shape" for New York, call upon the agent, thus enabling him to get many commissions for the playwrights who have arrived or show promise. The agent has consequently become a very powerful factor in certain phases of the profession.

But of what especial value is he to the new playwright seeking production?

Primarily he can do no more with a bad play than the author himself, except have it rejected more rapidly. While the well-established agencies have play-readers who weed out bad and hopeless material, which is promptly returned, some of the others handle anything that comes along, and thus, by the low average of manuscripts they submit, lessen the importance of their wares in the eyes of the manager. Always some criticism is given the manuscript and often suggestions are of great help for revisions before it is submitted. The agent naturally is more on the alert for incipient promise than the average manager, and many beginners are thus encouraged "to keep at it"—the touchstone of success. If an agent has more than a perfunctory interest and professional belief in a manuscript, he can, through personal attention, force it directly to the manager's notice. Yet unless he has that interest, he can merely send it around as the author does—though with more discretion. There is one agent in New York who only handles about thirty manuscripts which she believes in. She has no office, tramps after the managers and reads the plays to them herself. All agents will do this for certain plays, but obviously, with a thousand manuscripts a year passing through their hands, the larger agencies are prevented from such labour—and the manager would be the first to resent it. Still, the agent knows what is going on, who are in need of plays, the failures and successes, the immediate openings for a manuscript—or, in other words, the "inside" knowledge which no layman can know. Herein is the agent's chief value to the unproduced playwright, for in offering a play there is also a psychological moment. Besides this, the agent is aware of the peculiarities, likes and dislikes of stars and managers, the kind of play which is at the time being sought, whether an elaborate production, farce or melodrama, and the financial condition of the manager seeking the play. It can readily be seen the importance of this latter knowledge, combined with all the rest, for the unproduced playwright needs advice and protection as the layman would in any form of investment.

PERSONAL CONTACT

But however important these advantages, which can be made a matter of helpful co-operation, there is nobody so interested in the author as he is in himself. Here we come upon the third manner of planting a play—personal contact. Through personal contact with the stage and its people the playwright gradually becomes known. He himself learns to know the wants of managers. While frequent association with a stage door may hurt a man's work if he be not strong enough to remain individual, slow progress is better than no progress, which will of necessity result if he is not in contact with people who want what he has to offer. This has been the method by which most successful playwrights have "arrived": being close to the trail in one place—New York. Most of them have had no other profession, and while struggling upward have been in some way associated with the theatre. There is little chance for the *dilettante* who writes his plays casually as he would have the measles. It takes more actual time to bring a play to an acceptance than it does to write it, and consequently a man must have all his time free to make appointments and to wait hours when and where the manager or star wills. The struggling playwright, if he be known personally to those who may need a play, will have first chance in case of a sudden failure—when a "stop-gap" may be needed or any sort of a production vital to "fill time." Here is the best opportunity for the new man—when one play has unexpectedly failed and another is needed at once. Managers remember a personality quicker than a manuscript, and the man who so suddenly arrives in the newspaper criticisms has generally been known to the managers for years. The playwright must be prepared for rebuffs and disappointment at every turn; he cannot be a sensitive plant; he must be an insistent daisy. If the dramatist has the native ability and the faculty of getting himself remembered, this method of personal contact is the most promising way of "breaking into the game." Managers are human and have generally struggled upward themselves; they will be bound

in time to give attention and encouragement to the persistent sincerity and ability that keeps smiling and working.

The most intimate form this personal contact can take is the privilege of reading the play personally to the manager or star. For various reasons this is not an easy task to accomplish, as some who will gladly read a play over night through force of the playwright's personal persuasion will never be read to under any circumstances. "I get so interested in the way it is being read that I forget *what* is being read. Besides, I can't stop to think things over, and consequently lose most of it. I can't always follow which character is speaking," one star remarked in declining an appointment; while another confesses, for self-protection possibly, that she is always asleep with her eyes open in ten minutes, as "the voice, not the play, of course, always has that effect on me." Managers, too, find great difficulty in giving sufficient consecutive time for hearing it; when they read it themselves they can do it at odd moments—and not at one sitting, as every play has a right to demand. Then, too, some playwrights even of reputation are such bad readers they "kill a play," while others are so good, like Boucicault, they make a useless manuscript seem tantalising. But if a manager does not on general principles object to having a play read—and some prefer it—the difficulties of making the appointment must be solved. One playwright last year sold a play in June after thirty-five attempts at a reading. The author can merely be patient and persistent—there is no other secret, for letters and introductions are unimportant. The appointment once obtained, the process of reading a play is not always a pleasant task for the author, no matter how much the manager may be enjoying it. Frequent interruptions, telephone conversations, periods of vacant eyes, or adverse running comment are to be expected; yet, on the whole, it is "up to the play" and the reader. The results are often gratifying, if not immediate. At least, the manager, in this fashion, may see some good qualities and be more open for a hearing of the author's next play, and the author himself knows the play has been read.

These general processes of planting a play have not been made too alluring, for, as has been said, the royalties which come are well earned by more than the mere effort and genius which has gone into the making of the play. Yet in spite of this plays are taken, and one *can* succeed—a quality temperamental if one has the qualifications of a playwright.

WHY PLAYS ARE REJECTED

There are, however, decided consolations for those whose plays are rejected; a little experience soon recognises the reasons, gives a healthy, sane accepting view of conditions and aids the author better for his next attempt. The chief reason a play is "turned down" is not because it is bad, but because it is unsuitable. A playwright, for example, should show more discretion than to submit his manuscript with an *ingénue* heroine to a star of avoirdupois tendencies. However clever a boy's rôle may be, certain female stars know they wouldn't "look it." No star, either, can be asked, in our present star system, when personalities are exploited, to play against a stronger part: she must have *the* part, and it is no reflection on a play that is not accepted for that reason. So, too, that leading part must be a sympathetic rôle. This is an almost infallible rule to remember—for there are to-day few stars who can afford for commercial reasons to play ungrateful parts. It is not their fault, but what managers have discovered the audience demands. The leading part may be wrong or criminal, but it must be loved by the audience. For example: *Raffles*, *Jim the Penman*, *Captain Swift*, criminals against the law; *Zaza*, *Camille*, *East Lynne*, violators of sex conventions, would have no chance to succeed had the authors not used every trick and device of their art to make the figure an appealing one. The audience feels it and thinks it thinks it. Managers have long since sensed that *sympathetics* and not *ethics* is the law of the drama, and that no one ever questions the sentimental selfishness of stage sacrifice when, as in most of these plays, it is made the pivot of the plot.

Certain themes, too, are as proverbially barred, and few managers will risk

them or plays without an emotional appeal, however brilliantly they may be treated. Very often the *period* of a play militates against it: the last few years modern plays have been in vogue—the pendulum will soon swing back to the romantic. Costume plays mean more expense to a manager—for he must supply all the costumes, which in modern plays are supplied by the actors themselves. In case of a failure the scenery is not so easily “made over” and becomes a dead loss. It must be remembered the manager is, first of all, a business man who invests his money on an *opinion* with no safe guarantee of what he has. He naturally prefers to keep down expenses, for then the loss may be less and the profits more. The play of a beginner which contains a small cast and demands a simple production has the best chance for production. Then, too, stars and managers, as has been stated, have their peculiar prejudices founded on their own observations. Some believe the chances are all against a play in which husband and wife figure; others will only read farce or melodrama; one firm does nothing but musical comedy, and nobody seems to want poetic drama. These things must be discovered through personal contact by the author—for because of them good plays—simply misplaced—may often be rejected at the first glance on the title page. There is further consolation in knowing that *My Friend from India*, *Jim the Penman*, *Leah Kleschna*, *Nathan Hale* and many others were repeatedly rejected. No manager is a final judge of what the people will like; the people themselves are. Then, too, there are “previous plans.” You never know what a manager has up his sleeve till he takes his coat off. Sometimes he has invested a large advance royalty in a successful playwright, and it is natural for him to delay till he finds out what he has. It happens also that managers become financially embarrassed and can take nothing at the time it is offered, or there also may be managerial difficulties with the star. So from this hasty résumé the playwright will see his play may have been rejected for many reasons outside of the merit or demerit of his manuscript. These are only some of the obstacles he

must surmount before he achieves a production.

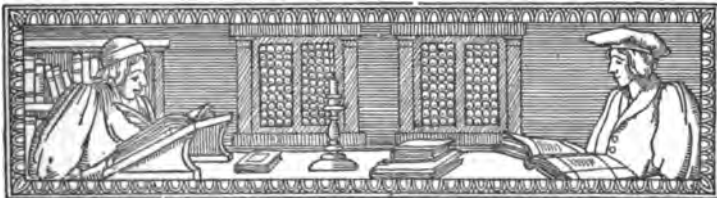
THE QUESTION OF CONTRACTS

When the play is accepted and it comes to a question of contracts, a beginner, without an agent or some one to advise with, is at a disadvantage. There are all sorts of contracts made and the terms naturally vary with the success a man achieves. A manager often wishes to “buy out” a new playwright’s manuscript and pays five hundred or a thousand dollars for all the rights. This is very foolish for the author, of course, as a successful play may make that, on a good contract, in a week. Then, sometimes, as the late Kirk La Shelle always believed in doing, the play became his after he had paid the author ten or fifteen thousand dollars royalty. Again an arrangement is made at so much a week regardless of what the play “draws.” But as a general rule it is always on a percentage basis and fluctuates from three to five per cent. on the gross, not net, receipts. A new man can seldom get more than that, though after a success or a production the percentage is on a sliding scale of five per cent. on the first four thousand dollars, seven and a half on the next two or three, and ten per cent. on all over. Bernard Shaw got ten per cent. flat, and others of eminence even better. Managers occasionally are losing money on the attraction while paying the author royalties amounting to a hundred or so a week. There is generally a payment made on acceptance which acts as “advance royalty,” and if the play is produced no further royalty comes to the author till what has been advanced is paid back. If the play is not produced the advance royalty is the author’s; this sum is generally from two hundred and fifty to three thousand dollars. Often nothing is paid down on a first play and so much promised if the play is not produced before a certain date. This is a saving for the manager, as he can give a trial performance at merely the expense of the production; it is inadvisable in most cases for the playwright, though through it he obtains a production; and unless it fails may possibly have a big success with substantial returns. It is very careless, too, if

there is no limit made as to a definite date before which the play must be produced, since without it the author is giving perpetual rights or taking the play out of the market for a mere advance. This date varies from six months to a year after purchase, with a privilege of renewal for a like length of time on the further payment of another advance. A carefully drawn contract will stipulate how many times it is necessary for the play to be performed each season in order to remain the manager's property. If, for instance, no such stipulation is made, the manager can produce it only once, and if it fails it is not revertible to the author, though it may be a very valuable piece of property for another "class of house." There are many examples of Broadway failures being great road or stock successes. A theatrical season is reckoned from September first to June first, and as a rule the manager agrees to produce the play at least twenty-five performances during that time—or even seventy-five. There are many other terms it is advisable to have in a contract, and managers, generally speaking, are honest and liberal concerning them: the author's name to be advertised on all "paper"; question whether changes in the manuscript are to be made; royalty and box office statements sent weekly; option on foreign rights; and if possible the expenses incurred in

travel to be paid by the management. To get the production is essential, and many compromises on terms must be made. These terms, very easily adjusted by the author of experience, often lead to disheartening discussions for beginners, and only when the contract is signed is another step made toward production. And then "begins new matter"; for "plays are rewritten, not written." The process of changes which goes on before and at rehearsals is infinite: "building up parts," cutting scenes, changing *locales* of acts, introducing new characters, modifying others, redialoguing, altering climaxes and a thousand and one things which often bring despair to the playwright and banknotes to his pocket. Many a play has been spoiled during this period by bad stage management and unsympathetic revision, or saved by a clever cast and beautiful production. Often it is thrown aside in rehearsals without ever reaching a production. And when it does reach the audience some small accident may ruin it absolutely or make it succeed.

One must not forget in thinking of the great prizes given for a success that they have, by the aggregated experiences, been legitimately earned. No play is worth anything till it has finally been offered before an audience; then, and then only, though its fruits are uncertain, has the long process of planting a play been accomplished.



A BARNYARD CHEF-D'OEUVRE*

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH



OET and pedant, idealist and cynical *boulevardier*, fakir and genius in one—Rostand has fairly won the race for sensational notoriety in the literary sweepstakes. Even D'Annunzio is distanced by the Parisian's latest effort. "The best advertised play in the entire history of the stage"—such is the distinction of *Chantecler*, in spite of memories of Hugo's *Hernani*. No play was ever more widely, more vociferously heralded. No play was ever prepared for production with more cunning, prolonged care. No play was ever talked about by so many persons at once. That in spite of all this réclame the actual production was practically a failure only adds to the interest of the case. What is it in the personality of this man, already author of one play of huge popularity and questionable artistic value and of a few other mediocre works, that stimulates in such unique degree the curiosity of the world? Or is there some intrinsic quality in *Chantecler* that justifies, in spite of its failure, the interest it has aroused?

Some part of the truth must be sought in each direction. Rostand himself, with his stained-glass romanticism, his elegance of the "æsthete," his egomania, is a *poseur* of admirably finished technique. A certain amount of cleverness may always be predicated of the *poseur*, since a dull man would never think of attempting to win success by that method, easy as it apparently is. Apparently; for it is not easy to maintain an attitude persistently. But even positive genius for posturing would not account for the attention Rostand has been able to attract to his latest play. It *has* intrinsic qualities which ren-

der it in high degree interesting to the observer of currents in the dramatic stream. Whatever else it has or has not—wit, or fancy, or dramatic action—*Chantecler* has at least a tendency. It is a weather-cock to show which way the wind sets. Realism at last is moribund—that Realism which for so many years has held art in its iron grip. It is just possible that Realism may still come to life once more; but for the present he is dead: witness, in the drama, *Peter Pan* and *The Blue Bird* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, in music the Debussy craze, in the novel Mr. Robert Herrick's latest promulgation, in painting our friends the Marins and Matisse.

So M. Rostand, who to do him justice was never a realist, turns naturally in *Chantecler* to the symbolism which is the latest artistic mode. *Chantecler* is a dramatisation of a La Fontaine fable—but such a fable, and such a dramatisation! La Fontaine, with all his rich worldly wisdom, would be aghast at finding the creatures of his animal world representing, not the fundamental human passions and instincts, but the extreme types of an up-to-date French salon. Our modern fabulist satirises, not the universal, but a highly specialised corner of the world. The cleverness and point of the satire within its own narrow limits will be appreciated only by those who have at least an imaginary acquaintance with the *vie de Bohème*. Chantecler himself is the true artist, a creature of innate grandeur of soul, proud, vain, obstinate, but capable of heroic endeavour and a more than heroic devotion to his ideal. Rostand has met successfully the hardest test in the creation of a truly imposing character: his hero is great above all in his weaknesses. The Turkey is a solemnly pretentious philosopher of abysmal density. Capital are the delineations of the doting old hen, Chantecler's foster-mother, with her shreds of proverbial barnyard wisdom; the Pigeon with his naïf hero-worship; the flock of empty-headed hens with their chatter; the tuft-

**Chantecler*. Par Edmond Rostand. New York: Brentano's.

Chantecler. Authorized translation by Gertrude Hall. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Story of *Chantecler*. By Marco F. Liberma. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

hunting Guinea-hen and her troupe of celebrities, the strange cocks who invade Chantecler's yard to challenge his supremacy. But the triumph of character-drawing is the Blackbird: cynical, impudent, smart, the product of an over-refined and over-conscious civilisation. Wholly without illusions, he sees more clearly than any one else the absurdities of the society in which he is placed. He it is who delivers some of the sharpest strokes of the author's Gallic wit, yet he is himself the object of the keenest satire in the play. Of all the crowd of principal characters, the Pheasant-hen is the least interesting. She is no more than the usual pretty, insignificant heroine, in spite of the author's attempt to lift her to a higher plane of individuality.

One may fancy the bewilderment of the "average" audience, the theatre crowd, even of Paris, in the face of this delicately barbed satire on a society about which the plain citizen quite rightly knows next to nothing and cares less. If a second reason for the failure of the play must be sought, it is to be found in its character as drama. There is, to be sure, the spectacle, which must be gorgeous and alluring; but a theatre audience does not live by spectacle alone. Beyond this, there is plenty of talk, and a minimum of action in the downright, theatrical sense. There are in certain scenes, notably that of the Guinea-hen's five-o'clock, much movement and bustle, but the progress of the piece is intellectual, its climax psychic. In vain Rostand shakes out on the stage his whole bag of tricks (and a trickier craftsman the theatre has not known in years). Human as the characters are, the play is artificial. The keynote of artificiality is struck in the very first scene: the theatrical manager rushing out as the curtain begins to rise, stopping it, and painting the scene in a few words of commentary on the sounds that come from the stage. The choruses of bees, of cicadas, of night-birds, of toads, afford lyric opportunities, but clog the drama. The piece is indeed a lyric with an accompaniment of pantomime and intervals of drama.

Rostand's most voluminous American commentator regards it with evident awe as a work of imperishable genius. Mr.

Liberma, who is a professor in Cincinnati University, has written a small book to tell the story of the play (which is of little consequence) and subjects it to the kind of critical analysis that Shakespeare suffers continually at the hands of sophomores. By all odds the most interesting portion of Mr. Liberma's book is that devoted to retelling the eight years' history of the inception, incubation and hatching of this barnyard *chef-d'œuvre*. He recounts all the difficulties to be surmounted in the production, and exonerates Rostand and his co-labourers from the charge of yielding to a sordid motive. The obvious symbolism of the play is explained at length, and some entertaining fragments of criticism are thrown off by the way. For Rostand's poetic gift this friendly commentator has a profound admiration. "Rostand's verse does indeed sway and toss and lull and sing in a way that was never attempted before in the drama of France or elsewhere." He cites Shakespeare to prove that "direct contemporary social satire is well-nigh out of the question in the poetic drama." For the moment he conveniently forgets Molière. An ingenious argument is made to justify Rostand in hampering his actors by depriving them of the use of gesture on a large scale. "The Greek method of presentation of the drama, and the method Rostand would have adopted and in part did adopt, ridiculous as it may seem, has its justification, and this justification lies in the very nature of the workings of the mind. We cannot take in at the same time two things equally well . . . the poetic drama must be presented in a manner to appeal mainly to the ear." That the argument, pressed to its conclusion, would do away with the drama itself seems not to have entered his mind. No, Mr. Liberma is not one to whom the reader will wisely turn for æsthetic guidance, nor will the drama conquer in America through the kind offices of this well-intentioned interpreter.

It will, nevertheless, be well worth seeing, if only for its magnificent scenic possibilities. And for those who enjoy wit with the true Gallic flavour, it is abundantly worth reading. Even to read it, however, in the original is a pleasure reserved for the few. Rostand has written

his play in the dialect of the little, compact society that boasts itself the most cosmopolitan in the world. To follow him with understanding one must be a bit of a philosopher, a reader of history (for his allusions range far afield), and above all a Parisian—not merely a Frenchman, but a *boulevardier* of the moment. The comedies of Aristophanes were, we know, topical enough; the modern Aristophanes descends at times to the intense contemporaneity of one of our own Broadway reviews. His average is, perhaps, somewhere near a just medium between Molière and George M. Cohan.

The task of translation is, it may be guessed, not an easy one, and it is high praise of Miss Gertrude Hall, the author of the English version, to say that she has not altogether failed. She is not of that most select of all literary circles, the translators of positive genius; but she is experienced and capable, she has the right idea of a translator's business, and she is tirelessly patient in seeking out the precise word. The verse-form she has wisely eschewed, save in the lyrical outbursts, where she more than once discovers effects quite as telling as the original. In dealing with the constant word-play, the innumerable puns, she has adopted the only practicable expedient open to the translator, that of abandoning the literal meaning and preserving the spirit of the jest in a free paraphrase. When a butterfly appears in the barnyard, the Turkey remarks with a great show of wisdom:

Ce papillon s'appelle un Mars.

LA POULE BLANCHE: Un Mars! Pourquoi?

LE MERLE: Mais parce qu'il vient en juillet!

Miss Hall ingeniously translates this as follows:

THE TURKEY: That kind is called an Admiral.

THE WHITE HEN: An Admiral, wherefore?

THE BLACKBIRD: Obviously because he is neither a seaman nor a soldier.

At times her effort to make the meaning perfectly clear leads her into a clumsy redundancy of expression which is itself a partial mistranslation. Thus, the Turkey's rejoinder to one of the Blackbird's sallies,

Comme il sait indiquer que les haines de races
Ne sont jamais, au fond, que des haines de
places!

becomes in the English version

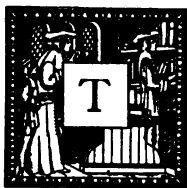
How aptly he conveys that the hatred of peoples is at bottom a question of wanting the other's territory.

There are one or two passages so fantastically twisted that Miss Hall seems fairly to have given up in despair and left them out of her version, and more than once she has been compelled to abandon a pun to its fate. To even the score, there are passages in which the English is even more spirited and amusing than the French. The bustle and confusion of the third act, the eccentricities of the troupe of strange cocks and the mad infatuation of the Guinea-hen, are admirably denoted. Something less than perfect the best translation must always be; but Miss Hall's is emphatically to be recommended as a medium for the reader whose French has a single rusty joint. Through it he will get practically all of the substance and no little of the spirit of a most interesting play.



THE ETERNAL MASCULINE*

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



HE reproach is lifted from us! Not so very far back, as years count in literary evolution, critics of other nations were prone to make what they called the feminisation of American fiction a reason for dealing slightly with us. We were not to be considered seriously, they averred, in that our fiction dealt solely with petty themes which had no relation to the truths of life. And the reason for this, they claimed, was that our novelists looked for money results and found their reading public mainly among the women of the sheltered class, or among mentally undeveloped women in any class.

Some of our own critics, too, with standards sharpened by comparison, thought the same thing, with regret that it should be so. Be it from what cause it may, the change has come. It came gradually, as all real changes must come. The first attempts to give American fiction some relation with Life were made timidly along the line of the sex-problem novel. This has not, never will, perhaps, become sufficiently a point of view of the Anglo-Saxon mind to let such fiction, even at its very best, appeal to more than a limited circle of readers. But the novels of the slowly developing school, which for want of a better term we may call the masculine school in fiction, seem to have struck a note out of which true harmony will grow. It is one-sided as yet, this fiction, touching parts of our national life only, but touching them strongly and really, giving a picture of pulsing humanity that has Truth for chief motive. Masculinity is the hall-mark of this school—masculine interests in the theme, virile masculinity in the author's angle of vi-

sion. Its excrescences, the dreadful pseudo-Dumas historical novel and the story of adventure that is nothing else, will not be considered when a later estimate of this fiction is made. They will be fortunately forgotten when the better works live.

Something of the force of this class of fiction, something of its popularity too, we owe to the influence of Rudyard Kipling. He taught the American reading public to like a certain candour of narrative, above all to like subjects which had been almost *taboo* before. But his American successors have shown that they can touch the live spots of life without the glamour of imperialistic dreams to help them, without the clash of arms and sway of crowned power. They have seen the conflict in man's life to-day, right here in our own country; the combat with wild nature, her wild beasts and wild men, and the more deadly combat of the cities that we call civilisation. Also the best of this school are now aiming for the development of character as the theme that colours and makes reasonable the capacity to tell a strong story in a strong and vivid way.

Three novels among the newer books, chosen at random from the reviewer's table, show so clearly the good points of this school, also its one-sidedness, that they give an excellent illustration for the foregoing remarks. All three show raw slices of life, unbeautified, unvarnished, seen as part of the life struggles of a strong man among men, seen from the intensely masculine point of view, sincere, straight out from the shoulder. In each the masculine interests predominate. The woman element comes in only at the end, as solace and reward for hard struggle, reward for the man who has shown himself to *be* a man. Sincerity and strength all three have in common. In their widely different backgrounds the central theme is the same, "a man's a man for a' that."

When one writes or speaks of masculinity in American fiction, Jack Lon-

**Burning Daylight*. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Hard Rock Man. By Frederick R. Becholdt. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Pools of Silence. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

don comes first to mind. With all the faults of his good qualities, with his hymning of sheer brute force as an end in itself, Jack London is first and always a virile masculine personality. He touches the surface only, but the force and dash of the man are potencies not to be denied. There is so much of Jack London in everything he writes that a new book from his pen becomes interesting to those who enjoy him as a writer, as much as a revelation of a new phase of his personality, as of itself as a book. Seen in this way, his latest novel, *Burning Daylight*, has some interesting revelations to make. They show us a Jack London who no longer desires to preach his very amusing radicalism, but who is willing to come back to his power as a story teller. Also a Jack London who had passed through the sad phase of unrest out of which *Martin Eden* grew—it's certainly sad to have one's emotions take such unpleasant forms—and who has attained a calmness of mind by reason of which his glowing, vivid style, with the assurance of ripened maturity, can pour itself out into a vehicle of great pleasure for the reader. In this novel Jack London does not preach anything. He has attained the objectiveness necessary to true fiction, and even if he himself believes in a return to the land for health and strength, in this book he makes it appear only as true for his hero, not necessarily true, however enticing in his description, for all humanity. In doing this, he has, incidentally, lost one of his most annoying faults, and made *Burning Daylight* a better novel than he has given us for many a day.

Elam Harnisch, called "Burning Daylight" by his pals in Alaska, is one of the physically and mentally strong men, in whose life and struggles in a world of men Jack London delights. It is the type and the theme also of just this masculine school of fiction which we are now discussing. Daylight becomes a Klondike king—in cleverly buying up all the best claims in the gold creeks—then goes down into the States and fights many a wild battle in the financial arena. Here he grows hard, selfish and cruel as never before, losing the geniality that had been his in Alaska, losing even the splendid phys-

ical strength that was his pride. Unassumingly, with none of the italicising that sometimes annoys us in Jack London's work, big financial deals that have the ring of truth about them are exposed. But it is all seen through Daylight's eyes, in relation to his life, his development. The balance of proportion between the background, first of the Alaskan wilds, then the Gold Stampede, then the world of high finance and gambling—the proportion between this teeming background and the central figure is excellently held throughout. Finally, when he is forty, a woman comes into Daylight's life, this life that had known the things interesting men only, and through his love for her he returns to his former simple, strong self. Leaving the "big game" of finance, leaving also his thirty millions, he settles down to a charming idyl of the Simple Life in married happiness. The picture of the ranch and the life there is very pretty, coming after the storm and stress of the earlier chapters. And we take a real interest in the temptation that comes to Daylight when he discovers gold on his own land, and all his gambling instincts flare up anew. But he conquers them and returns to his wife, with a plan to plant trees over the hidden richness that he may never think of it again. It reads well as a book, and its author may be forgiven some recent failures for its sake.

A little book by a newcomer in the literary field, *The Hard Rock Man*, by Frederick R. Bechdolt, is eminently a work of the masculine type of fiction. It shows a little slice of life only, but it is a slice of man's life seen through the eyes of a man. This time a young Irishman is the hero, but he has come to America to seek his fortune. We find Tom Morton first as a green hand in the "outside gang" in tunnel workings far up in the mountains of the West. A little Old-World sentimentality that still clings to him is crushed down in the hard life of hard work, amid men of violent wandering lives. Tom's natural masterfulness asserts itself, and as he grows harder and "tougher" he works and fights his way up to a position of command. Here, at the last, love comes timidly into his rough life, and gives him the steadying weight

that makes a well-rounded man of what was before merely an engine of brute force and brute energy. The life and types of the "hard rock men," the drill runners, the aristocracy of that world of wandering labour, the men who have grown hard in a life of conflict with the unyielding material they have learned to master, are wonderfully well done. It is all simply told, with little attempt at style, with no brilliancy, but with a simple, strong sincerity that fits the theme well. In its very simplicity, the detail of the death of The Dynamiter, the fugitive from Cœur d'Alene, and the effect it has upon Tom's life and character, is a good bit of writing.

There are touches of rich, raw humour and of sordid tragedy that speak well for the author's future work, if with greater technical skill he retain his strength and sincerity, the masculinity of his point of view.

The Pools of Silence, by H. De Vere Stacpoole, also fits well in a considering of the masculine type of fiction. In spite of the fact that the scene of the story shifts from Paris to the Congo, and then back to Paris again, this novel is a part of American fiction through the author's viewpoint as well as through the personality of its hero, Paul Quincy Adams from Vermont. This book is unusual in many ways. A story of adventure, if you will, and of very exciting adventure at times, all its incidents are but the background to the portrayal and development of the character of its principal figures. Also it is a polemic against one of the great sins of the civilised world to-day, the treatment of the Congo natives by Leopold of Belgium, but a polemic which is made with all regard for the province and limitations of fiction. We see the crime as Adams saw it, through his eyes.

The thing is brazenly patent, and the author's sympathy is plain. Yet the story is a story, and a rattling good one at that, and not a sermon masquerading as fiction. The character of Captain Berselius, the rich Frenchman, with whom Adams goes as physician on a big game expedition to the Congo, holds us so that his change of heart becomes a matter of vital interest. The catastrophe that overwhelms the expedition in the blotting out of the camp by the stampede of elephants, the horrors of the punishment at the Silent Pools, the death of Felix the Headman—all these scenes of wildness are marvelously well told. And the incidents of the hunting are described by one who must be a passionate hunter himself. But back and beyond it all is the thing that arouses Adams's wrath when he finally understands. And into his life, in the midst of his discouragement at the indifference of a civilised world that will not hear or will not care, love comes, gently offering solace and sweet companionship. Above all, this book is splendidly written. It is full of quotable sentences that wring the reviewer's heart because of lack of space to repeat them. One of them, however, shall be repeated here, because it gives the keynote of the masculine type of fiction, of what this school aims to represent, to tell. A great French surgeon says to Adams:

The primitive man is strong in you all, and that is why you are so vital and important, you Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Celts and Anglo-Teutons.

It is this vitality that has brought about the masculine type in American fiction. And in its best examples, such as these three, it is an eminently wholesome type, leaving the reader with a hopeful outlook on life.



IN THE FOREST OF DESPAIR

BY HERBERT HERON

I wait alone, and watch the starlight creeping
Around the clouded columns of the sky.
It may be Death who comes to find me weeping,
Or only Life, impelled to see me die.

The gloomy cedars hold me in their prison,
While hopeless Love in anguish guards the door.
The moon is gone; the sun has never risen;
The moaning wind is lost upon the shore.

Far out at sea I hear the storm-birds calling
A requiem, for one I seem to mark
Dashed from the foam-white cliff and falling, falling
Upon the winter bosom of the dark.

O sky-born things that scream above the surges!—
Red-circling where the stormy thunders flee—
Rise up above the night, where Hope emerges,
And call my love till she come back to me.

Look out across old Sorrow's pale dominions:
Look far, my storm-winged sentinels of pain!
Does not the red that gleams upon your pinions
Give signal she is coming? Cry again!

No answer! Are the halls of God forsaken,
And white-browed Hope the herald of a lie?
Or this a dream, from which I shall awaken,
Aroused by Death, who wakens me to die?

See now, the shadows creep around me, sighing
Like spirits wailing by a fallen tree;
Despair looms tall beside me; I am dying,
And I—O love, O love, come back to me!

ETCHINGS BY ANDERS ZORN



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.



ANATOLE FRANCE

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.



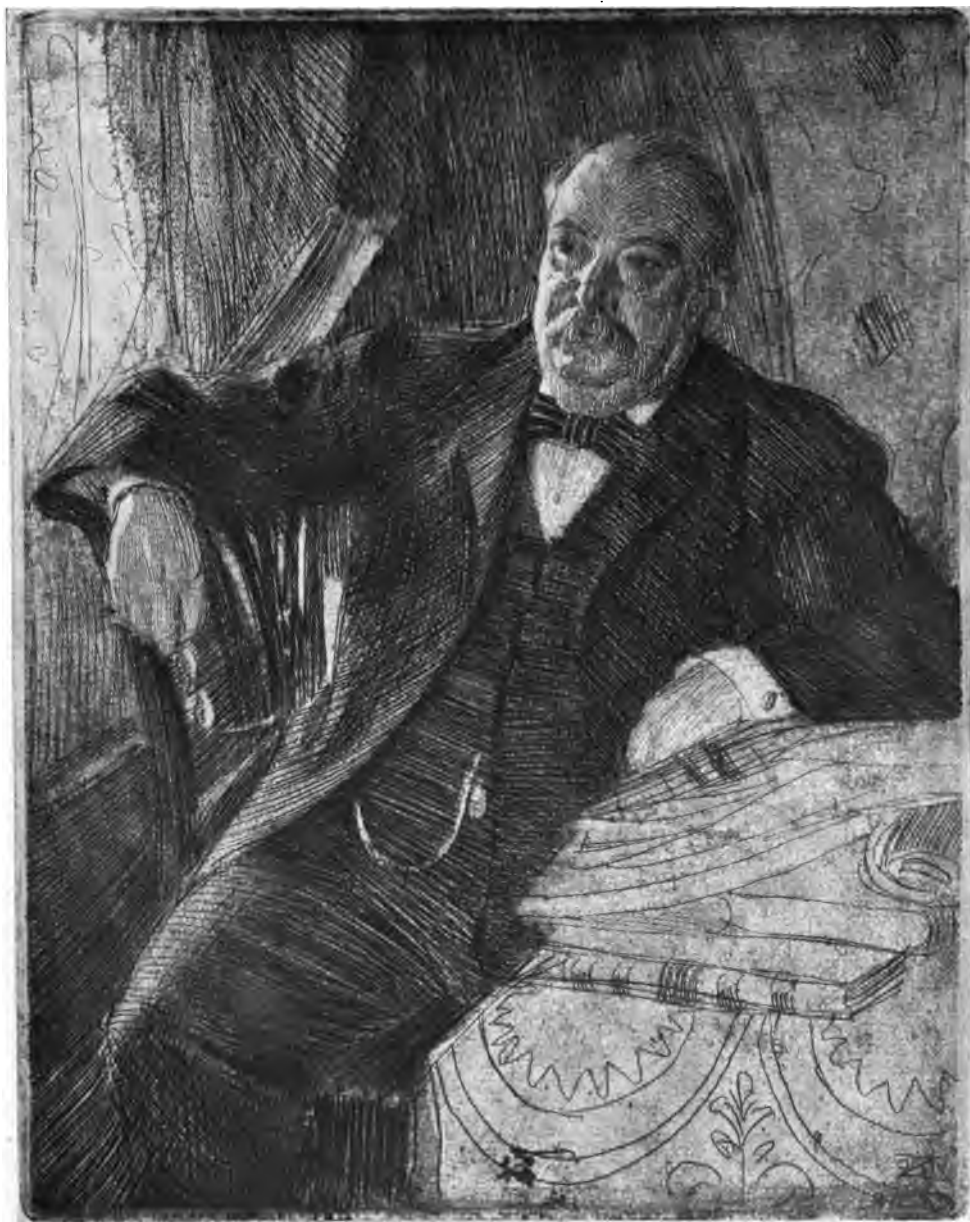
PAUL VERLAINE

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.



RODIN

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.



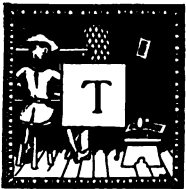
FORMER PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.



THE CZAR'S BIRTHDAY BOOKS

BY GARDNER TEALL



THE Czar is a lover of books. Somehow one is inclined to think of the autocrat of the north-land as anything but that, as a discourager, perhaps, of anything in print. Indeed we have more or less of a notion that books are taboo in Russia, an impression arising from the harassing tales that the press circulates of imperial censorship, which, if there is little freedom in some literary directions, does not mean that there is not a great deal in others. At any rate, because we have imagined Russian literature beyond its Tolstoys or its Turgenieffs *in limbo* we have hardly shown it enough interest to tempt the Russian bookseller to send his wares over here. Yet every visitor to St. Petersburg or to Moscow is struck with the aspect of the Russian bookshops, surprised with the typographical perfection of the works from the Russian

presses. Much of this *renaissance* (though *naissance* would be the better word here) is directly due to the encouragement the present Czar and the Czar Alexander III before him have given the graphic arts. The complacent excellence of modern German typography and of the best work in colour of the Frenchmen—Gerlach in Germany, Plon in Paris, for instance—may well be the despair of other makers of books, but the writer does not believe any contemporary printer or publisher has surpassed the excellence of some of the works of the Russians of to-day, notably the books that have suggested this article—the series of *skazki*, or folk-tales, illustrated by Ivan Jakowlewitsch Bilibin of Moscow and published in St. Petersburg—though European collectors have greedily gobbled them up, knowing, perhaps, something of their story.

When the Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna had presented six little grand-



Сестрица Аленушка Братецъ Иванушка.

Идутъ двое сироты, сестрица Аленушка съ братцемъ Иванушкой, по дальнему пути, по широкому полю, а жаръ-то, жаръ ихъ донимаетъ.

Шли-шли-шли... солнце высоко, захотѣлось Иванушкѣ пить: „Сестрица Аленушка, я пить хочу“. — „Подержи, братецъ, дойдемъ до колодца“. Колодецъ далеко, а жаръ донимаетъ, потъ выступаетъ. Идутъ и видятъ прудъ, а около пруда пасется стадо коровъ. — „Я хочу пить“, говоритъ Иванушка. „Не пей, братецъ! а то будешь теленочкомъ“, говоритъ Аленушка. Онъ послушался, и пошли они дальше; шли-шли и видятъ рѣку, а около



THE WITCH OF THE FOREST

duchesses to an ungrateful nation the Czar had come to give up hoping for an heir to the throne. Contrary to popular belief an emperor may have a strong interest in his family even if it has not reached political perfection, therefore the Czar set about to find for little Olga, who was eight, little Tatiana, who was six, little Maria, who was four, and little Anastasia, who was two, a good old-fashioned nurse of the sort Maria Feodorovna, his Danish mother, had provided for the imperial régime of his own childhood. The Czar had never forgotten the delightful stories this old Russian woman used to tell, folk-tales that teemed with all the mystery of the north country. He and his brothers had keener ears for them than for the stupid history of their tutors. And there were many wordy combats between the nursery-mother (whose course was approved by Maria Feodorovna) and the gentlemen assigned to the more practical part of the education of the imperial children (gentlemen whose course was upheld by the Czar Alexander).

But even in Russia times change. There was the Russian nurse, but to please the Czarina she jumbled her Russian stories with those of the Brothers Grimm, and the French governess had only little songs like *Gentil Coq'licot* or something as terrifying like *Le Roi Dagobert* at her command, so at last the Czar declared that four little grand-duchesses should not be cheated out of the joys a czarovitch and the little grand-dukes had derived from the splendid imaginative fairy-tales the Russian people tell among themselves. So the Czar himself started in for story-telling, much to the delight of the little women who had disappointed the Russian Empire. There came, however, a time when affairs of state kept His Majesty away from the nursery, much to the distress of the little grand-duchesses. So the Czar hit upon another scheme. If the Russian palace-nurse would mix up the adventures of

Baba Yaga with those of Gretel's witch, and if the French lady had only Parisian ditties at her tongue's end, at least both of them could read aloud. Therefore the Czar decided that some one must be found who could make a book of the old folk-tales just as he had heard them first. He would have each tale illuminated in beautiful legible characters of Russian text, and the illustrations should be in water-colour and should exactly fit the spirit of the stories. It happened that a young Russian illustrator, Bilibin, had chanced to do some things that had attracted the attention of the Russian art-critics, although they were unknown beyond St. Petersburg and Moscow. Even now Bilibin is but thirty-five, so the compliment of being chosen by the Czar to undertake the volumes for the library of the imperial nursery was no insignificant compliment. The stories chosen were "The Frog Prince" (which is quite different from the German tale of the same title), "The Beautiful Vassilissa," "The Flame Bird," "King Frost," "Sweet Dreams," "The Witch of the Forest" and "Ivan Czarovitch" (which latter title, by the way, his famous master, Ilja Repin, had illustrated years before in quite another manner).

These illustrations were not completed all at once, but the books were finally finished for birthday gifts to the little grand-duchesses. The Czar and the Czarina were so pleased with Bilibin's success that it was decided other children should be given an opportunity to share in their treasure.

Thus it happened that the Czar commanded one of the foremost Russian publishers to undertake the reproduction in printed form of Bilibin's work. The text was put into type forthwith, and when the publisher protested that the illustrations could not be produced except at a prohibitive cost the Czar opened his private purse and bore the publication expense himself.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S "GAME TRAILS"*

This is the best of the East African books, because it gives a coherent picture of the country and what goes on therein. That is what we like. There is nothing more interesting to the average wide-awake world-citizen of whatever nationality than to hear plainly how the other fellow does it. To hear plainly means that small details must be told in the language of the listener. The statement that the veldt is covered with kopjes from which dongas radiate in several directions is undoubtedly an excellent topographical description, but much of that sort of thing borders on the soporific. But if you tell me that a plain with a lot of little hills scattered around on it has dry washes cut out like the western banancas, then I am interested, for I have seen something of that kind at home. And if, further, you proceed to point out clearly that said plains are covered with herds of game like cattle; and that said hills are populated with rock antelope; and that the ravines with the patches of stuff like sage brush in them are quite apt to conceal lions instead of coyotes or jack rabbits, then you have me excited. If, lastly, you will only refrain from saying spring-bok and dricker and klip-springer and such until I have had time to get a trifle acquainted, then I will follow you to the end—and be sorry the end has arrived!

The ultra-sophisticated pose is here even less defensible than elsewhere. The writer of books—except he be a writer of technical books—must for his work's salvation get away from the idea that he is writing for his fellow-experts. This is especially true of shooting books. As a usual thing the sportsman is a modest fellow. When he tells how the enraged pogniffle bit off his left ear he abridges the thing to its dry elements for fear the other sportsmen who read his book will think him cocky and trying to show off. As a result, only sportsmen get any sense

**African Game Trails*. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of reality from the incident. The great public gather only the rather vague idea that you do not catch pogniffles with a butterfly net. This is not right. Were that sportsman playing fair he would justify the dollars *net* he demands for his book. In the first place, we want to know what is the pogniffle and where does he dwell; what are his habits, and does he enjoy dust; how is he hunted, and is he unkind by disposition or only by prodding; what in particular did he do on this occasion, and *exactly* how did the sportsman feel and act; what rifle was used, how far were the shots, and what effect did the bullets have; above all, what did the pogniffle do with the ear after he *did* bite it off?

That is exactly what we do not get from most African books; and what we do get from Mr. Roosevelt. The usual screed from that country consists mostly in fairly monotonous reiterations of exciting shooting. A friend of mine parodies it as follows:

After picking up his liver and replacing it in his abdominal cavity, the cowardly gun-bearer, instead of remaining to distract the rhinoceros's attention, climbed a tree and hung there, groaning. On the following day, by way of example, I had him stuck full of thorns dipped in acid.

From it all one gets only the impression of hot days, some dust, thorn trees, two distant mountains, and swarms of beasts. In other words, the writer, quite naturally, stopped short at the first and stupendous fact of the Game.*

But Mr. Roosevelt does get beyond it. He is too broad in his sympathies to be stricken blind even by so vivid a flash of the unusual as that. The physical lay of the country; the many tribes of negroes, as human beings, not "tribes" or "natives" merely; the little industrial activities; and above all the feeling for the picturesque little things that give his narrative

*I am, of course, omitting mention of such encyclopedic works as those of Sir Harry Johnston. But they are ethnological and administrative; and, like the others, they give no picture of the living country.

colour, these are in full evidence. He retains the boyish and delighted power of gloating over the strange and unusual. Without that power, which is only the power of "make-believe" grown up, a man is middle-aged; with it he is always young. The average man remarks, with what he thinks is a commendable repression, that

After killing the lion in rather a nasty fracas, we were so belated that we were not in camp until after dark. The porters welcomed us with much rejoicing.

Says Mr. Roosevelt:

... the porters appeared, bearing on poles the skin of the dead lion, and the lioness entire. The moon was nearly full, and it was interesting to see them come swinging down the trail in the bright silver light, chanting in deep tones over and over again a line or phrase that sounded like:

"Zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai; zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai!"

Occasionally they would interrupt it by a repetition in unison at short intervals, of a guttural ejaculation, sounding like "huzlem." They marched into camp, then up and down the lines, before the rows of small fires; then, accompanied by all the rest of the porters, they paraded up to the big fire where I was standing. Here they stopped and ended the ceremony by a minute or two's vigorous dancing amid singing and wild shouting. The fire-light gleamed and flickered across the grim dead beasts, and the shining eyes and black features of the excited savages, while all around the moon flooded the landscape with her white light.

That is what we wanted to know; that is what we would have seen had we been there.

In like manner the book, in the main, tells us just the things we would like to know. I suppose in a literary magazine I should base my criticism on literary principles; but that is a little difficult. One secret of good literature is, of course, to know what to select, what to leave out, and how to arrange it. Literature must be exceedingly difficult in Africa, for there is such a superabundance of material. It must be the easiest thing in the world to slip into mere cataloging—and very incomplete cataloging

at that. One must, as we have shown, present details; but, on the other hand, mere details of an unknown character are worse than useless. Undoubtedly bird-life swarms; but a check-list of birds observed around camp will convey little to one who does not know their names. Some other method must be used to convey the impression. Mr. Roosevelt's feeling of proportion carries him safely by this danger; but some of his few long paragraphs full of "There were the—" and "There were also the—" phrases swings his craft perilously close to the rocks.

But he does avoid the danger; and the few defects of the sort are more than made up for by the habit-observations he gives us. These are closely taken and valuable; as are his remarks illuminating on the human institutions with which he comes in contact. His style is direct, clear and forceful. It conveys perhaps what he wants to convey, but not all that he sees and feels. This is because it misses the literary quality in many respects, owing probably to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had at the time three or four other jobs on hand. *African Game Trails* is a particularly valuable book in that it is the first to tell us about Africa in our own language.

Stewart Edward White.

II

MR. HEWLETT'S "REST HARROW"*

History teaches (and Mr. Hewlett points the moral) the danger of sequels. The characters of a novel are puppets, not real people, however much we may talk of them as real. They are put on the stage to express a preconceived idea, to expose a situation. Put them through their paces, drain them of their significance for the purpose in hand, and they are dead; and the author who tries to resurrect them does so at his risk. The only sequel of which this is not, generally speaking, true is the one that is planned from the beginning, that is part of the scheme, and for which the significance of the characters is deliberately and artistically economised.

* Rest Harrow. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Apparently Mr. Hewlett when he wrote *Halfway House* had no thought of a trilogy. That was a complete story, and when it was done Mary Middleham and her young lover and her middle-aged husband were disposed of once for all. But into that story had crept a subsidiary character who proved to be intrinsically the most suggestive, potentially the finest in the book. The success of the author with the Meredithian Senhouse was evident; no wonder he was tempted to make further use of such promising material. And in doing so his instinct was at least partially right, for Senhouse, since he furnished but an incident, however important, in the first book, had not been exhausted. Followed *Open Country*. It was disconcerting to find that it harked back to an earlier stage in the hero's life, so that the sequel takes chronological precedence of the original. But on the whole Senhouse stood surprisingly well this test of recrudescence. It was even reasonable to believe that his possibilities were not yet at an end, for although he furnished the motive for the book, he was not himself its protagonist. More acted upon than acting, more an observer than a sharer of the turmoil, Jack Senhouse might still conceivably have something to express.

But in *Rest Harrow* Mr. Hewlett brings back, along with Senhouse, all the principal characters of both the earlier books and attempts to tie into a single snug knot the loose ends of all these unrelated lives. It is a hardy effort, foredoomed to failure. One regards it with mingled admiration for the courage displayed and suspicion of something almost mean and practical in the end to be gained. Is Mr. Hewlett afraid of his powers of invention or is he making the most, in commercial fashion, of a "lead" that has proved profitable? Whatever his motive, retribution is swift. What might have been the very finest of his later novels, had it stood boldly on its own merits, is made baffling and disappointing by the compromises necessary to square it with its predecessors. Not all of Mr. Hewlett's ingenuity—and the ingenuity of the opening chapters is amazing—can make the resurrection plausible. The worst case is that of Mary Middle-

ham. She simply refuses to resume even a semblance of life, and her shrouded figure is pushed stiffly through the pages. Sanchia Percival, to whom the new book belongs, is a real enough person—perhaps with more of genuine flesh and blood than in *Open Country*, but not quite the same person. If you meet her now for the first time, well and good. But those who knew the old Sanchia will be disturbed at finding another person, so like her in externals, bearing the familiar name. Senhouse resurges a recognisable creature, though with something of the air of the charnel-house about him. Again it is the incidental character that triumphs. Sanchia's quondam friend, Bill Chevenix, returns as an old acquaintance, wholly himself, only more entertaining than of yore.

It will be recognised that it is difficult to judge the new book as if it stood alone. The situation is a fine one: The girl, Sanchia, tied by the bonds of her early love to a brute, learning his nature and breaking away from him, becoming aware of her real love for Senhouse and turning back to marry Ingram because she conceives it to be her destiny, finding her rest finally in her philosopher-lover. Senhouse, schooled by suffering, grows increasingly ascetic and mystic. If it is conceivable that he could have the experiences that are attributed to him, it is conceivable that they might have the effect described. He is still a convenient mouthpiece for the author's ideas of philosophic anarchism. His doctrine of emancipation from the slavery of property will be embraced by gentlemen who live in villas and go to the city each day for business. Senhouse's rapt devotion to his lady is spiritual and tenuous, but its end is a blaze of honest human passion in which flesh and blood have their part. The close of the book is a lyric outburst. Mr. Hewlett is still as romantic at heart as he ever was in his mediæval tales. This is what gives him his present peculiar interest. A born romantic, seeing the twentieth century with the eyes of the twelfth, with imagination and the crowning gift of style—a novelist who plies his art with these qualities is to be cherished.

Ward Clark.

III

G. DORSET'S "A SUCCESSFUL WIFE"*

The literary critic of the uncompromisingly high standard may be often heard to aver that there is no excuse for a woman's entering the literary field unless she has something to say which even the most gifted man cannot say. If this be true, then G. Dorset (if G. Dorset be a woman) has proved her right to literary endeavour: For in this unassuming little volume, which comes with no particular pretence to literary excellence, something is told which only a woman could tell, the intimate moments of the private life of the man of genius, that side of his character seen when the mask is off, seen as only his wife can see him. And, still more important, seen not as by the woman with whom such a man is *in love*, for such a man in love is a very different individual from such a man in the usual course of his home existence. That is just the charm of the little book. Stephen Kirkland married to get sympathy, comfort, some one to lean on, some one before whom he need not be ashamed in moments of weakness. Other women saw him when his genius flamed into brilliancy in the heat of a passing passion. His quiet little wife saw the other moments, the reaction, the weakness, the depression that a man who is a man hides from all but one observer, in those cases where he is so mated, hides from every one, where he has not found the woman whom he can trust. The book leads one out into a range of thought far above and beyond the interest it awakens in itself. It makes the thoughtful reader wish that the wives, the *successful* wives of some of the great men of the world, could have given their story as Esther Kirkland gives hers. It would be intensely illuminating and would make us understand many things.

Stephen Kirkland's career, in his astounding successes on such short preparation, sounds a little too improbable at times. Stephen Kirkland's character, as depicted by his wife, is very real. We do

not see clearly, in this day of photographic realism, just how some of the events could have come about all in one lifetime. But we can see the man himself, with his charm of manner, his mental fastidiousness and personal carelessness, his depths of concentration and the reaction that followed, his weakness and his strength, his glorious egotism which was yet compatible with flashes of great thoughtfulness for others. The man is alive in every fibre, and is the figure that stands out in one's memory after reading the book, dominating all else. Most delightful of all, and most delightfully real, is Kirkland's delicious way of discovering life for himself, of enjoying all the explorer's delight in every new train of ideas that opens out before him, regardless of the fact that many others have gone that way before. This is one of the marks of such a mind, one of the great blessings it brings to its possessor. We are but mildly interested in the financial crisis, in the political pictures, in Senator Kirkland's opinions or changes of opinion. But in Stephen Kirkland the man, no reader can fail to find interest, an interest that grows as the story develops. And the charm is enhanced by the simple manner of the telling through the simple untutored mind of the quiet little woman who was Stephen Kirkland's wife and nothing else. She knows nothing of public affairs, and we see the world through her eyes of ignorance or indifference for everything that did not concern those belonging to her.

But in the simplicity of the telling there is great art, for the effect is gained and held throughout. The growth of love in a woman's heart, love earned through the sordid side of marriage, through the petty common cares, the intimacies that love alone is supposed to make possible, and that in this case bring about love—it is all slowly unfolded in the simplest sort of language, amid a lot of padding which forms a good enough, because indifferently coloured, background for the main theme, the main figure, to develop definitely. The heroine expresses the hope that the annals of her life may serve to encourage some woman here and there. One is inclined to doubt this, for in just these intimate battles of life no one's ex-

* *A Successful Wife*. By G. Dorset. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated by J. Montgomery Flagg.

perience can be of any help to others. But Esther Kirkland's life annals will give pleasure to a number of readers thoughtful enough to recognise the charm of this unpretentious volume, and to acknowledge its eminent success in the portrayal of the central character.

J. Marchand.

IV

H. J. SMITH'S "ENCHANTED GROUND"*

In the old fairy-tales we are told that it was exceedingly dangerous to sleep upon enchanted ground, for then the spells would work, the evil powers triumph, the ugly transformations take place that could not prevail with him who fought off the fatal slumber, and at whatsoever sacrifice of pain and exhaustion, kept his eyes open and his mind alert.

Mr. Smith, in his novel *Enchanted Ground*, has identified New York as the perilous kingdom of the bad fairies, and seeks to show how the young men and maidens of the green hills and country places, straying upon the baleful territory, fall into sleep and suffer the sad magic of wickedness to overpower them, waking to find themselves black and misshapen where they had fallen asleep white and fair and straight enough.

The idea of the city as a place of danger is old, and older still the position of a man between two women, one good and the other bad, yet each appealing to him. It is the story of this book. Philip, in love with the white but distant Georgia, succumbs to the fascination of the close-at-hand and rainbow-tinted Katrinka. Afterward come remorse, confession, dismissal, the wrath of outraged good-womanhood, the long uphill struggle of the sinner, with the final outcome the reader has a right to expect. To be sure, Katrinka is pretty badly treated, but she has a husband somewhere and is left on her way back to him. She is not really bad, being conveniently foreign, and she is a great deal more interesting than the chill Georgia, who shares the ordinary fate of the good angel of the novels in proving something of a bore. Further-

more, Georgia possesses a tiresome old father given to quoting Scripture and groaning over his past, one result of this past being an unsuspected half-brother of Georgia's, a man of brilliant intellect but unfortunate habits. This alias John Barry is by long odds the best-drawn character in the book, a book more successful with its chorus girls and stenographers, boarding-house keepers and incidental personages generally than with what the slangy Queenie would describe as its "main guys." And the drab-coloured Irene, with her desperate desire to save this sister Queenie from the usual fate of the chorus girl, is amusing and human. Unfortunately, the book produces more the effect of being about people about whom the author has heard than a direct communication of life. The incidents and the experiences leave the reader cold. He does not suffer with Georgia nor strive with Philip, and he knows too well just about what he is to find in the pages still remaining to be turned. The title, in short, is the best thing the book has. Nevertheless, there is a certain sincerity of purpose that makes itself evident. The two men each have an ideal for which they fight, and they both win out; each, too, is the better for the fire that has scorched but not permanently scarred him. The scenes between them are good. In the book's unevenness lies its chief promise of better work to come. There is something real in it, though it only gets through in spots, one of these spots being Mr. Smith's evident intention of concerning himself with the facts of life, and of showing how these facts react on men and women. If his power grows, if he drops his stilted conceptions of the conversations that occur between any persons above the chorus-girl grade, and realises that a man supposedly in the stress of mortal suffering will not indulge in such words as "peradventure" or such phrases as "the man who addresses you is already sealed with death" and "he has paid the price, lo, these many years," particularly when he is speaking to his daughter, even though this man chances to be a Colonel, why, Mr. Smith may give us a book that will prove worth reading from the first page to the last.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

* *Enchanted Ground*. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

V

CORRA HARRIS'S "A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE"*

In *A Circuit Rider's Wife* Mrs. Harris has done more than a mere narrative of an individual life laid on the crude mountain altar of a fervid Christianity. The wife of this book assures you at the outset that she was not "one of those pallid prayer-meeting virgins who so naturally keep their lamps trimmed and burning before the pulpits of unmarried preachers." Speaking of these virgins she remarks: "They are really the best women to be found in any church, for they are the gentle, maiden sisters of all souls, the faded, feminine love-psalms of a benighted ministry who wither and grow old without ever suspecting that their hope was marriage no less than it is the hope of the giddiest girl. However, a preacher seldom takes one of them for his first wife. It is only after he has been left a widower with a house full of children that he turns imploring love looks in their direction." Hence you get the impression at the start that this biographing wife, despite her vicarious theological entanglements, is still a woman and with a sense of humour too. She marries a young and earnest seeker after the truth and she soon finds that with him "prayer was simply a spiritual obsession, based on a profound sense of mortal weakness, and very mystifying to his young wife, who had cheerfully said her orisons from a book night and morning with an easy Canterbury conscience."

What follows is the record of thirty years of circuit-riding after the devil and the weakness of the flesh and the spirit, a life hemmed in by a narrowness of ecclesiastical vision no less confining than the great bald brown mountains that shut off the view of the great free, frank world outside. You go from "love feasts," which Mrs. Harris calls "a sort of Dun and Bradstreet opportunity to know the exact spiritual standing of every man and woman in the community," to the hectic "revival," which has so much wrestling with the Spirit that it is a wonder that she did not call it acrobatic Christianity.

* *A Circuit Rider's Wife*. By Corra Harris. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

Yet the wife views it all with a sympathetic tolerance despite the jolt to her own ideals of life and religion. The people among whom her husband labours are crude, almost primeval, with "an unkempt earthiness" about them. They make an awful business of being good and their religion is a terrifying and scary thing. She finds consolation in the fact, however, that her husband has never called himself "sanctified." "Sanctification," she adds, "is a good thing to preach and a better thing to strive after, but the minute a man professes it he becomes less truthful and less intelligent spiritually, and he proceeds to develop along these lessening lines."

But despite its frankness there is no ridicule in this book. Those thirty years of circuit comradeship, scorched by the hot suns on the dusty lowlands, chilled by the blasts of the mountain places; years of nursing the sick, shrouding the dead, laying on the hand of fellowship and courage, speak eloquently of a high faith. But one may have humour even amid psalm singing and the lightning spiritual change of revivals. Here is a naive bit from a mountain district. One Sabbath morning the Circuit Rider was conducting a Sunday-school class of human by-products of the moonshine "stills." He told his pupils of the forty and two children who were devoured by the two she-bears because they made fun of a bald-headed man.

"I don't believe that tale," spoke up one boy.

"Why," asked the parson.

"Because," replied the boy, "if only two bears had eat that many children, it would have busted 'em wide open."

Even the burning faith of the Circuit Rider could not prevail against this.

At one revival where a notorious backslider had been converted for the fifth consecutive time and was taken immediately back to the bosom of his long-suffering wife, Mrs. Harris remarks, "It is no wonder that women believe in God easier than any one else does. They can believe with so little reason in men."

Nor is this book without its big and ennobling element of tragedy. There is the storm-swept night in the mountains when the little itinerant comes to the

Circuit Rider's door. Here is a chapter of great tenderness and haunting pathos, for the child is born dead. The wife insists upon its being baptised, and in the grim dawn its wandering baby spirit is led to God. Over its tiny bier Mrs. Harris puts this paragraph:

And there, high up on the mountains, under the very eave of Heaven, swinging deep in his brown cradle of earth, the mother angels will find him, the little itinerant, with his dust properly baptised. When they come on the last day to awaken and gather up those very least babies who died so soon they will not understand the resurrection call when they hear it.

The sidelights on congregations viewed from the intimacy of the minister's wife's pew are delightful. Here is one piquant observation:

The most conscienceless gossips in the world are to be found always among the thoroughly upright, meanly impeccable, members of any and every church. They are the Scribes and Pharisees who contribute most to the building of houses of worship; they give most to its causes. They are the "right hands" of preachers from their youth up. They are the pale, pious little boys and girls who behaved and who graduated from the Sunday-schools without being converted to the church. They are the duty doing "firsts" who shall be the last and least in the world to come.

Then there is the woman "who cannot distinguish between her sentimental emotions and her spiritual ambitions." These, remarks Mrs. Harris, are the undoing of the pulpit, because they go to see the pastor in his church study. "Those who build studies for their pastors in the back part of the church," she says, "surround him with the four walls of moral destruction, and invite it for him. The place for the minister's study is his own home, with his wife passing in and out if he has female spiritual invalids calling on him." This does not mean that our Circuit Rider ever fell, but his wife was a shrewd observer—and was a woman.

After many years the wife learns that she cannot domesticate the Circuit Rider. She says:

A woman might get married to him and hang like a kissing millstone around his neck;

she might sew on his buttons, bear children, teach him to eat rolled oats, surround him with every evidence of earthly ties and a home but he will not live there in the spirit. He belongs to God. So William never really belonged in his own house with his own body, his own wife and his breakfast, although he often rested there and seemed to enjoy the latter. He was more at home in the Psalms. I will not say he went as far as Jehovah. When he was in a Leviticus frame of mind very few of the minor prophets satisfied his craving for the awful. The gentle spring-time of his heart was when he took up with Saint John in the New Testament. He never professed the intimate fellow-feeling I have heard some conceited preachers express for Saint Paul. He was not a great man; he was just a good one and too much of a gentleman to thrust himself upon a big saint like Paul even in his imagination.

The day comes when the Circuit Rider meets the Black Horseman on the road and falls before him. He becomes superannuated, turns to Job, and he goes to his first circuit to die. When his wife is worn out with watching, a woman, who is rejected and despised, comes and nurses him. She tells him that his God "ain't nothing but a Paradise capitalist and aristocrat," that for her "the word God stands for something in the hearts of men and women bigger'n a Paradise gardener with a taste for music." To the last the Rider wrestles with her.

When he mounts for the Final Circuit his wife goes to New York to live with a rich sister. She feels as if she had the doxology stamped on her brow. But she has been human all along and fits into the ways of luxury, yet she cannot shake off the mantle that her husband's incessant religion had put about her. She finds the fashionable city congregation "created by electricity, with a spiritual button for a soul that you press into religious fervour by rendering an organ opera behind the pulpit. "The pure passion of the Circuit days stirs within her; the rough-hewn image of a Great Faith beckons to her from the oft-travelled roads, and she goes back to the parsonage where she went as bride, to dwell to the end with the memory of an unaffected godliness.

Isaac F. Marcossou.

VI

I. A. R. WYLIE'S "THE NATIVE BORN"*

With all the good-will in the world—since it is the first work of a new writer—one cannot accord very high praise to Miss Wylie's novel, *The Native Born*. Carefully composed and carefully written, it is a conscientious effort, but it scarcely escapes the commonplace clap-trap of melodrama. The premises upon which it is based are too absurd—that such complications of infantile identity as the author posits could possibly arise even in India, and at the time of an uprising and a massacre, transcends belief; and that an adventurer and an adventureress of no deeper devices than Archibald Travers and Beatrice McConnell alias Cary could operate, unhindered, in a province of the Indian Empire, and nearly cause a general conflagration by hoodwinking a native prince under the very eyes of the government agents, gives altogether too weak-minded a version of English colonial administration. Surely in real life Travers's sufficiently transparent plans would have been divined by some watchful official, and he would have been promptly railroaded out of the country. But the book makes few pretensions to represent real life. The India here shown is certainly not the India of Kipling, of Flora Annie Steele, or of Alice Perrin; or, rather, it would seem as if the author knew of that country only through the works of those Anglo-Indian authors. The descriptions are wholly lacking in any detailed verisimilitude, in any evidences of first-hand observation. The scene of the story is thus an imaginary scene, and as such is without even that riotous exuberance of fancy found in such a book as Louis Vance's *The Bronze Bell*. And what applies to the setting applies equally to the characters. Compared with the sketch of a Rajah's son who tries to break down the barriers of caste and religion in Alice Perrin's *Idolatry*, Miss Wylie's Nehal Singh is a purely ideal creation, who carries conviction at no point. The other characters are equally stock figures of romance, and Beatrice alone among them

is individualised to the point of distantly becoming a distinct personality. Even she, however, is rather an idea than a person—the idea of regeneration through love, which is by no means rare in contemporary literature, though there are here differences in the working out that attest some originality of invention, while the logic of the conversion is sound, without being psychologically subtle, and the process itself is not too operatically abrupt.

If we leave to one side the absurdity of the premises, the construction of the story is neat and workmanlike, the development of the action is orderly and consequent, and there is a kind of rhetorical balance in the main argument, caused by the double revolution in the mind of the young Rajah, whereby, after having lost his faith in the heroic character of the English, he recovers his ancient admiration as a result of his very attempt, stoutly resisted, to drive them from his territory. The author's best gift, however, is, perhaps, a sense of effective situation, though this is of a theatrical order, and would find its best expression on the stage. The writing of a play or two would be a good discipline for her, since it would force her to cut and condense her dialogue, which now has a constant tendency to harden into academic discussion of issues involving life and death and happiness for the individuals who speak. There is little that is natural in this interchange, which is always stiff and formal even when it is meant to be most casual and spontaneous. There is a certain self-consciousness about the characters, which comes, of course, to some extent at least, from the self-consciousness of the author. She does not hear her people speak, because her attention is concentrated upon herself and her artistic effort. It is upon her ability to cast off this self-consciousness and to identify herself with her characters that will, in large measure, depend her future success as a novelist—upon this, and upon the maturing of her interest in life itself, for its own sake, and not merely as the mechanical means of working out those ingenious problems in mathematics called plots. It must be said that there is not much here to afford encouragement

*The Native Born. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

as to the future, and perhaps the safest course for the reviewer is simply to present the story to the reader just as it is, to wit, a melodrama that, at its worst, is not, after all, more mechanical, or impersonal, than the work of half a dozen popular and successful writers in this field. For many it will produce all the illusion necessary for complete enjoyment of its sentiments and sensational thrills.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

R. W. KAUFFMAN'S "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE"*

Conditions underlying the "white slave traffic" are the subject-matter of this novel by Mr. Kauffman. The author has unnecessarily restricted his field by making the original seducer of the heroine a professional "cadet." He has fallen in with the current sensationalism, the current exaggeration of the specially developed agent of vice as the precipitating cause of the girl's degradation. Mr. Kauffman is a socialist, and his implied argument would have been stronger if he had pointed out the more subtle and more common ways in which commercialism affects the character and lives of women. The broader background is indeed described in the book—the social cause of the evil is indeed sufficiently insisted upon, but, in order to meet the momentary interest, Mr. Kauffman has in the matter of the "cadet" taken the easiest way. He has thereby weakened the book both as sociology and as literature.

To those who read the newspapers—and the newspapers do not look for the usual and the typical, but for the unusual and the exceptionally striking—this book will offer no novelty. To those who are familiar with the beliefs and ideas of "radical" sociologists this book will offer no novelty. It contains "group" truths—truths complete or partial which are recognised by groups of people, and the truths are put in the way they put them.

Mr. Kauffman's book is an able book. His material is conventional. He takes

the facts given him by the newspapers, he takes the ideas given him by "groups," and he uses them with skill and ability. The workmanship is fluent but good. But the fact remains that the book might have been written by somebody else, provided that somebody else were as able a writer and chapter-builder as is Mr. Kauffman. Here we come upon the estimate of the book as art. The work is well done, but it has very little relation to literature. The author's personality is not there. It is not life seen through a temperament. It is life seen through the conventionalised results of "group" sociology.

Mr. Kauffman's work does not seem personal. An artist, as opposed to a craftsman, might have had the same background, held the same social ideas as those of Mr. Kauffman, and yet he would have made us feel that he was giving his personal vision, his personal experience, his personal angle toward the facts. The artist is in this way supremely independent. He makes us feel that he has re-envisaged the material involved. And so he shakes or reinforces our ideas. But Mr. Kauffman's book, able as it is, leaves us just where we began. It is not a contribution. It is an exploitation.

The best book that I have read on this general subject is *Bubu de Montparnasse*, by Phillippe. It is written as if the author had never heard any ideas expressed about prostitution. It is absolutely unconventional. It shows complete artistic sympathy with the material. It treats the facts as other facts in nature—with no conventional moral reaction expressed. It is therefore all the more terrible. We see the terrible life itself, and we don't get "group" opinions about it. But we do get some real fresh, independent, truthful facts which we may use either in strengthening or in weakening the social ideas we have hitherto held. We get the personal vision of an impersonal artist.

In Mr. Kauffman's able book—well written, well constructed, lucidly conceived—there is no vision. And to go through these terrible details, without the charm and the relief and the awakening, reconciling and stimulating quality of art, is helpful neither to heart, head nor volume of true knowledge.

Hutchins Hapgood.

*The House of Bondage. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

VIII

C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON'S "THE MOTOR MAID"*

The Motor Maid is constructed according to the formula with which we have grown familiar, and there is no reason why that considerable portion of the reading public which, since the days of *The Lightning Conductor*, has consistently followed the Williamson books should in this case express any disappointment. All the old ingredients are there, the Car, the Man, the Woman, the romance, the usual complications, the deft dialogue, and the well-written descriptions of scenery, which may be skipped if the reader is so inclined. Indeed, just as the pursuit of novelty led to the production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with casts that included two Topsy's, so in *The Motor Maid* there is the double attraction that both hero and heroine are in a measure masqueraders. Lys d'Angelys, half French and half American, running away from her relatives in order to escape marriage with an enormously wealthy manufacturer of corn plasters, accepts the position of lady's maid to an elderly virago who is splurging through the Riviera on her second honeymoon. The elderly virago has a husband who is somewhat less obnoxious than herself and a motor car which is the last cry in the points of beauty, power and mechanical perfection. By the way, who is going to introduce the average Car into fiction? The novelists, so far, have given us only perfection and the atrociously bad. But to come back to our sheep, the car of this story—an Aigle—has a superlatively handsome chauffeur who is of the same real station of life, and in much the same present predicament as the Motor Maid. Little more need be said. Of course, there is the usual cad, and of course he insists on driving the Car and bringing it to disaster. He is soundly thrashed near the end of the story, and the Motor Maid and the Gentleman Chauffeur fall into each other's arms, and there is a convenient relenting aunt who gives them a castle in Spain—no, Italy—and an income suffi-

* *The Motor Maid*. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

cient to maintain it, so, as has been said, everybody should be perfectly satisfied.

R. A. Why.

IX

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "ONCE UPON A TIME"*

This collection of eight of Mr. Davis's short stories impresses the reviewer as being satisfactory but by no means astonishing. It represents the serious, careful effort of a finished workman, who is also a natural story teller. But it lacks the enthusiasm and buoyancy that went into the making, some twenty years ago, of the atrociously constructed and wholly delightful "Gallegher." There is just the difference. The Mr. Davis of the early days wrote for the sheer joy of writing; the Mr. Davis of the present writes because writing is his *métier*.

While there is nothing in the present volume quite so good as "The Exiles" or "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," or "The Other Woman," these tales are far from being commonplace. There are two, "A Question of Latitude" and "The Spy," that belong in the very first rank of Mr. Davis's short stories. The first named is a summing up of the writer's experiences in the Congo. It is at once an arraignment of the white man's misrule and cruelty and an explanation. In "The Spy" he goes back to the scenes of *Soldiers of Fortune* and *Captain Macklin*—the South or Central American Republic of revolutions, and dictators, and corrupt financial schemers from the States. Indeed, almost every story in this collection calls to mind some one of the writer's earlier tales, although there may be no actual resemblance at all. Read "A Charmed Life" and one thinks somehow of "On the Fever Ship." "The Messenger" suggests "The Writing on the Wall," though why it should is hard to say. The idea of "The Make Believe Man" is a typical Davis idea, and one that goes back to the golden days in the young life of Mr. Cortlandt Van Bibber.

F. L. Onslow.

* *Once Upon a Time*. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SOCIAL LADDER AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN spite of revolutions and guillotines and declarations of independence, human genius has so far failed to invent a stable government under which all men are socially as well as politically free and equal, a community in which liberty, equality and fraternity reign in the drawing-room as well as at the polls. The domestic and social life of civilised humanity is a stratified formation, not cleanly and sharply distinguished, like courses of bricks or masonry, but blending almost insensibly one with another, and capable, like mica, of countless splittings, infinite scalings-off of layers almost too attenuated for separate existence. In a broad and general way, it may be said that no form of fiction which pretends, even remotely, to be a picture of life, can wholly ignore the existence of the social strata. No matter how deliberately and consistently a novelist limits himself to a particular class, a circumscribed locality, a special business or calling, he will find it impossible to leave completely out of his canvas all the other grades and employments and territorial divisions that make up the world at large. The chief interest in any human portraiture, whether the *pays latin* of Murger, or the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paul de Kock, the *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray's London, the dreary monotony of

Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's New England farm or the resigned fatalism of Verga's Sicilian peasantry, is relative and not absolute; while the author is carefully telling us what his characters are, we are subconsciously noting all that his characters are not. They get their high lights through the force of contrast, not resemblance; we measure them by the standard of the people around us in our own special social stratum.

Accordingly, there is no one thing about which a novelist ought to take such pains to be accurate as about the thousand and one elusive and indefinable little details of speech and action and daily usage that make up the atmosphere of a particular social level. That is why it is so much wiser for an author to limit himself to writing about that class of people that he knows best, usually the people among whom he was born and reared. It is the only sure way of escaping such ironies as that of Daudet upon Balzac, "Balzac the provincial, disclosing the great Parisian world, describing with the imagination of a dazzled country squire a world he had never seen." Jane Austen, within the narrow circle of her experience, could touch with absolute sureness the various social types and values; but one dreads to think what sorry work she might have made of a London novel, even had she been content with the modest environment of Henrietta Street.

What complicates the task of the novelist still further is that society, even in the older and more conservative centres, is in a permanent state of unstable equilibrium. People do not stay in the stratum to which they were born; they either force their way energetically higher and higher, or else gravitate slowly and impotently downward, through privations and ignominies that would be powerless to wound those who are calloused to them from birth. For the most part, however, this steady migration from one

* The Osbornes. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Devious Ways. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Barrier. By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Daughters of Suffolk. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Flamsted Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Meddlings of Eve. By William J. Hopkins. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

social class to another is accomplished so gradually that a continual readjustment takes place: the son of a well-to-do peasant makes a little money in trade; his son in turn enlarges the business; the third generation accomplishes the transition from retail to wholesale; and among the sons or grandsons of this wholesale merchant there may very well be one or more professional men, bankers, lawyers, statesmen. It has all come about so slowly and naturally that the newcomers fit into their places almost as if to the manner born. It is when some exceptional combination of circumstances thrusts people suddenly out of their natural setting, upward or downward, that we get in all its relentless sharpness the grotesque tragedy of social displacements.

Curiously enough, the migrations up and down the social ladder, rich as they are in comic as well as tragic situations, have not been half appreciated by the novelists. Of course it is possible to cite from almost any of the great writers some instances of people forced by fate out of their rightful place or scrambling by their own efforts into an uncomfortable eminence. But usually such cases are of the type known in theatrical parlance as "character parts," as distinguished from "straight parts," and serve to furnish the "comic relief" or to serve some other subordinate purpose. The novels that concern themselves primarily with the problems that arise from transferring men and women out of their natural element into an alien atmosphere, although one of the oldest existing types of fiction, are so largely in the minority that it would be a comparatively short and simple task to catalogue them. There is, for instance, the novel of the self-made man—an ancient, time-honoured type, dating all the way back to the Trimalchio in the *Satira* of Petronius, its earliest surviving prototype—Trimalchio, the freedman, with his vast possessions, his ridiculous extravagances, his unspeakable vulgarity. And conceived in essentially the same spirit, despite the different standards of the age, are such modern examples of the type as Balzac's *César Birotteau*, Daudet's *Nabab*, Howells's *Silas Lapham*, Verga's *Mastro-Don Gesu-*

aldo, Herrick's *Diary of an American Citizen*—the list could be prolonged, but not to a great extent. Yet hardly any situation in life lends itself to a more infinite variety of complications, shading all the way from the trifling embarrassment born of not knowing which particular fork to use for oysters at a dinner party to the cataclysm of a vaulting ambition that has o'erleaped itself and landed in a social and financial wreckage.

Probably the reason why this class of themes has not been popular with a wider circle of writers is because it requires an exceptionally wide outlook upon life, an exceptional subtlety of understanding and sureness of touch. To burlesque the thing would be comparatively easy. We all know the broad farce comedy of the servant girl masquerading in her mistress's ball dress and floundering helplessly over the trailing lengths of her borrowed plumage. It is precisely because a false position of any sort is so fatally easy to caricature that we so seldom get a writer capable of keeping close upon that delicate border-line between smiles and tears. Gaucheries of speech or gesture are frankly funny if sufficiently exaggerated. The clown and the court jester are so flagrantly out of tune with their environment that they become a law unto themselves. It is the man or woman who almost does the expected thing, who just misses using the conventional phrase, who has achieved ninety-nine of the hall-marks of culture, that offers the novelist a target for cruel irony. We can any of us listen complacently for a half hour while some Italian fruit vendor tears the English language to rags and tatters; but how we wince when some acquaintance habitually mispronounces one particular word! How we try to steer the conversation away from any subject that is likely to involve the use of that word; and how exasperatingly fate contrives to defeat our purpose and to slip in that word with its misplaced stress or false quantity before we have had a chance to escape with a hasty handclasp and a half-spoken good-bye! And more goading still is some little pet vulgarity which the social climber almost invariably transfers from one stratum to another—it may range all the

way from unwashed hands or soiled cuffs to some little persistent trick of table manners or perhaps only some lingering prejudice of class that is sure to be voiced at the most inauspicious moment. And human nature is so constituted that the nearer one comes to the social standard without quite reaching it the more difficult it is to forgive the failure. It is the counterfeit which almost escapes detection that gives our Secret Service something to worry over.

It is for reasons of this sort that, when a family has suddenly raised itself up several rungs of the social ladder at a single stride, the second generation will be far more apt

**"The
Osbornes"**

than the parents to do little things that will be resented. The elders are so palpably out of their setting! No one can possibly mistake them for what they are not, no one expects from them a degree of refinement and of social knowledge beyond what they actually have. You may accept them or not, as you please; but in either case you know just where you stand. But with the sons and daughters it is different. They have almost caught the manner and the accent—but not quite; and because the fact that they are somehow different betrays itself suddenly, in unexpected ways, they irritate, where a cruder form of vulgarity would frankly amuse. This in brief is the substance of Mr. E. F. Benson's new volume, *The Osbornes*, a book that deserves much more serious attention than it is likely to receive. The truth about Mr. Benson is that he has from the start had all the qualifications for producing work of a much higher order of importance than those that he actually has produced, and that he has chosen to cloak the real substance of what he does write beneath a superficial lightness that is really not necessary to his stories. In other words, he has never allowed the world to forget that he was the author of *Dodo*—and when people say *Dodo* they remember only the froth and forget the sting of it as a social satire. *The Osbornes* shows us what Mr. Benson might have been doing all these years had he so chosen. It is a whole-souled sort of book, with a broad, charitable outlook upon life, an

unshaken conviction of the innate goodness of the average man and woman. It chronicles the later fortunes of the Osbornes, "Eddie" and "Mrs. O.," and their two sons, "Per"—who had his father's sense of a joke—and "old Claude," who, the family agree, is "a rum fellow"—after "Eddie" has turned his hardware business into a stock company and migrated to London. At the opening of the volume they are already well launched upon their campaign of social conquest.

Their house was new and solid, and in point of fact none of its inhabitants, with the curious exception of Claude, were quite used to it yet. . . . Mr. Osborne was very careful of his beautiful things and admired them in proportion to their expensiveness. He could remember how much all the more important pictures, articles of furniture, and tapestries had "stood him in." And he ran no risk of forgetting these items, for he kept them green in his memory by often speaking of them to his guests.

"Yes," he would say, "there's three thousand pounds' worth of seating accommodation in this very drawing-room, and they tell me 'twas lucky to have got the suite at that figure. All Louis—Louis—Per, my boy, did they tell us it was Louis XV or XVI? Sixteenth; yes, Louis XVI. Divide it up and you'll find it averages two hundred pounds a chair. Seems funny to sit on two hundred pounds, hey? Mrs. Osborne, she said a bright thing about that. 'Sit firm, then,' she said, 'and you'll keep it safe.'"

But "Eddie" and "Mrs. O." and "Per" very largely form the background against which Mr. Benson has portrayed the drama of Claude's marriage to Dora West. Dora really belongs by birth and tradition to the world where he is only an interloper. But her family is impoverished and her reckless brother Jim is year by year entangling their affairs more hopelessly. She has met Claude, who is quite different from the rest of his people—for, being his uncle Alf's presumptive heir, he has had the advantages of Eton and Oxford and, as his mother phrased it, "knew how to behave as if the whole room belonged to him!" Dora persuades herself that she is in love with Claude, partly because he is better looking than a man has any business to be—but more,

the reader suspects, because she is tired of being poor; tired, every time she wants a new hat, of buying an untrimmed straw for two shillings, a ribbon for two shillings more, and trimming it herself.

"May, I feel just like a silly sentimental girl in an impossible *feuilleton*. He thrills me, isn't it awful? But he does. Thrills! I don't believe that any boy was ever so good-looking. And then suddenly, in the middle of my thrill, it all stops with a jerk, just because he says that somebody is a very 'handsome lady.' Why shouldn't he say 'handsome lady'? He said he thought my mother was such a handsome lady, and I nearly groaned out loud. . . . Am I in love with him? For heaven's sake, tell me."

Had May possessed the wisdom to analyse Dora's heart correctly Mr. Benson would have had no story to write. Dora marries Claude, and day by day the glamour of his good looks fades, the thrills become fewer, the tendency to have it "all stop with a jerk" increases. The open crudeness of his father and mother becomes frankly funny, and her undisguised amusement at them, which they don't in the least resent, cuts Claude deeply; while his own tendency to say the thing that is utterly wrong, because so nearly right, gets more and more upon her nerves. There is no object in spoiling the reader's keen enjoyment by analysing further a volume made up equally of entertainment and of wisdom. But the lesson taught is the wholesome one that it matters less what people say and do than what they really are—and also that in order to have the right to laugh at people you must have earned that right by learning to love them.

Devious Ways, by Gilbert Cannan, is a book equally difficult to read and to analyse because the deviousness implied in the title keeps us scampering up and down the social ladder with the agility of an acrobat. The earlier portion of the volume, depicting the unhappy childhood of David Brockman after his mother had died, and vulgar, illiterate Mrs. Spencer, the nurse, who had tended his mother, installed herself permanently in her place, is exceedingly well done in

that same tone of drab monotony that was the chief merit of *Peter Homunculus*. But from the time when David, a half-grown boy, rebels against the destiny in store for him, namely, to be assigned to a stool and a ledger in his father's office, and instead runs away and ships on board a vessel bound for Rio, the story becomes exceedingly difficult to follow. We see him vaguely, as if through a mist, in strange, dark, unsavoury corners of the world, a penniless vagrant at Shanghai, a fever-stricken wanderer at Colombo, a bit of human driftwood, tossed and buffeted from one port to another, usually penniless, often starving, never with any settled employment, any definite plans, any ambition in life. At last he drifts at the end of quite a wonderful voyage, such as Joseph Conrad himself need not have been ashamed of writing, into a queer, motley gathering of people—actors, mountebanks, musicians, who like himself had drifted from the four corners of the earth to the southern end of the continent of Africa. And here David, who through all his wanderings has carried in his heart the vague image of an ideal woman, finds her materialised in the shape of a girl of most unsavoury surroundings and antecedents—a girl whose mother practises the profession followed by Mr. Kipling's Lalun and dies a sudden and most unpleasant death. David about this time inherits a fortune from an aunt on his mother's side, is thus enabled to give himself the rare privilege of doing what he pleases—and what he pleases most of all is to marry Nina, of nameless antecedents, and take her back with him to England. Up to this point David has been slowly and painfully acquiring a knowledge of life in general; but how to use his knowledge is a matter of which he has only the most rudimentary ideas. In London he is socially a success, the literary and artistic crowd recognise in him big possibilities. But to the end of the book he is still feeling his way. His wife turns out to be the treasure that he really believes her; but although he had the instinct to discover and to win her, he does not possess the singleness of heart to be true to her, the strength of will to keep himself worthy. The book intends to leave us

with the belief that at last through his trials and his blunders, in other words, through "devious ways," David has reached that point where he will really do something and be something that is worth while. But the reader will probably prefer to remain sceptical. The weakness of the book lies in its formlessness. One feels in regard to almost any chapter that it might have been left out and something else substituted without seriously imperilling the book's structure. Such merit as it has lies in certain character studies, the hopeless vulgarity of Mrs. Spencer, the weakness of will of old Brockman,—and in a few, wonderfully vivid scenes of strange, exotic places and people.

The Barrier, translated none too well from the French of René Bazin, emphasises the gulf that arises, not through social differences, but those founded upon religious standards and beliefs. Marie Limerel, spending with her mother a few months in England, makes the acquaintance of Reginald Breynolds at a time when he is passing through a critical transition period. He has ceased to believe the tenets of the Church of England and is unconsciously leaning toward the Roman Church, which, of course, is Marie's church. It is obvious that the girl's sympathy and counsel form a weighty factor in determining him to break with his father, who has already made it clear to him that if he goes over to the Church of Rome he will be disinherited. Marie believes that she is in love with her cousin, Félicien; and the fact that his parents are bitterly opposed to the match on mercenary grounds, has no weight with either of the young people. Félicien, however, has lost his faith, well-nigh completely, and

"The Barrier"

Marie refuses to marry him until he is able to tell her that the old faith has come back. By a curious coincidence, the Frenchman and the Englishman meet one night to attend the all-night vigil in the Basilica in Montmartre,—Félicien, in the vague hope of winning back his belief, Reginald with the expectation of confirming his. The vivid contrasts of this scene, the despair of the one man and the joy of the other, together with

the pervading atmosphere of religious mysticism, makes this particular chapter rank high as a characteristic specimen of Monsieur Bazin's finest and most delicate work. The story ends with a certain inconclusiveness that in this particular case is the finest possible touch of art. The barrier between Reginald and his father, and between Félicien and Marie has been made insuperable. Whether eventually Marie and Reginald will come together is a question that Monsieur Bazin leaves each of us to answer as we choose.

The Daughters of Suffolk, by William Jasper Nicolls, belongs to that exasperating class of historical novels that contain a maximum of history with a minimum of novel. So far as the social ladder is concerned, it takes

"The Daughters of Suffolk"

us as near the top rung as a book well can, since the chief characters are Suffolk's daughters, Lady Jane Grey and her sister Katherine, King Edward Sixth, Bloody Mary, and Elizabeth. Undoubtedly, the social picture of the times is carefully and vividly drawn; the Christmas festivities, presided over, according to time-honoured custom, by the Lord of Misrule; and the cleverly laid plot by which Suffolk's younger daughter was to be tricked into a union against her will, through the pretended frivolity of a mock marriage, are all pictured with a graphicness and an assured touch that lend reality to the narrative. But unluckily the writer has chosen to remind us constantly of the remoteness of his scenes and his people; he has chosen to quote literally from ancient letters and documents of state; and when it comes to a question, for instance, of how women of that period dressed, instead of giving a simple description in his own words, he borrows from some old chronicler, retaining even the strange spelling of the time:

Their netherbockes and stockings are either of silke, jeansey, worsted, crewell, or at least of as fine yearne, thread, or clothe as is possible to be hadde; yes, they are not ashamed to weare hose of all kinds of chaungeable colours, as green, red, white, russet, and els what. . . . All of which, if I should endeavour myself to expresse, I might with like facilitie number

the sands of the sea, the starres in the skie, or the grasse upon the earth, so infinite and innumerable be their abuses.

To run across this sort of thing, interwoven in the text of what purports to be fiction, gives one something of a shock. Even Becker's *Gallus*, with its painful resemblance to a literary patchwork, its pervading redolence of the midnight oil, relegates all citations from ancient authorities either to the footnotes or the appendix.

Flamsted Quarries, by Mary E. Waller, author of *The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus*, is a volume rich in entertainment, with many a scene full of courage and tenderness, a number of characters that are a pleasure to have known, and here and there a technical fault, a bit of false or unnecessary construction that gives us a transitory sense of exasperation. The machinery of the story is simple. There is a child of the vaudeville stage with a wonderful voice and a natural gift for acting.

"Flamsted Quarries"

In the opening chapters, she bears a number of names, "The Little Patti," "Sally," "Flibbertigibbet," anything and everything excepting her real name of Aileen Armagh. It happens on a certain night that three people, widely separated, but destined to be closely thrown together, find themselves at the vaudeville house listening to the child's wonderful voice, and conceiving a strong and permanent interest in her. These three are a college student, a New York banker and a Catholic priest. This coincidence is one of the small irritations of the book, if we stop to think of it seriously. It is putting rather a tax on our credulity to ask us to believe that these three people, who never before had even heard of the child's existence, should be so moved by her song as to leave the theatre after her turn is over, collide in the lobby, have the memory of each other's faces printed permanently upon them and all three have a share henceforth in making that little vaudeville child the strong, fine, self-reliant woman that she afterward becomes. The priest is instrumental in removing her from the

stage; the banker is the man who finds a home for her in the village of Flamsted Quarries in a corner of northern Maine; and the college student happens to be a cousin of the woman who takes the girl in, and proves later to be the one man in the world that the girl is destined to love,—and that, too, in spite of his neglect, his treachery and his public disgrace. Nevertheless *Flamsted Quarries* is a book that can be enjoyed while reading it and afterward,—and as books go, that is really saying a good deal.

The Meddlings of Eve, by William John Hopkins, brings us once again into touch with those delightful and very human people that we learned to know in the author's earlier volume, *The Clammer*. Like Miss Austir's Emma Woodhouse, Eve is a born matchmaker,

but unlike Emma, her "The Meddlings of Eve" meddlings, instead of proving disastrous, are

eventually justified by the matches that she has in mind being triumphantly consummated, although one shrewdly suspects that the same result would have been reached without her intervention. Take, for instance, the case of Cecily, the first of the girls whose love affairs Eve tries to engineer. Cecily is engaged in a half-hearted way to Tom; but she has modern ideas about a career and she thinks she has a talent for art. So she gives Tom back his ring and goes to New York, to take a studio and toil and grow thin and worry herself ill over the rumours that reach her from home that Tom is paying marked attention to a certain Alice Charbonnel. In the course of events, this Alice Charbonnel takes it into her head to have her portrait painted, and Cecily is summoned home from New York to do the painting. Naturally enough she meets Tom again and is convincingly shown that she need not have been jealous of Alice after all. Of course, Eve had a hand in the whole portrait manœuvre. But, as Mr. Knightley once told Emma Woodhouse, two sensible people who love each other can be safely trusted to manage their own affairs without any outside interference.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

III—THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE

In the preceding article in this series much emphasis was laid upon the importance of developing the critical faculty and of learning to look, first of all, in the books we read for the author's purpose. It is only by acquiring the ability to form an independent judgment of the works of others that a young writer can acquire the essential power of self-criticism; it is only by studying the purposes of other writers that we learn the importance of having a purpose of our own, and of expressing that purpose clearly.



At the moment of beginning this article, which is to concern itself with **The Author's Purpose**, a memory comes back, very clear and distinct, of a certain Sunday many years ago, and of a rather prim old lady who had been to hear an eccentric and sensational preacher, and who came away shaking her head and murmuring in scandalised wonderment, "Why, he didn't even give out a text!" Now, whether the preacher really had dispensed with a text or whether the bewildered old lady had simply lost sight of it is immaterial; what does matter is that in the sermon we have at least one type of composition in which there is a clearly understood convention that the writer's purpose shall be defined beyond all question and at the very start. In other literary forms, unfortunately, the need of having a purpose is more easily overlooked, because that purpose is more or less disguised, instead of being embodied in a specified chapter and verse. Yet, the mere circumstance that the poet and the novelist, for instance, differ from the preacher in not having to announce in advance the theme of their discourse does not alter the fact that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," is the text of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and that Owen Wister's *Virginian* is an eloquent attempt to reconcile the New England conscience to the rule ethics of Western justice.

Now, the average person who would be very quick to note the omission of a Sunday morning text will quite complacently read a novel or a short story that

does not possess even a rudimentary central idea without being aware that there is anything wrong with it. But wait until some one happens to ask such a reader what the book he chances to be reading is about. If the

The Paramount Necessity of a Purpose

answer is crisp and concise you may know without reading it yourself that the book has something in it that is worth while; if, on the contrary, the answer comes uncertainly and long-drawn out, something to the effect that "It is about a man and a girl and they are talking together and a lot of things have happened," and so on indefinitely, you may be pretty sure that the book has no central idea at all. Now the one way of bringing home to a young writer the necessity of having a definite purpose is to make him form the habit of literary criticism which was urged in the preceding article. After we have once learned to ask ourselves regarding each new poem or essay or novel that comes our way, Did the author know what he was trying to do and has he succeeded in doing it?—then we are in a position to know that the most exasperating of all books is that which apparently has no central idea, no definite purpose—the amorphous, jelly-fish type of book that can no more be measured by a definite standard than we can measure a puff of cigarette smoke. And almost equally hopeless is the book in which the author has confused his purposes, leaving us vaguely guessing between several solutions; or, again, the book in which the author's purpose and form are hopelessly out of proportion—either a little

tuppenny purpose like a seed pearl buried in a gypsy setting, or else a great big ethical principle squandered on a triolet, like a Koh-i-noor set for a little finger-ring. When we learn to recognise what bad workmanship these fundamental faults produce in others, then we are prepared to lay down the following rules for our own work: that we will always begin with a clearly defined purpose, single, not complex; that this purpose shall receive consistent development from the first line of our work to the last; and that we shall strive for a nicely balanced relationship between our central purpose and the setting we have chosen for it.

It is well, however, to understand at the outset just what we mean by this term, The Author's Purpose. It is used in this article in a very broad and elastic sense. It is something far broader than a deliberate intention to teach a lesson or to preach a creed—although these of course are among the subdivisions of the author's purpose. Perhaps the most general, all-embracing definition that may be given is to call it simply the thing which the author has set his heart upon saying, the one main idea that he must get across to his audience whether he succeeds in saying anything else or not. It comes very near to being synonymous with the germ idea, the nucleus or starting point of the whole work—but for the fact that an author's starting-point, the initial incident, the intuitive flash or whatever it may be that sets him moving along a particular path, may in some special cases be altogether lost sight of by the time he is ready to write his opening sentence.

Now it makes no difference when or where or how a writer stumbles upon the idea which is to serve as his central purpose. It may spring from his head at a moment's notice like Athena, full armoured—as was the case with the late Frank Norris, who, as has often been told, came one morning to his publishers' office, pale and trembling all over with excitement, and gasping out, almost inarticulately, "I've got a big idea! A great big idea! The biggest idea ever." It was the outlined

scheme for his trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat. Or, again, the controlling purpose of a work may not be born until the structure has risen some distance toward completion and the author suddenly discovers that he is building better than he knew. But when this happens he must look carefully to his foundations to see if they be stout enough to bear the weight of the heavier structure. Otherwise it would be better to tear it down, stone from stone, and begin all over again. No thumb rule can be given for the discovery or manufacture of the Author's Purpose. If you find yourself compelled to ask, like the little prince in *Les Rois En Exile*, "*Donnez moi des idées sur les choses*," then you had better lay aside your ambition to write.* But perhaps the advice given by Thoreau is as good as any that can be devised for stimulating a sluggish imagination:

It would be a true discipline for the writer to take the least film of thought that floats in the twilight sky of his mind for his theme, about which he has scarcely one idea (that would be teaching his ideas how to shoot), make a lecture of this, by assiduity and attention get perchance two views of the same, increase a little the stock of knowledge, clear a new field instead of manuring the old.

The great trouble is that ideas, real ideas such as are likely to be of any importance or interest to a considerable number of people, are not so plentiful as to be easily found. They frequently represent well-nigh half the battle in a literary achievement of any importance. It is always so much easier to echo than to originate. One thing is certain: the central idea will not come at command; it

*Interesting in this connection is Daudet's own statement of the origin of *Kings in Exile*:

"Of all my books this (*Kings in Exile*) is unquestionably the one which I found most difficulty in standing on its feet, the one which I carried longest in my head in the stage of title and vague outline, as it appeared to me one October evening on Place du Carrousal, in the tragic rent in the Parisian sky caused by the fall of the Tuileries.

"Dethroned princes exiling themselves in Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering those ruins—such was the first vision of *Kings in Exile*."

must be patiently hoped for, watched for, struggled for; it usually represents a good deal of hard work and a good deal of discouragement. Gibbon, as the whole world knows, received his inspiration one evening in Rome, as he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. Yet he records, regarding the subsequent writing of his history:

At the outset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years.

The uncertainty, the false start, the work which must be begun anew and on a different plan, have all been rather eloquently generalised by Mr. Henry James in his preface to *The Awkward Age*:

When I think of my many false measurements that have resulted, after much anguish, in decent symmetries, I find the whole case a theme for the philosopher. The little ideas one wouldn't have treated save for the design of keeping them small, the developed situation that one would never with malice prepense have undertaken, the long stories that had thoroughly meant to be short, the short subjects that had underhandedly plotted to be long, the hypocrisy of modest beginnings, the audacity of misplaced middles, the triumph of intentions never entertained—with these patches, as I look about, I see my experience paved: an experience to which nothing is wanting save some grasp of its final lesson.

Occasionally it may happen that the central idea comes in a sort of miraculous flash, an inspiration, a dream, such as was the case with Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr.*

**The Sudden
Inspiration**

Hyde: "In the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily, 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene." So clearly did Stevenson have his germ idea in mind that the tale was written off in all the white heat of inspiration; yet it is re-

corded that that first draft had to be destroyed and the work begun anew, because the original plan lacked what we now think of as the underlying idea of the whole story, namely, the dual nature of the hero. In Stevenson's first conception Dr. Jekyll was equally bad at heart in both his natural and his acquired form.

Now it is quite true that the author's purpose, as a question of craftsmanship, concerns no one but himself; but there is one important reservation. The author's purpose must be suited to the artistic form in which he chooses to work. For instance, if he is a born fighter and his chosen weapons are words, it makes no

**The Artist
must not
Preach**

difference which side of a controversy he espouses; he may fight for Whigs or Tories, slavery

or emancipation, Christian Science or the Church of Rome—but to succeed he must put the whole vigour of his personality into it. Polemics can never be successfully made a matter of art for art's sake. On the other hand, in pure literature, whatever private feelings an author may have, whatever bias he may let us guess at, he has no business to intrude it deliberately into his written text. Mr. Frederic Harrison in his *Memories and Thoughts* has expressed this same important truth in a way that makes for remembrance*:

Mark Pattison, of Oxford, used to say to a pupil who happens now to be both a brilliant writer and a leading statesman: "My good friend, you are not the stuff of which men of letters are made. You want to make people do something or you want to teach something. That is fatal to pure literature."

Once or twice in my life I have taken up the pen in a vein of literary exercise, as a man turns to a game of billiards or to gardening after his day's work. But the demon soon

*And Lord Macaulay, writing of poetry in his *Essay on Milton*, comes curiously near saying the same thing in slightly different words: "Analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. His creed . . . will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands or the circulation of the blood will affect the tears of his Niobe or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one."

arises and I find myself in earnest, trying to bring men over to one side. It is hopeless to make a man of letters out of a temper like that. Literature is art, and the artist should never preach.

And similarly Marion Crawford in his little monograph on *The Novel: What It Is*, writes as follows:

In art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake. It is one thing to exhibit an ideal worthy to be imitated, though inimitable in all its perfection, but so clearly noble as to appeal directly to the sympathetic string that hangs untuned in the dullest heart; to make man brave without arrogance, woman pure without prudishness, love enduring yet earthly, not angelic, friendship sincere but not ridiculous. It is quite another matter to write a "guide to morality," or a "hand-book for practical sinners" and call either one a novel, no matter how much fiction it may contain. Wordsworth tried the moral lesson and spoiled some of his best work with botany and the Bible.

It is the disregard of this important axiom of literature that has produced that hybrid monstrosity, the so-called Novel with a Purpose. Of all the purposes which by any chance may actuate

**The Novel
with a
Purpose**

a writer the most mistaken purpose and the one most destructive to good art is that of forcibly bringing people over to think as he does by a deliberate and conscienceless distortion of life as we see it around us. There was not merely a degree of grotesqueness in the old-fashioned Sunday-school story of the good little boy who had plum pudding and the bad little boy who went fishing and was drowned. There was an immorality about it as well, the immorality that always attaches to a deliberate perversion of our experiences of life. And the same immorality attaches to any novelist who takes upon himself the privilege of the Deity and says "Vengeance is mine," forgetful of the fact that in this world at least rewards and punishments of human acts are meted out quite inexorably in accordance with the laws of nature.

Having digressed to this extent upon the special subject of the purpose novel, we must in fairness go a little further in order to make clear a distinction about

which a good deal of confusion exists in the minds of many readers and writers. It may be defined as the distinction between the Novel-with-a-Purpose, on the one hand, and the Author-with-a-Purpose, on the other. There is no logical reason why an author should not have the strongest sort of prejudices, convictions, enthusiasms; only, he must not be trying to force them down the reader's throat. He may believe, like Harriet Beecher Stowe, that slavery is a crime; he may agree with Zola that race suicide is a national menace. A sincere belief of that sort is the surest guarantee of powerful workmanship so long as the author records only what he sees, so long as he remembers that life itself is the most potent teacher of its own lessons. But so soon as he becomes mistrustful or impatient of life and tries dishonestly to magnify the facts and distort statistics, then his book becomes a Novel-with-a-Purpose, more potent to antagonise than to convince. A good object lesson on the distinction between the Novel-with-a-Purpose and the Author-with-a-Purpose is afforded by the Russians. Owing to the Russian censorship writers with strong doctrines to preach found themselves driven to the form of fiction as the only vehicle in which the lessons they wished to teach could reach the public. But they were wise enough to recognise that the existing conditions around them, the conditions they were most eager to correct, would speak for themselves without any perversion or interference on their part. As Mr. Howells in *My Literary Passions* forcefully puts it:

When I remembered the deliberate and impatient moralising of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage-carpeting and limelighting of Dickens, and even the fine and impotent analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful enthusiasm that I realised the great art of Tourguenief . . . here was a master who was apparently not trying to work out a plot, who was not even trying to work out a character, but was standing aside from the whole affair and letting the characters work the plot out.

But whatever a writer's purpose may be, and whatever type of literature he

has chosen in which to express it, he has got to do something more than idly say to himself one fine day, "I think I will write (let us say) a sonnet about a pearl, or a novel about the beef trust,"—and then on another fine day formulates his first line or his opening sentence without the slightest idea what is coming next or where he eventually proposes to arrive. He must take the time and trouble to sit down and work out in detail just precisely what he is trying to do and what is the best way of doing it. It is not only in the department of the drama that a scenario is indispensable. Every piece of writing that aspires to be anything more than ephemeral is as much in need of a detailed ground plan as a Gothic cathedral or a modern office building. All beginners who cherish the dangerous fallacy that a masterpiece of prose or verse can be flung off in a white heat of inspiration would do well to commit to memory a large part of Poe's essay on *The Philosophy of Composition*, of which the following are perhaps the most weighty and apposite paragraphs:

Most writers,—poets in especial,—prefer to have it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes. at the elaborate and vacillating conditions of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of ideas that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selection and rejection, at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle of scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demon-traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and since the interest of an analysis or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real

or fancied interest in the things analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select *The Raven* as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition; that the work proceeded step by step to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Poe, of course, is an extreme case. A poem or a story that develops with the rigid consequence of a mathematical problem is necessarily too artificial to pass as a transcript from life. But a study of Poe's analysis of *The Raven*—quite aside from the question whether he actually wrote the poem, as he says he did, or merely succeeded in making himself think he did so*—compels us to face, for ourselves, in all our own work, the artistic demand for unity of effect, simplicity of means, singleness of purpose. Learn to do as much as possible of the sheer drudgery of composition at the start; every hour spent in careful drafting should save two in the actual writing. An extreme case, which none the less is a case in point, is contained in the following anecdote given by Mr. A. E. Davidson in his *Life of Alexandre Dumas*:

Dumas often declared that, when once he had mapped out in his mind the scheme of a novel or a play, the work was practically accomplished, since the mere writing of it presented no difficulty, and could be performed as fast as the pen could travel. Some one begged leave to dispute this assertion, and the result was a wager. Dumas had at that time in his head the plan of the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, of which he had not yet written a word, and he now made a bet of one hundred louis with his sceptical friend that he would write the first volume of the novel in seventy-two hours (including the time for meals and sleep). The volume was to be formed by seventy-five large foolscap pages, each page containing forty-five lines and each line fifty letters. In sixty-six hours Dumas had done

*Poe wrote the *Raven*, later the genesis of this *Raven*. This—the after-stroke—American pleasantries, no doubt, but admired and emulated by our young school. The devil of the thing is to find the raven, the dry sob, the foreboding *nevermore*.—DAUDET, *Notes from Life*.

the work,—3375 lines—in his fair, flowing hand, disfigured by no erasures,—and the bet was won with six hours to spare.

Dumas, however, was a striking exception in being able to dispense with re-
The Wholesome vision. Alternate elim-
Discipline of ination and expansion is
Plot Con- the method by which
struction great works of literature have usually reached their final form—and it is far easier to expand and cut, expand and cut again, in the mere rough outline than in the fully developed book. Don't shirk your plot construction—and here I am using the phrase in an all-embracing sense—an essay or a sermon deserves careful plotting as much as a novel—plot construction is a wholesome discipline, and while there is not one chance in a hundred that you will overdo it, there is every chance that you will all the time be teaching yourself some new and useful trick, some clever short-cut, some way of knitting your whole structure more firmly together. It would be well if every young writer were to reduce to a ten-word limit his central idea before even starting to plot his story; keep those ten words inscribed upon a cardboard hanging above his desk, and ask himself, with each incident, each character, each shift of scene, "To what degree does this help on my central idea? Is it essential, or only a digression? If not actually related, has it a symbolic significance that justifies it structurally? In any case, is it the best, the very last and best thing I can do?" If not, then cut it out ruthlessly and try again, and yet again, until you are sure that the best of which you are capable is found.

Of course, it is quite easy for some one to object that many of the great-
The Right est masters of the past
to Break have not composed in
the Rules this manner; that Field-
 ing and Smollett, Dickens and Thackeray were notoriously loose in plot construction, and that Trollope himself acknowledges, "I have never troubled myself about the construction of plots and am not now insisting on thoroughness in a branch of work in which I myself have not been very thorough." And the objector might go a step further

and ask: Did Shakespeare, when he was writing *Hamlet*, inscribe above his desk, "To be or not to be, that is the question," as a reminder that his theme was the tragedy of a vacillating nature; or similarly, when he wrote *Othello*, "A man not easily jealous but, when roused, perplexed in the extreme"; or again for *Macbeth*, "Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other"? And of course the answer is obvious enough: that the masters of literature are great enough to break the rules; that had Shakespeare constructed as Ibsen did, English literature would have been robbed of some of its noblest lines; and that when we speak of the craftsmanship of writing we are speaking of rules that must be mastered before one has earned the right to break them.

Remember, also, in choosing the authors who are to be your models, to exercise discrimination regarding the particular qualities that you will copy from each of them. Go to Dickens and Thackeray for character drawing, if you choose, but not for plot. And similarly, remember that Trollope was able to say of his characters:

There is a gallery of them, and of all that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these words or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass.

But if you want a model of careful construction from among the early novelists, you can do no better than turn to Hawthorne. "Hawthorne's method," says Andrew Lang, "is revealed in his published note-books. In them he jotted the germ of an idea, the first notion of a singular, perhaps supernatural situation. Many of these he never used at all; on others he would dream and dream till the persons in the situations became characters and the thing was evolved into a story. Thus he may have invented such a problem as this: 'The effort of a great, sudden sin on a simple and joyous nature,' and thence came all the substance

of *The Marble Faun*." As a matter of fact, *The Marble Faun* is a very wonderful example of close construction admirably disguised. It has all the effect of a vast canvas, a prodigality of material in character, and incident, and panoramic scene; but under examination, it reveals little by little the nice balance of all its parts, the rigid economy of its means, the fine art that has subordinated every part to a consistent development of the central idea, a conservation of the unity of purpose.

Second only in importance to having a purpose is the necessity of clothing that purpose in a suitable form. Some themes lend themselves to a variety of different treatments. A great war may

The Appropriate Form

give us both an epic and an *opéra-bouffe*, an *Iliad* and *La Belle Hélène*.

The sin of intemperance finds expression at one time in a *L'Assommoir* and at another in a *Tam O'Shanter*. And in general the rule may be laid down, that the form in which any central idea is to be clothed depends less upon the idea than upon the individual ability of the author. But the practical distinction of this is really not great. You may have conceived some light, frothy little idea, such as would make a graceful triolet; it makes no difference whether a triolet is the biggest thing lurking in that idea, or whether some one else might take it and develop it into something of much greater dignity—in either case it is an error of judgment on your part to give that little idea the misplaced dignity of an elegy or a sonnet. Or perhaps you have hit upon a really big situation deserving of the broad treatment of a Hardy or a Meredith; if you are able to see it in that big, broad way be careful not to squander it on a short story or hammock novel, no matter how many other writers might, with more limited vision, have chosen to do the smaller thing.

Just precisely what literary form is the best possible form in which to clothe a central idea is another of those many things that cannot be taught, because it is so peculiarly personal to each writer. My own conviction is that it is something largely instinctive; that a short-story

theme usually presents itself to the mind in the first instance as a short story, a

dramatic theme as a drama, and the material of *Versatility* for a long novel as a long novel and nothing

else. The Anglo-Saxon writer, however, both in England and America, is very largely a writer of one or at most two literary forms. This is in marked contrast to the Continental habit. In France and Italy it is quite in the ordinary course of things for a young writer to begin with a volume of verse,* follow it up with collected essays, usually of literary criticism, then a novel or two, a four-act play—and by that time he has reached a point where he feels at liberty to confine himself to whichever form he finds most congenial. A man with this sort of training may, of course, have wasted himself to some extent in misplaced efforts, in attempting certain things for which he was not temperamentally fitted; but he seldom makes the mistake of trying to fit an idea into the wrong literary framework. It is the other type of craftsman, so common in this country: the man who starts with a fixed idea that he is to be a dramatist and nothing else, or a lyric poet and nothing else, or an essay writer and nothing else—who is all the time trying to force his ideas into a shape for which they were not meant. If, for instance, a man cannot and will not write anything but a sonnet; if he is unable to think in any other terms than those of a sonnet, then whenever an idea comes to him that is not a sonnet idea, he must either reject it altogether or else produce a sonnet that had better not have been written. For these reasons it cannot be too forcibly urged upon young writers to keep their minds open by the practice of several different forms at once. You are sure to be eventually a better dramatist for having had some practice in narrative fiction; and you will

*Maupassant began by writing verses; that seems to be the rule, the versified form being the inevitable one for the dawn of literature and for the budding writer as well. Nearly all the masters of contemporary prose have begun by writing verse, even M. Alexandre Dumas himself. Later they have proved their critical taste by not repeating the experiment.—René Doumic, *Essay on Maupassant*.

probably write a better short story if you have occasionally done a little literary criticism. There is more common sense than appears on the surface in the casual confession by Mr. A. C. Benson in his lightful volume *From a College Window*:

The two things I have found to be of infinite service to myself in learning to write prose have been keeping a full diary and writing poetry.

In other words, in literature as well as in life, there are some occasions when the longest way round is the shortest way home, and one of them is the art of acquiring a particular branch of literary form by the practice of forms that are radically different.

Lastly, a point that cannot be too strongly insisted on is that of clearness. Remember always that your book

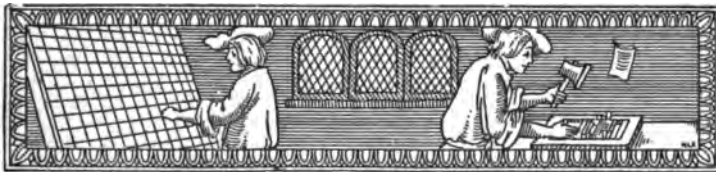
The Necessity of Clearness

is to be judged largely by the underlying purpose, not as you have that purpose formulated in your own mind, but as you have expressed it in your written words. There is no use in having any underlying purpose at all unless you are able to make that purpose clear. Of course, you cannot write clearly unless you have learned to think well; and one-half your battle is won in advance if you practise that careful preliminary structure building so strongly urged in a preceding paragraph. But this whole question of clearness has been so admirably expounded by Anthony Trollope in his autobiography that I cannot do a greater service to young writers than by quoting it in its entirety:

Any writer who has read even a little will

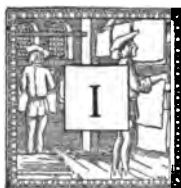
know what is meant by the word intelligible. It is not sufficient that there be a meaning that may be hammered out of the sentence, but that the language should be so pellucid that the meaning should be rendered without an effort of the reader;—and not only some proposition of meaning, but the very sense, no more and no less, which the writer has intended to put into his words. What Macaulay says should be remembered by all writers: "How little the all-important art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular author except myself thinks of it." The language used should be as ready and as efficient a conductor of the mind of the writer to the mind of the reader as is the electric spark which passes from one battery to another battery. In all written matter the spark should carry everything; but in matters recondite the recipient will search to see that he misses nothing, and that he takes nothing away too much. The novelist cannot expect that any such search will be made. A young writer, who will acknowledge the truth of what I am saying, will often feel himself tempted by the difficulties of language to tell himself that some one little doubtful passage, some single collocation of words, which is not quite what it ought to be, will not matter. I know well what a stumbling-block such a passage may be. But he should leave none such behind him as he goes on. The habit of writing clearly soon comes to the writer who is a severe critic to himself.

Clearness is so inseparable a quality of all good writing that many a critic has held it as a term equivalent to style. Be that as it may, there can be no question that between the two evils it is much better to have clearness without style than style at the cost of clearness.



THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY



pensive places, where, as a distinguished novelist has recently said, "proud beauty

The Usual Writer

hides its eyes on the shoulder of haughty commercial or financial youth while golden age dips its nose in whatever symbolises the Gascon wine in the paternal library." In Cornville, Massachusetts, where I live, the people do not do such things. And I like to think as I shake the furnace down of nights how different those upper people are, and how remote from life's realities and coal-bins, and especially how shallow, up there on the silly surface of the earth, compared to a deep person like myself, good old truepenny, down at the bottom of things, *tenax propositi* beneath the cellar stairs. Probably there are not two fine minds in that entire class, said the distinguished novelist. I like to doubt if there is even one good soul. Noodles and Jezebels, say I, the whole pack of them; and I like to think that the Cornville circle in which I move is full of plain people but profound, hearts of oak with no nonsense about them, or people of "Culture"—the real thing, not from Chautauqua but from Cambridge—or people at once instructive and blithe, giant minds at play, gay astronomers, bubbling palæontologists. And I like to look down from these people of my fancy on that other kind of people whom I do not know, and to hate the Persic apparatus and that symbolic Gascon wine, and to feel that I am intellectual and *integer vitæ* and other things that money cannot buy.

So I try and cherish the simple faith, built on the writings of some sixty years, from George William Curtis downwards, that New York Society is made up, not of people, but of types, each with a moral

meaning no less plain than the personages in *Pilgrim's Progress*. But it is not easy to believe in types as compounded by the usual writer—phrase-haunted, fiction-rooted creature that he is, athirst for moral contrasts—and it so happens that no unusual writer has ever written of our best Society. Your true novelist does not stop with type; he completes an individual, having some momentum of his own, doing or saying the unexpected thing, often irrelevant; and I suppose if New York had had a Thackeray or Meredith her fashionable folk might have seemed more probable. As it is we have only Mrs. Potiphar, the Reverend Cream Cheese, the Settum Downes, Minerva Tattle, Timon Croesus, and later their derivatives with hyphenated names, abstractions whose daughters marry English lords, metaphors who run away with one another's wives, Van This, a virtue, and Van That, a vice, and the sad tale of some figure of speech who lost all his money and then shot himself. In books the authentic Vanity Fairs all seem to come from foreign parts.

Exposed as I am to only potato patch temptations I should like to realise these moral perils of our gilded halls, but in our native writings this is difficult. No story of damnation is complete without a man, and no writer on our best Society has created one. For the usual literary mind is, as is well known, lined with a kind of wall-paper running a pattern not its own. Novelists do not invent or observe; they rearrange their literary memories. Satirists borrow not only their scorn but even the objects of it. And surely no fashionable group is more subdued to precedent. They have their pen-fashions and their etiquette with goodness knows what literary gentilities, pass-words, *cachets*, literary class distinctions, horrors of the unaccustomed, rules of who's who and what's what and the proper thing in heroes and the proper thing in thoughts.

A hundred years of precedent will rule the action of a woman's face, especially the heroine's. It must be a face in which

the colour comes and goes—run by the literary signal service. Shadows must flit across it, smiles light it, horror freeze it, blushes warm it, moral indignation turn it purely cold. And not once will that ever busy face swerve from its precedents. The novelist will not employ the comparatively uneventful human face; still less will he devise a face and run it arbitrarily to suit himself. I recall, to be sure, one character in fiction whose “whole face upheaved”—plainly an innovation—but she belonged to the self-willed Henry James, an anarchy among novelists.

And considering how writers set about their tasks it may be unreasonable to expect any sort of lifelike consequence. A novel is not a product of imagination. It is the eclectic effort of a literary memory schooled by a social demand. Probably it is no more reasonable to look for human nature in a novel than to look for Nature in a woman's hat. Not, of course, to compare a great novel with any hat however admirable. That would be equally disparaging to both; one does not care to think of a work of genius as disappearing like a hat or of a hat as surviving like a work of genius; the thought of an eternal hat is even hateful. But between the hats of the highest rank and the novels of the second there seems to be a sound analogy.

For each being a work of customary or crowd-derived inspiration, their value in depicting life is much the same. One matches human nature as already published; the other matches Nature as already worn on hats. So with a host of virilities and vitalities, love-storms, moral whirlwinds, Ruritania, calls of the wild—you never meet the novelist who first employed them. You see the thousand hats that followed the example but never the great, brave, strong, protagonistic and outrageous hat that set it.

The call of the wild as seen on women's hats some seasons past proved no wild fancies in the heads beneath them. It was a call to precedent. When you found on a hat some singular bit from wildlife, say a weasel sleeping on its native beads or biting its light blue omelette, it was not a sign of any personal wildness. It had occurred on many hats before. And

so with the novels then in season. The call of the wild in novels at that time was not a call to any special wildness; it was the peaceful call of one Jack London to another. The law of each craft is redistribution of the parts, and the law of each part is that it shall have appeared successfully in public not very long before.

And since obedience to these laws is usually unconscious, I have heard it said that the joy of the work is often not to be told apart from the joy of first creation. Here indeed the hat has somewhat the advantage, for women do sometimes more utterly let themselves go, feel more of that first, fine careless rapture in a hat than the novelist does in his novel. And as to the rule that, The style is the man, though I am not versed in the equations of self-expression, I believe it could be easily proved that the hat is more exactly the woman. A novel always seems a form of self-concealment. Yet a woman otherwise quite subdued may suddenly appear in a hat that is all ablaze with feeling—no doubt imprisoned passion's single mad escape—and you sometimes meet a hot, infuriate hat, hardly venturing to look at the rabid face beneath, yet find there a countenance of great serenity. The riot of emotion had passed off in the hat, leaving the soul at peace. This is not true of novelists, who, on the contrary, seen in the flesh, show personal diversities in hue, texture, patterns, general design, degree of animation, not to be guessed from any of their books.

And obvious as this analogy appears it escapes our critics every day. Literary criticism mainly consists in judging each ordinary man by the rules of a different game from the one he is playing. Hence the servilities and hauteurs of those strange propounders of unnatural certitude, the literary periodicals, their hot and cold fits, false starts and stampedes; praise for the plodding author as if he were an artist, curses for him merely because he is not. A critic is commonly a person who reads with an unusual show of feeling some very usual book, then tries to turn the writer's head completely or else to take it off.

I read last week in the *London Bom-*

bardinian that Robinson and Aristophanes are very near of kin. To-day I learn from the *Weekly Ichabod* that Robinson in contrast to past glories is the vanishing-point of the human mind. Yet Robinson could not have caused these persons this excitement. For Robinson is compounded of the very tissues of routine, and of like substance with many Browns and Joneses, and the mind that could not survey Robinson with composure would be shattered in a single day's experience. It arose, of course, from false analogies. One dragged in masterpieces merely to light up Robinson; the other to cast him in the shade. On reading Robinson they allowed themselves to think of literature, so horrid comparisons shot into their heads; whereas had they been thinking of more usual things, of hats, cigars, newspapers or their daily meals, they might have shown him in his true relations.

And since with a few exceptions here and there (the siftings of some centuries) writers do not report credibly of one another, or of any man, or of what they see or what they feel, but are men of a borrowed gesture, custom-pushed, too close to the world to give an account of it, it is rash to judge any city or group or class or hang any dog on their evidence. That

second simplicity which our best society has not attained is certainly not to be found in the books about it. And in this good-natured land of easy prizes and quick forgetfulness, with so much room for mediocrity at the top, climbing the social ladder does not constrain to any more uneasiness of pose than climbing the literary one. They are not a care-free people, our "cultured few." Little of devil-may-care aristocracy about them; on the contrary, rather a painful consciousness of status, it would seem, with need of very frequent explanations, mention of acquaintances among the proper set of books, proofs of *au-fait*-ness, proofs of *comme-il-faut*-ness, rebukes for the vulgar, snubs for the illiterate, drawings of "the line," in short, all the fidgets of the higher plane. The most respectably furnished intellects of our time often seem no more at home than Mr. Potiphar with his ormolu and black walnut. Nor was Mrs. Potiphar's grave concern over London liveries and footmen's calves more typical of fashionable Society in that day than of the prolonged colonialism of American letters both in that day and in this, and including the *Potiphar Papers*. Our books, like the lives of our millionaires, show minds prostrated by their acquisitions.

REPRINTED PAGES

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER *

BY LAURENCE HUTTON



BUNNER and I would have nothing to do with each other for years. It was a case of reciprocal Dr. Fell. We did not like each other, and we neither of us could tell the reason why. We met constantly at the theatres—we were both enthusiastic "First-nighters"—but we never looked at each other if we could help it, and, of course, we never spoke. We had many friends and acquaintances

in common, and very often we escaped an introduction by the merest chance or by the most elaborate mutual avoidance. He always thought of me, when he permitted himself to think of me, as "Play-bill Hutton," because of my interest in and my collection of theatre programmes; and I never allowed myself to think of him at all. The reason why I cannot imagine now. At last, one night we were thrown violently at each other. It was in 1878, at a large reception. I knew almost nobody. Bunner knew everybody. He saw my situation, which was trying

* From THE BOOKMAN for July, 1896.

—an outsider among a large party of intimates—and too loyal to his hosts, and instinctively too much of a gentleman to see a man neglected in that house, or a stranger in any house wandering about forlorn and alone, he came up and asked me if I would smoke a cigarette and take a glass of sherry in the dining-room. And from that moment we were friends. We never passed each other by again.

When my mother died and I lived alone for some years I never dined alone at home. James O'Brien, at one time steward of the Arcadian Club, had taken a lease of the restaurant in the Westmoreland Hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, and there, when I had no other engagement, I took my evening meal. Bunner began to drop in now and then, and later more regularly. Finally our nightly meeting became an established custom; a large round table in the bay window was reserved for us—always—and one or both of us was very sure to be found at it. When this fact became generally known, many of the bright young journalists of his acquaintance made it their trysting-place after dinner, if not at dinner; and good was the talk that round table heard. Mr. Matthews, who lived in Eighteenth Street, not far away, would look in after his (then little) daughter had gone to bed; and among the men we saw and heard there were Mr. Clarence C. Buel, Mr. John Moran, Mr. James L. Ford, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Henry Gallup Paine, Mr. Francis Saltus, Mr. Munkitrick, Mr. George Edgar Montgomery, Mr. William J. Henderson, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, Mr. Julian Magnus, Mr. E. A. Watrous, and many others who have made their names or who have dropped out of our ken.

All this had an end for me when I married in 1885 and for Bunner when he married shortly after.

Bunner and I went often together to the theatres during this period; we were members together of the Authors Club, of the International Copyright League, of The Kinsmen; and in common we had many tastes and interests. He read me in advance all the poems, afterward collected together as the *Airs from Arcady*. We talked for hours over "Love in Old

Clothes," the best, perhaps, of his tales, and a little bit of work which cost him infinite care, and thought, and labour. He was then helping to establish the edition of *Puck* in English—now a power in the land—and working hard at it. He was very quick of insight and remarkably ready of utterance and expression, even in verse. I remember stopping one day into the *Puck* office, then in a cross street off lower Broadway, to lunch with him by appointment. As we were going out of the editorial rooms the printer's devil entered with a process-picture of a commonplace young woman, to illustrate which Bunner was asked to contribute a "stickful" of text—and at once. He lighted a fresh cigarette, stepped up to somebody else's desk, and, more rapidly than I could have copied them out, set down sixteen or twenty rhythmical lines which would scan and would parse and were very fair "poetry"—as such things go. He did not sign them; and he said lightly that that was an every-day occurrence and of no moment.

Bunner was equally ready with his occasional poems of dedication, inscription, or the like. In one of his own books he wrote, under date January 25, 1885, and a month or two before my marriage:

The New Year's not too old, my friend,
To wish a wish for you,
That the fire may ne'er grow cold, my friend,
That now shall shine for two.

The flame for kindly friendship set
Shall blaze for Love the higher yet,
Or be the heavens wintry wet,
Or Summer blue."

And in our Guest-Book he transcribed the following impromptu lines some ten years later:

TO LARRY HUTTON.

You may write it LAURENCE, all you please,
Your name to Fame to marry;
But you're only whistling down the breeze,
For folks will call you LARRY.
And if the reason you inquire,
I'll tell you all I know;
Why is Joseph Jefferson, Esquire,
Called Jo?

You may spell your LAURENCE with a U,
 Till it's Scotch as a green glengarry,
 But other folks are naming too;
 And your name they say is LARRY.
 And if you're curious in the least
 To know what that comes from;
 Why was T. Bowling, late deceased,
 Called Tom?

H. C. BUNNER.

October 19, 1893.

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together, at the Westmoreland and in Bunner's rooms, the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom on the occasion of his marriage would wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks, procured especially by him for me. One was absolutely unworn, the other had seen service and was darned. But they were both *blue*. And I *must borrow* them. Mr. Telford, I remember, loaned me a necktie for the same purpose; and both of those dear boys were married, when their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

Mrs. Bunner I knew as Miss Alice Learned long before she was his wife. Happy was the day for him, and happy for her, when she became Mrs. Henry Bunner. We sent to her at New London a travelling-clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines:

For Old Times' sake
 Will you and H. C. B.
 At this time take
 The Time from mine and me?

Time is, Time was,
 Let Time be old or new,
 The Times for us
 Are High Old Times with you.

To this, in equally powerful verse, Miss Learned replied:

I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
 To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are due.
 But every passing hour, while time endures,
 Shall speak to me and mine, of you and yours.

And he and his and I and mine had many happy times together for many

years. There never was a break or the shadow of a break in our friendship. He was very strong in his likes and in his dislikes—often without good reason. And I like to think now that, when we came to know each other, he always liked me, whatever his reason may have been. A more disinterestedly loyal man to his friends I never met, nor a man more devotedly attached to his own family. He was always sympathetic, always ready to help, always full of encouragement, never sparing of his words of praise for the work of others. His laugh was hearty and contagious, and how quick was his appreciation of everything that was good all the world who reads can tell. He was an excellent listener and he was an admirable talker upon all sorts of subjects, grave and gay. He had an unusual knowledge of books and of their contents, particularly of the works of the poets, ancient and modern. He quoted readily, correctly, appropriately, and at length; and if one wanted to remember a line or a sonnet of any of the half-forgotten men of the period of the very beginning of English verse, Bunner could always say where it was, whose it was, and exactly what it was, and why.

As in the case of many of the brilliant men with whom I have been lucky enough to have come into intimate contact, I have, unfortunately, let most of Bunner's best talk fly up the chimney. I dreaded to appear as a chief among them taking notes, and the happy thoughts, the flashes of wit, the bright turns of expression, the bits of epigram and of wisdom I would now give much to have preserved went out into the thin air long ago and melted away.

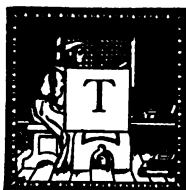
Only a few of Bunner's best words can I recall now. He used to say that he read the *Sun* because he wanted the news. He did not want to know what the *Tribune* wanted him to know; he did not want to know what the *Times* did not know and had not found out. He wanted the news!

And one of the most touching and pathetic incidents in his career is the story of his Lost Joke. It was in the old days of our Westmoreland café life, when, in my absence, Bunner found but

(Continued in Advertising Section)

KIPLING'S MEN*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE



HE composite Kipling hero, if he could be placed before us, would astound us by his frank humanity. He would drink—sometimes to the point of getting gloriously drunk—he would smoke incessantly; he would make outrageous love to his neighbour's wife; he would have his moments of depression and elation; he would possess brains, energy and stupendous cheek. His nationality would, of course, be American. At about the age of thirty-two he would marry himself for love with the composite Kipling heroine, the description of whom would be out of place here. But what we would remember of him most vividly would be his cheek and his Americanism. In Kipling's more recent prose work the occasional ring of insincerity that sounded through much of his early writing has happily been absent. There are those who find it hard to reconcile the reverence of the "Recessional" with the popular and probably just estimate of his cynical genius, but that is a mere detail, and nowhere has he bewrayed the wholesale and unscrupulous sacrifice of fact to effect that was the very substance of *American Notes*. The "Notes" have been pretty well forgiven and forgotten. Americans don't lose temper over *Martin Chuzzlewit* any more. We have become accustomed to that sort of thing; we are doing quite well, thank you! and after a moment's irritation are inclined to think of our critics with kindly, pitying curiosity. Easterners, on the whole, rather enjoyed the malicious exaggeration of Kipling's notes. Those absurd Chicagoans, who had grown so aggressive with their big buildings, their stock yards, and their Fair, richly deserved the trouncing, and as he wisely refrained from trying to be funny at the expense of New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Washington, we accepted with really civilised fortitude his abuse of our neighbours and frankly gave him the honour due the

creator of Mulvaney and Dravot. He was a very young and very clever man with a reputation for impudence to sustain, and there is probably no better refutation of his *American Notes* than the portrait of the American Tarvin in *The Naulahka*. Standing by himself Nicholas Tarvin claims hardly more than passing attention. He is interesting in that he combines all those qualities of heart and head which go to make the complete Kipling hero (which means that he is a worker, that he has brains, courage, and, above all, cheek, that he rides bucking horses and dents flying coins) and that he is evidently meant by his creator as a representative American. Among Kipling's men he is not easily to be classified. He and two or three others occupy niches apart.

Despite all that has been written of the absolute originality of Kipling's tales and characters, there was much in his early work, the work done during his connection with E. K. Robinson on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, that was strongly suggestive of Thackeray's influence. To mediocrity the influence of the author of the *Book of Snobs* is often blighting: to Kipling it was a spur and inspiration. The writer without real strength is too ready to accept Thackeray's view of life as complete for all times and environments and to drift into mere imitation. Kipling confined himself to accepting Thackeray's understanding of that part of the world and the human heart of which he himself had no knowledge, and with each day the debt grew less. Compare, for instance, the club-room scene in "The Story of the Gadsbys" with a similar scene in the forty-seventh chapter of *The Newcomes*. There could be no suspicion of imitation, but the suggestion is apparent. In both the story is carried on by the same device, almost by the same men. In both the dialogue is too witty. We are prone to ridicule as unnatural and absurd the stately, pompous Alexandrines of the old tragedy. They violated reality, certainly, but for a purpose, and a future age may as

* From *THE BOOKMAN* for December, 1898.

justly find fault with the present-day novelists who make their club men talk in epigram.

Despite the clearness with which most of Kipling's men stand out from the background of his stories, there are few authors whose characters are so difficult to analyse as individual types. None knows better than he that the age of heavy-weight novelists is past. Our literary bruisers to-day are mostly bantams and feathers; here and there a sprinkling of light and middle weights, whose mis-

sion is to entertain us with limited bouts spaced off into rounds of twenty-four hundred words or so each, and, to carry the fistic figure further, to be followed by long periods of lazy money-winning on the stage and lecture platform. The thunderous, boring methods of the days of Belcher, Cribb, and "Gentleman" Jackson are no more obsolete than the three-volume novel. Long introductory dissertations are but a degree more modern than "Poems by a Person of Quality;" and
(Continued in Advertising Section)

AMONG THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES*

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



HERE is such a wealth of interesting material in the magazines that it is impossible to do justice even to the most essential features in a mere bird's-eye view. We may as well begin with our old friend *Harper's Monthly*, in which we can especially commend an article on Pearlline, which is one of the best that has appeared on that popular subject, an illustrated tale of travel by the Totem Pole Route, showing it to be the last place to send a nervous person or one suffering from D. T., and an account of the Oneida Community, revealing quite another phase from that which appears in *Scribner's*. Besides, there is a fantastic romance of a reduced gas bill, showing imagination of a high order, and some delightful examples of the eternal juvenile, of which it is difficult to decide which is the most winning, the brother and sister who await their Malta Vita, the roguish youngster holding up the dollar watch, the dear little tot who sits up in bed to take her Shredded Wheat Biscuit, or the little girl who is cured while she sleeps.

Everybody's has an appreciative article

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1903.

on Van Camp's Pork and Beans, handled in quite a new manner, illustrated by a picturesque landscape of the Dutch school and a peculiarly ingenious offer of what appears on first sight to be a Free Watch, but which on consideration proves to be a Free Catalogue of Watches, which you will admit is not quite the same thing. There is also a paper in which the reader is admonished, "Be Beautiful!" by one lady who sells a hair destroyer, and by another who recommends a hair restorer, and a lady-or-the-tiger-ish story ending, "If you are not cured, let the druggist send the bill to me," in which as to the final outcome both the reader and the druggist are left somewhat in the dark. Then we have the inimitable "His Master's Voice," which I hope the Talking Machine Company will never be tempted to change, and an offer of a piano with a Whole Year's Free Trial, which must make the exploiters of a certain mattress fairly green with envy.

A new appeal for Swift's Hams adorns the cover of *Scribner's*, together with a man in great agony of mind suspended from a huge coffee cup—the initiated have already spelled Postum! On other pages a lady in ball dress struggles with a giant lobster, who tries to

(Continued in Advertising Section)

A SUPPRESSED NOVEL OF MR. HOWELLS

BY "RICUS"



DURING the course of his summer rambles the present writer chanced on one of the dozen villages that encircle a Lone Mountain, not a hundred miles from Boston. Here he found a literary tradition, now quite thirty years old, which explained why the most romantic of Mr. Howells's novels, or to be more exact, one of the few romantic among his novels, has not had an independent existence outside of the covers of a magazine. In 1876 the present writer, then a lad just entering college, was fascinated by a serial by Mr. Howells called *Private Theatricals*, running in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In later years he looked in vain for this title in the lists of his collected works; nor has he happened to have heard the book quoted in any article about the author. A couple of years ago he turned over the pages of the story again in an old bound volume of the *Atlantic*, and was delighted to find that his youthful taste was justified. Here was a tale told with a freshness of style, not characteristic of Howells's later manner, interesting and distinguished though that may be. Not yet had he begun to stand off at a distance and regard his people with cold criticism. He really showed for them a bit of that *liking* which he has since deplored in Dickens and Thackeray.

The aim, however, of this article is not criticism of the great American writer, but to give the explanation, offered in the village of the Lone Mountain, why *Private Theatricals* came to be suppressed as a book. Still, to give ground for the explanation, it will be well first to outline this little-known novel. It centres in a summer boarding-house, near the Mountain, kept by Mrs. Woodward, whose husband, if we remember right, is a broken-down minister, giving futile help in managing the farm. There is a daughter Rachel, who teaches in the little red

school-house, and has a taste for painting, as yet undeveloped. During the week the boarders are chiefly women and children, joined for the Sunday, however, by their respective husbands and fathers, chiefly from Boston. In this somewhat commonplace group Mrs. Farrell, a young widow, is the one striking figure. A flirt by instinct and cultivation, she manages, by her arts, both subtle and crude, to attract a couple of young men staying at the Village Hotel—a sort of Damon and Pythias in their friendship. When alone with the one, she extracts from him, unwilling the while, the one little rift in their affection, namely, a matter of unequal promotion in the Civil War. Buried, almost forgotten, it is still smouldering, though each is all but unconscious of it. These ashes she fans into flames by hinting to the other that his friend has betrayed the secret cause of discord. An overt quarrel occurs, they almost come to blows; at any rate, overcome by his passion and by the heat, one of them falls and cuts his head severely. Struck by remorse his friend revives him, and a reconciliation appears to take place. The accident becoming known, Mrs. Farrell dramatically claims the sick man as her own property, and, demurely clad in black with a white kerchief, I believe, assumes her becoming rôle of nurse to her acknowledged lover. While he sleeps, which happens often, she sits on the piazza with the friend, and so skilfully guides the situation that it terminates in his throwing loyalty to the winds and showing, if not declaring, his own love. But one lover in the sick-room and one lover on the piazza do not give enough field for Mrs. Farrell's desire for emotions; she must cast her spells over poor Ben Woodward, the bucolic son of the house. "Ben," she says—I quote from memory—"I wish I were a young girl in love with you; and you were taking me to the West as your wife." When no men are at hand, she must take to flattering Rachel, exploiting her little pic-

tures to the boarding-house ladies, and probing her hidden interest in one of her young men. The story terminates somewhat uncertainly; she has married neither lover. As the last chapter closes, she is making a not very successful *début* as Juliet at a Boston theatre. She puzzles one of the audience, a lady who at the Mountain Farm had never doubted Mrs. Farrell's dramatic quality. Then in a flash of inspired memory, between the acts, she declares to her husband that Mrs. Farrell was made, not for the theatre, but for Private Theatricals.

The village of the Lone Mountain has satisfied itself that the prototype of Mrs. Farrell was the beautiful wife of a Unitarian minister, now some years dead, but, at the general period when the story was written, a guest with his wife at the Village Hotel. The description of the charmer was given me by the former Landlady, as she rocked to and fro on the piazza of a cottage, built opposite to the gaunt ruins of the Hotel, burned some years ago. Of her beauty and charm, of her enthrallment of a dozen young students, of the benevolent devotion of her husband—the Landlady sang in a manner testifying that she also had come under her spell. Mr. Howells had been her guest, too, in the sense that he often sat on the Hotel piazza (he was stopping definitely at the Mountain Farm) and, with note-book in evidence, watched the passengers arriving and departing by the daily stage. But he was not in the village at the same time with the minister and wife, nor had my Landlady any real proof that they ever had met. Of the identification in question, however, she felt no doubt; declaring that her opinion was confirmed by outsiders from the great world.

While some reasonable doubt may exist as to the model from which the protagonist was drawn, there can be no doubt that the minor characters, the dwellers in the Mountain Farm, the original "Woodwards," recognised themselves in print with horror and indignation against their former boarder. With the spirit of the provincial village, where everything about everybody is known, they felt that they were now bared to the whole world. Not so the more cosmopolitan-

hearted Landlady, though she was born in the old Hotel and had always lived in the village.

"Mrs. ——— come to the Hotel from the Farm," said the Landlady to me, "now 'most thirty years ago, as mad as could be. 'To think he's gone and put us all in a book!' she says. 'Why, he's put your Hotel in too. How do you like his tellin' about the men sittin' by your office fire, and spittin' around in circles?' she says. 'How do I like it?' says I, 'why, I don't care a mite what he says. He can put in just what he's a mind to, for all me.' Says I, 'Why should I care?' She added, 'He told about my suppers too, but he wa'n't quite right there, though he did describe what went on in the village, so's many folks recognised it. Mrs. Farrell asks the young men what they had for supper at the Hotel. 'Cream o' tartar biscuit; long, thin slices of corn-beef, and green tea,' they said. Now, I never give any one green tea. But then what's the odds?"

"The daughter, she was maddest of all, because Mr. Howells spoke of Mrs. Woodward's (that's her mother, you know) lean, lank, bony hand—was it lank in the book? I declare, sometimes I get them three words right and sometimes I forget 'em; it was lean and bony anyway. Well, that made the daughter mad. But I guess she was maddest where he said that Rachel (that was her) used to put flowers in her hair to attract the boarders when she waited on table! And then there was something about the father's being so slow hoeing the beans that they almost caught up with him. Anyway they was all so mad that they kind o' forced Mr. Howells not to publish the story in book-form. I guess they threatened him with the law. Some copies were published in Edinburgh, but even that edition was suppressed after a few books was sold. Mr. Howells, he's never been to the village again; the old folks at the Farm are dead; the daughter, she's married and gone away; and the son keeps boarders at the old place, like his mother did when she took in Mr. Howells; I guess it was a kind o' double takin'-in, as you may say."

Thus the sad-eyed Landlady as she rocked on her piazza, while the light

faded from above the Lone Mountain. As for the writer, while he strolled toward his lodging, he thought of those few copies said to have been issued in Edin-

burgh before the edition was suppressed (was it David Douglas?), and wondered what each copy would be worth to a bibliophile some fifty years hence.

SAMUEL BUTLER

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



VEN for the average well-informed reader, the name of Samuel Butler inevitably suggests but one writer: the seventeenth century poet who wrote *Hudibras*, and who has been styled the "Hogarth of English poetry." There is, however, another Samuel Butler—of our own times, this one—who was known to a limited range of readers during his life and whose works, some eight years after his death, are now being reissued in a new and uniform edition. The most familiar of these is *Erewhon*, a satirical and imaginative work which has caused the author to be compared to Swift. The title of the book is an anagram of "nowhere," and thus immediately suggests that of Morris's Utopian phantasy. The manuscript was one of those which George Meredith read in his capacity as publisher's adviser, and was rejected by him. Butler had a curiously varied career and possessed an extraordinary personality. Robust, assertive, frank, even brutal in his directness, with a practical common sense and a notable lack of that spirituality which is commonly called idealism, he has been characterised as a "typical middle-class Englishman. This he may have been in personal traits and minor mental habits, yet his intellectual fearlessness and his freedom from cant made him an exotic figure, in many ways more French than English. Loved by his friends, he was regarded by the public at large as an eccentric, and by a section of it as an impious atheist. As a matter of fact, he always remained a member of the Broad Church Movement. After graduating from Cambridge he origi-

nally meant to enter the ministry; but, coming to entertain some doubts as to the efficacy of infant baptism, he did not take Orders. Instead, he went to New Zealand, where he ran a sheep ranch for five years, wrote for the colonial papers and began *Erewhon*, which reflects his experiences as a herder. When he returned to England he took up painting as a serious occupation and exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. He continued to write, however, and published a number of articles on religious matters and several biological works, to the theories contained in which he thought Darwin never did justice. When he was nearly fifty he took up music and composed gavottes, minuets, fugues, and even a cantata, all in the manner of Händel, for whom he had an admiration that amounted to a passion. He was also a traveller, and published a book called *Alps and Sanctuaries*, descriptive of his haunts in Piedmont and the Ticino. He made trips to Sicily, Greece and the Troad to identify the localities mentioned in the Homeric poems, which he translated and concerning the authorship of which he formulated original theories, as may be discerned from the suggestive title of one of his books, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. Strange to say, although he took up the puzzle of Shakespeare's sonnets and of "Mr. W. H.," he did not become a Baconian.

What particularly affronted the serious English public in Butler was his irony—a quality that Mr. Gosse has declared to be fatal in a writer of his nation. He took a delight in pricking popular superstitions and prejudices, and was not greatly concerned to spare the feelings

of his readers. Recently an English publication, *The New Quarterly*, has been printing copious extracts from his notebooks. These are full of the daring sallies and paradoxical affirmations that, "decanted" into his books, startled and shocked the conventionally respectable. Thus he says of our ideas: "They are for the most part like bad sixpences, and we spend our lives in trying to pass them on one another"; of vice and virtue: "Virtue is something which it would be impossible to overrate if it had not been overrated. The world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilised people. Such a vice must have some good along with its deformities. . . . As a matter of private policy I doubt whether the moderately vicious are more unhappy than the moderately virtuous. 'Very vicious' is certainly less happy than 'tolerably virtuous,' but this is about all. What pass muster as the extremes of virtue probably make people quite as unhappy as extremes of vice do." Again, he says: "The true laws of God are the laws of our own well-being." The foundations of morality he declares to be like all other foundations; "if you dig too much about them the superstructure will come tumbling down." And morality itself he defines as "the custom of one's country and the current feeling of one's peers. Cannibalism is moral in a cannibal country." So, also: "If a man can get no other food it is more natural for him to kill another man and eat him than to starve. Our horror is rather at the circumstances that make it natural for the man to do this than at the man himself." One wonders how the popular perverters of proverbs happened to overlook the following: "An honest god's the noblest work of man."

Entries like these are interspersed with reflections on all the arts, biological notes, original poems—including "The Psalm of Montreal," so widely reprinted

of late—and, best of all, with anecdotes that show a keen sense and a subtle appreciation of the ludicrous. For example: "A little boy and a little girl were looking at a picture of Adam and Eve. 'Which is Adam, and which Eve?' said one. 'I do not know,' said the other, 'but I could tell if they had their clothes on.'" Here is another: "Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage (in the Zoological Gardens) when a little boy and a little girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. 'That bird's dead,' said the little girl, 'come along.'" A model named Manzoni had been promised sittings at the Royal Academy, but was rejected on the ground that his legs were too hairy. He complained: "Why," said he, "I sat at the Slade School for the figure only last week, and there were five ladies, but not one of them told me my legs were too hairy." Occasionally Butler jots down some happy retort of his own. He seems to have had the brusque manners so commonly ascribed to the travelling Englishman, but he at least managed to give his insults a witty and sardonic turn that saves them from sheer insolence. Once he was staying at an hotel where there was a man with an ugly and disagreeable wife. Making up to Butler in the smoking-room, the man tried to enter into conversation with him. "'This divorce case,' said he, referring to one that was being reported in the papers, 'doesn't seem to move very fast.' I put on my sweetest smile and said, 'I have not observed it. I am not married myself, and naturally take less interest in divorce.' He dropped me." Mr. G. B. Shaw has said a good word for Butler and cordially recognised him as a fore-runner. Perhaps these few quotations will serve to shed some light upon the affinity which should be a good posthumous business asset for Butler now that he is being "revived."

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

To the Unborn Peoples and Other Poems.
By Ellen M. H. Gates.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Poems of Truth, Love and Power. By William Lee Popham.

An Epic of Heaven and Other Poems. By Edward S. Creamer.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Eva's Choice and Other Poems. By Leda Gano Browne.

Rhymes of Home. By Burgess Johnson.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Poetic New World. Compiled by L. H. Humphrey.

The Honeyjar Publishing Company:

The Joy of Things and Other Poems. By Osman Castle Hooper.

The John Lane Company:

Sable and Purple and Other Poems, By William Watson.

New Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Hexameter Verse by Prentiss Cummings. An Abridgment Which Includes all the Main Story and the Most Celebrated Passages. In 2 Volumes.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems. By Charles Follen Adams.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Psyche Sleeps and Other Poems. By Alida Chandler Emmet.

Sherman, French and Company:

Visions and Other Poems. By Thomas Dureley Landels.

The Border of the Lake. By Agnes Lee.

Sun-Ways of Song. By Alonzo L. Rice.

Wessels and Bissell Company:

The Closed Book and Other Poems. By Leolyn Louise Everett.

The John C. Winston Company:

El-Dorado "29," along with other Weird Alaskan Tales. By Francis L. Maule.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Inscrutable Woman. An Autobiography 1896-1910. By Edward David Baron.

Little, Brown and Company:

Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend. By Lilian Whiting.

The Women Napoleon Loved. By Tighe Hopkins.

John Lane Company:

Lord Glenesk and The Morning Post. By Reginald Lucas.

Sir Walter Scott's Friends. By Florence MacGunn.

Bernard Shaw as Artist-Philosopher: An Exposition of Shavanism. By Renée M. Deacon.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

My Army Life and the Fort Phil. Kearney Massacre. By Frances C. Carrington.

The Macmillan Company:

Princess Helene von Racowitza. An Autobiography. Authorised Translation from the German by Cecil Mar.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Real Roosevelt. His Forceful and Fearless Utterances on Various Subjects. Selected and arranged by Alan Warner. With a Foreword by Lyman Abbott.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Memoirs of Duchesse De Dino. Edited with Notes and Biographical Index by the Princess Radziwill.

EDUCATION, RELIGION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Guide to Biography for Young Readers. American—Men of Mind. By Burton E. Stevenson.

My Religion in Everyday Life. By Josiah Strong.

The A. S. Barnes Company:

Voice Training for School Children. By Frank R. Rix.

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Valid Religion for the Times. By Parley P. Womer.

The Christ-Child in Legend and Art. By Ida Prentice Whitcomb and Sara E. Grosvenor.

Chautauqua Press:

Studies in Dickens. Edited by Miss Mabel S. C. Smith.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

What is Essential? By George Arthur Andrews.

From Passion to Peace. By James Allen.

Seeking After God. By Lyman Abbott.

The Master's Friendships. By J. R. Miller.

Crowell's Shorter French Texts: Contes Des Marins de la Haute-Bretagne. By Paul Sébillot. Adapted and Edited by J. E. Mansion B.—es L.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Open-Air Schools. By Leonard P. Ayres, Ph.D.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Passover. (An Interpretation.) By Clifford Howard.

Harper and Brothers:

Travels in History. By Mark Twain. Selected from the works of Mark Twain by C. N. Kendall, Superintendent of Schools in Indianapolis, and arranged for home and supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

D. C. Heath and Company:

A Complete Grammar of Esperanto, the International Language with Graded Exercises for Reading and Translation, Together with Full Vocabularies. By Ivy Kellerman, A.M., Ph.D.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Louisa Alcott Story Book. Edited for Schools by Fanny E. Coe. With a Biographical Sketch by Miss Alcott.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

A Cæsar Composition Book. By H. F. Scott and Charles H. Van Tuyl.

Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose. Selected and Edited by Alphonso Gerald Newcomber and Alice E. Andrews.

Cicero's Orations and Letters. By Harold Whetstone Johnson, Ph.D. Revised by Hugh MacMaster Kingery.

Selected Orations and Letters of Cicero. By the same authors. To be used in connection with Cicero's Orations and Letters.

Sherman, French and Company:

Notions of a Yankee Parson. By George L. Clark.

Writing on the Clouds. By Arthur Newman.

Religion and the Modern Mind, and Other Essays in Modernism. By Frank Carleton Doan.

Commentaries on Sin. By George Frederick Jelfs.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Coming Religion. By Charles F. Dole.

The H. W. Wilson Company:

Addresses Educational and Patriotic. By Cyrus Northrop.

ART, MUSIC AND DRAMA

Duffield and Company:

Chantecler. By Edmond Rostand.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Siegfried: Wagner's Music-Drama Retold in English Verse. By Oliver Huckel.

John Lane Company:

Hyllus, A Drama. By Ralph Cheever Dunning.

Musical England. By William Johnson Gal-
loway.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Story of Chantecler. A Critical Analysis of Rostand's Play. By Marco F. Liberma.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Tragedy of Hamlet. By Henry Franck. A Psychological Study.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists. Repertory and Synthesis. By David Klein, Ph.D. With an Introductory Note by J. E. Spingarn.

The Young Churchman Company:

Music in the Church. By Peter Christian Lutkin.

HISTORY, POLITICS, ECONOMICS

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Scientific Currency. By Wm. Howe Crane.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

When America Became a Nation. By Tudor Jenks.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Fight for Conservation. By Gifford Pinchot.

Ginn and Company:

Political Theory and Party Organisation in the United States. By Simeon D. Fess, LL.D.

Henry Holt and Company:

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Longmans, Green and Company (For Columbia University):

Standards of Reasonableness in Local Freight Discriminations. By John Maurice Clark, Ph.D.

The Transition in Virginia from Colony to Commonwealth. By Charles Ramsdell Lingley, Ph.D.

Organismic Theories of the State. By F. W. Coker, Ph.D.

The Public Domain and Democracy. By Robert Tudor Hill, Ph.D.

The Making of the Balkan States. By William Smith Murray, Ph.D.

Legal Development in Colonial Massachusetts. By Chas. J. Hilkey, R.D.

Wessels and Bissell Company:

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Little, Brown and Company:

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Guide to Holland.

Guide to London.

Guide to Paris.

Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon.

Guide to Switzerland.

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Dorothy Brooke's Vacation. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

The White Merle. By Lilian Gask.

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Gerda in Sweden.

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A Little Maid of Boston Town. By Margaret Sidney.

The Other Sylvia. By Nina Rhoades.

Hester's Counterpart. By Jean K. Baird.

Winning the Eagle Prize. By Norman Brainerd.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

A Cadet of the Black Star Line. By Ralph D. Paine.

By Reef and Trail: Bob Leach's Adventures in Florida. By Fisher Ames, Jr.

MISCELLANEOUS

Robert Appleton Company:

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume VIII.

Ball Publishing Company:

Beyond the Borderline of Life. By Gustav Myers.

A summing up of the results of the scientific investigations of Psychic Phenomena, with an account of Professor Botazzi's experiments with Eusapia Paladino, and an abstract of the report of the cross-references by Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall and others which so influenced Sir Oliver Lodge in his decision in favour of spiritistic hypothesis.

The Man Forbid and Other Essays. By John Davidson.

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Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. By Dr. Phil. Zenner.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

From Here and There. (Essays.) By J. Wight Giddings.

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Educational Psychology. By Edward L. Thorndike.

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Old Greek Nature Stories. By F. A. Farrar, B.A., B.Sc.

A Year of Beautiful Thoughts. By Jeanie A. B. Greenough.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

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Expression Company:

Mind and Voice. Principals and Methods in Vocal Training.

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Addresses Delivered at the Memorial Meeting Sunday, October 18, 1908, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with a Brief Biography and other Appreciations and Records of his Dramatic Works, including a List of His Plays with the original casts.

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FICTION

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Storm and Treasure. By H. C. Bailey.
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Love in the Weaving. By Edith Hall Orthwein.
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 Sally Ann's Experience. By Eliza Calvert Hall.

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- Morning Star. By H. Rider Haggard.
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Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

- Westover of Wanalah. By George Cary Eggleston.

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- The Unseen Thing. By Anthony Dyllington.

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- One Hundred Stories in Black. By Bridges Smith.

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- Once Upon a Time. By Richard Harding Davis.
 Celt and Saxon. By George Meredith.
 The Silent Call. By Edwin Royle.
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- The Garden at 19. By Edgar Jepson.

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- Uncle Wash: His Stories. By John Trotwood Moore.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September

NEW YORK

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Mark Twain's Speeches. Clemens. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Promenades of an Impressionist. Hunecker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Putnam Hall Encampment. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. An American Citizen; Life of Wm. Henry Baldwin, Jr. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Making Good. Bigelow. (Harper.) 60c.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Lead of Honour. Richardson. (Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Clarke.) \$1.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limerlost. Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
4. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Miss Fales. Knife. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. On the Trail of Washington. Hill. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.20.
3. A Girl of the Limerlost. Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
4. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altamus.) \$1.20.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.20.
6. Little Knight of X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. Pastor Preacher. Quayle. (Methodist Book Concern.) \$1.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Western Women in Eastern Lands. Montgomery. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Caverns of Dawn. Voorhees. (Raodebaugh-Voorhees Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Why I am a Socialist. Russell. (Hodder & Stoughton.) \$1.50.
2. Study of Man. Buck. (Clarke.) \$1.50.
3. An American Citizen; Life of Wm. Henry Baldwin, Jr. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Book of the Black Bass. Henshall. (Clarke.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bunnikins-Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
4. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. Above Life's Turmoil. Allen. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis Co.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. A Little Princess of Tonopah. Higgins. (Penn.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Recreations of a Sportsman. Holder. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
2. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Loughheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Lost Face. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Celt and Saxon. Meredith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Chinese. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
4. Unknown Life of Christ. Notovitch. (Indo-American.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Gospel and the Modern Man. Mathews. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Cadet at West Point. Malone. (Penn. Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Every-Day Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn. Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Luce.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
3. Adventures in Spain. Crockett. (Stokes.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Deeds of Daring Done by Girls. Morse. (Stokes.) 69c.
2. Loyal Hearts and True. Ogden. (Stokes.) 69c.
3. Sir Toady Crusoe. Crockett. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. Vehicles of the Air. Loughheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Airship Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. The Development of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. Statesmen's Year Book, 1910. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Out of the Night. Reynolds. (Doran.) \$1.20.
4. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Mitchell. (Doran.) \$1.00.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Automobile Education. Homan. (Audel.) \$2.00.
2. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Ann of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Wits' End. Blanchard. (Estes.) \$1.50.
3. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The Durable Satisfaction of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Mitchell. (Life.) \$1.00.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50c.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
3. Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
4. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.60.
4. Golf. Whitlatch. (Outing Pub. Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Twins. Aldin. (Hodder & Stoughton.) \$2.00.
2. In Texas with Davy Crockett. McNeil. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
3. Williams at West Point. Johnson. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75c.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Aeroplane Boys. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 50c.
2. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50c.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodl, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altemus.) \$1.20.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) 85c.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainard. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Ethics of Jesus. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
4. Spiritual Unrest. Baker. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. John and Betty's History Visit. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Little Aliens. Kelly. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Lass of the Silver Sword. DuBois. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.20.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CAN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
2. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. Riders of the Plains. Haydon. (Copp.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
4. Through Europe with Roosevelt. O'Laughlin. (Chamole.) 25c.

JUVENILES

1. Submarine Boys. Durham. (Altemus.) \$1.00.
2. Aviator Boys. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Motor Boys. Hancock. (Altemus.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" "	2d	" " 8
" "	3d	" " 7
" "	4th	" " 6
" "	5th	" " 5
" "	6th	" " 4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	281
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50	202
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50	140
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	110
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	88
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	69

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H. C. BUNNER

(Continued from page 198)

one man at the table—a fellow of a peculiarly clear mind. He asked Bunner some simple question, as "Did you come uptown in the Fourth Avenue or Sixth Avenue line?" To which Bunner replied in an equally commonplace way, as, "No. I walked." Bunner, at the end of many years, could remember neither the question nor the answer nor the nature of them; but the words he uttered, whatever they may have been, were received with shouts of laughter. Bunner did not know why, and he never knew why. He saw nothing funny in them—at that time or later. And he entirely forgot what they were and what prompted them. But his interlocutor pronounced it the best thing that Bunner had ever said, and he laughed over it until he wept, and then he laughed again. It was to him the acme of humorous expression. He was too diffident to repeat it, whatever it was, because he thought that Bunner said it intentionally, and wanted him to say it in his turn, and so, somehow, commit himself; and he never told it; and he is dead; and Bunner never discovered the joke on his own account. He was very miserable at the thought that his most sublime effort of wit was unrecognised by himself, and went into the ear of the only man who ever heard of it, and who ever appreciated it, and was there kept forever from Bunner and the rest of the world. And poor Bunner could not even think what it was about.

It is a subject for a tragedy, but it has never been written.

We had "high old times" with the Bunnors some eight or nine years later in London. It was their first visit to the Old World; and I had much pleasure in taking them about the town I loved so well, although my own pleasure, I am afraid, was greater than his. He had developed symptoms of a rabid Ang'lo-phobic nature, and the present-day Englishman seemed to be stepping upon every sensitive nerve in his system. He had succeeded in fretting all the skin off his mental body, and he was never so happy as when he could taunt some Englishman into rubbing salt into his wounds. He left St. Paul's Cathedral in disgust because upon the monument to Cornwallis there was every allusion to that person's worth, his valour, and his victories, and no reference whatever to the important fact (to us), but not creditable (to him), that he had surrendered his sword to Washington at

Yorktown! At Westminster, Bunner rebelled against the great crowd of men in the Abbey who were nobodies but princes or royal dukes. He was impressed, however, at standing so close to the mortal parts of so many immortal men, and he was subdued and respectful as we sat in the Poets' Corner. "There are some good and great Englishmen, after all, Harry," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "there are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead!"

Bunner was a poor correspondent, not fond of writing or of answering letters, even after he learned to dictate. But when he did write, he wrote as he talked and as he felt, directly from the heart. Some of his personal notes to me, covering a period of nearly twenty years, may serve to show to those who knew him only as the editor of *Puck* and as the author of the *Midge* and of many pieces of charming verse what sort of man this Bunner was to his friends:

NUTLEY, August 28, 1891.

I am just back from Canada, and I don't care who calls me an Englishman so long as nobody calls me a French Canadian. That would call for bloodshed.

All the same, Quebec is the delight of my liver, and the hostelry of Dennis O'Hare is the Home of my Heart. That is where "the whole house, sorr, is mo-hogany; and none but the gintry lives in this quarter. No, sorr—unless *this* house—only gentlemen, sorr!"

I have brought you a little copper-plate, torn from a book, of William Charles Macready, in armour, mighty prodigious; the old *Albion* print of Ellen Tree, as Ion, in all her legs; and a picture of Napoleon, not in your collection, I think. It is a hand-painted print published about Waterloo time, showing N. B. mounted on a prancing charger, leading on his troops to ignominious defeat.

The Missus joins me to-morrow. She is at New London gathering in the children.

Why can't you and Mrs. Hutton leave the inclement heights of Onteora, and come and frivel with us for a space at Nutley? You shall have all the rooms you want, and every opportunity to loaf or to work, as may please you.

Please, Mrs. Hutton, make him say yes! . . . Now what is the matter with finishing up the season at Nutley? If you want to be busy I can be busy too. Give our love to your Lady, and suggest to her this means of breaking off the Onteora habit.

February 5, 1892.

It is an elegant gilt-edged joy to catch you on an unanswered letter; but coming across this sheet of paper reminds me that I sent you its fellow some time in August or September, a few days after my return from Quebec, tell-

THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1910

VOLUME XLIV

NUMBER 4

THE MAGIC GLASSES

FRANK HARRIS

THE NEW IRISH OUTLOOK

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LEO TOLSTOY

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ing you I had picked up three aged prints in that city, which I thought would please your fancy, and that they were lying in the office waiting to know whether they should go to you to Thirty-fourth Street or to Onteroarer.

Since then various events, including seven grips under our humble roof, have conspired to make me forget the three gems of art. One is Miss Ellen Tree, in a dress-reform skirt; one is W. C. Macready, thirsting for somebody's gore; and the third is a Napoleon, which will give your collection the jim-jams. I will mail them to you.

I was very sorry that we couldn't hit off with Mr. [Ripley] Anthony. The more so, that I had seen his picture at the Academy, and had taken a great shine to it. But I'm afraid our style of penwork was a little too stiff for him. In fact, if a man does that kind of work, he can't do anything else. But he can paint; there is no doubt about that!

How are you all? We are well and I am working. I have a sort of a novelette on hand, two or three short stories, and some other stuff; but of course I am away behind with everything since that grip hit me.

I brought me *The Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*, and I read them too. What are you going to Landmark next? You can't do much with New York, but you can do something with the suburbs—Sunnyside, Yonkers, Long Island Sound, Roslyn, etc. It would probably not be used as a hand-book by a throng of eager tourists, but it would make mighty interesting reading. And it would give you a chance to become as familiar with the outskirts of the city you live in as you are familiar with the outskirts of London and other second-hand towns. And when you push your way up the Passaic Valley, where Irving, and Hoffman, and their crowd used to sport, and where Frank Forester lived on a desert island, you might push a little farther, and come and see a fellow named Bunner, who lives up that way, in the House of Spare Bedrooms. He is said to be of an amiable and thirsty disposition.

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KIPLING'S MEN

(Continued from page 200)

Kipling from the beginning of his career has, after a few curt descriptive strokes, swept us away with the rush and fire of the story he had to tell. This is much more the case with his men than with his women. But they were so human, so keenly alive that we accepted them at once and made place for them in the Valhalla of heroes and heroines among Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Argan, Goriôt, Colonel Newcome, D'Artagnan, Tartarin, Esmond, Captain Bunsby, or whoever the reader's favourites may be. In our enthusiasm their right is never questioned, it is only on close analysis that we

realise with amaze how slight is their tangible claim and how much of them is born merely of suggestion. Bronckhorst is a brute who bullies his wife outrageously; Moriarty drinks secretly; Strickland, a dark-eyed young civilian with a taste for secret investigation, Jellaludin McIntosh, a most striking character, quotes fragments of Greek, writes a strange book, and says "Good heavens. I was once an Oxford man!" In black and white this is about all. But between the lines we had read their past and present, we knew all about Bronckhorst's courtship, the number of Moriarty's relatives in England and Connaught, the intimate details of McIntosh's early misfortunes. These men told their life stories in their talk and their gestures. The complexity of Kipling has never been sufficiently urged. It is often quite impossible to detach the story and its hero or heroine from that particular portion of the world in which the scene is laid. Weakened by the cruel Indian sun Moriarty has taken to drinking secretly. A worthless woman attaches him to her train and he, believing in her implicitly, pulls himself together for her sake. It is a mere detail of life, incomplete and apparently without dramatic possibilities. By a mere touch Kipling has shown us the contrast, the man alone against the feasting, drinking, posture-making, scandal-loving world. It is in this remarkable power over mere details that Kipling's originality lies. This is equally as true of his tales of pure adventure. The motive of "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is by no means new; before "Bimi" orang-outangs have been jealous of men's wives; "The Mark of the Beast" brings no new horror into fiction; the device of "The Man Who Would be King" (an imperial tale, of his stories the most characteristic, furnishing the best key to the greatness and limitations of the man, combining as it does all the qualities of his extraordinary power and originality) is of the simplest and oldest.

There are three property air-castles over which every man of any imagination whatever, at some time in his life, frivols pleasantly away many hours. From all other air-castles they must be classed apart, for in their splendid absurdity they are dependent upon no condition or environment. He who dreams by day of being a great poet, a great actor, a great painter, or a great financier, must have a bent for scribbling or daubing or spouting or money getting. Such day dreams are merely local

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and individual. But imagine yourself becoming suddenly the possessor of wealth, not to the mere point of vulgar luxury and affluence, but wealth illimitable; wealth that is power; that is of that intangible vastness that makes you the peer of kings. That is the first of the three great property air dreams. Vast as are the literary and dramatic possibilities of the theme, they were practically exhausted in *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

The second of these day dreams deals with the establishment of a mighty secret society, working silently and tirelessly toward certain noble ends; achieving them through sheer strength of unity. The elder Dumas ran this theme through countless volumes: George Sand made use of it in *Consuelo* and in *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. Balzac went farther and attempted to bring it into every-day life; actually organised such an order; believed in it with naïve ardour; and found huge delight in saluting his brother Invincibles when he met them in society, with great winks and grimaces.

The third and most magnificent day dream, being a king, may be attained in various ways. Ego, for instance, am perched upon a high revolving stool, trying vainly to balance two pages of a big leather-bound book, in a musty, dusty office somewhere on the lower end of Manhattan Island. Then, without preliminary blare of trumpets, are ushered in several grave little old gentlemen in black, who inform me respectfully that Ego am the long-lost heir apparent of the throne of Illyria, and that a 22-knot armoured cruiser, flying the purple and gray Illyrian royal standard, is lying at anchor off Tompkinsville waiting to bear me away to my loyal and enthusiastic people. Again, if Ego have an imagination for ways and means, Ego may find myself in some Oriental empire at a time of great political crisis, dye my face, don a pigtail, and with the connivance of an adroit and crafty prime minister, seize the throne and wisely sway the imperial sceptre. There are also many other ways. In fiction a reporter once became a king: Rudolph Rassendyl sat for a time upon the throne of Ruritania; there were two illiterate loafers who had been soldiers, engine drivers, newspaper correspondents and about everything else, who founded an empire in Afghanistan, an empire that was to furnish two hundred thousand fighting men to cut in on Russia's flank. And Carnehan was crucified, but lived and came back over the mountains, misshapen and mad,

carrying in a leather bag the crowned and dried-up head of Daniel Dravot.

To those whose admiration of Rudyard Kipling's work is most sincere and heartfelt, "The Man Who Would be King" is incomparable. Interest in the tale itself is all but lost in our astonishment at the richness of the man's mind, his marvellous insight into the human heart, the fire and raciness of his style.

The Irish are the Gascons of the British Isles and occasionally we recognise a bit of D'Artagnan peering out from under Mulvaney's cap. Mr. Kipling frankly avows the inspiration, and in addition has given us a Porthos in Learoyd and a regimental Aramis in Stanley Ortheris. Mulvaney has all the dash and dexterity of D'Artagnan, and, like the musketeer of Louis XIII., he is an unmitigated blackguard. But the men of fiction are not to be measured by the mean standards of every-day life. We don't ask of them that they be good fathers and husbands, paying their debts and leading clean and wholesome lives; only that they be men, frank, jovial, and generous—with other people's money if they have none of their own. Mulvaney is a great scoundrel made amiable. It is hard to say for what we admire him. But then the most virtuous reader has a sneaking fondness for Barry Lyndon, blackleg and wife-beater, and Mulvaney is a staunch friend and worthy soldier. There it ends. He is a drunkard, a barrack-room Don Juan, and the tinge of sadness which redeems him from utter savagery is at heart mostly selfishness and vanity.

AMONG THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES

(Continued from page 200)

carry off her salad cream, an impossible attractive cook is using Aluminum cooking utensils, a man bending over a wash tub might be termed an infringement on Women's Rights, and we deem the Fairbanks Company guilty of *lèse majesté* with their cut of the Heads of the Nations most absurdly decked out in rakish lathers of white soap. The editor of *Scribner's* is peculiarly lavish to his readers, giving them, besides all this interesting and valuable matter (the variety of which can only be hinted at), a number of original illustrated jokes.

In our new friend, *The World's Work*, there is an effective page on Shawknit, a most impressive picture with a popular Southern hotel seen in the distance against Corotesque clouds,

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a dusky woman, who does not particularly attract us toward Tahiti, and a flippant young woman seated à la Geraldine the Stubborn on a can of Lowney's Cocoa. We must not fail to call attention to the interesting series of articles on "It's the hair and not the hat," "It's the hat and not the dress," "It's the feet and not the face," "It's the figure and not the feet," "It's the complexion and not the figure," and so on. The article on the Chickering Piano was written evidently by a believer in programme-music, and the illustration accompanying the announcement of a certain book determines us—short of a breach-of-promise suit—to choose neither woman.

McClure's really gives us a great deal at very little outlay. There is a new and original study of Gold Medal Flour, an interesting description of the process of cutting glass, of a comb that dyes the locks as it passes through, a decidedly decorative notice of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and the announcement of a competition by the makers of the Regal Shoe. Wool Soap has a new little girl staring for it, but she does not lay such siege to our hearts (and backs) as the pathetic little twins with which Wool Soap first made its bow before the public.

The Century contains some very artistic work on Hot Air Pumps, Pearline Girls, Fountain Pens, and noticeably the Tar Soap Lady. The cover is decorated with a delightful colour scheme by the Royal Baking Powder artist, and just inside a fascinating maid opens a can of Libbey's Corned-beef Hash. I am sorry to say that the Father and Mother of Our Country honour the backs of some playing cards (cannot the ladies of the W. C. T. U. switch off from the canteen onto this?), and the popular author of Hand Sapolio offers yet another story.

The Critic, as behooves it, is more distinctly literary in tone, with accounts of Rare and Curious Books, Artistic Stationery and Desk Ornaments, and Cards from Authors' Agencies, Bureaus for Correcting MSS., and those "untiring people who daily supply one with the thinking of one's critics."

I apologise for neglecting so many features of the magazines with which we are all familiar: "Instruction at Home," "Tooth Washes," "Naphtha Launches," "Lamp Chimneys," "Shingle Stains," "Artistic Mantels," "Model Homes on Easy Payment," our old friends the canned soups, and the placid, united families

seated about various pianolas, angeluses, graphophones, *et al.*

On the whole, one arises from a reading of the magazines distinctly encouraged. It is a literature full of promise—brave, exultant. It might well be prescribed by physicians for patients recovering from the grippe, when one always looks on life through blue spectacles. Why, there is magic in turning over these pages. "The ills that human flesh is heir to"—it is evident that to Hamlet was denied the advantages of a course in magazine reading. In the bright annals of magazine literature there are no ills (at least, none that cannot be cured by ME). Here do we not learn that "Deafness can be relieved and prevented," "Pimples may easily be removed," "Intemperance cured by your wife without your knowing it," "Stammering is cured by correspondence," "The fat may easily become thin," and "The thin as easily become fat," "Cancer is cured without the knife," "Rheumatism without medicine," "Stomach troubles "without opiates or cathartics," Blindness "by absorption," "Consumptives in the last stages of the disease need no longer worry about the future"?

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Who can deny that the magazines are the most potent champions of romanticism left us to-day? Believe it all? Why, there is a horse smilingly pacing by the side of an automobile, so it would be foolish to strain at gnats. Delightful, transcendently beautiful world of magazine literature! say I, in which the plumbing never leaks, the hard-wood floors never lose their polish, in which the telephone rings not, the automobile puffs not, neither does it smell. Commend me to it for an hour or two of pure, unadulterated joy!



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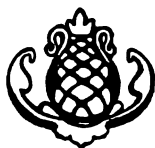
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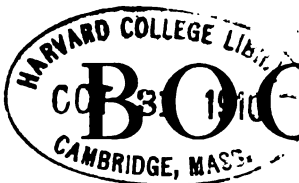
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THE BOOKMAN



A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXII

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 3

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have recently received several communications and printed documents from

**The Case
against
Rostand**

Captain Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. With the coming of *Chantecler* to this country Captain

Gross seems determined to reopen the old case against M. Rostand, and the purport of his communications is apparently to ask for an unbiased expression of opinion in the matter of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*, *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Chantecler*. It is an old story now, but we think that our readers will pardon us if we recapitulate it briefly.

When, in the month of January, 1899; the late Mr. Richard Mansfield presented *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the city of Chicago, he was enjoined by Captain Gross on the ground that the play was a piracy of Captain Gross's *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. The complainant stated that he had first conceived the idea and plot of the play *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* in 1875; that he had reduced it to manuscript in 1878; that in 1879, 1880 and 1881 he had submitted it to various actors and theatrical managers; that in 1889 he took the manuscript to the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris and left it there for several weeks; and that in 1896 the play, duly copyrighted, was published in book form by the firm of Stone and Kimball of Chicago. So far everything is fact; what follows is naturally inference. Captain Gross professes to believe, and we have no doubts of his perfect sincerity in the matter, that either the manuscript of his play was seen by M. Coquelin, who was the manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and that M. Coquelin

gave the idea of the play to Edmond Rostand, with the result that the latter wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac* and afterward *Chantecler*; or, that M. Rostand constructed these plays from reading *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* in book form. In support of the latter contention it is pointed out that Mme. Rostand is an Englishwoman, and that Rostand himself has a sound reading knowledge of the English language. In May, 1902, the



THE CHICAGO CLAIMANT



THE FRONTSPIECE OF THE BOOK

United States Circuit Court rendered a decision in favour of Captain Gross, in which it declared that "Tested by these principles, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the melodrama of *Cyrano de Bergerac* performed by the defendant Mansfield is a clear and unmistakable piracy of the complainant's play, *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*.

So much for the legal aspect of the matter. It must be understood, however, that M. Rostand took no steps to protect his American rights in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, not realising their importance. In support of his claim Captain Gross outlines the resemblance in plot and dramatic situations of the two plays and presents a number of parallels in language. To this evidence we have given very careful attention. We remain, however, decidedly unconvinced. Captain Gross and M. Rostand have simply made use of a certain number of stock situations that have belonged to the stage since the days

of Euripides. That is all. The key situation to the two plays, that of one man speaking for another, is the same; but is not that almost the idea of *Romeo and Juliet* or of *Miles Standish*? As we have said, we do not for a moment question Captain Gross's sincerity, but from the evidence we can no more find a proof that *Cyrano de Bergerac* is pirated from *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* than we can consider *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* an infringement on the original title of the play known in England and this country as *The Chimes of Normandy*. No, Captain Gross, looking at the matter from an absolutely impartial point, this case against M. Rostand seems no case at all.

Against any play whatever it is the easiest matter in the world to bring charges of plagiarism and to bolster these charges into an imposing array. What is the theatre but the rearrangement of the old stock situations of all times? There was the case of the young playwright who brought a suit against Sardou, claiming that *La Tosca*—or was it *Fedora*?—was stolen from a submitted manuscript. The resemblance was proven and also the fact that Sardou had seen or had had easy access to the proffered play. But when M. Sardou was put upon the stand it was a very easy matter for him to show that if he had plagiarised from the young playwright, the young playwright had in turn plagiarised from thirty-six earlier plays.

The writer of a review in a recent number of the London *Academy* of M.

Jules Claretie's *Quarante Ans Après, Impressions d'Alsace et de Lorraine*

1870, 1910, recalls the retort of a correspondent for *Le Figaro*, who, in the War of 1870, was refused the pass he applied for by a certain French general. "*Alors voilà tout*," replied the correspondent; "*c'est très simple; Le Figaro ne fera pas de réclame a cette guerre là!*" (Oh, very well then. *The Figaro* will not advertise this war.") The administrator of the Comédie Française, by the way, is of those who believe that Ger-

many has another war to make—nay, that she is making it already. "*Elle nous visait au cœur*," he says, "*elle vise l'Angleterre au ventre*." ("She aimed at our heart; she is aiming at England's stomach.")

When some one told Stella that Swift had written beautifully of one of her rivals, the lady received the maliciously intended shaft with perfect composure and serenity. "Of course, my dear," she replied. "The Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." We recall this anecdote as we take up Thomas E. Watson's *Waterloo*, which has just come from the press of the Neale Publishing Company; not that we regard the gentleman from Georgia as possessing the pen of the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, but because we believe it hardly possible for any one to write about the battle of Waterloo without being entertaining. This book is perhaps not history in the academic sense of the word, but it is very good reading. Mr. Watson's sympathies seem to be pro-



MR. WATSON OF GEORGIA



M. JULES CLARETIE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SERVICE DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871

French, pro-Prussian, and not so much anti-English as anti-Wellington. Indeed, if we consider the whole matter impartially, the idolatry with which the England of his day and of subsequent generations has always regarded grim old Arthur Wellesley does appear somewhat preposterous. Mr. Watson accuses the Iron Duke of intentionally disregarding the pledge of support that he had given Blücher, of referring slightly to the flank movement of Bülow, and of giving an account of the battle that was full of falsehoods and pernicious inaccuracies. Whether these charges be true or not, from the most conservative of English historians, one can draw an exceedingly unamiable portrait. Wellington always lacked what the "little officer boy" of the Kipling tale had: he fleeced at the British private soldier who gave him such splendid support; he heartily favoured flogging in the army, and he probably never had the genuine love of a single human being. There is the possible rejoinder that he won the battle of Waterloo. But Mr. Watson will tell you that he did not.

We were just about to settle down for a pleasant hour or two with our old friend, Mr. Martin Dooley, of Chicago, when some one called our attention to a recent number of the *Saturday Review* of London. After we had read what that estimable periodical, always so courteous and amiable in its attitude toward America and Americans, had to say, we of course had to reconsider all opinions. We have never endorsed all the extravagant praise that has been indiscriminately lavished upon the philosopher of the Archey Road, but we have always regarded him as a wise and kindly counsellor and a genuine humourist. Of course he is not so spontaneous as he was in the days of the Spanish-American War, but we have held him to be entertaining and sane, and were hardly prepared for the crushing verdict of the *Saturday Review*. In the first place we learn that Mr. Dooley has "inherited all the traditions of the American school—all the traditions but one. He has the faults of the older Americans without the saving grace of their vitality. He is heavy-handed, not because he is too much alive to refine his ebullitions, but because he has not the skill or the strength to be light. . . . In Mr. Dooley's books for the first time we realise to the full the flatness and the tedium of American 'humour' grown to discretion." Again, "Mr. Dooley is a commonplace journalist who expresses himself in a peculiar jargon." Finally the *Saturday Review* takes up Mr. Dooley's language:

And does an Irish-American really speak the language of Mr. Dooley? If he does talk the phonetics of Mr. Dooley's book, he has our sympathy. Certainly he should lose no time in severing the home ties that remain to him. As for the true Irish accent, he is a bold man that tries to get it onto paper. Synge did not attempt it, and Mr. Kipling had better have left it alone. We cannot believe that Mr. Dooley's mechanically perverse orthography represents any language or accent under the sun. We know it is not Irish.

But the *Saturday Review* is not content with crushing Mr. Dooley. It must take a genial fling at all American humour:

Either you swallow these American humourists whole, or you do not stomach them at all. Begin to winnow away the chaff and you will find when the winnowing is done that there is very little left. As wit, the stuff is clumsy and blunt. As literature it will never count. As humour or satire—the terms are a misnomer. None of it—not the best of Mark Twain—will bear comparison with anything classically comic, classically humorous, or classically satiric. To think for a moment of Molière, of Shakespeare, or of Swift in connection with this American "humour" is impossible. To think, even, of Congreve, or of Thackeray, or of Voltaire is to throw down *The Tramp Abroad* with a kind of wonder to catch one's self reading it. We doubt if it is even possible to think of Sir Arthur Pinero, or of Lady Gregory and to feel quite comfortable with Artemus Ward. What, then, is the virtue of these American humourists at the best? Why do we refuse to examine them for fear of having to put them down? Scores of people who read Artemus Ward bolt him with a kind of relish; but if they stopped to have a good look at him they would recoil in something like disgust.

Mr. Frederick Keppel, the New York art-dealer and authority on etchings and engravings, prefaces his *Mr. Keppel's new book, The Golden Reminiscences Age of Engraving*, with a chapter of personal reminiscences. It was, it seems, quite by accident that Mr. Keppel entered upon his career. Forty years ago, when he was starting in business in New York—he came to this country from Canada, where his family had migrated from Liverpool,—he met an elderly London print-seller who was disgusted with the city and who, eager to return to England, besought Mr. Keppel to buy his stock of prints at any price. The latter offered him a hundred dollars, not wanting the prints, and hoping the offer would be refused. To his surprise, however, it was accepted, and Mr. Keppel believed he had made as bad a bargain as Moses, the son of the "Vicar of Wakefield," who sold a horse for a gross of green spectacles. But it was not long before he discovered that these prints had a very marketable value even at that day in America

and in one visit to Philadelphia he realised sufficient profit to make him decide to become a print-seller. To do this he had to go to Europe to procure a stock, and then began that long series of visits to London and Paris in the course of which he not only met, but became closely acquainted with, most of the modern etchers and engravers of whom he writes. Sir Seymour Haden, Jacque, Legros,—the list is a long one, but perhaps the most interesting of all his associations was that with Whistler, which ended, like so many associations

with that artist, in a quarrel. Indeed Whistler threatened to kill his ertswile friend on sight. To this threat Mr. Keppel, being a poet, responded with a set of verses which he appends to the correspondence which passed between them, in the chapter entitled "One Day with Whistler."

But Mr. Keppel's anecdotes are not all of artists—artists, that is, of the needle and burin. One of the most entertaining is that of his sole meeting with Gounod. As a young man, he had been



FREDERICK KEPPEL

a member of the choir of Old Trinity, and when, after he left, arrangements were made to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of A. H. Messiter as organist and choirmaster, and it was decided to render a mass by Gounod in honour of the celebration, Mr. Keppel, who had to be in Paris on that date, determined to obtain a letter of congratulation to Messiter from the great composer himself. So, although he was warned that Gounod disliked Americans, he wrote asking for the letter, adding that he would call at



CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Mr. Jackson's "My Brother's Keeper" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

his house to get it the following day. "When I arrived there," he writes, "I was told that the master would receive me and that I would find him in his music room. I was ushered into a room as big as a chapel and I saw that the whole end of it, from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall, was filled with a great organ. At the organ the master was seated, and I remember that he was dressed in a suit of dark brown velvet and wore on his head a *toque* or cap of the same material.

He did not leave his seat, but he said to me in French: 'You are the gentleman from New York,' and pointing to a table he added, 'There is your letter.' Gounod continued, 'But I do not like Americans; they steal my music.' I answered that this was true, but I assured him that the choir of Old Trinity never stole his music, because they always sang it from his own copyright edition. '*Ah, c'est bien,*' said Gounod, and then, looking at his watch, he told me that in four minutes he expected the visit of a friend who was to take him in his carriage for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. He added: 'For four minutes I am at your service; what shall I play for you?' Reflecting for a moment, I answered: 'Four minutes, master; then play me that instrumental introduction, before the voices come in, to the Credo of your Saint Cecilia Mass.' Then, for the first time, the old gentleman shuffled off his seat, came and gripped me by the hand, and said: '*Vous aimez ce morceau là: je l'aime moi-même!*' . . . Then he went back to his organ and played what I had asked for, superbly, and just as he had finished, his friend arrived and took him away. I never saw Gounod again."

This anecdote is followed immediately by one, equally personal, about Bob Fitzsimmons. We have not space to quote it, and merely mention the fact to indicate the scope of Mr. Keppel's reminiscences. We have referred to him as a poet. A whole chapter is devoted to specimens of his metrical experiments which are always of a personal order, and which include several Limericks. As an Italian Limerick is something of a rarity, we present the following in which "My friend Cecchino, of Begamo, having married a wife and bought a home, is supposed to speak thus":

Ecco la casa Cecchino,
È detta La Bergamolino;
Qui dimor', con la sposa,
(Felicita cosa!)
E, ogn'anno—un bello bambino!

As the curiosity of our readers may be piqued by the spectacle of the bird perched upon Mr. Keppel's knee in our portrait, it may be added that the bird is



ROBERT E. PEARY IN ARCTIC COSTUME

a magpie, and that for years Mr. Keppel has never been without a pet of this species. When his shop was in Sixteenth Street, he also used to keep a pet coon in the backyard, where the beast was the object of much attention from patrons and visiting artists.

though some of the French imitations may possibly be a little older. The modern forger obtains important aid from photography, but by way of compensation the enlargement of any given specimen by the same means is invaluable for the purposes of detection. The letters of



A. M. BROADLEY

The forgery of autograph letters for the purpose of entrapping the over-trustful or ignorant collector, **Caveat Emptor** Mr. A. M. Broadley tells us in his entertaining *Chats on Autographs*, is the product of the nineteenth century, al-

Washington, Franklin, Nelson, Burns, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Scott were the first to attract the attention of the autograph forger in England. Thackeray and Dickens have been recently the object of his attention. Most of the Thackeray forgeries are the work of one man, who

uses an ordinary pen and has a fondness for half sheets of paper. The forger apparently finds the upright hand Thackeray adopted later in life more to his taste than the less angular penmanship of his youth. A few years ago the London autograph market was inundated with forged letters of Thackeray and Dickens. The Dickens forgeries are generally betrayed by the printed address at the top of the letter being lithographed and not embossed. A forged letter of Thackeray was detected by the appearance of the letter "W" after London in the counterfeit postmark fully ten years before it could have done so legitimately.

The most extraordinary case in the annals of autograph forgery happened in France on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. It is known as the *Affaire Vrain-Lucas*. Vrain-Lucas was a needy adventurer; Michel Chasles was a scientist of European reputation. Astonishing as it may seem, Vrain-Lucas, in the course of a few years, sold to Chasles, at an aggregate price of about one hundred and fifty thousand francs, no less than twenty-seven thousand autographs, nearly all of

Shipping Instructions

Destination	Date
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Shipment by Air .....	By .....
Ship Name .....	No. ....
From Ship .....	To .....
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**REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE.**

to 2 Union Guards, to M. A. Smith, —  
to 1st Regt. of Artillery, on duty at the Niagara Frontier

*Le Général Divisionnaire Caron,*  
*Commandant la 8^{me} Division militaire.*

Qu. (Ctng). Directed ad. administration sub. l'gna

Congress Minutes,

[illegible]

FOURTEEN LINES IN THE WRITING OF NAPOLEON  
BONAPARTE ON MILITARY ORDER, WITH HIS  
SIGNATURE, JULY 3, 1803

Onslow Square  
August 14th.

My dear James

I have been very busy and far from well, and time has flown more quickly than I expected. And that is really the fact.

I have looked over your "Pain," and am sorry to think of the time you have wasted. Honestly, I cannot give you any encouragement to go on. You can't, believe me, make yourself a poet. In time, it is true, you might put forth very tolerable verse, but certainly not poetry. Stick to your desk, my lad, for the present at any rate. And throw over your poetical aspirations: that if you persist in retaining them, bring you nothing but cheapen and disaffection.

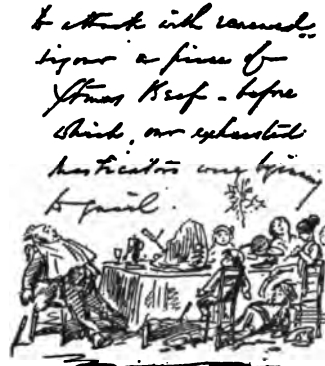
Always yours sincerely  
Walter H. Harkness

A FORGED LETTER OF THACKERAY, IN WHICH HIS  
LATER HANDWRITING IS IMITATED

which were the most audacious forgeries. Vrain-Lucas bestowed on his counterfeits very little care and attention. It was apparently not necessary. Beginning with an imaginary correspondence between Newton and Pascal, which was afterward easily proved to be impossible, he proceeded to fabricate letters of Rabelais, Montesquieu, and La Bruyère. Before he had finished, the amiable M. Charles became the proud possessor of letters of Julius Cæsar, Mary Magdalene and even of Lazarus, after his resurrection, all of which were *written in French and on paper made in France.*

Literary autographs, Mr. Broadley tells us, in a chapter under that title, have always commanded exceptionally high prices from the early days. "I shall now," wrote a chronicler of autograph prices in 1827, "set poetry, history, and works of imagination against sceptres, swords, robes, and big wigs. . . . Addison is worth two pounds fifteen shillings, Pope three pounds five shillings, and Swift three pounds. Thomson has sold for five pounds ten shillings, and Burns for three pounds ten shillings. Churchill, the abuser

With best wishes for the  
New Year  
Yours truly  
H. K. Browne



*Send it my love to  
Family & friends, and*

TWO PAGES OF AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER BY HABLOT K. BROWNE

of his compatriots, is valued at one pound eighteen shillings. In philosophy Dr. Franklin reaches one pound seventeen shillings; in history, Hume is valued at one pound eighteen shillings, and Gibbon at only eight shillings. The sturdy moralist Johnson ranks at one pound sixteen shillings, the graceful Sterne at two pounds two shillings, Smollett at two pounds ten shillings, and Richardson at one pound. Scott yields only eight shillings."

Since 1827, however, the prices of literary autographs have risen considerably.

Two letters of Robert Burns are listed at thirty-five pounds and thirty-two pounds respectively, while in 1827 the price for a Burns letter was three pounds ten shillings only. Keats letters average twenty to thirty pounds. A letter by Thackeray is valued at twenty-five pounds. A catalogue issued in 1891 listed four letters by Shelley at eighteen pounds eighteen shillings, nineteen pounds nineteen shillings, ten pounds ten shillings, and nine pounds nine shillings respectively; a Schiller letter at twenty-five pounds and an Alexander Pope letter at eight pounds. On the other hand, Darwin averages only one

*Sooner had I found you the price  
of your Milton  
John Milton Junior  
James Hodgkinson  
Thomas Bawley  
John Hutton*

EARLY SIGNATURES OF JOHN MILTON ON DOCUMENTS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. QUARITCH

pound ten shillings, Disraeli eighteen shillings, and Dickens about two pounds.

There is romance and the suggestion of rich colour in phrases like "the red-heeled days of seigneurial France." We draw a

**Clothes**

mental picture of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or the splendid lists of Ashby de la Zauche, where Wilfred of Ivanhoe and the Templar met in combat before the flower of Norman and Saxon beauty, and our own age seems prosaic and commonplace in comparison. But a book like George Clinch's *English Costume from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century* brings sad disillusion. The Lady Rowena, for example, may have been well worth all the sacrifices and arduous pilgrimages which her knightly admirers made for her, but when we study the outline of the dreadful head-dresses and astonishing bodices which impartial history tells us that she wore, the modern heroines of Mr. Chambers or Mr. McCutcheon or Mr. Tarkington assume a new and hitherto undiscovered attraction. We are reproducing a few of the illustrations of Mr. Clinch's book. They almost reconcile us to the atrocity of the hobble-skirt.



LADY'S HEADDRESS AND RUFF, 1616



A LADY OF 1479

A quaint view on "women's wrights" written in the middle of the last century, appears in Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown: A Biography Fifty Years After* (Houghton Mifflin Company). Owen Brown, father of John Brown, wrote as follows to his granddaughter on the occasion of her marriage:

There is much said about women's wrights in these days and it is tru they have there wrights and what are they but the love and care of a faithful Husband, with a share in all his honours, joys and comforts of every kind, if he has good Company she must be a shearer if he has no company she must be his good company. If hir Husband is in trouble and affliction she must be afflicted and sympathise with him and make them as lite as possible. Sometimes Men bring troubles on themselves, in such cases Men or Women want there comforters and had not ought to be deprived while at some time we see it quite the reverce. I was once in company with a woman and asked about another Cupple, how they got along. She said they jest rubed along. I told hir I was indebted to hir for the way she had expresed it, this is the case of very many Husbands and wives, they jest rub along and the wheals of time never go chearful and clean but they are always rubing.



LADY'S HEADRESS, 1533

Now it is the novel of a distinguished Englishwoman novelist that is being regarded with not unkindly suspicion. "What do I think of it?" replies a gentleman of very sound literary standards. "Plot, Ahem! Characterisations, Hem! Action, So, so! But above all an exceedingly effective advertisement for the Canadian Pacific Railway." A great many persons seem inclined to agree with him in this opinion. That, however, does not necessarily imply that the novelist has in any way prostituted her art. To say that a certain book is an advertisement of a make of automobile, or a breakfast food, or a typewriter, or a brand of razor, is not to charge that the author thereof received money for that reason. Was not the refectory of M. Terré in the New Street of the Little Fields exploited by reason of the immortal lines:

Green herbs, red peppers, saffron, dace,  
All that you get in Terré's Tavern  
In that one plate of bouillebaisse?

Yet who shall charge that a certain prematurely old gentleman with whitening hair and a broken nose was inspired by any thoughts of immediate recompense or prolonged tick?

We have always had some curiosity as to how far back this association of the "Ad." and the novel goes. Doubtless, in some crude and undeveloped state, it existed in the days of Apuleius. Perhaps it may be suspected in the verse of Pope, the satire of Swift, or the highly flavoured romance of *Mademoiselle de Scudery*. But it is hard to trace it back positively beyond the first half of the nineteenth century. There are frequent allusions to it in the novels of Balzac. In the year 1851 it made its appearance in a French court of justice in a squabble between two tradesmen. One of the foremost practitioners of the craft at that time was Léon Gozlan, an intimate of Balzac and a well-known dramatic writer of his day. On one occasion Gozlan was commissioned to write the serial story for one of the daily newspapers. He immediately drew up a detailed account of the plot he intended to employ, with descriptions of the principal scenes and incidents. He then charged an advertising agent to carry this document to the leading tradesmen of Paris, and in his name to propose to them (of course for a consideration) to introduce their names and addresses, with puffs on their wares in particular places. His prospectus ran somewhat in this way: Chapter I. Marriage of the hero and heroine. (Here the author can introduce the name and address of the former's tailor and the latter's milliner, with a glowing description of the excellence of the garments.) Chapter XX. The husband, having obtained proof of



LADY'S HEADRESS, 1541

his wife's guilt, rushes upon her with pistols and poison, and offers her a choice of death. (Names of gunsmiths and apothecary to be introduced here.) Chapter XXI. She dies and is to be buried. (Name of undertaker.) Chapter XXII. Turns out to be only in a trance, and is brought to life by Dr. — of No. — Rue —.

The Baroness Bettina von Hutten is apparently another novelist who is succumbing to the lure of

**The Lure of the Stage** the footlights. She is writing plays now, and last winter, in order to

learn a little about the stage, she took the part acted the year before by Miss Ellen Terry in *Pinkey and the Fairy*, given at His Majesty's Theatre in London. The accompanying photograph shows her dressed for that part. To prove that she was a good actress to a manager who had said that she never could disguise herself, she recently put on a special costume and went to call on him in company with an actor, who introduced her as his aunt from Yorkshire. Despite the fact that the Baroness is normally of unusual appearance, being fully six feet in height, the manager was absolutely deceived. Baroness von Hutten's novel for this autumn, by the way, is entitled *The Green Patch*. It is issued in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Little Dorrit is no more. That is to say, the original of the child of the Mar-

**Some Dickens Memories** shalsea Prison has just died in England in the person of Mrs. Georgina Margaret

Hayman. She was in her eighty-first year, which made her twenty-six at the time that Dickens began the tale. Mrs. Hayman was the daughter of a Mr. Bridges, who was a London solicitor and for many years an intimate friend of Dickens. Her brother, who died while still a lad, is said to have inspired Tiny Tim in *A Christmas Carol*, and also have gone into the making of Paul Dombey. The London *Evening Standard* recently interviewed Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the oldest surviving son of the great

novelist. Mr. Dickens has been forty-five years in Australia and has just returned to England. In the course of the interview he said: "The original of the raven in 'Barnaby Rudge' was one we kept at Tavistock House, not its successor, which died at Gad's Hill. The former bird, I remember, was an intelligent, although



BETTINA VON HUTTEN IN ELLEN TERRY'S RÔLE

at the same time a troublesome creature. He was an excellent linguist, and one of his favourite pastimes was to call up the coachman at the most inconvenient hours of the night. 'Tupping,' it would call, 'master wants the horses—master wants the carriage!' Tupping used to think the

summons came from one of the maids, and one night he had actually got the horses into the carriage before discovering the deception."

"It is largely, I think, because he has gone on with a broadening vision of life, a steadily ripening knowledge of the world, and sympathy with human character, that Mr. A. E. W. Mason has retained the popularity he won fourteen years ago with *The Court-*



CHARLES AND MARIE HEMSTREET

Some years ago Mr. Hemstreet wrote "*Nooks and Corners of Old New York*." Now, in collaboration with Mrs. Hemstreet, he discusses "*Nooks and Corners of Old London*."

*ship of Morrice Buckler*," writes Mr. A. St. John Adcock in the *English Bookman*. "Read *Morrice Buckler* again, and then *The Four Feathers* and *The Broken Road*, and you will realise at once how Mr. Mason has grown up with his readers; you can read *Morrice Buckler* still with keenest pleasure, but the later

books yield you a fuller enjoyment—they have put off the delightful glamour and reckless gallantries of gay romance, and have put on the soberer, more enduring garb of humanity, that does not wear romance upon its sleeve, but more poignantly, more wonderfully, at the troubled heart of it.

"Mr. Mason was born in 1865. He is an old Dulwich College boy, and took his B.A. degree at Oxford. At Oxford, too, he showed a strong predilection for the drama, and was one of the University's amateur actors. He has his place in that record of the Oxford Amateurs that was recently written by Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Later, he took to the stage in earnest, and toured the provinces with the Benson Company and the Compton Comedy Company, and played in London as one of the soldiers in Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. But the ambition that summoned him to the stage presently called him off again, and in 1895 he commenced his career as a novelist. It was not a very promising beginning. His first novel, *A Romance of Wastdale*, was well enough received by critics, but the public did not rise to it, and Mr. Mason seems to have suppressed it with unnecessary rigour, for competent judges who have read the book regard it as one of more than ordinary distinction. However, its author had not long to wait; he was not destined to tread that orthodox way to fame which is paved with rejected manuscripts. A year later, in 1896, Messrs. Macmillan promptly accepted *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, and its publication immediately gave Mr. Mason his place as an uncommonly popular novelist. It was the book of the day; within a few weeks everybody was reading and talking of it; it ran through many thousands, and, like most of Mr. Mason's stories, has now an unflagging sale in one of the popular sixpenny series.

"*The Philanderers* appeared in 1897, and in quick succession came *Laurence Clavering*; *Parson Kelly*, written in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang; *Miranda of the Balcony*; *The Watchers*; *Ensign Knightly*, an admirable collection

of short stories; *Clementina*, that has all the dash and headlong gallantry of Dumas and a grace and pathos that Dumas had not; *The Four Feathers*; *Running Water*; *The Broken Road*; and recently his latest novel, *At the Villa Rose*. Moreover, since he gave up acting in other people's plays, Mr. Mason has written three or four plays of his own. In collaboration with Miss Isabel Bateman he dramatised *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, and it was successfully produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and had a long run through the English provinces; in 1901 a dramatic version of *Miranda of the Balcony* was staged in New York; 1909 saw the production of his drama of *Colonel Smith*; and last year his picturesque comedy, *Marjorie Strode*, was introduced to London playgoers by Mr. Cyril Maude.

"Most authors would have found these varied interests sufficient to fill all their time and blunt the edge of their natural energies, but Mr. Mason does not belie his looks, and has more energy than most; he is not one of the sedentary breed nor contented to study life in books or from his library window; the noise and business of it have always called to him irresistibly; he has roamed the world rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of humanity everywhere, and his later books mirror much of his own experiences and the countries and people he has known. In 1906 his superabundant energies sought a new outlet, or a new ambition prompted him, and he entered the world of politics, threw for Parliamentary honours, and was elected M.P. for Coventry. He signalled his advent in the House of Commons with a notable maiden speech, proved himself shrewd and eloquent in debate, and if he had not escaped we might in due season have been the richer by a sagacious and sympathetic Cabinet Minister, and one brilliant novelist the poorer. But fortunately the fascinations of the Mother of Parliaments were not so potent as the charms of that Muse who presides over the doings of all good novelists, and at the last General Election Mr. Mason was not to be persuaded to offer himself as a candidate again."

The appearance of a new book, *Althea*, by Vernon Lee, recalls a story that we once heard about the author and Walter Pater, of whom she is the literary and æsthetic disciple. Years ago, before Miss Violet Paget—which is, of course, Vernon Lee's real name—had even met Pater, but not before she had begun to correspond with him and express her admiration for his work, the author of *Renaissance Studies* wrote and invited her to spend a weekend with him and his sisters at his house in the country. Pater himself had been



A. E. W. MASON

staying in town at the time, and both host and guest arrived on the same evening but on different trains, and so late that they at once went to their rooms without having met. It happened, however, that Miss Paget had had nothing to eat, and being hungry, she determined to make a raid on the dining-room and pantry in the hope of finding the cracker-jar. So, arising, she arrayed her tall and rather gaunt form in a long white dressing-gown and sallied forth down the stairs. Now it

seems that Pater had one weakness. This was a fear of ghosts that had persisted from childhood, and that he tried his best to conquer. Often he would get up in the middle of the night and force himself to sit for half an hour at a time in one of the rooms in the lower part of the house, with his chair in the middle of the floor, and the lights turned down to the spook-point. This night he had taken up his position in the dining-room just in front of the folding-doors. He had not been sitting there long when, to his horror, he saw a white apparition advance slowly and with measured step directly toward him. The sight was too much. All his laboriously acquired self-control went in vain. He jumped up, gave one blood-curdling cry, and, making a dash, found himself suddenly in the arms of the ghost. It was thus that Vernon Lee met Walter Pater.

In the October number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who writes his reminiscences of the Pre-Raphaelite poets, gives some specimens of the Limericks of which Rossetti wrote large numbers, but which were known only to his friends and have never been collected. Mr. Hueffer quotes two of these. The first refers to his father, a German printer from Munster, who came to England to found a periodical called *The New Quarterly Review*, and to spread the light of his idol, Schopenhauer. It reads:

There was a young German called Huffer,  
A hypochondriacal buffer;  
To shout Schopenhauer  
From the top of a tower  
Was the highest enjoyment of Huffer.

Another was written on the fly-leaf of a volume of "Lear's Nonsense Verses," presented to Oliver Madox Brown:

There was a young rascal called Nolly,  
Whose habits, though dirty, were jolly,  
And when this book comes  
To be marked with his thumbs  
You may know that its owner is Nolly.

The greatest repository of these Limericks of Rossetti's was the painter, Val Prinsep, who died two years ago; and our

informant, who knew Prinsep, recited a number of them. Unfortunately all but one have passed from memory. This is the one that Rossetti addressed to the painter himself:

There is a creator named God,  
Whose doings are sometimes quite odd;  
He made a painter named Val,  
And I say and I shall,  
That he does no great credit to God.

The opening couplet of still another remains, clinched, no doubt by the cleverness of its multiple rhyme:

Here lies poor Arthur O'Shaughnessy,  
On the chess-board of life but a pawn was he.

Mr. Hueffer's father married the daughter of the painter, Ford Madox Brown, and her sister married William Michael Rossetti, so that Mr. Hueffer grew up in the closest association with the Rossettis and their circle. Hence the anecdotal richness of his reminiscences. As a writer he himself is principally known in this country as the collaborator of Joseph Conrad in several books, though he has published a number of his own. Conrad occupies one of his cottages in a Sussex village near the Cinque Ports, which is also the home of a number of other men of letters, notably Mr. Henry James and Mr. H. G. Wells. Collaborating with Conrad is no easy task, and was undertaken by Mr. Hueffer only as the readiest means of getting that writer's books finished and out of the way, as Conrad would rather do anything than write, and is a prince of procrastinators. We believe it was Mr. Hueffer who "discovered" Conrad in the sense that the manuscript of the latter's first book came to him while he was a publisher's reader for a firm in London, and that he read and reported favourably upon it, securing its publication. It was in this way that the association between the two men began. It has been close and even intimate ever since, and Mr. Hueffer has handled all Conrad's literary affairs, so that he is not only his landlord but his man of business and banker as well. Mr. Hueffer was the editor of the *English Review* which he started, until it was bought recently by



Pearson to add to his string of periodicals. He visited this country several years ago and wrote a book about us.

Oscar Wilde said that Nature, plagiarist that she is, always imitates art. Of course one mustn't be too sure that Mr. Wilde meant it—he would have his joke; but if he told the truth, we may shortly look for a startling epidemic of renunciation among

our millionaires. No less than three novels in the last year have dangled before our eyes the amazing picture of the malefactor whose crime is his wealth, voluntarily relinquishing the wages of sin, sloughing off the burden of overmuch money, turning from the hard path of financial responsibility to the easy road of simple poverty. Mr. White of Kansas began it with *A Certain Rich Man*. Then Mr. Herrick, in *A Life for a Life*, brought forward two Renunciators—his



ELIHU VEDDER

Mr. Vedder's forthcoming volume, "The Digressions of V," will be discussed at length in a later issue.

Anarch, who renunciated because he was an anarch, and his hero, who resigned his captaincy in the army of industry to espouse the cause of the people. And now Mr. London, preacher of the gospel of brutality, worshipper of the strong man who has his way at all costs, finds the highest development of his type in *Burning Daylight*, who turns his back on Big Business to retire to a ranch, and when he finds a gold mine on the ranch covers it up and plants eucalyptus trees over it. Evidently the idea has seriously struck more than one person that it is possible to have too much money. There are men of imagination among our millionaires. Sooner or later the idea will strike some one of them forcibly enough to penetrate, and then the world will be treated to a spectacle for which it has long waited. Incidentally the novelists and Mr. Wilde will have their vindication.

Curiously enough, the novelists were needed to display the embarrassing ethical dilemma which the renunciator must face. Any one can preach to the rich man to become poor, but the mere preacher is not compelled to stop and think out the precise way. The novelist has the concrete case on his hands, and it is not so simple as it seems. To renunciate is praiseworthy; the man who assumes the rôle must do so from a worthy motive; and how is he to get rid of vast sums of money without doing incalculable harm to innocent persons? Mr. White's John Barclay does it, after much cogitation, by buying back every share of outstanding stock of his great National Provisions Company. It takes exactly all the money he possesses to do it; and when he has burned the stock, he stands where he was before he began the process of accumulation. Mr. London's hero is of a different stripe, a gambler instead of a business man; having brought his affairs through a panic to a point where the immense sums involved are safe, he simply turns his back and invites the deluge, because he has learned that love and business are incompatible. In both cases the sober reader's credulity is perhaps strained; but until some accommodating millionaire shows us how the trick can actually be

turned, the novelists must perforce fall back on the exercise of the pure imagination.

Signor Fogazzaro's family complain that he works too hard. When he is engaged on a novel he is at his table by five in the morning, and does not end his day's work until ten at night. They blame his publishers, but Fogazzaro will not hear of that. "It is I who want to get it finished," he declares; "I want to finish it and feel that I may breathe freely again." His method of work is to begin by making rapid and brief incidental notes; then he prepares a full scheme, which he modifies during the progress of the story, more particularly as regards the personalities of the protagonists, who are always invented. He rarely makes any alterations in his secondary characters, for they are almost invariably observed from life. He revises, recasts, and rewrites largely, and takes a pleasure in doing so. Of *Leila*, the first two-thirds were written slowly, he says, "with many halts, a little everywhere, in Rome, Vicenza, Montegalda, Valsolda, and elsewhere. The last part, on the other hand, came quite easily, at once. I finished writing it in the Valsolda inn at San Marnette, where I retired for a week, so as to have absolute solitude. Then I started corrections, which were much greater in *Leila* than in any other of my novels." The final revision and re-writing occupied him for some three months.

While this perhaps has nothing to do with current literature, we jot it down because it impressed us as being particularly good, and because it illustrates as well as any story that we have ever heard the peculiar quality of Italian humour. Fasolacci is a youth of much elegance and little discretion. He has been spending right and left, and one day he finds himself unable to pay his hotel bill. Owing to the avarice of his father he appeals to his uncle:

DEAR UNCLE: If you could see my shame while I write, you would pity me. Do you

know why? Because I have to ask you for one hundred francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude.

No, it is impossible to tell you! I prefer to die.

I send you this by a messenger, who awaits an answer.

Believe me, dear uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

FASOLACCI.

P. S. Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him; but I could not catch up with him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may be lost.

F.

The uncle receives the letter, is touched by its contents, considers, and replies:

MY BELOVED NEPHEW: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Good-bye.

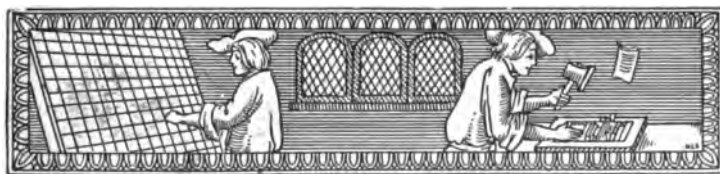
Your affectionate uncle,  
ARISTIPPO.

Although there is another volume of O. Henry's stories to be published next spring, *Whirligigs* is practically the last of his books to be issued under Mr. Porter's own direction. For next year's volume no title has

yet been selected, although the name will be one of those suggested by the author in the letter which we reprinted in our September issue. At present it is enough to speak of *Whirligigs*, for it shows no diminution of the author's power and invention. In this volume there are tales that rank with the very best that O. Henry has given us; for example, "The Hypotheses of Failure," and "Calloway's Code," and "A Newspaper Story," and "The Hound and the Theory," although in the situation of the last-named tale there is a curious resemblance to the dilemma of the old darkey in "Thimble, Thimble" of an earlier volume. We call attention to this, not in a spirit of criticism, but because it is so very unusual to find O. Henry repeating himself.

Mr. Harry Peyton Steger, of Doubleday, Page and Company, is the literary executor of the late William Sidney Porter (O. Henry). He would like to have copies of any let-

**The O. Henry Biography** ters or documents from the famous short-story writer or to hear from anybody who is interested in a biography of "O. Henry." Communications should be addressed to Mr. Steger, in care of Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, New York.





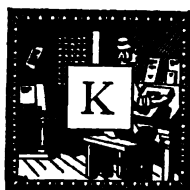
**KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN**

# REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

BY CALVIN WINTER

## XIV—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

### I—HER METHODS



KATE DOUGLAS Wiggins is one of those rare and delightful spirits in modern literature who, by a certain quiet charm of their own, have freed themselves from most of the trammels of form and tradition to which more ordinary writers are subject; who even in doing quite ordinary things do them in an extraordinary way; who in all they do, are in themselves, their personality, their attitudes toward life, their own best excuse for so doing—and who, when they happen to fit in most appropriately to a particular scheme of things—as, for instance, Kate Douglas Wiggin herself fits in to the scheme of the American Story Tellers Series—do so with a unique appropriateness.

Ordinarily, the qualities or the demerits of a literary production are matters to be determined quite aside from an author's personality, the place and hour of his or her birth, the inches of his or her stature and all the other little details of a personal or domestic nature into which, after our modern habit, we are forever inquiring too closely. In the present case, however, there are just a few facts that are worth putting briefly before us at the start in order to understand more clearly this particular author's sources of inspiration, range of interests and limitations of experience. That she was born in Philadelphia; that she lived throughout her girlhood in the midst of the peaceful beauty of rural New England; that at the age of eighteen, after her stepfather's failing health had made a removal to California imperative, she joined her family at Santa Barbara immediately after her

graduation from the Abbot Academy at Andover; that she has been twice married, the second time to Mr. George C. Riggs in 1895—although she continues to use her earlier name as the signature of her literary productions; that it was directly through her efforts that the first free kindergartens for poor children were organized in this country; and that for the past twenty-five years she has been prominently associated in many an administrative capacity with important educational movements—these facts concern us for our present purpose only to the extent to which they explain why her writings are what they are, and why they could not well have been otherwise.

A single sentence will serve to make this clear. Kate Douglas Wiggin is at heart a romanticist whose romance is woven not from the stuff that dreams are made of, but from the homespun threads of everyday life. She has an exuberant and unquenchable spirit of optimism, of the sort that bubbles up spontaneously at the most unlikely moments, casting a dash of gold across her pages, just at the moment when the shadows seem to lie heaviest. She reaches the heart and she appeals to the memory because she has in abundance this power of making very ordinary lives seem beautiful; because she writes only of the life that she has seen; and because, from the first story that she wrote up to the most recent, she has always preserved the clear directness of narration, the unaffectedness of form that are the qualities inborn in any one who hopes to interest a youthful audience, to hold bright, eager little faces under the spell of a spoken tale.

A glance down the list of Kate Douglas Wiggin's writings in any one of her pub-

*Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Herrick, Gertrude Atherton, Robert W. Chambers, O. Henry, Winston Churchill and Stewart Edward White.*

lished volumes reveals upward of a score of titles—and these are exclusive of the educational books and the various collections of children's stories that she has compiled and edited in conjunction with her sister, Nora Archibald Smith. It would seem at a glance that Mrs. Wiggin had a rare fertility of imagination, a wide range of interests and an unusual power of productiveness. But a little closer examination shows that such variety and range as she achieves are produced from very simple and limited materials, like melodies of much depth and tenderness played on only one or two strings. The settings of her stories are of three types: the California of her early memories, based on those two years in Santa Barbara; the rural New England of her entire girlhood, which she has somewhere described as "all the years that count most"; and the British Isles, which have given her—probably because she came to them later, in the full maturity of her receptive powers—a broader horizon and a keener intellectual stimulus than either of her other settings. She has said of herself that the more familiarity she has with a subject the less she desires to write about it, because "exact knowledge hampers one's imagination sometimes." In this respect, almost any one of Mrs. Wiggin's admirers will take the liberty of telling her that she is in a measure mistaken. It is only that saving "sometimes" at the tail-end of the sentence that keeps her from being very far astray. It is her perfect familiarity with the New England fields and woods, the New England ways of speech and dress and thought, the New England types of men and women and children—the types of children above all things—that is the golden key to the success of such books as *Timothy's Quest* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Nor has her familiarity with these subjects made her one whit the less eager to revert to them. New England is her chosen field and she goes back to it again and again, with no visible diminution of interest or of power. On the other hand, it is quite easy to see how the stimulus of foreign scenes of the kind that produced the "Penelope" series might grow dull as their familiarity increased. The whole point to *Penelope's*

*Experiences*, as to Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, was the first sharp imprint of the unfamiliar, the incisive force of contrast—and, of course, each subsequent impression was bound to become less keen, like the duller mintings of a coin as the die begins to wear smooth.

Details of this sort, however, will be seen more clearly when we come to take up her separate works for discussion. For the moment, let us consider frankly what her standards are as a writer of fiction: what ideas she has of form and of technique, what plan she seems to make for telling her stories and to what extent she succeeds in building them according to the accepted rules. In this connection, it seems worth while to quote a passage of reminiscences by her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, giving a rather graphic glimpse of what sort of a child it was that was destined to grow into the woman who to this day has preserved such a marvellous insight into the hearts of the children both of real life and of her dreams. The passage in question may have been widely circulated or it may not. It may form part of a preface to some volume already in its many thousands, or it may be an extract from a private letter; in any case, the present writer ran across it for the first time in a recent article by Ashley Gibson, published in the *London Bookman*.

My sister was certainly a capable little person at a tender age, concocting delectable milk toast, browning toothsome buckwheats and generally making a very good Parents' Assistant. I have also visions of her toiling at patchwork and overseeing sheets like a nice old-fashioned little girl in a story-book.

Further to illustrate her personality, I think no one much in her company at any age could have failed to note an exceedingly lively tongue and a general air of executive ability.

If I am to be truthful, I must say that I recall few indications of budding authorship, save an engrossing diary (kept for six months only) and a devotion to reading.

Her "literary passions" were *The Arabian Nights*, *Scottish Chiefs*, *Don Quixote*, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, Irving's *Mahomet*, Thackeray's *Snobs*, *Undine*, and *The Martyrs of Spain*. These and others, joined to an old green Shakespeare and a plum-pudding edition of Dickens, were the chief of her diet.

The centre of interest for our immediate purpose in the above passage lies, of course, in the list of favourite books. What a splendid stimulus they are, one and all of them, to the young imagination and how superbly defiant of the trammels of modern technique! Who in the world, if his reading had been limited to these books, even though they include such gems as *The Christmas Carol* and *Undine* and the *Forty Thieves*, would ever dream, even remotely, of the modern short-story form with its insistence on unity of effect and economy of means? And this is an excellent place at which to say that had no one seen fit to betray what Kate Douglas Wiggin's early reading included, it would have been a safe venture to make up from pure conjecture very nearly the same sort of list. In the case of an author who combines so many merits with so few defects there can be no harm in saying quite bluntly that however much or little she may know of the accepted rules of story structure, she quite deliberately and blandly ignores them wherever she sees fit—and to a critic who rates the importance of technique of form rather highly it is almost exasperating to find how frequently she justifies herself—and by breaking the rules secures an effect that could not have been gained by adhering to them. She seldom knows when she has reached the end of a story; she almost always stops too soon or else not soon enough—that is, if you are judging her stories by the ordinary tests. But that is precisely what nobody wants to do. If she stops too soon, no one ever thinks of saying to her, "This is inartistic and unfinished"; not at all, they simply emulate *Oliver Twist* and cry for more. If she fails to notice when the end of a story is reached and goes steadily onward with that unflagging power of invention, that felicitous mimicry of human types, that sparkle and sunshine of hope and faith, no one would ever think of stopping her, of saying, "You have gone beyond your goal, you ought to have turned in at the gate!" They are only too glad that she forgot to turn in. And all this is as it is for the very simple and sufficient reason that with Kate Douglas Wiggin, just as with a few other big-hearted, clear-sighted writers, whose purposes are very

simple and few and worthy, the substance is so vastly more important than the form—or rather, I ought to say, than somebody else's dictum of what the form ought to be. The easiest way to understand why Kate Douglas Wiggin's books are just what they are and not something else; why she is in a measure an anomaly in American letters, being on the one hand so peculiarly native and even local that one feels it would be possible to pick out the particular habitation of her childhood simply by strolling through New England byways until one happened upon it; and yet, on the other, so cosmopolitan that she has been frankly recognised in England by more than one critic as our leading writer of her sex with just one possible rival, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman; and that while she has that high standard of good taste in letters that makes her next of kin to Agnes Repplier (is this, by the way, a mark of sisterhood due to her Philadelphia birth?), she nevertheless has achieved that approval of democracy so conclusively and substantially attested by sales that reach the two hundred thousand mark—the easiest way to understand all this is to remember that before she was known as a writer she was a master hand at kindergarten work; she knew how to hold the attention of children, she knew the way which for her was the best, the inevitable way, to tell a story to children; and all the stories that she has told and all the stories she has printed have owed their power and their charm to that pervading simplicity and sincerity and naive literalness that made her success as a teacher of children.

And it is precisely in the spirit of childhood that the public has received her books. Whether she writes of the simple-hearted Rebecca or the cosmopolitan and sophisticated Penelope, there is the same clamorous demand for more—a demand which, like all good-natured story tellers, she does her best to gratify. And because they are all imbued with this simple, unaffected, kindergarten spirit, the public receives them with the uncritical mind of childhood, closing its eyes to the fact that the further adventures of Rebecca are not quite as good as the earlier and that the experiences of Penelope in Ireland and Scotland lack some-

thing of the freshness of her first months in England. How many times we have heard children clamouring for "Just one more story"; and the tired story teller says doubtfully, "But I don't know any more stories; I haven't any good ones left!" and the children answer, "We don't care, tell us anything—anything so long as it is a story and you tell it!" That, in brief, is the public's attitude toward Kate Douglas Wiggin, tacitly expressed by the popularity of each new book. And, after all, an author can hardly have a higher order of praise than this public testimony that her worst is preferable to many another author's best.

## II—HER AMERICAN STORIES

The writings of Kate Douglas Wiggin fall of their own accord into three classes, one of which, the purely educational, written in collaboration—such as *Froebel's Gifts* and *Kindergarten Principles and Practice*—do not concern us here. The other two groups are, first: the bulk of her writings, being stories dealing more or less directly with the life problems of children and so written that they appeal almost equally to the child reader and to the man or woman who has preserved, even though pretty deeply buried, some smouldering embers of the childhood spirit; and, secondly, a group of books much harder to characterise because they are not, on the one hand, novels, nor, on the other, can they fairly be called inspired guide books; and yet, unless they are to be recognised as in some proportion a blending of these two, there is no other existing classification for them.

The childhood stories begin as far back as 1888 with *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, a simple, tender, whimsical Christmas tale that has quite justly come to be already a sort of children's classic. Then followed in swift succession *The Story of Patsy*, *A Summer in a Cañon*—one of the few books due to her Santa Barbara memories—and, in 1890, *Timothy's Quest*. This volume is worth while pausing over for a moment, not only because it is an excellent prototype of the bulk of Mrs. Wiggin's works, but because it helps us to see how limited, after all, are the variety of threads with which she weaves

and the patterns that she chooses to make. Timothy is a lad of ten or eleven—foundling asylums are not over-particular in their records; Lady Gay, his protégée, is an exceedingly pretty child of possibly eighteen months or more. Certain people have seen fit to pay periodic sums, for the support of these two waifs, to a bedraggled and drunken hag named Flossie, in a reeking slum known as Minerva Court. For the simple reason that so far as the writer is aware this is the one time in all Mrs. Wiggin's fiction where she has permitted herself to picture a slum, it is worth while to quote briefly from her description of Minerva Court. Had she chosen to do so, she might, not ineffectively, have rivalled the squalour and repulsiveness of Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets*.

Children carrying pitchers of beer were often to be seen hurrying to and fro on their miserable errand. . . . There were frowzy, sleepy-looking women hanging out of their windows gossiping with their equally unkempt and haggard neighbours; apathetic men sitting on the doorsteps, in their shirt-sleeves smoking; a dull, dirty baby, disporting itself in the gutter; while the sound of a melancholy accordion (the chosen instrument of poverty and misery) floated from an upper chamber, and added its discordant mite to the general desolation. The sidewalks had apparently never known the touch of a broom, and the middle of the street looked more like an elongated junk-heap than anything else. . . .

That was Minerva Court! A little piece of your world, my world, God's world (and the Devil's), lying peacefully fallow, awaiting the services of some inspired Home Missionary Society.

This paragraph is here set down chiefly for the sake of its contrast to all of Mrs. Wiggin's later methods and ideals. Not that she has ever lost her interest in the swarming life of big cities, the brilliant and the sordid alike. To realise this one has only to read her account of market night in one of the "Penelope" chapters entitled "Tuppenny Travels in London." Yet, in that very chapter, she voices that prevailing spirit of her books which insistently iterates that in a world where there is so much sunshine it does not pay to look too closely into the shadows:



As to the dark alleys and tenements on the fringe of this glare and brilliant confusion, this Babel of sound and ant-bed of moving life, one can only surmise and pity and shudder; close one's eyes and ears to it a little, or one could never sleep for thinking of it, yet not too tightly, lest one sleep too soundly, and forget altogether the seamy side of things.

But to go back to *Timothy's Quest*. Flossie, the hag, has died and the almshouse is the destined fate of Timothy and Lady Gay. But the instinct of chivalry and protection has awakened early in Timothy; and in obedience to this instinct he steals out into the night with the baby girl in his arms and laboriously, doggedly, fearlessly makes his way far from the city, hour by hour, mile after mile, till a beautiful, restful, eminently safe country home by the wayside appeals to him as the ideal spot where Lady Gay should find a home. The mere fact that this farmhouse is presided over by two mature spinsters who have never before in their lives had children around them is not a matter to daunt a valliant soul like Timothy's nor disconcert a Heaven-sent story teller like Mrs. Wiggin—and, of course, Timothy triumphs gloriously in all his plans. The point that it seems worth while to make right here is that in this book, just as in *Polly Oliver's Problem*, a little later, and still again in both of the Rebecca books, the underlying motive, the germ idea, as one may call it, is a sort of premature sense of responsibility, possessed by just a few children, an embryo foreshadowing of the father love or mother love which is to come later, that makes the Timothies and the Pollies and the Rebeccas of real life bend their fragile shoulders under burdens almost too heavy for their young strength.

It would not be within the scope of the present article to speak at any great length of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. It has received, to be sure, quite triumphantly the popular vote. Its central character is the one that already enjoys the widest acquaintanceship and that, now that she has come before the footlights, is destined to a new and still wider fame. *Rebecca* is probably the volume by which the author will be most frequently measured in literary analyses, largely for the reason that it is the one by which she is

most easily measured. If we make due allowance for the change in manners and ideals from generation to generation, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* appeals to the readers of to-day for very much the same reasons and with very much the same right that Miss Alcott's *Little Women* appealed to an earlier generation, and *The Wide, Wide World* to a generation still more remote. Indeed, if one shuts one's mind to the rather exasperating priggishness of that earlier period, the ubiquitous praying and psalm singing and reading of Scriptures which in those days was an inseparable quality of all properly conducted little heroines, there is a good deal in the advent of Ellen Montgomery to her Aunt Fortune's farm, her sensitive shrinking from her aunt's rough ways and rougher tongue, her haven of refuge in the slow-spoken, slow-moving farmer, Mr. Van Brunt; and, in general, the whole atmosphere behind the story of New England farm life, farm hardships and farm festivals—there is, it seems to me, in all this a great deal of the same sort of appeal as that which the present generation finds in Rebecca. But, of course, there is one rather important distinction: it was the habit in those days to look resignedly upon this world as a vale of tears to be passed through somehow as best one could, while to Kate Douglas Wiggin and to one and all of her heroines, it is such a supremely glorious thing just to be alive and to smell the flowers and see the sunshine—and the author who can spread the contagion of such feeling among a few thousand of readers is a sort of "inspired Home Missionary Society" in herself.

One would like to have the space to say a few pleasant things about *Rose o' the River*, which is as tranquil and naive a little pastoral as a modern *Daphnis and Chloe*. *The Old Peabody Pew* is another slim little volume—at least so far as its text goes; it is the ambition of the illustrator which has necessitated the wide page and ample margin—that tempts one to a disproportionate amount of notice. Just the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream, the final blossoming of a hope that had almost withered in the heart of a New England girl, now a girl no longer, who had seen the bright years slip away,

one by one, while she waited, mutely, patiently, for the lover who had gone away to seek his fortune; the lover who through all these years had sent no word and to all appearances had forgotten her. It is a true Christmas story, bright with the spirit of hope and faith and love—and what is more it is also the best piece of fiction, so far as pure structure goes, that the author has ever put together.

### III—THE PENELOPE BOOKS

The second and last group into which Mrs. Wiggin's stories divide themselves are those whose scenes are enacted in the British Isles. As already intimated, they are of a more urbane, more sophisticated type, and appeal, in consequence, to a more special audience on both sides of the Atlantic. Of these volumes, the first of the Penelope books, containing that delightfully independent and well-poised young woman's experiences in London and in rural England, is easily the bright and shining gem of the collection. The late Mr. Laurence Hutton did not quite share this view. To his enthusiastic appreciation any gradation of merit in the "Penelope" books was not to be thought of. "Her first course," he once wrote, "served in England, is as delicate and savoury as is her second course, purveyed in Scotland; while her third course, now being dished up in Ireland, promises as well as did those which preceded it. We can only hope, before the symposium is brought to a close, that she will regale us with Wales as a salad, and with the Isle of Man as a dessert."

Now Mr. Hutton's enthusiasm is easy, not only to understand, but to share. Those three volumes, devoted to the confidential relations from the facile and diverting pen of Miss Penelope Hazelton, are surely to be numbered among that sadly small collection of modern volumes that people of real culture and intelligence find themselves, from time to time, reverting to for another, and another, and yet another perusal. But to pronounce all three of them of equal merit is to proclaim one's own lack of discrimination. It is the same sort of mental astigmatism as would prompt one to claim that there was no gradation of merit between *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and its

companion volumes devoted respectively to *The Professor* and *The Poet*. As there is so much to be said in praise of the "Penelope" books, it is well to begin with what little there is to be said against them and to have it over with. Kate Douglas Wiggin, it may be said parenthetically, never attempted a regularly constructed full-length novel; Penelope is her nearest approach to a regulation heroine. And that simplicity of structural form, that tendency to harp upon just one or two strings which pervades all her other works, is equally in evidence here. Let us analyse, quite briefly and without malice, these three volumes which, for convenience' sake, we may christen the Trilogy of the Rose, the Heather and the Shamrock.

First, in *Penelope's Experiences in England*, we are introduced to that perennially delightful trio, Penelope herself and her two travelling companions, Francesca and Salomina, offering an infinite variety in feminine moods, temperaments, appearance and even age. Whether regarded as a guide-book, as a *picaresco* novel of the gentler sex, as a summer idyll or as just a miscellany of feminine cleverness, the book is a delight; but any one who wishes to epitomise the plot finds himself reduced to something like the following:

A young American woman, charming but fancy-free, finds it a pleasant summer's pastime to be made love to intermittently by a young man very much in earnest amid the picturesque surroundings of English byways and hedges, churches and ruined castles. Then comes a weary interregnum during which the suitor is detained elsewhere. A little loneliness teaches her what she ought to have known all the time and prepares her to give him the right sort of a welcome when he at last comes back to claim her.

The experiences in Scotland simply shift the limelight from Penelope to Francesca. A charming and unattached young woman finds it pleasant to be wooed amid the Scotch heather by an earnest young *mecnister* of the *estaiblished* church, but she too remains somewhat uncertain of her own mind until a few weeks' separation gives him a chance to come and play the conquering hero.

The experiences in Ireland are again the same tune in a new key with Salomina in the central focus. Salomina is not exactly young, though still undeniably charming; and not strictly unattached, because many years ago she loved an Irishman, who inconsiderately married some one else, but is now a widower. She, in her turn, finds it pleasurably romantic to be courted in a reserved, middle-aged fashion, amid the Irish lakes, the bogs of Lisconnel and the glens of Antrim. She too finds a brief loneliness salutary and is quite prepared to signify a cordial assent just as soon as she gets another chance.

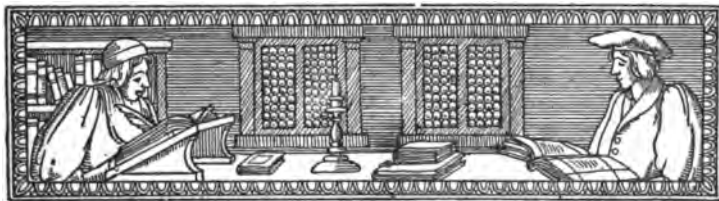
Such at least is the summary which an unfriendly critic might give if he felt in a carping mood. There is a rather obvious duplication of plot running through these books—which, after all, is a better and franker thing than an artificial attempt at variations when the author knows, and the reader knows, and the author knows that the reader knows that the plot is only a makeshift at best—something to carry the real vital substance of the book, and every bit as conventional as a blue muslin rose or a cigar-store Indian.

The real charm and magnetism of these "Penelope" books depends, of course, upon their personal equation. Mrs. Wiggin chose for her purpose the freest, most elastic vehicle that she could find for conveying her exceedingly subtle and equally frank observations of such points of difference as must inevitably strike the

cultured and well-bred American visitor to the British Isles.

That she has done this thing with rare tact is best evidenced by the fact that the English enjoy the cleverness of her attack quite as much as we do ourselves, and that such a paper as *The Spectator* genially remarked that she is the most successful ambassador that the United States has yet sent to England. The "Penelope" books are a part of the mental equipment that every visitor to the British Isles should, as a matter of course, provide himself with upon his first visit—in precisely the same way that on his first trip down the Thames he will read Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*; or William Black's *Strange Adventures of a Houseboat*; and that every new pilgrim to Florence or to Rome acquaints himself as a matter of course with *Romola* or with *The Marble Faun*.

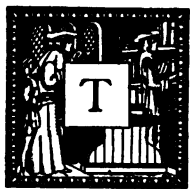
And yet there is a certain inevitable compunction that follows even a suggestion that the romance of these "Penelope" books is perfunctory. One feels, somehow, that the author's eyes would follow one with a haunting disapproval—because to her the world is obviously made up of romance. She cannot help it; she is so constituted, and thank Heaven that she is! Because there are so lamentably few writers to-day in whom sunshine and bright hopefulness and the joy of living are incarnated; and among these Kate Douglas Wiggin holds a privileged place.



# INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

## VII—THE SOCIETY NOVEL

*Editor's Note: The following article on the verity of the so-called society novel has been prepared from opinions expressed on the subject by several individuals whose names are familiar to readers of the newspaper society columns, by a well-known Fifth Avenue restaurateur who, by virtue of his occupation, has had numerous excellent opportunities to view certain phases of society life as depicted in the novels, and by the butler in one of the smartest residences in Manhattan. Obviously—and necessarily—the names of these persons are withheld.*



THE first person interviewed on the society novel was a Philadelphia woman who, since her marriage to —, of New York, three years ago, has been an active figure in the social world of the metropolis. This woman has always interested herself in literature and, previous to her marriage, was an intermittent contributor to the standard magazines, writing under a pen name not dissimilar to that affected by a certain English writer of the present day. These are her views: "Although I am a member of what is known as the 'smart set' and although I am perfectly frank in confessing that society life has exercised its fascination over me to a very considerable degree, my devotion to literature and fondness for writing have prevented me from becoming immersed in a purely society existence to the extent of losing my sense of perspective. Therefore, I feel that I am able to view society quite as fairly and dispassionately from the outside as from the inside. I am without decided prejudice, either from the one viewpoint or the other. The average society novel, I must honestly say, is ridiculous. I will even go so far as to assert that *four out of five* of the so-called society novels are ridiculous. I am considering in these novels only their society atmosphere, mind you! There is Joseph Medill Patterson's novel, *The Little Brother of the Rich*, for example. Society people certainly expected a more accurate picture of themselves and their lives in this novel because of the fact that its author has himself been a member of the very set of which he has written, not a very ac-

tive member, perhaps, but a born member, nevertheless. You remember this novel? Its central character, alleged to be a typical modern society woman, was described as 'a huntress of men.' She was constantly involving herself in murky love affairs, divorce, scandal and immorality. She changed her husbands as a normal woman might change her hats. The central male character was a 'typical society man,' who did nothing but spend his time dubiously between 'society women' on the one hand and actresses on the other. The subsidiary characters—also bearing the equivocal society brand—were chiefly engaged in watching cock fights in drawing-rooms, tattling, gossiping, wasting their time in nothingness, and making fools of themselves. Even to the most prejudiced person this 'novel view' of society must be malicious. One hears much about scandal in society circles, but, honestly, are there not ten scandal cases in lower social strata chronicled in the newspapers every month for one to the discredit of society? Society women are just as busy as other women; they have fully as much to do. Seeking scandal is no more their hobby than it is the hobby of women of another class. To be sure, a society woman may occupy her time with bridge, teas, at the modiste's, with the masseuse, and at the dance, where her sister of another world occupies her time with pies, making up the beds, and similar less glamorous, homelier pursuits, but the fact remains that, nevertheless, be the items what they may, her time is occupied. And it is the same with the men. They remain at their offices quite as long as do their employés. Go down into Wall Street, for instance, and see for yourself. The exceptions test

the rule and find it solid. When a scandal crops out in society circles all the world and his wife hear about it, but let scandal crop out elsewhere and it is relegated to the far corner of a newspaper's inside page. Scandal is not scandal these days unless the names that figure in it are big names. And the newspaper scandals of which I spoke before will, I repeat, treat of ten 'big names' out of society, *real* society I mean, to one 'big name,' or any name, for that matter, *in* society."

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The second person asked to express an opinion on the society novel was a masculine member of three of the leading metropolitan clubs, a member of the Newport colony, and a man who, since 1895, has figured in most of society's "smart" affairs. Said this man: "The trouble with the writers of what the public is pleased to call society novels, lies in the fact that they either regard society as an Arcady filled with beautiful women, swaggering men and gay cotillions, or a lavender hell in which souls are seared, babies killed and time and lives wrecked. Society is neither the one nor the other. The society, for example, that Upton Sinclair has written of has never existed this side of Bloomingdale. I have heard that Sinclair obtained employment as a butler in a Newport cottage so that he might get an 'inside' peep at the world of which he wanted to write. I can only state that he must have made a mistake. He must have taken a job in Atlantic City, believing that it was Newport. For one monkey dinner in our set, a thousand 'Athenian Dancing Clubs,' in Portland, Pittsburg, Port Jervis and Pasadena give silly Hallowe'en parties that, for undiluted inanity, make our own silly monkey dinner outburst sink into insignificance—from the viewpoint of asininity. You see, I admit society does foolish things once in a while, but so does every other class. One cannot say, therefore, that all society is degraded because it acts silly once or twice or three times, any more than one can say that the whole United States is degraded because it acts sophomoric on New Year's Eve or Election Night. The Spirit of Fun must break out once in a while—ours breaks out

more expansively, that is the only difference. A society man prefers wading through a fountain in the public square to throwing a mess of confetti in a shop-girl's ear on Broadway. He has to pay a fine, but he gets his innocent pleasure anyway. The other man gets his pleasure without the fine—or the newspaper notoriety. The fact that the newspapers do not print the stories of the other man has little to do with the case. The editors know the other man wants to read about the society man, whom he regards as a fool, and so the editor prints the stories. The women 'society-novel' writers are more often prone to exaggerate the other way. They often see glamour where no glamour is. Society is a very real, very normal, very simple phase of life. Frederick Townsend Martin, who, you know, moves in good society, recently began writing a book revealing society in its true light. And, as Mr. Martin explained to me, he felt that he had undertaken a very difficult task, because, as he expressed it, 'the subject was so simple that it was difficult to treat of it in an entertaining manner.' In Mr. Martin's various transcripts of actual society life you will find nothing that you ever read in the novels."

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The third person interviewed was a débutante of three seasons ago, now married and the mother of two children. Her ideas on the society fiction were expressed as follows: "When I made my début in society, I believed, innocently enough in my finishing-school mind, that it must be very much like the world Margaret Horton Potter wrote of in *The Social Lion*, the novel that was supposed to show up society and its ingredients so realistically that it was suppressed. I had smuggled a lot of the 'society novels' into my room at school, had feasted on their contents, and thoroughly believed that the society I was soon to enter was a wicked, red world where all the men were without morals and all the women bent on mischief. What I did find was a most prosaic sort of sphere, to be best defined, I believe, as a succession of extravagant 'church sociables'. It was simply a carousal of innocent pleasures all tinselled and col-

oured with money. The dance was the same as a college 'prom,' with better decorations, more costly gowns and favours, and with older participants. The dinner, the theatre, the opera, the reception were just the regular dinner, theatre, opera, and reception done up with éclat, and éclat is frequently nothing more than financial ostentation. We read much of race suicide in the society novels. You will find as many, if not more, children to a family in society as you will find in the middle class, that is, persons not in society, so to speak. In society, moreover, men and women speak just exactly like other human beings, not in the Franco-British jargon used by any number of alleged 'smart' writers. Slang is as much an element in society conversation as it is in other circles just beyond the society circle. The chauffeur intrigues one reads so much about in novels that are supposed to be exposés of society life are usually attributed to society, when, as a matter of record, there has been only one such intrigue to society's discredit, out of all the considerable number chronicled, in the last two years. Any newspaper's files will verify this. The trouble with the 'society novel' is that the 'society novel' writers treat their subject matter from knowledge, or rather information, gained at second hand. In the few cases where society men and women have applied themselves to writing novels dealing with society, their errors have been purposeful. These writers were not honest. They were either drawing-room socialists or, what is really the same thing, publicity seekers."

The Fifth Avenue restaurateur, whose name is known the world over and who probably knows society as well as any one on the outside can know it, expressed himself thus: "Although I have not read a great many of the 'society novels,' those that I have read, I find, have not been far out of the way in depicting the habits of society folk. The novelists' purpose, as I regard it, was simply to show *some* of society's habits—the most interesting ones—and the reader must not make the mistake of believing that the writers therefore meant

to infer that everything else society did was as wicked, as shallow, as extravagant, as careless as the things that were thrown into relief in their novels. I have superintended many of society's smartest functions, dances, suppers, dinners, receptions; I have come into close contact with many society leaders; I have seen society revelry, money-spending, dissipation and, yes, incipient intrigue and scandal. And I say truthfully that the 'society novel' writers have not lied when they have painted this general picture, this panoramic picture of society, in high colours. The novel writer does not concern himself, does not *have to* concern himself, with what Mrs. A, the society leader, does when she is not in his story. He does not have to tell his readers that she orders her own groceries, kisses her baby, looks after her household affairs and similarly acts like any normal woman. He knows, when she is not doing these things, she is drinking cocktails and champagne, smoking cigarettes and gambling—all of which is true, I know—and these are the things he wishes to emphasise, to point out. One cannot expect the novelist, be he a detective-story writer or a 'society' writer, to cover every homely detail in his characters' lives. It is not necessary that the 'society' novelist tell us that his heroine takes a bath every day. He need alone concern himself with the fact that she is not a loyal wife. Society, from what I have seen of it, is every bit as bad as it is painted."

The butler whose opinions were obtained is a well-read man, by no means illiterate, and an individual whose viewpoint is by no means to be scorned. His words are repeated as accurately as is possible. The Cockney dialect, however, will be eliminated. "I have read Mr. Train's *The Butler's Story* and I have always had a great deal of interest in reading other society stories with speaking butlers in them. Of course I may be prejudiced, but I believe that the butler is the best man on the *outside* to tell of the doings of society on the *inside*. I have never read a single 'society novel,' including a butler among its characters, that did not

portray the butler accurately. I know you will tell me that the aristocratic air with which these society fiction butlers are enveloped is exaggerated, but I will answer you by saying that very frequently the butler will be found to be of as aristocratic an exterior as any member of the household. In fact, three of my butler friends on the Avenue are possessed of much more elegant manners than their employers. They have frequently pointed out to me their gentlemen's vulgarity in certain lines. Without their trusted butlers, any number of society hostesses would be hard put to it to manage their dinners with the finesse attributed to them and you will find, generally speaking, that the most lauded hostesses are those who have the best butlers. Society people, as they have come under my eye, are exactly the same as non-society people, only they are less sin-

cere. To be forced by one's position to listen to the chatter around society dinner or supper tables is aggravating and sometimes well-nigh intolerable. I know not one in ten means what he says. And I always know when the laughter is loudest the party is the least enjoyable to the guests. Society people have the best time, I honestly believe, when the social season is over. Then they can act like ordinary human beings when they look around for pleasure. If a society leader would speak the truth, she would confess that she got more enjoyment out of a trip to Coney Island than out of half a dozen dances at Sherry's or at her friends' residences. But they are insincere enough not to say what they believe. Society fiction is correct in general, if I may judge from the viewpoint of my station. The chief critic and faultfinder is guilty society itself."

## LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

### *III. On Laziness and Its Resultant Ills*

There was a man in New York City  
 (His name was George Adolphus Knight)  
 So soft of heart he wept with pity  
 To see our language and its plight.

He mourned to see it sorely goaded  
 With silent letters left and right;  
 These from his own name he unloaded  
 And wrote it *Georg Adolfus Nit*.

Six other men in that same city  
 Who longed to see a Spelling Heaven  
 Formed of themselves a strong committee  
 And asked Georg Nit to make it seven.

He joined the other six with pleasure,  
 Proud such important men to know,  
 Agreeing that their first great measure  
 Should be to shorten the word *though*.

But G. Adolfus Nit was lazy;  
 He dilly-dallied every day;  
 His life was dreamy, slow and hazy,  
 And indolent in every way.

On Monday morn at nine precisely  
 The six reformers (Nit not there)  
 Prepared to simplify *though* nicely,  
 And each was eager for his share.

Smith bit the *h* off short and ate it;  
 Griggs from the *thoug* chewed off the *g*;  
 Brown snapped off *u* to masticate it,  
 And *tho* alone was left for three.

Delancy's teeth broke *o* off quickly;  
 From *th* Billings took his *t*,  
 And then the *h*, albeit prickly,  
 Was shortly swallowed by McGee.

This done, the six lay back in plenty,  
 Well fed, they picked their teeth and smiled,  
 And lazy Nit, about 10:20,  
 Strolled in, as careless as a child.

"Well, boys," he said, "where's the collation?  
 I'm hungry, let us eat some *though*."  
 "All gone!" they said, and then Starvation,  
 (Who is not lazy) laid Nit low.

Nit trembled, gasped, and, as the phrase is,  
 Cashed in his checks, gave up his breath,  
 And turned his toes up to the daisies—  
 His laziness had caused his death!

#### WARNING

Spelling reformers should make haste,  
 If each reformer wants a taste.





# THE YOUNGER AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



ONLY a dozen years ago a play of contemporary American life by a comparatively unknown American author was a rarity upon the New York stage; most of the offerings were importations or adaptations from abroad, or else dramatisations of popular novels, mainly foreign; and the few original American plays were the work of half a dozen men who had somehow gotten themselves established in our theatre and were untroubled by any emphatic knocking of the younger generation at the door. Nowadays the aspect of our stage is different. Considerably more than half the plays that are produced during a season in New York are plays dealing with America to-day; and of these the greater number are written by men and women whose names were totally unknown half a dozen years ago. How it has come about that the younger American playwrights have been granted this sudden and extensive opportunity to show what they can do is a question for the historian of the theatre-business in America. For the critic arises the more important question: Our younger playwrights have been granted their opportunity; what have they done with it? It is one thing to capture a province, another thing to colonise it; and real conquest results only when colonisation follows capture. There is a maxim of Goethe's which says, "You have come into your heritage: now you must set about to earn it." Have our rising and ambitious playwrights earned their opportunity—have they conquered our stage, or merely captured a post before the footlights? The question is not an easy one to answer with the finality of yes or no. In the practical sense, they have certainly succeeded. The majority of their plays have pleased the public; and some of them, like *The Great Divide*, *The Chorus*

*Lady, Paid in Full*, *The Man from Home*, and *The Fortune Hunter*, have earned fortunes for their authors. In the artistic sense, our new playwrights have succeeded in the great aim of entertainment and have revealed many glimpses of life which are new and true. But should we, therefore, be justified in boasting that we have at present an American Drama, in the sense that there is a French Drama, a German Drama, a Norwegian Drama, even a British Drama?

When Mr. Charles Frohman, after his return from London, announced his plans for the new season, he stated that less than fifteen per cent. of his forty new plays were American, while forty per cent. were English and over thirty per cent. were French. "Nor is the reason hard to find," said Mr. Frohman. "*It is merely that the American authors, voluminous enough in their output, are not 'producing the goods.'*" The statement which is here printed in Italics was widely quoted in the daily press, and excited at the time considerable protest. Before giving critical consideration to such a statement, we must, of course, take cognisance of its source. It has never been Mr. Frohman's policy to exploit the work of new American authors. By an extensive and successful campaign in the European capitals, he has secured a first option on the American rights of most of the plays that are produced in London and in Paris; and he devotes the major share of his attention at home to a careful reproduction of plays that have already succeeded abroad, thereby risking his investment only against a possible dissidence in taste between the European and American audiences. In the pursuit of this conservative policy, Mr. Frohman has rendered valuable service to the cause of dramatic art in America, by setting before our audiences and our authors examples of what is best in the contemporary European drama; but he has, of



HARRIET FORD

Collaborator with Joseph Medill Patterson in writing "The Fourth Estate"

course, placed himself in such a position that he cannot reasonably be considered as an unprejudiced critic of the output of our new American playwrights. Such a statement as that italicised above need not, therefore, have occasioned any consternation because it came from Mr. Frohman. And yet, when all is said, the statement echoes in the memory and cries out for critical consideration. Our American authors are now "voluminous enough in their output"—are they, in Mr. Frohman's quaint, commercial phrase, "producing the goods"?

The only way to answer such a question is to beg it. Any answer, on one side or the other, must be a matter of opinion; and the sole course for the critic is to indicate his personal opinion and then analyse his reasons for holding it.

If the director of one of the great European theatres should come to New York and suddenly ask us to enumerate

our American dramatists, we should immediately answer, "Mr. Augustus Thomas" . . . and would then stumble upon an uncomfortable pause. The plays of Bronson Howard and his contemporaries we have discarded as old-fashioned; Mr. William Gillette and the few other survivors of an earlier generation have practically ceased from active authorship; Clyde Fitch is dead, and the peculiar merits and defects of his affluent and entertaining labour are not likely to reappear in the work of a successor. Whom should we set second to Mr. Thomas? . . . We should think a long time, and then decide that no one was at present worthy of the place. For the fact seems to be that Mr. Thomas is just now our only dramatist, without a second, and that the large and interesting group of American playwrights, each of whom evinces some special and particular claim to third place in the hierarchy, are only dramatists in



JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Collaborator with Harriet Ford in writing "The Fourth Estate"

the making, some of whom may rise to leadership and win the worthier appellation, while others will merely continue to render service in the ranks, without promotion. A playwright is a man who writes entertaining and successful plays; a dramatist is a playwright who teaches while he entertains, adds to the sum total of national thought by evolving, formulating, and expounding truths which theretofore have lain latent in the national consciousness; he must be not an artist only, but a seer also—not a follower merely, but a leader as well; he must master the stage as a medium of expression and he must use it to express ideas. It is in this high sense that Mr. Thomas is at present our only dramatist; but there is decided promise in the work of many of our new and growing group of playwrights. Several of them have evidenced ability which, if properly applied, seems likely to lead on to drama worthy of the name. They are bestirring themselves like the

children in that mystic Kingdom of the Future, of whom we are told in *The Blue Bird*, toiling toward the great things that are to be done after Time has ferried them across the void to the years that are to be.

This assumption that we have as yet no American national drama and at present only one American dramatist may seem, at a glance, so like an unqualified agreement with Mr. Frohman's statement that it is not likely to pass unchallenged. A careful analysis of the work of our younger playwrights will be necessary to support it, and also to justify that faith in the future which arises from a study of the present. We must consider what we have and what we lack, estimate the possibility of conquering our defects, and determine what it is that we must learn if we are to achieve an American drama for future generations to study and admire.

Perhaps the main merit of our younger



EDGAR SELWYN, AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY BOY"

American playwrights is the remarkable freshness, vividness, and accuracy of their observation of many interesting phases of American life. They have clear and eager eyes for what is going on about them. The second act of Mr. James Forbes's *The Chorus Lady*, the first act of Mr. Eugene Walter's *Paid in Full*, the first act of Mr. Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell*, and the last act (before it was emasculated) of *The Fourth Estate*, by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson and Miss Harriet Ford, are all examples of a very valuable ability to render faithfully the facts of life. This was, of course, an ability in which the late Clyde Fitch was paramount; he could remind us of the look of life and awaken in us the delicious response of recognition. But this gift of observation, which has grown prevalent among our playwrights, has hardly seemed in any instance to be supplemented by a deeply penetrant vision. Our playwrights record facts; they rarely reveal truths. They give us a glimpse of living; they seldom open a vista upon life. It is not unfair to say that, for all their accuracy of observation, they have not achieved an understanding

of American life. Understanding may be defined as apprehension plus comprehension. Our playwrights evidence the former; they do not, as a rule, reveal the latter. We know already how life looks; we want to be told what life is: and our new playwrights cannot tell us, because they do not know. They have grasped the materials, but have not reached the themes, of the great drama of American life. Mr. Edgar Selwyn's recent piece, *The Country Boy*, for instance, is a pleasant bit of story-telling, apparently faithful to the facts of living; but it would be very difficult for the critic to determine what the piece is all about—in other words, what the author was trying to say through the medium of his story. In many similar cases, the critic is tempted to accept the conclusion that the author did not have anything in particular to say about life—that, in other words, his play from the outset had no theme. A play like Mr. William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide*, which indicates an earnest endeavour to say something about life that is intrinsically important and deeply pondered, is such a rarity among our



WILLIAM C. DE MILLE.

works that we are willing to pardon many falterings in the handling of the theme.

Again, our younger playwrights have shown a surprising gift for sketching the details of character, and have populated our stage with a multitude of minor figures that are real. The people in Mr. Paul Armstrong's *Salomy Jane*, or Mr. Thompson Buchanan's *A Woman's Way*, or Mr. Winchell Smith's *The Fortune Hunter*, or Mr. James Forbes's *The Traveling Salesman*, are not the old conventional puppets of the stage, but are convincingly alive. They think and feel and act and talk like actual people. Step on their toes, and they will swear—or beg your pardon. And yet, on the other hand, no single large and memorable character



THOMPSON BUCHANAN, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S WAY"



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

Mr. Moody died October 17, 1910.

emerges from any of these plays to live afterward within our recollection. Our new playwrights sketch characters; they do not draw them. Their skill confines itself to the rendering of minor figures; they seem incapable of that sustained effort of imagination which results in the creation of a figure at once living and large. They deftly note those specific and individual characteristics which define a person sharply and set him apart from his fellows; but they fail of imagining those generic and broadly human characteristics which make a person typical of multitudes and unite him to his fellows. Nora, in *A Doll's House*, is not merely Nora Helmer, but also a figure resumptive of a world-engirdling host of modern women; the Chorus Lady in Mr. Forbes's play is merely a particularly interesting chorus lady and is resumptive of nothing outside of the story in which she figures. We have had many plays of American business; but we have imagined no great American business man. We have had several plays of American politics; but we have created no great Amer-

ican politician. We have written countless plays about the West; but is there a single character in any of them who is sufficiently typical and resumptive to step bodily out of the story and walk living through those halls of memory where linger Magda and Cyrano and Dr. Stockmann and Paula Tanqueray? Has any of our younger playwrights created a single character at once so individual and so typical, so fitted for his particular story and yet so endowed to be remembered quite apart from it, so simple and still so meaningful, so alive and so important, as the hero of Mr. Rudolf Besier's comedy entitled *Don*?

Our new dramatic authors have shown an easy aptitude for story-telling. The main merit of Mr. Winchell Smith's charming comedy, *The Fortune Hunter*, is that it tells a good story and tells it well. Mr. Paul Armstrong is another playwright with a remarkable native gift for narrative. Miss Rachel Crothers, Mr. William C. De Mille, Miss Marion Fairfax, and Mr. Channing Pollock have also invented pleasing stories and told them with facility. But this particular gift is just as likely to be dangerous as to be helpful. In the theatre it is more important to build a story firmly than to ripple through it fluently. Many of our plays are too narrative in arrangement. Our authors allow themselves to dally along alluring by-paths of invention, instead of rigorously excluding all material that is not emphatically pertinent to the theme. In the plays of Sir Arthur Pinero every moment answers to every other moment, and there is never a line admitted to the dialogue that does not echo backward and forward and add to the harmony of the whole. It is this strictness of structure, this solidity of building, that our ambling and rambling plays most noticeably lack. The exceptions are so exceptional that we greet them with surprise. Mr. Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way* was so rigorously planned and so steadily conducted that it seemed more like a foreign than a native work. We need more plays as relentlessly technical as that. To achieve them our playwrights must devote themselves more seriously to the study of the best contemporary models. There seems

to be a feeling in New York that native ability is all that counts and that technique may take care of itself. We hear very little earnest discussion among our playwrights about the technical aspects of their art. They do not develop ideas of how plays should be written—ideas for which they are willing to argue and to work. In America the drama suffers because of the absence of dramatic criticism. Not only does it receive hardly any help from the newspaper and magazine reviewers, but our playwrights themselves seem to take very little critical interest in the problems of their art. We have no school of dramatic authors, because our authors are not willing to go to school. We make no concerted and organised effort to improve the technique of our drama, because we carelessly assume that whatever is good enough is good enough. What we need is a leader—to follow or to revolt from, as we choose. The British drama has such a leader in Sir Arthur Pinero. Mr. Granville Barker chooses to revolt from his methods and, in consequence, stirs up a helpful spirit of critical discussion. Other young playwrights choose to follow in the footsteps of the master, and give Mr. Barker a healthy fight which is good for both parties. Mr. Shaw thinks a play should be a witty conversation; Mr. Galsworthy thinks it should be an unprejudiced presentation of both sides of a social question of national importance; and the younger men develop their strength in struggling for or against ideals of drama that are clearly defined in theory and practice. The new playwrights go to school under one teacher or another and are kept awake by a continual buzzing of dramatic criticism. But in New York our efforts are not brought thus to a focus. Our playwrights wander apart and do their work as best they may, without striving to aid or to combat each other. Just as our plays, referred to life, are not about anything, because they are lacking in themes, so our stage, referred to art, is not about anything, because it is lacking in tendencies. We shall not really do things in our theatre until we find out what it is we want to do.

Just as our new playwrights lack

clear ideals of structure, so also they seem undecided in their ideals of writing. Many of them write dialogue that is extraordinarily natural and sprightly, and yet their writing does not indicate a critical decision to touch a certain tone and hold it. In simplicity and reality of dialogue, Miss Rachel Crothers is the best of all our younger playwrights; but Mr. Forbes and Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Walter and Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Smith and Mr. Patterson,

accentuate the sense of actuality. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones does not write in slang; and yet we have not equalled the spontaneity and liveliness of his dialogue in *The Liars*. Our new writers are too desperately afraid of seeming literary. It is true that one or two of them, like Mr. Moody and Mr. Percy Mackaye, have erred upon the other side. *The Great Divide* was weighted down with writing; and Mr. Mackaye, in *Mater*, marred a really fine comedy by embroidering it



WINCHELL SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

Mr. Thompson Buchanan and Mr. Avery Hopwood, have all written many scenes in which every speech is unaffected and spontaneous, humorous and human. If adherence to actuality be the best ideal of dramatic writing, then we must set the dialogue of our younger playwrights very high indeed. In life, people actually talk as Miss Crothers's people talk upon the stage. But Sir Arthur Pinero's characters do not talk as people talk in life; they merely seem to do so. Most of our playwrights write habitually in slang, to

with verbal conceits and forcing all the characters to speak the language of a Harvard senior showing off. But can we not touch and hold a note between over-writing and under-writing? If we refuse to be so literary as Mr. Mackaye, must we be so slangy as Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Forbes? At present the best things that are said in our plays are said in a language that, while fresh and emphatic at the moment, will be out of date and hardly intelligible a dozen years from now. Would it not be wiser to mould

a more permanent medium of speech to the service of our laudable purpose to seem natural? Might it not be helpful if, like the European playwrights, we should publish our plays and submit our dialogue to the exacting test of print?

possibilities of drama in the life of America to-day. Their plays have lacked themes. They have sketched a multitude of living minor characters, but have drawn scarcely any major characters that are sufficiently resumptive and important



PERCY MACKAYE, AUTHOR OF "ANTI-MATRIMONY"

Portrait by Arnold Genthe

Let us now sum up the ground that we have covered in the foregoing analysis. We have seen that our younger playwrights have been quick to observe facts, but slow to reveal truths; they have been reporters rather than creators; they have apprehended, but not comprehended, the

to be remembered apart from the plays in which they figured. They have told stories fluently, but have not built them firmly. They have written dialogue that is natural but not permanent. They have lacked the vision to realise the profound and underlying as-



pects of our life, the imagination to create large and lasting characters, the technical training and the critical application to develop a mastery of structure, and the serious literary purpose to achieve an enduring ideal of writing. Thus succinctly stated in summary, this criticism seems an excessively severe arraignment of the work of our younger playwrights. We must hasten, therefore, to remember that each of them has been free of many of the faults which have been enumerated as prevalent among the group considered as a whole, and that most of them at moments have risen superior even to the merits that have been indicated as characteristic of them all.

And if our rising playwrights have not yet developed a national drama that is worthy of the name, we must remember also that the outlook for the future—even for the immediate future—is very hopeful. There is an opinion prevalent at present among the dramatists and the dramatic critics in London that the next great development of drama in the English language will take place in America rather than in England. The opinion is based on the almost unlimited opportunities offered to new playwrights by the multiplicity of our theatres, on the high

degree of education and intelligence that is common to our audiences throughout the country, and on the inexhaustible richness of our national life in themes hitherto unexploited on the stage. This is a fair statement of the opportunity that stands before us, and of which we have not yet availed ourselves. We have not written nearly enough good plays to fill our thousands and thousands of theatres; we have written down to our audiences instead of up to them; and the great themes that lie latent in our national life we have scarcely touched at all. Yet there is real promise in such plays as *The Great Divide* and *Paid in Full*, *The Fortune Hunter* and *The Fourth Estate*, *The Nigger* and *A Woman's Way*, Miss Marion Fairfax's *The Builders* and Mr. Avery Hopwood's *This Woman and This Man*. Some of the playwrights now before us may develop the technical mastery and the penetrant vision, the high seriousness and the imagination, the art and the message, that must go to the making of the next American dramatist; and if not, others surely will arise. The conditions are ripe, and all that is needed is the men; and it is one of the miracles of destiny that when great work is ready to be done, the necessary men arise to do it.

## THE MENU IN MODERN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



LIKE clothes, food in fiction is valuable for atmosphere, colour, tone—the touch that makes the page alive. It may also aid greatly in the interpretation of life. Never was a more illuminating line penned than the one given to Lord Steyne when the rascally old nobleman said to Becky, plotting for the Gaunt House cook's transference to her own little home in Curzon Street: "Gad, I dined with the king yesterday, and we had neck of mutton and turnips." The serving of meals, the tinkling of ice in tall glasses, the chill of

salads, and the savour of roasts and entrées, as well as the listed courses themselves, may, like clothes, come to give less of colour than of philosophy. If it be true, and modern dieticians assert it, that man is what his food is, the matter of menus in the developing of character may well become of prime importance in fiction.

There is a recent novel, *The History of Mr. Polly*, whose author, H. G. Wells, seems to have felt this deep, peptic truth. In the second paragraph of the first chapter he strikes the keynote of Mr. Polly's predestined career: "He was sitting on a stile between two threadbare-looking

fields, and suffering acutely from indigestion. He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon of his life, but as he lacked introspection, he projected the associated discomfort upon the world." This is what he had just eaten :

Cold pork from Sunday and some nice cold potatoes, and Rashdell's Mixed Pickles, of which he was inordinately fond. He had eaten three gherkins, two onions, a small cauliflower head and several capers. And then there had been cold suet pudding to follow, with treacle, and then a nice bit of cheese; it was the pale, hard sort of cheese he liked; red cheese he declared was indigestible. He had also had three big slices of greyish baker's bread, and had drunk the best part of a jugful of beer. And Mr. Polly sat on the stile and hated the whole scheme of life—which was at once excessive and inadequate as a solution. He hated Foxbourne, he hated Foxbourne High Street, he hated his shop and his wife and his neighbours—every blessed neighbour—and with indescribable bitterness he hated himself.

Before his marriage Mr. Polly had feasted upon "cold beef and pickles or fried ham and eggs, two pints of beer and two bottles of ginger beer." When he went back to attend his father's funeral, he ate "a simple supper of ham and bread and cheese and pickles and cold apple tart and small beer." For the funeral dinner there were: "two large cold-boiled chickens and a nice piece of ham, some brawn and a steak and kidney pie, a large bowl of salad and several sorts of pickles, and afterward came cold apple tart, jam roll and a good piece of Stilton cheese, lots of bottled beer, some lemonade for the ladies, and milk for Master Punt; a very bright and satisfying meal."

After this the wedding feast, which, like the funeral dinner, included ham and steak and kidney pie; then years of Miriam's cooking, of breakfasts "with an egg underdone or overdone, or a herring raw or charred, and coffee made Miriam's way and full of little particles." At last Mr. Polly was "less like a human being than a civil war. His system, like a confused or ill-governed democracy, had been brought to a stage of perfect clamour and disorder, demanding now evil and in-

scrutable internal satisfactions, such as pickles and vinegar and the cracklings on pork, and now vindictive and external expression, war and bloodshed throughout the world." Fire and bloodshed followed. Mr. Polly broke the entire decalogue, undetected, coldly exultant. Why? Ask dieticians and Mr. Wells.

Another author whose employment of foodstuffs seems philosophically premeditated rather than incidental is John Galsworthy. In *Fraternity*, there is a butler in Cecilia's home who amounts to nothing until interpreted as he plies the carving knife. As witness:

So Stephen and Cecilia sat down and their butler brought in the bird. It was a nice one, nourished down in Surrey, and as he cut it into portions the butler's soul turned sick within him—not because he wanted some himself, or was a vegetarian, or for any sort of principle, but because he was by natural gifts an engineer and deadly tired of cutting up and handing birds to other people and watching while they ate them.

Old Mr. Stone, that faithful Brother to Life, wanders through strange pages, sustained by hot milk, cocoa, and vegetables. He is an unexpected dinner guest at Cecilia's, and his daughter groans over the main dish, filet of beef, when she realises her father is to be present. It is sure to bring out the dreaded philosophy of the old man, whose words of Universal Brotherhood are sounding brass in the ears of his descendants. He is served to new potatoes creamed, and to beans, but between beans and beef, potatoes and poulet, he traces the analogy of endless relationship. It sounds like rambling insanity, of course, and it is hideously pathetic.

In *The Man of Property* there is a little dinner for four, of which Mr. and Mrs. Soames, June and Bosinney partake immediately after some startling discoveries on both sides. For several pages the dinner is served, in elaborate courses and silence. There is soup, "excellent, if a little thick"; fish—fresh sole from Dover; champagne; cutlets, each pink-frilled about the legs; spring chicken, asparagus salad; apple charlotte, sherry very dry; olives from France; Russian caviar; German plums; Egyptian cigarettes; Turkish coffee; and brandy pale and old. There

is also an evening at Richmond, where: "The feature of the feast was unquestionably the red mullet. This delectable fish, brought for a considerable distance in a state of almost perfect preservation, was first fried, then boned, then served in ice, with Madeira punch in place of sauce, according to a recipe known to a few men of the world."

In Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*, the remarkable club at breakfast is described throughout a chapter entitled "The Feast of Fear." Some of the men ate cold pheasant or Strasbourg pie. The secretary, who was a vegetarian, ate half a raw tomato and drank three-fourths of a glass of tepid water. The old Professor ate "such slops as suggested sickening second childhood." President Sunday ate like twenty men, a dozen crumpets, a quart of coffee.

O. Henry's relentless dissections of the forty and fifty-cent tables d'hôte, cheap à la carte restaurants, and ditto boarding-houses, are worthy of study. In "The Country of Elusion" he tells of how one Bohemia came to be, after one glad, drunk night when the proprietor moved the tables into the back yard among the family wash, and enthroned himself among the evening diners.

When André came to his senses, he took down his sign and darkened the front of his house. When you went there to dine you fumbled for an electric button and pressed it. A lookout slid open a panel in the door, looked at you suspiciously, and asked if you were acquainted with Senator Herodotus Q. McMilligan, of the Chickasaw nation. If you were, you were admitted and allowed to dine. If you were not, you were admitted and allowed to dine. You know how the Bohemian feast of reason keeps up with the courses. Humour with the oysters, wit with the soup; repartee with the entrée, brag with the roast; knocks for Whistler and Kipling with the salad, songs with the coffee; the slapsticks with the cordial.

Here is what the McCaskeys should have eaten one night, if they had not quarrelled, in "Between Rounds":

"Pig's face, is it," said Mrs. McCaskey, and hurled a stewpan full of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork, garnished with shamrocks. He retorted with this, and drew the appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well-aimed coffeepot the battle, according to courses, should have ended. But Mr. McCaskey was no fifty-cent table d'hôte—finger bowls were not beyond the compass of his experience. Triumphantly he sent the graniteware wash-basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary. Mrs. M. dodged in time. She reached for a flatiron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the gastronomical duel to a close.

There is a restaurant on Sixth Avenue which owned a waiter "with a voice like butter-cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and nappery thin." At Bogle's, on Eighth Avenue, there were "two rows of tables in the room, six in a row. On each table is a caster-stand containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may expect nothing." Also upon each table stands the counterfeit of that benign sauce made "from the recipe of a nobleman in India," . . . "Meantime, Aileen would be performing astounding feats with orders of pork and beans, pot roasts, ham-and-sausage-and-the-wheats, and any quantity of things on the iron and in the pan and straight up and on the side."

And here is Sara, in *Springtime à la Carte*, copying bills of fare in return for three meals a day, "brought her by a waiter, an obsequious one if possible."

To-day there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrées, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becomingly exploited with the sauce that commemorated its gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silence, was *diminuendo con amore*. The frying pan seemed to be held inactive behind the

beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanished; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, barely lingered in a pleasant thanatopsis with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple.

There are two little books, more or less illuminating as caricatures, *The Maison de Shine* and *At the Actor's Boarding House*, by Helen Green, wherein food figures largely. Johnny McDuff seeks out Emma, the slavey, one night, and speaks: "I seen the butcher boy bringin' in chickens to-day and I'm Johnny at the rathole to-night fur some of the white meat, see! I didn't git nothin' but the bone of a leg last time. What is they fur dessert?" "Appil and leming pie, but take the leming, 'cause the appil is bum," replies Emma, placing bread and sad-looking pickles on the table.

"Steak, poke chops an' ham an' aigs?" asked Emma of a bride one morning, and Mrs. de Shine, hearing the bride say distinctly "Ham and eggs," motioned violently. "If she wants two she can have 'em, Emmar, this once. I want her to like it here." Under the eggs, when they were brought in, nestled coily an inch or two of true Fourteenth Street ham. It was hard and brittle and good for the teeth.

Prunes, po'and cake, cottage pudding, and bread pudding figure largely on the menus at the Maison de Shine. "Porkin beans or cornbif an' cabbitch" comprise that part of a dinner where roasts should figure. Milk is furnished for the coffee. Canned peas are given throughout the year, and toast is offered when there is a superabundance of stale bread, for, as Mrs. de Shine remarked, "This way they think they're gettin' a favour did 'em." On the same principle pie is not often forthcoming. "It's this way," explains the landlady. "A lot of people say, feed 'em on pie and they don't eat s'much meat. My experience is that you can give seven dollars' worth of pie and it's like a—her doover, as the French say—they eat more meat than before, an' that's why I don't have it."

In William Locke's *Septimus* and *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* there is a good deal of high-class dining depicted, some of the foods outrageously combined,

however purposely. Carlotta, in *Marcus*, had a passion for hard-boiled eggs and lemonade. She also drank orangeade with her meals, imbibed grenadine syrup and soda and similar sweet stuffs with salts and sours. Septimus's order one night at Monte Carlo for absinthe, poached eggs and a raspberry ice might well make a self-respecting waiter commit the usual suicide following Monte Carloan depression. Again, Septimus, awaking late one day, said he did not care for breakfast. "Afternoon tea will do, with some bacon and eggs and things." Even a casual reader would call both Carlotta and Septimus irresponsible souls. In *Septimus* there is a dinner at Sypher's Club; oysters with lemon, *sole bonne femme*, partridge and orange salad, and champagne. There is also a description of *déjeuner* for Septimus and Zora on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris, which for pure ecstasy on the author's part is delightful:

Outside was the blazing sun, inside a symphony of cool tones; the pearl of summer dresses; the snow, crystal and silver of the tables; the tender green of lettuce; the yellows of fruits; the soft pink of salmon; the purples and topazes of wines. The one human being for you in the room is your companion. Between you are substances it were gross to call food; dainty mysteries of coolness and sudden flavours; a fish salad in which the essences of sea and land are blended in cool, celestial harmony; innermost kernels of the lamb of the salted meadows, where must grow the asphodel on which it fed, in amorous union with what men call a sauce, but really oil and cream and herbs stirred by a god in a dream; peaches in purple ichor chastely clad in snow, melting on the palate as the voice of the divine singer after whom they are named melts in the soul. Septimus had often looked at people eating like this, and had wondered how it felt.

Here is a bit of ironic dining from Mrs. Wharton's "The Other Two," where Waythorne, the third and latest husband, saw Varick, the second husband now divorced, at luncheon:

When Waythorne first saw him he had been helping himself with critical deliberation to a bit of Camembert at the ideal point of liquefaction, and now, the cheese removed, he was

just pouring his café double from its little two-storied earthen pot. He poured slowly, his ruddy profile bent above the task, and one beringed white hand steadying the lid of the coffee pot; then he stretched his other hand to the decanter of cognac at his elbow, filled a liqueur glass, took a tentative sip, and poured the brandy into his coffee cup.

That night Waythorne watched his wife pour coffee for him.

She set down the coffee pot, and reaching for the decanter of cognac, measured off a liqueur glass and poured it into his cup. Waythorne uttered a sudden exclamation.

"What is the matter?" she said, startled.

"Nothing—only I don't take cognac in my coffee."

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she cried.

Their eyes met and she blushed a sudden, agonised red.

Filson Young's *The Sands of Pleasure* is decorated with intimate disclosures of famous French cafés and restaurants. Richard and Lauder lunched at Marguery's, and had: *hors d'œuvres*, eggs, fish, fowl, salad, pastry, cheese, dessert, coffee, cognac. Richard learned to drink absinthe, which Marthe insisted on preparing for him, "teaching him how to pour the water drop by drop through the sugar on the perforated spoon."

Later Richard and Toni dined at the Tour d'Argent, and watched Frédéric prepare unnumbered dishes of *caneton à la presse*. "The deft way in which, as one duck after another was brought to him all hot and hissing, he laid the knife under the flesh and with a few masterly strokes removed all the meat; the crushing of the carcass beneath the handpress, and the spout of blood and essence or juice of duck from the little tap; the making of this juice into a wonderful sauce that kept simmering and bubbling on spirit lamps and was gradually ladled over the whole savoury dish—these were fascinating sights." To the epicure, but not to Toni, who, the novelty gone, was insulted that she should have been brought to so dingy and common a place.

Here is a recipe for Turkish coffee, from Hichens's *Bella Donna*, worthy, except that precise quantities for all ingredients but the ambergris are lacking, to be

cut out and pasted in any family cook book:

There was a saucepan containing water, a brass bowl of freshly roasted and pounded coffee, two small, open coffee pots with handles that stuck straight out, two coffee cups, a tiny bowl of powdered sugar, and some paper parcels which held sticks of mastic, ambergris and seed of cardamom. Hamza poured water from the saucepan into one of the coffee pots, set it on the brazier and sank into a reverie. Presently there came from the pot a murmur. Instantly Hamza took it from the brazier and the bowl of coffee from the ground, let some of the coffee slip into the water, stirred it with a silver spoon, which he produced from a carefully folded square of linen, and set the pot once more on the brazier. Then he unfolded the paper which held the ambergris, put a carat weight of it into the second pot, and set that, too, on the brazier. The coffee began to simmer. He lit a stick of mastic, fumigated with its smoke the two little coffee cups, took the coffee pot and gently poured the fragrant coffee into the pot containing the melted ambergris, let it simmer for a moment, then poured it out into the two coffee cups, creaming, and now sending forth with its own warm perfume the enticing perfume of ambergris, added a dash of cardamom seed, and then, at last, looked toward Mrs. Armine. "Is it ready?" she asked. "Shall I put the sugar in?"

Later Barrodi gave a dinner to Mrs. Armine, consisting of a red soup—a Kaw-ur-meh—meat stewed in a rich gravy with little onions—leaves of the vine containing a delicious sort of forcemeat, cucumbers in milk, some small birds pierced with silver skewers, spinach, and fried wheat flour mingled with honey. There was also a sherbet made of violets "by crushing the flowers of violets, making them into a preserve with sugar, and boiling them for a long time."

In *The Garden of Allah*, at Beni-Mora, Domini, for *déjeuner*, "ate slowly the large Robertville fish, which was something between a trout and a herring," and followed it with a ragout of mutton and peas and wine. Later she and Androvsky had a *déjeuner* at Sidi-Zerzour, red fish, omelette, gazelle steaks, cheese, oranges and dates, white wine and Vals water. Mr. Hichens pays scant attention to Eng-

lish foods, but the Egyptian varieties he knows, and describes to the last drift of spice.

Robert Chambers puts a brood of children into *The Younger Set*, who are so well taken care of that the suspicion arises that Mr. Chambers read deeply of dietetics and adolescence and "The Care and Feeding of Children" before he could have compiled the mother's mandates.

"Don't let the children eat too fast. Make Drina take thirty-six chews to every bite and Winthrop is to have no bread if he has potatoes. Master Billy takes supper by himself in the school-room, and NO marmalade." There is rice pudding on the nursery table, and cranberry sauce and milk with dinner at noon, and pink cream puffs and green mint paste are rewards of excessive merit.

In David Graham Phillips's *The Social Secretary* there is a breakfast served every morning at the politician's home, for which an old Southern cook was specially engaged. There were corned beef hash, hot corn bread, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, and cigars. In another

novel of Mr. Phillips one recalls another breakfast of hash, "brown and not too dry," with coffee and corn muffins. From which one draws the irresistible conclusion that Mr. Phillips likes hash for breakfast, and disdains the small cup of coffee and the slim French roll.

But, all in all, if novels reflect the civilisation of the day, there is hope for a dyspeptic race, when we compare the fashions in menus of the present and the past. Five meats and one vegetable—and that potatoes—with two or three heavy puddings make up the menus of English classic fiction. In the modern novel there is a falling off in the quantity of meat; there is invariably a salad, oftentimes with a dressing "stirred by a god in a dream," with delicious vegetables, and a lack of heavy sweets. Physicians and nurses find much digestive trouble in their walks through life, but a casual survey of the menus of fiction lead one to the happy conclusion that the great reading public is not being led seriously astray in the matter of peptic morals by the latter-day novelists.

## THE BOY AND THE MOTHER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

*The Boy in the City.*

All day long, all day long  
Up and down the streets I go—  
Not a face in all the throng  
That I know!

Aching eyes and heavy feet,  
All day long and days and days!  
Oh, for something good to eat,  
And a warm wood blaze!

Fields are grey and frosty now,  
Trees are stripped, except maybe  
For an apple on the bough  
All forgot—like me.

In the house there's smell o' pine,  
Where the fire cracks and roars,  
And the sound of winds that whine  
Under floors and doors!

And the kettle puffing hot  
And her voice—"Some kindlin's, Jack!"  
And—she'll cry: "Oh! I forgot!"  
But I won't go back!

*The Village Mother.*

I sit all day an' think an' think,  
My hands they scarce can sew,  
They lie here in my lap like stones—  
Why did I let him go?

He might ha' worked here in the store  
An' earned enough for him an' me.  
I told him, told him, till he cried.  
Somehow, he couldn't see.

Perhaps, we country folks is queer,  
An' old an' sot an' dull;  
But townsfolk, they're so rich an' bad—  
An' he's so beautiful.

They'll ask him to their parties, him  
That was so dear an' good,  
An' make him drink their wicked wines  
An' eat their wicked food.

The girls'll set their caps for him,  
An' ay, their mothers, too,  
An' say sweet things an' hold his hand—  
I know the way they do!

An' then some fluffy, city girl,  
With curls stuck in her head,  
Will snap him up away from me  
To love her folks instead.

I sit all day an' think an' think—  
My hands they scarce can sew.  
They're achin' just to touch his cheeks.  
Why did I let him go?

*The Boy.*

Up and down the crowded street,  
All day long and days and days—  
Oh, for something good to eat  
And a warm wood blaze!





BARON MUNCHAUSEN.





## BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN'S ILLUSTRATORS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN



ALTHOUGH few books in the world are better known than the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen*, few have had less attention given them by illustrators.

It would almost seem that there must have been hundreds of editions of this classic, and yet, as the writer came to find, when he began collecting *Münchhauseniana* there are few editions the collector would care to own.

It must be understood that the authorship of these tales is now, by very general consent, given to Rudolph Eric Raspe, who betrayed his trust as curator in the Museum of Cassel, and after stealing a valuable collection of coins fled from Germany to England, where, for a time, he managed to maintain enough of

the air of respectability to remain an honorary fellow of the Royal Society. His name having been stricken from the Society's roll, he encountered one vicissitude after another until at last he reached the gutter, not, however, until he had given the world this narrative of its modern Philopseudes. It need not concern one here to discuss its intention—whether it was conceived as a satire on the memoirs of Baron de Tott or as an instrument to defame the veracious memory of Hieronymus Karl Friederich von Boddenswerk, an actual Baron of Hanover, often Raspe's dinner host, who to the day of his death was known throughout Europe as a raconteur.

Howbeit by the time the real Baron died the pseudo one was just beginning his career. Six editions of the book had appeared up to 1793. Strange to



FORTUNES OF WAR

say, the narrative of the adventurous Münchhausen was first printed in the English language.

The earliest edition of which the writer has found trace is that of the London imprint of 1786, *Baron Münchhausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*, a little forty-eight page volume, being the second edition of the work. After three succeeding editions a translation was made into German by Raspe's friend, the poet Bürger, in 1787, with disastrous results to that poor

verse-maker and Karl von Reinhard, his editor.

Kearsley, the London bookseller, brought out an edition in 1799 of the book with illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. This is a 12mo book of excessive rarity, and perhaps not more than one copy is to be found in America. A later London bookseller, T. Tegg, brought out an edition of Rowlandson's plates, coloured, in 1809 and in 1811. There were nine of Rowlandson's plates in these editions, the best of which is en-



THE BARON AND THE BALLOONS



THE EPISODE OF THE CANNON

titled "The Baron crosses the Thames without the assistance of a bridge, ship, boat or even balloon, or even his own will; being blown out of one of the Tower guns in which he had fallen asleep, and the cannon is unexpectedly fired to celebrate an anniversary." In 1811 Rowlandson did a separate plate of "Münchhausen at Walcheren."

Then came the edition containing illustrations of a mediocre character by A. Crowquill (Forrester), though this volume, which was published by Trübner, is eagerly sought by collectors in the editions of 1858 and 1859.

Although Raspe's book with Bürger's introduction failed to attract attention in Germany as a work of literary merit for many years (the first review of it, indeed, condemning it by saying, "This is a col-

lection of lies long ago told by Baron Münchhausen, but probably invented, in part, by the anonymous author of this book") the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen* caught the fancy of the German Ellisen, who made his edition of 1849 famous. Nine years before A. Schrödter had drawn and engraved on copper one of the most exquisite prints that have ever done honour to the Baron's extraordinary memory, a plate that is both the desideratum and the despair of the collector, though the Print Room of the Lenox Library in New York is fortunate enough to possess an unstained copy. Following Schrödter came the page of Münchhausen illustrations by O. Sickert for the "Münchener Bilderbogen" in the early Fifties. They were all Germany had to whet the imagination of the



ONE OF THE BARON'S AERIAL FLIGHTS



"He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied."—Page 50.

ONE OF THE BARON'S ADVENTURES WHILE SERVING WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY



THE BARON AT THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR



youthful Teuton reader for some time to come, when an edition with designs by A. von Wittner was brought out at Düsseldorf in 1856.

Of all the German versions, that illustrated by G. Franz and F. Bergen, which has gone through eighteen editions at Stuttgart, is unquestionably the most praiseworthy. Indeed, Fritz Bergen's pen has portrayed the doughty Baron in a way that only Gustave Doré has surpassed. G. Franz's share in the work has hardly been so successful.

That Doré's illustrations to Baron Münchhausen are almost unknown to the

*tures Du Baron de Münchhausen Traduction nouvelle par Théophile Gautier Fils illustrées par Gustave Doré vignette of Münchhausen mounted on a dragon Paris Furne Jouvett et Cie. Editeurs 45, rue Saint André-des-Arts 1862.* In his life of Doré, Blanchard Jerrold does not include a bibliographical notice of this book, which seems a strange omission. The following from Théophile Gautier's preface is worth quoting:

Here the pencil of Gustave Doré again adds to his prestige; no one more than this artist, who seems to have that *œil visionnaire*, about which Victor Hugo speaks in his essay on



THE BARON SAILS FOR AMERICA ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

present generation is a pity. There is no doubt that they surpass anything else that has been done, quite putting to rout the unimportant work by George Cruikshank which William Tegg brought out in London seven years after the first edition of Doré's illustrations appeared in 1862 under the imprint of Jouvett et Cie, Paris, and with an introduction by Doré's enthusiastic friend, Théophile Gautier. This paper folio is a rarity worth searching the book-shops for, therefore its title will be of interest to the booklover. *Aven-*

Albrecht Dürer, makes more realistic the mysteries and depths of chimeras, of dreams, of nightmares, of fleeting forms swimming in light or drowning in shadows, of droll, silhouetted caricatures, and of all that is fantastic in the realm of masters and in the region of fantasy. He has clothed the adventures of Baron Münchhausen with designs that seem to be plates covering a voyage of circumnavigation with this hero in their characteristic fidelity to the text and their exotic *bizarrerie*. One may declare that this painter-to-the-expedition has made sketches from life

of every phase of the facetious German baron's exploits, and from them the text cannot but acquire a merit additional to its Germanic buffoonery.

Théophile Gautier could not forget his nationalism, for elsewhere in his preface he expresses a hope that those tales will receive favour in France "despite their strong Germanic savour." Nowhere in

falling far short, in the writer's opinion, of what a preface to the *Adventures* should be. In passing it may be well to note that although in the English and American editions of the *Adventures* the Baron's name is spelled Münchhausen, with one h, the German and the French editions spell it with two—Münchhausen. Probably it was so written to avoid com-



THE BARON AND THE BOMB

Doré's work as an illustrator has better than in his Münchhausen been expressed that quality of his work which brings out the characteristic touch of humour. Indeed, probably no other illustrator will ever approach Doré's delineation of Raspe's hero. It is a pity that the English editions of Doré's version should not have had as able an introduction as that by Théophile Gautier, the one by T. Teignmouth Shore to Messrs. Cassell's edition

plications with the immediate family of the actual Baron Münchhausen.

Finally one cannot pass the illustrators of the travels and adventures of the renowned prevaricator without calling attention to the king quarto, *Münchhausen: Reisen und Aventureur* (Bürger's translation), published in Vienna and Leipzig by Gerlach, containing a large number of extremely clever and artistic drawings in black-and-white, and in colour from the

pen of the gifted artist, Franz Wacik. For its quality of combining illustration with decoration the work of Wacik is attracting much favourable comment, and the American reader will doubtless be glad of the introduction to his art which the accompanying reproduction from some of the illustrations in his book will

give. Perhaps some new illustrator of Münchhausen will spring up to delight us with some original conceptions of the Baron's ingenuity, but until one does the reader and collector must concede to Gustave Doré first place for a full sympathy with the spirit of the text, and to Franz Wacik for refinement of design.



THE BARON SAYS GOOD-NIGHT





THE ROYAL PALACE AT LISBON

## MONARCHS IN EXILE

BY GEORGE C. JENKS



ING MANUEL II is not the first of the House of Braganza to taste the bitterness of exile. A few years ago, pottering about in the gloom of a second-hand book shop in one of

the byways of Paris, might be seen an elderly man in a shabby cloak. He would claw a volume from a shelf with his lean fingers, run through it, grumble under his unkempt grey moustache, put it back and pull down another. Evidently he was not easily pleased. His examination of a book did not end with a casual skimming in the manner of one who merely wanted something to read. He was obviously a "collector." If the work were a rare one this threadbare man would know it, and there would be a haggling with the dealer, which might or might not end in a purchase.

The cloaked and grey visitor was Don Miguel, Duke of Braganza, whose son, Miguel, lately became the husband of Miss Anita Rhinelanders Stewart, of New York. The Duke might be King of Portugal to-day only that his father, who reigned as Dom Miguel I, gave up his claim to the throne at Lisbon in 1834—after being soundly beaten by the forces of his niece, Maria da Gloria—and promised that his descendants should abide by his renunciation. But posterity has ideas of its own, especially where a crown is concerned, and in view of recent events,

who can say that Braganza will not at some time be again the family name of the reigning house of Portugal? Indeed, only three years ago the Duke publicly declared his readiness at any time to respond to a call "to the throne of his fathers."

Meanwhile, the Duke—who does not go to England since the assassination of King Carlos and his son Luiz, two years ago—may be found in almost any of the capitals of Europe, except London, in the course of a year. A spare, upright figure with the general appearance of an English half-pay officer who is living as respectably as possible on an extremely limited income. He has his Château Seebenstein, in Lower Austria, but the place is heavily mortgaged and there is little there to attract him. So he prefers to wander about from city to city, accepting invitations to castles and country houses when they come to him, riding to hounds when some one gives him a mount, "talking shop" with such military men as he meets (the Duke was a Colonel of Hussars in the Austrian army until 1908), and always looking for a rare book or picture which may come within the scope of his purse.

It is, of course, not likely the Duke will ever be King of Portugal. If he does not it will not trouble him much, apparently. Like many another royal exile, he is happy in his own way, with only the ever insistent persuasion that he is en-

titled to wield a sceptre to disturb him. What may be the feelings of his son and the aspirations of the young man's American wife is another matter. As Richard of Gloucester was fond of saying, according to Bulwer, "A crown is a goodly heritage in a man's family."



THE PRESENT DOM MIGUEL OF BRAGANZA

Goodly, no doubt, when it can be grasped and comfortably worn. A curse, surely, to those whom it eludes. One need not turn back the dog's-eared pages of history for verification of this obvious

truth. The futile monarchs of Froissart and Macaulay, who lost crown and head together, or pressed pallid faces against the bars of prison windows to see the usurper pass in insolent pomp, followed precedents recorded in the Pentateuch. On the other hand, there are plenty of draggle-tailed sovereigns going practically the same road in this twentieth century. True, it is not the fashion to cut off royal heads to-day, but crownless kings are still numerous. One may run against them anywhere in Europe, and in America as well. More than one man nursing a claim to a throne carried a sword or a gun in this country in the Civil War.

These out-at-elbows personages are not referred to as kings by the world at large. In royalty, as in other walks of life, it is success that counts. So the hordes of dukes, princes, counts and plain citizens who hold that they would be rulers if the king had his own are, in the vernacular, merely "pretenders." This is a nomenclature and popular verdict all in one. The divinity that doth hedge about a king becomes very much frayed at the edges when it enwraps one with little else to shield him from the coarse contempt of the proletariat. Yet there are some in this phantom cloak who carry themselves gaily, and while waiting for the favouring wind that shall waft them to a throne, make what they can of the passing hour. Phillipe, Duc d'Orleans, for example. A handsome, well-set-up man, with strong features, dancing eyes and a pointed beard of the prevailing Parisian mode. He does not live in Paris, however. The last of the Bourbon family in a direct line from Henry of Navarre, he was taught by his father, the late Comte de Paris, that eventually he would reign as King of France. This would be, of course, when God and the people willed it. But the call might come at any time, and he must always be prepared to fulfil his destiny.

So, in the soft, warm mist of the upper reaches of the Thames—where exiles love to go—he grew up, to be a king or a mere citizen of the world, as it might happen. When the Comte died his son retained the pretty home at Twickenham. He spends some of his time there now, but not much. Frequently he sails away to

Africa, Asia, Australia, the Rockies—anywhere that he can use a gun. For he is a hunter by nature, and generally he goes after big game. Now and again he slips into Paris to see a few loyal friends through a haze of cigarette smoke. In some retired café he confers democratically with the *bourgeoisie* and men in blouses. He feels that it is to this class he must look if he is ever to live as the master at Versailles.

The authorities in Paris generally know when he is there. But, unless he be-

comes perniciously active—as he did ten or twelve years ago, when Labori was liberating Dreyfus from Devil's Island—they let him alone. During the Dreyfus agitation, when party feeling ran high and the man in the street was spoiling for a fight, he tried to work up a Bourbon sentiment on his personal behalf. The result was that he had to cross the English Channel in a hurry, never stopping in his flight until he reached Twickenham, where he could gird at the French police in safety. He was only an impetuous



MANUEL THE SECOND OF PORTUGAL. THE LATEST MONARCH TO BE FORCED INTO EXILE

young man who believed in himself and the justice of his cause.

Born in 1869, only a year before the fall of the Second Empire, the Duc d'Orleans has personally known France only as a republic. But, with royal obstinacy, he cannot but believe there will come an end to the people's rule at some time. When that moment arrives he will be ready, as his father bade him. Doubtless the young man sees a long vista of kingly magnificence stretching before him.



PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLEANS

There are other Bourbons than this dashing young fellow from Twickenham who feel that they should be kings by right of inheritance. Some of these live in Paris to-day. They are banished from the throne they believe is theirs, but no one prevents their cuddling under the eaves of the palace and looking in at the doorways, so long as they don't try to pick the locks or throw bricks at the windows. One of these Parisian Bourbons is Prince Jean. Because he is only a member of a collateral branch of the family some sneer at his claims. But he cares nothing for that. His powerful faith in

his own heirship to the rulership of France nothing can shake. He even has a royal title. The handful of people who believe in him—many wearing the scrap of red ribbon which lifts them immeasurably above those whom they call the *canaille*—speak of him as Jean III. He smiles when he hears this.

But he cannot stop to discuss this trifling question just now, for he is busy. In the little back room, in a narrow street smelling of miscellaneous merchandise, where he does clerical work in an importing house, he has a great many invoices to go over, accounts to make out and bills to file away. He bends over his desk steadily more hours a day than the average American bookkeeper. For he has no money except what he can earn from week to week. It is a sordid life, but grit is a Bourbon trait, and Prince Jean does not mind. Why should he, he asks. He is young, vigorous, hopeful, and one may always pick flowers and inhale their fragrance as one walks through life. It might not be so easy to do if one had to climb down from a cumbersome state carriage. This, or something like it, is the philosophy of Jean III, King of France. So, after telling you, in answer to your direct question, that he has many dear friends perpetually working for him and his cause, he shrugs his shoulders and goes back to his paper-littered desk. He must earn his living. A king, as such, draws no salary when out of a billet.

Still another of the Bourbons with a hankering for a throne he is never likely to occupy can be found, when at home, on a comfortable estate near Trieste. He is a well-filled-out man of forty, with the large nose and full lips of the family. He dresses well, and, as he has enough money for his needs, finds life agreeable enough except for the consuming ambition he has inherited. This is Don (or Prince) Jaime, son of Don Carlos. Alfonso XIII is his third cousin, and he might be on good terms with his Majesty were it not for the awkward circumstance that he insists that he himself is the rightful King of Spain. Jaime's fathers so taught him. Don Carlos's grandfather sat on the throne until he was deposed in one of those political upheavals which are usually so much more tragic under a mon-

archy than in a republic. An opposing branch of the Bourbon clan took possession, and Alfonso holds court at Madrid. Not in peace does the young king reign, however. The adherents of Don Jaime are perpetually trying to restore the Carlos dynasty to the rulership of Spain.

Almost any time these twenty or thirty years one of the common headlines in the newspapers has been "Another Carlist Uprising." Don Carlos used to take an active part in these movements. Now it is Jaime. The young man is a good Catholic. At the beginning of the present year he issued a manifesto in which he

declared that Spain had been ruined by the spread of religious free-thinking and Protestantism, and insisted that the only chance for Spanish regeneration lay in united effort by those professing the Catholic faith. Don Jaime, like all of those living who have ever possessed or expect to possess a crown, visits Paris often, and is occasionally seen in London. He prefers the latter city. There is no interference with men who sit in back rooms in Soho and talk about restoring fallen dynasties. The metropolitan police authorities know every rendezvous of the kind and keep a record of those who go



DON JAIME

in and out. "But what harm can they do?" ask the police. That is the common attitude in London toward movements not aimed at British institutions. The safety of the Spanish throne is Spain's business.

There lives in Brussels a short-legged man with a square face, bald forehead and long sweeping mustachios, who might be Emperor of the French if there were any hope for the Imperial dynasty. He is Victor Napoleon Bonaparte. His grandfather, Jerome, was a brother of the great little Corsican. Prince Victor—one can always be a prince, if not a king—is hailed by some of the old guards of Louis Napoleon as Napoleon V. The

stiff-jointed veterans who may have wept in the presence of the tragedy of Sedan, but have never flinched in loyalty to those whose veins carried Bonaparte blood, bow low in the presence of the commonplace little man who reigns only over his small family in a Belgian middle-class villa. Perhaps he likes the homage of these old men, but his face suggests that he feels the uselessness of it all. Its expression suggests boredom. That he reverences the memory of his famous great-uncle may be gathered from the fact that he carefully preserves a sword which Napoleon I carried in some of his campaigns. It is about the only tangible reminder he has of the greatness that has



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRAGANZA

been in his family. It is not likely he believes he ever will be Emperor. He is a sensible man, and he has something else to do besides chasing rainbows. Perhaps

he tells his three children sometimes that they would be living in a palace and riding in a gold carriage if wicked men had not interfered. But, if he does, you may



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO-DAY

be sure they listen to it only as a fairy tale. When he has finished they probably say, "Now, papa, tell us another." For a palace belongs to the realm of enchantment to most children, even when their father is a prince—by courtesy. Perhaps

shire, two half-naked men fought brutally with their fists for the "international championship." Their names were Heenan and Sayers. As the former was America's representative and his opponent that of Great Britain, the eyes of



THE DEPOSED SHAH OF PERSIA

these youngsters would not be so happy in a palace as they are in this cheap house on the banks of the Senne.

Early one morning in 1860, near the little village of Farnborough, Hamp-

shire, two half-naked men fought brutally with their fists for the "international championship." Their names were Heenan and Sayers. As the former was America's representative and his opponent that of Great Britain, the eyes of



family living in the palace of the Tuileries, only a few hundred miles away. Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, his consort, the beautiful Eugenie, and their son, the Prince Imperial, perhaps never heard of the fight.

Yet to-day, in a modest, garden-embowered home at Farnborough, overlooking the spot where the prize-ring was pitched nearly fifty years ago, sits the sad old lady in black who once was Empress Eugenie. She is seldom away from her English home. Occasionally she visits Paris, where she has many friends, who make much of her. Sometimes she goes further. She was in Naples recently, and an Italian journalist quoted her as saying: "I am a poor woman, who has lived much and suffered much. I live in my youth and my past. All else is but a shadow—a dark shadow." And a shadow she is herself, this old lady of another day. She has never looked up since her boy, her only son, the Prince Imperial, was prodded to death with assegais by Zulu savages six years after her refugee husband had turned his face to the wall and died of a broken heart at Chiselhurst. Eugenie spends much of her time in her garden at Farnborough. The peasantry know her so well as a kind lady that they forget she ever was an empress. She never reminds them.

Another woman whose tangible royalty is a thing of the past, but who is apparently not unduly distressed over it, is Princess Kaikilani, widow of King Kalakaua, who ruled over the Sandwich Islands. The king was a man of the world and a gentleman, accustomed to the usages of what is familiarly called "society." It will never be forgotten that a Mayor of Chicago, in a burst of delicate humour and good taste, introduced him at a public assemblage in that city as "the King of the Cannibal Islands." The ex-Queen, or Princess Kaikilani, is now the wife of Hubert Vos, the painter. She lives in Paris when she is not globe-trotting. She was in America recently seeking the adjustment of certain claims she makes against the United States Government, and those who saw and recognised her beheld only a well-bred woman, in black silk, who gazed about her with the air of one used to command. She is not

a queen now, but she carries herself as if she were. When she dined at a New York hotel on her last visit here she tipped the waiter five dollars. His homage could not have been more reverent if he had been approaching the steps of her throne in the days when she habitually occupied one.

There is a cold-eyed, nervous little man in a red fez, eating his heart out behind locked doors and barred windows in Salonika, Central Turkey. He has been nicknamed "Abdul the Damned." Until last year he was the ruler of Turkey under the title of Abdul Hamid II. Stories have come from the Salonika prison that Abdul had several times tried to commit suicide. Few people believe it. This man, at whose door is laid the massacre of tens of thousands of Armenian Christians, as well as countless other murders, has been always notoriously afraid of death in his own case. Reports that he has made various attempts to stir up revolt among his guards and make his escape are more credible than those of attempted self-destruction.

There is a suspicion that the tales of his efforts to kill himself are preliminary to an announcement by his jailers that he has succeeded. If he dies who is to say whether he killed himself or was executed? Meanwhile he who as Commander of the Faithful for so many years held the lives of all about him dependent on a movement of his finger, is as helpless as the mean slave who slunk out of his sight in the gardens of the Yildiz, before the Young Turk party decided to banish him from Constantinople. Of all the monarchs in exile, it is safe to say that Abdul Hamid is the most miserable.

If you go to Odessa you may run against, in the street or bazaars, a swarthy man in the inevitable fez worn from the Levant to the Caspian Sea. He is a quick-moving person, whose beady eyes seem to take in everything. You would say, at first glance, that he was a small merchant, or perhaps a barber, but he isn't. By imperial rescript, some time ago, the Czar ordered this stranger in the greasy fez to be addressed as "Shah" and "Majesty" in Russia. For he was Shah of Persia until his deposition, and as such considers

Nicholas, must be treated with respectful consideration. So he finds what comfort he may in the empty title, fortified by the knowledge that it is bestowed by special decree from St. Petersburg. The ex-Shah lives in a villa in Odessa, has enough money for his modest wants, and, like most of the ex-sovereigns out of their former dominions, is not without a few loyal adherents who have followed him into exile.

There is a Bourbon somewhere calling himself King of Naples—although there have been no Neapolitan kings for many

generations. Then there is the Franco-Dutch family of Nauheim, which claims descent from the Dauphin, "Louis XVII," with Heaven knows how many more claimants to the rulership of France. To mention all of the real or fancied royalties who have no throne would be an endless task. They are passing and re-passing each other continually up and down Europe, rubbing the tinsel off each other's robes, generally without recognition. It is a good thing this is so. If all were to begin telling their grievances together, what a Babel it would be!

## THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

### IV—THE TECHNIQUE OF FORM

*The preceding article in this series sets forth the fundamental importance of having, in the composition of any literary work, a definite purpose and a clear-cut central idea. Yet it is not enough for an author to have ideas and to be able to express them clearly. He must learn which of the various artistic forms is best adapted to be his medium of expression. In his choice of a form he will probably do his best work if he follows his natural bent; but whatever form he uses, his first duty is to master the technique of that form, and to learn how it is treated by the best authors both in the past and the present.*



HERE are few of us who have not, at one time or another, been drawn into the childish pastime of attempting to trace a pig with our eyes blindfolded. We usually began bravely enough by drawing two fairly symmetrical ears, and if the pencil was not quite as steady as it might have been, as it proceeded to delineate the snout, the general effect was fairly creditable; at least, the bystanders had not yet found adequate cause for merriment. But when it came to the legs, our sense of proportion weakened, wavered, slipped utterly from us; those four legs straggled across the paper in riotous disorder like the distortions of a convex mirror, the pencil wobbled more and more hopelessly and the last mad dash for the finish

landed, as likely as not, in the middle of the fore leg instead of at the starting point, the tail curled in a fantastic corkscrew from the middle of the back, and the eye, added as an afterthought, gazed at us in a detached sort of way some inches from the rest of the drawing. All this may seem irrelevant to the Craftsmanship of Writing, but unfortunately it is not. One of the commonest experiences in a critic's ordinary routine is to come across literary efforts of various form and magnitude which convey the impression that they too have been constructed with the eyes blindfolded.* The

*Writers should remember Carlyle's advice: "To the poet, as to every other, we say, first of all, *See*. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and name yourself a poet; there is no hope for you."

main difference is that the general effect is more saddening than ludicrous. And the reason for this, of course, is that there is nothing especially discreditable to the average man or woman to be unable to draw a pig with their eyes blindfolded, while for the literary craftsman to be careless and slovenly in his technique of form is not only discreditable but need-  
less.

Now, having introduced this metaphor of the pig, let us go a step further and find out clearly to what

**The Elasticity  
of Form**

extent it applies to the literary craftsman. There is no hard and fast rule regarding form, whether we are speaking of drawing a pig or writing a short story; in either process there is ample latitude for individual expression—there is no such absolute uniformity required as in minting a gold eagle or moulding a Rogers group. Your literary or artistic pig may be fat or lean, contented or disgruntled, small, round and pink, or razor-backed and black and bristling—but you have no right to take liberties with his recognised anatomical structure—draw any kind of a pig you choose, so long as it remains a pig. In other words, you have no right to profess to be working in a certain recognised literary form, and then so distort the leading characteristics of that form that it becomes something entirely different. “The confusion of kinds,” says Henry James, “is the inelegance of letters and the stultification of values.”

It does not by any means follow that an author is not free to invent new literary forms or varieties,

**The Invention  
of New Forms**

if he has the inventive power. There is no rule in art forbidding the unusual, the new or even the grotesque. There is no reason why we should not have, from time to time, something undreamed of in the philosophy of literary form, any more than there is a reason why the sculptor should not carve a griffin out of stone, although he never saw a griffin in the flesh. Otherwise we should have been deprived of some of the most interesting experiments in English literature: *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *De Coverley Papers*, *Alice's*

*Adventures*, the *Jungle Books*, and *Red-coat Captain*—the list could be prolonged indefinitely. But any writer who wishes to discard the accepted forms and make new forms for himself would do well to remember what Ruskin said regarding the difference between the Lombard griffin and the classical griffin, in his chapter on the Grotesque:

“Well, but,” the reader says, “what do you mean by calling *either* of them true? There never were such beasts in the world as either of these.”

No, never; but the difference is, that the Lombard workman did really see a griffin in his imagination, and carved it from the life, meaning to declare to all ages that he had verily seen with his immortal eyes such a griffin as that; but the classical workman never saw a griffin at all, nor anything else; but put the whole thing together by line and rule.

In other words, if a writer is big enough, inspired enough—call it what you will—to see with his immortal eyes some new and better form, then let him use it fearlessly, provided that he is quite sure that it is a new form and not a distorted old one. For it is a much rarer and harder thing to produce a glorified griffin than a misshapen pig.

Yet the necessity of studying the technique of form in all its minutest details is so little understood

**The Importance  
of Technique**

and so slowly grasped by the average beginner in writing that it is a temptation to insist upon its paramount importance even to the point of tediousness. So many young writers have their answer all pat: What, they ask, is the use of putting so much stress on form? The great writers of the past were notoriously loose and careless in construction; look at the rambling, episodic character of Homer and Cervantes and Rabelais; and were Fielding and Thackeray and Dickens much better in their technique of plot? Of course, all this is perfectly true; and the chief reason why so many young writers—and older ones, too, for that matter—are slow to appreciate the importance of good technique, is the conservative force of tradition—the great masters of the past, who wrote before the more elaborate technique of to-

day had been developed, did thus and so; and if good enough for them, why not, is the argument, good enough for us? No less a person than the Spanish novelist, Señor Valdès, betrays in this regard a curious lack of critical acumen: The Latin races, he grants, are accustomed to give greater attention to unity of structure; the Anglo-Saxons and the Slavs, on the contrary, prefer a greater variety of interest, a more prodigal abundance of life:

One of the best contemporary Russian novels, *War and Peace*, might with very little effort be divided in two, because it contains two perfectly defined actions, which are carried on side by side throughout the whole course of the book. Which of these conceptions of the composition of a novel is the true one? In my opinion, both of them. To decide in favour of one of them would be to assert the inferiority of the novels written according to the other—and that seems to me unjust. Dickens, Thackeray, Gogol, Tolstoy are as excellent novelists as Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert and Manzoni.

The fallacy of Señor Valdès's argument, of course, is his failure to recognise that while the English and Russian novelists whom he names are as great, if not greater, than the French and Italian, their greatness is not due to their looser method of construction, but in spite of it. There is progress in the art of writing, as well as in other arts, and the wise modern writer profits by the improved methods. The tales of Boccaccio are inimitable specimens of their kind; but now that we have the modern conception of what a short story should be, as formulated by Poe and Maupassant and Kipling, it would seem scarcely worth while for any writer of to-day deliberately to revert to the cruder form of the early Italian *novella*. Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques* are likely to remain the last attempt of the sort to gain literary recognition. *Don Quixote* is one of the three or four indisputably greatest books in the world—but that is no reason why any twentieth-century tyro in novel writing should take Cervantes for his model and imitate successfully all his faults of construction, while the magic that makes the book unique forever eludes its imitators.

It seems inevitable that in discussing the technique of form the argument should tend constantly to revert to prose rather than poetry, and to the novel in preference to all other prose forms. And it is quite natural that this should be so. The necessity of structure in verse is in a way axiomatic; it enters into the very definition. In short, in all verse, from the greatest to the least, there is something which may not unjustly be called architectural in the way it is built. Indeed, the more formal types, like the rondeau, the ballade, the rondel, the sonnet, offer to the eye, as they lie upon the printed page, as definite a suggestion of a ground plan as any blue print of the modern draughtsman. The regularity of recurring rhymes, the marshalled lines of numbered syllables and stresses inevitably suggest the methodical courses of brick and masonry, the stately rows of Doric columns or gothic pinnacles. Every great epic is a temple in words, every nursery rhyme a structure of toy blocks, playthings of uncomprehending merriment. Carlyle was not the first writer to liken the *Divine Comedy* to a cathedral; but no one has ever worded it so well:

A true inward symmetry, what we call an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all; . . . the three kingdoms, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*, look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great, supernatural world-cathedral piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls!

Now in prose, and especially in fiction, which enjoys the advantage of being the most elastic of all literary forms, the architectural element is far less in evidence, because the best technique in fiction demands the most careful framework, most carefully disguised. But, supposing that a young writer says quite frankly, "I recognise the truth of all you say; I believe in the importance of the Technique of Form, and I want to learn

#### The Choice of Form

and obey the rules of the best construction. If I try to write a novel, I want it to be a novel in the best sense, and not a string of short stories. If I write a short story, I want

to feel sure that it is truly a short story in spirit and inherent purpose, as well as in outward form. But how am I to decide what particular artistic form is best adapted to be my medium of expression? What I want to write is (let us say) a novel; but are my ideas big enough? Are they inherently long-story ideas, or are they foredoomed never to be anything more than short stories?" This point was touched upon briefly in the preceding article; but it is so extremely important to the individual writer, and a miscomprehension of it has led so many beginners astray, that a certain amount of repetition seems justifiable, especially as it paves the way to another thought of some importance. The greatest mistake that a young writer can make is that of thinking of ideas as being in any sense a lot of square pegs that must not be placed in round holes, or *vice versa*. An idea is not fore-ordained to any exclusive appropriation by any one artistic form; it is not inevitably the beginning of a sonnet or of a four-act drama, any more than a ball of yarn is necessarily destined, as it comes from the spinning-wheel, either for an afghan or a pair of stockings. Ideas are the raw material of literature; what they are to be worked into, depends not upon the ideas themselves, but upon the individual author's bent of mind, the way in which his thoughts naturally take shape. We are too apt to think of a thought, a really big and important thought, as we think of a precious stone, something crystallised and unyielding, something which can be cut and polished, to be sure, but only in accordance with its natural angles and lines of cleavage. We would come nearer the truth if we likened ideas to pure gold in the ingot, that may be worked into any shape, applied to any purpose, forming the standard of value in the world of letters, yet capable of being spread out to infinitesimal thinness, in order to give cheapness the glitter of a spurious worth. What is wrought from the ingot depends upon the skill and genius of the goldsmith; it is not the fault of the elemental gold, if, instead of delicate miracles of the jeweler's art, it finds itself debased to an electro bath for Ten-Cent Store cuff-buttons!

It follows that we can do no poorer

service to a young writer than to persuade him that an idea which he has already seen clearly in one form, must not be used in that form, but for something quite different. We sometimes hear a young poet receive advice, somewhat after this fashion: "Yes, the idea that you have in mind for a sonnet is a good idea in itself, but the trouble with it is that it is not a sonnet idea; it never could make a good sonnet; give it up!" It always seemed to me that it must take an uncommon amount of boldness to assume such a responsibility as that! The most, it seems to me, that any one has a right to say is, "That is an idea from which I, myself, could not make a good sonnet; I, individually, cannot see it in the sonnet form," or, perhaps, if the intimacy between the adviser and would-be poet justifies this attitude: "From what I know of your previous work, I cannot believe that you could give this particular idea the adequate treatment and development for a sonnet; give it up, not on account of the idea's limitations, but because of your own." But the usual and safe rule is that every writer must find out for himself what shape he may best give his ideas—and that is why it is generally wiser, if a writer has critical friends whose advice he values, to get his start by himself, have his first draught finished, or at least well advanced, before asking for a critical opinion. It often happens that an idea which, when presented in the rough, seems to the critic quite hopeless, becomes with even a slight degree of working-up, not only promising, but triumphantly vindicated. Think how absurd it would sound to say to a goldsmith: "Don't try to make a ring out of that piece of gold wire; there isn't a ring in that wire, there is nothing but a scarf-pin!" Yet that is precisely the sort of misleading advice that is not infrequently given to story writers. Many an author has wasted months on a bad novel, when he could have used the same idea in a good short story; many a short story has spoiled an idea that might have served for a ballad or an elegy, or a musical comedy—not because there was any incongruity in the ideas themselves, but be-

cause the author failed to follow his natural bent.

But, whatever form a young writer uses, it is his first duty to master the technique of that form, to familiarise himself with its entire history, to learn not only how the best

**The Contemporary Model**

authors have used that form in the past, but also how the modern generation is modifying it to-day. I am continually amazed at being asked by beginners, "Isn't it better for me to read as little as possible of contemporary books? Am I not in danger of losing my originality if I fill my mind with the ideas of others? Is it not bad for my style to read any books except the recognised classics?" Personally, I have little patience with such an attitude of mind. The man or woman who has so little originality or inventive power as to be bewildered, stunted, overwhelmed by contact with the thoughts of others, offers a rather hopeless case anyhow; the great majority of normal human beings find something stimulating rather than deadening in wide reading; and to the craftsman who is really interested in his art it must be a very hopeless book indeed that does not give him something upon which to whet his inventive faculty. The very imperfections of a plot in any current penny-dreadful, may suggest, by the glaring way in which an opportunity is missed, a new twist that might be given—and so you have the starting point of a new and perhaps a big story. And in any case a writer cannot afford to be ignorant of what is being done to-day in his own field. Such neglect is only a few degrees worse than for a lawyer to refuse to recognise the authority of a case decided later than 1850, or for a physician to ignore modern methods of treating disease, lest he should lose the originality of his own methods. The comparison is not quite so far-fetched as perhaps at first sight it may seem. The fact that there were some brilliant surgeons half a century ago in no way minimises the importance of antiseptic methods of to-day; and the inclusion of *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* and *Tristram Shandy* among the English classics does not alter the fact that there exists to-day a technique of fiction such as was not remotely

dreamed of by Sterne or Smollett or Fielding. One of the first things for a beginner to learn, if he would master the technique of form, is to distinguish between the writers who have already mastered it and those who have become great in spite of poor technique. It is the difference between a rough diamond and a polished rhinestone—the value may lie wholly in the stone or wholly in the cutting. But best of all is the author who combines a flawless technique with the greatness of genius—a perfect cutting and a perfect stone.

For the sake of being specific, let us take one or two examples: for instance,

**The Need of Thoroughness** the case of a young writer who wishes to learn in the best way how to write sonnets. Here,

as everywhere else, there is a certain measure of the art which cannot be taught. If he has not the inborn instinct that will tell him what thoughts are beautiful and what are not; if he has not a natural sense of harmony that will distinguish between a pleasing sequence of sound and a discord, it is rather futile to try to help him. But, granted that he possesses these elemental and indispensable qualities, the first thing to do, of course, is to put him in the way of knowing what a sonnet is. Now, the shortest and simplest—I was on the point of saying, the laziest—way to do this would be to pick out some one or two of the great English sonnets, Milton's sonnet on his blindness, or Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton, and say to him: "Here is your model; study the verse scheme and try to do one like it." And of course the student in question would be no more fitted for writing a sonnet than a child is prepared to read when it has mastered only the letter *a*. What he ought to do is to learn the history of the sonnet, to study the development of its form with all permissible variations of rhyme, in Italian as well as in English; to know in what respect the Shakespearean sonnets differ from those of Milton and his again from Keats or Rossetti. He should know what constitutes a perfectly regular sonnet and what are its permissible irregularities. Then, and not till then, he is qualified to pass judgment upon a sonnet, either his own

or some one else's—and, it may be, is capable of producing a sonnet good enough to be given out to the world at large.

Or let us take another and far commoner case, that of the would-be writer whose interest lies mainly

**The Diversity of Methods** in fiction. It does not matter whether he prefers the short-story form

or that of the novel; his training in either case will be practically the same. What he needs most is a patient study of the authors who have paid strict attention to the technique of form: in English, Henry James and Mr. Howells, Kipling and Hewlett, Gissing and George Moore are only a few whose methods when properly understood are full of illuminating suggestion. And the French are in this respect especially helpful, far more so than the Russians: Turguenieff himself is reported by Henry James to have confessed frankly in conversation that one fault of his own work was "*que cela manque d'architecture*. But," he added, "I would rather, I think, have too little architecture than too much,—when there is danger of its interfering with my measure of the truth. The French of course like more of it than I give,—having by their own genius such a hand for it; and indeed one must give all one can." There are probably no two novelists to whom the architecture, the underlying and hidden framework of the plot, means precisely the same thing, or who have anything like the same method of developing it. Each writer must learn by experience what method brings him individually the best results. One man may prefer to carry the rough outline of the plot in his head; another can do nothing without an elaborate scenario; a third prefers a diagram, with lines crossing and intercrossing, to show the points at which the lives of the different characters intersect. Nothing would be more helpful than a collection of confessions from our leading novelists as to just how their plots were built up, step by step. Here, for instance, is a curious sidelight from Henry James's preface to *The Awkward Age*, that has already given several suggestive illustrations to these articles:

I remember that in sketching my project (*The Awkward Age*) I drew on a sheet of

paper . . . the neat figure of a circle consisting of a number of small rounds disposed at equal distances about a central object. The central object was my situation, to which the thing would owe its title, and the small rounds represented so many distinct lamps, as I liked to call them, the function of each of which would be to light with all due intensity one of its aspects. . . . Each of my "lamps" would be the light of a single "social occasion" in the history and intercourse of the characters concerned, and would bring out to the full the latent colour of the scene in question, and cause it to illustrate, to the last drop, its bearing on my theme.

The whole world knows Emile Zola's elaborate system of "documentation," the long and toilsome preparation that he went through before writing even the first paragraph of his opening chapter. If, for instance, he was going to write a novel on the life of the theatre, so he once told the Italian, Edmondo de Amicis, he would begin by jotting down all that he could remember of his own personal experience in regard to plays and playwrights, theatrical managers and actors; he would then secure all the books bearing upon the subject that he could find, would consult friends regarding their experiences, carefully noting down all the details and anecdotes they could give him. Then he would secure letters of introduction to leading members of the theatrical world, spending long hours in the Green Room and at rehearsals, saturating himself with the spirit and the atmosphere of the stage. And out of all this, the plot would little by little take form, almost unconsciously. According to Zola, this was very much the method of Alphonse Daudet as well; and Daudet himself has told frankly of a certain little green note-book from whose pages came *Numa Roumestan* and certain other stories besides. But unlike Zola, Daudet admitted that he could not always control the details of his plots and that there were times when the story took the matter into its own hands, in spite of him. Speaking, for instance, of the criticism against the commonplace death from consumption of one of the characters in *Numa Roumestan*, he gives the following explanation:

But why consumptive? Why that senti-

mental and romantic death, that commonplace contrivance to arouse the reader's emotion? Why, because one has no control over his work; because, during its gestation, when the idea is tempting us and haunting us, a thousand things become involved in it, dragged to the surface and gathered *en route*, at the pleasure of the hazards of life, as sea-weed becomes entangled in the meshes of a net. When I was carrying Numa in my brain I was sent to take the waters at Allevard; and there, in the public rooms, I saw youthful faces, drawn, wrinkled, as if carved with a knife; I heard poor, expressionless, husky voices, hoarse coughs, followed by the same furtive movement with the handkerchief or the glove, looking for the red spot at the corner of the lips. Of those pallid, impersonal ghosts, one took shape in my book, as if in spite of me, with the melancholy curriculum of the watering place and its lovely pastoral surroundings, and it has all remained there.

It is a little difficult to give general advice regarding the best way to study the technique of form in fiction. The method of diagramming is certainly full of suggestive surprises. I have myself gained some rather happy results in the way of discovering, where one of my lines trailed off into space like a lost comet, that the particular character which that line represented had little or no structural importance in the story. But to a good many writers the diagram method would be of infinitely more trouble than help. To them I would give the more general advice, to try and think of their art in terms of painting; to think of the story they have to tell as being a picture that they are to put upon canvas; and that, like any other picture, it must be subject to the ordinary laws of perspective,—all of which has been quite admirably expressed in the following paragraph by Mr. Trollope:

"But," the young novelist will say, "with so many pages to be filled, how shall I succeed if I thus confine myself? How am I to know beforehand what space this story of mine will require? . . . If I may not be discursive should the occasion require, how shall I complete my task? The painter suits the size of his canvas to his subject, and must I in my art stretch my subject to my canvas?" This must undoubtedly be done by the novelist; and

if he will learn his business, may be done without injury to his effect. He may not paint different pictures on the same canvas, which he will do if he allows himself to wander away to matters outside his own story; but by studying proportion in his work, he may teach himself so to tell his story that it shall naturally fall into the required length. Though his story should be all one, yet it may have many parts. Though the plot itself may require but few characters, it may be so enlarged as to find its full development in many. There may be subsidiary plots, which shall all tend to the elucidation of the main story, and which will take their places as part of one and the same work—as there may be many figures on a canvas which shall not to the spectator seem to form themselves into separate pictures.

Now, if you cultivate the habit of thinking of fiction in the terms of painting, the first question that you are likely to ask of each book that you read is: At what point did the artist set up his easel; from what angle did he see his story? Did he look down upon his little world from some high eminence with the all-seeing eye of Omniscience; or did he deliberately limit the range of vision to a definite angle, a single street or room or only so much of life as falls beneath the eyes of one of his own characters? When the technique of fiction was in its infancy, these various methods were indiscriminately used; but now we demand of an author first of all that he shall be consistent. If he professes to tell us, as Mr. James did, *What Maisie Knew*, we would have a perfect right to resent being told anything that Maisie did not know; if we are to see a story solely from the outside point of view,—and Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana* is probably as perfectly consistent a piece of work of that sort as was ever produced, being so wholly objective that it has the effect of a moving-picture,—then we might resent with equal right any attempt to get inside of a character's brain and to tell us what he is thinking of. Secondly, having found out the author's point of view, we want to ask ourselves what the size of his canvas is: how big a story he has to tell and what are his dimensions in point of time as well as space. There are a hundred ways of



telling every story. Don't make the mistake of assuming that the author has necessarily chosen the best way. You are entitled to your own opinion; try to find out for yourself just why he began his story where he did, why he spread it over a certain range of days and of miles, why he had nine characters instead of eleven, or fifty-seven instead of forty-three,—in other words, when dealing with a modern novel by an author whose technique is supposedly good, cultivate the habit of assuming that the novel contains nothing, not even of the most trivial character, that was not the result of some deliberate purpose, carefully calculated to play its part in the design of the book as a whole. Unfortunately, you will run across many things in the novels even of the best craftsmen that are not the result of any such careful planning; and you will even more frequently find carefully planned effects which have failed of their purpose. And whenever you do run across a clear case of miscalculation, congratulate yourself upon your discovery; for you can generally learn a more valuable and lasting lesson from the blunder of a better craftsman than yourself than you can from a dozen of the same writer's successes.

Yet all this advice is quite futile if the student of craftsmanship cannot bring to his task a certain degree of intelligence and plodding patience. A sort of half understanding of the authors you study becomes that dangerous thing which we are told is the penalty attached at all times to a little knowledge. Unintelligent imitation will often render grotesque what would otherwise have been a really good piece of work. A short time ago a manuscript came into my hands of a story carefully written, full of a glow of verbal colour and up to a certain point not without interest. It was plain that the writer had saturated himself with the imaginative stories of the French school, such as Prosper Mérimée's *Vénus D'Ille*

and Gautier's *Pied de Momie*. He had caught the trick of telling a story which apparently was due to supernatural causes, yet could, if the reader preferred, be explained on simple and rational grounds. The story was somewhat after this sort: there was a mysterious piece of jewelry from which a single gem was missing; the jewelry was undoubtedly of great antiquity and it possessed mysterious properties calculated to inspire both curiosity and awe. The missing gem is recovered under curious circumstances, and no sooner is it replaced than the possessor forthwith goes into a trance and witnesses very vividly a painful tragedy re-enacted from the vanished centuries. All this would have been very well indeed but for one trifling mistake; the historical scene that is re-enacted in the vision was (let us say) the death of Julius Cæsar, following without variation the traditional account. Of course, as a mystery story, the purpose was defeated. The moment the name Cæsar was mentioned the reader knew what to expect and there was no surprise held in reserve. By way of contrast and to show how a story based upon a perfectly familiar historical incident may be handled in order not only to justify itself but to give the keenest possible shock of surprise at the end, one has only to recall that amazing bit of irony by Anatole France, *La Procureur de Judée*, in which Pontius Pilate is talking in his old age with another Roman, indulging in reminiscences of his long-ago governorship in Palestine. Gradually, the friend brings up one memory after another, drawing closer and closer to the crowning event that has stamped itself upon his brain, the crucifixion. Then comes the ironic surprise that gives the story its peculiar twist. Pontius Pilate shakes his head. "I don't remember," he says slowly. "But then, there were so many cases brought before me in those years!"

# THE VALUE OF SINCERITY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



It seems on the surface rather superfluous to tell any workman that his work, in order to be good, must be sincere. For, of course, in the ultimate analysis, sincere work is just another term for genuine work—something real as opposed to what, at best, is only a sham. Now, the story teller, like any other craftsman, must believe in his own work; he must be satisfied with his own intention, he must feel that what he is doing is worth while. For, after all, it is nothing more than simple, elemental honesty to try, whatever kind of thing we are making, to give the best that we have of that kind.

But in the writing of stories there are a good many different sorts and degrees of sincerity. The actor who plays Hamlet may be in private life a cheerful, self-contained person whose nerves play him no tricks, who has never wished by day that his too solid flesh would melt nor feared by night what dreams might come—and yet, if for the time being he throws himself, heart and soul, into his part; if, for that brief hour or two, he lives and breathes and thinks as Hamlet thought, then his presentment of the part is sincere. And, in the same way, if a novelist, with no earthly interest in the central

theme of his story for its own sake, no bias in favour of abolition or total abstinence or Mormonism, takes the trouble, just for his art's sake, to study the moods and temperaments of people who do believe with all their heart in just these things, and succeeds in catching and mirroring back these emotions and enthusiasms which lie quite outside of himself, then his work is sincere—with the sincerity that always goes with art for art's sake.

But there is another kind of sincerity which is born not merely of the intention to do good work and of the consciousness that one is succeeding in doing it, but of a keener, more personal zeal. In this, as in everything else, the rule holds good that the stronger the force, the greater the harm if the force is misapplied. Zeal, in behalf of any principle or creed or doctrine, is a golden spur to success so long as it serves to urge us along the paths of good art, but it becomes a scourge of destruction if we let it swerve us aside upon a reckless cross-country dash of proselytizing, indifferent to the beliefs and sympathies we may trample upon by the way. There is a gulf between the religious novel, on the one hand, which makes you say, "Here is a book that sets forth the tenets of (for example) Presbyterianism with exceptional clearness; the man who wrote it knew what he was talking about," and another book, showing the same special novel, but so partisan in spirit that you fling it from you in exasperation, saying, "The author of that book is a bigot. He thinks there is no hope in this world or the next for any one but a Presbyterian!"

At this point, any one reading these pages is quite likely to say, "Oh, you are harping once more upon that well-worn grievance, the Novel-With-a-Purpose!" And that is where the reader would not quite understand. The Novel-With-a-Purpose is simply one manifestation of

*The Husband's Story. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Gold Brick. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Rose in the Ring. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

People of Position. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: Wessels and Bissell Company.

The Heritage of the Desert. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Better Man. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

At the Villa Rose. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

bad workmanship due, not to the absence of sincerity, but to sincerity that is undisciplined. The whole question of sincerity in art is to be divided under two heads: first, that purely objective and artistic sincerity already spoken of which aims solely at telling the truth and making art the mirror as well as the interpreter of nature; and, secondly, that more personal and subjective sincerity which, no matter how much we resist it, always manages to put something of ourselves into our work. Of course, sincerity in art, whichever of these two kinds it may be, is at best a compromise. No matter how literally we try to produce upon canvas the dignity of an oak or the frolicsomeness of a kitten, we cannot count the leaves upon the oak nor number the hairs in the kitten's fluffy fur. If we write a story of political corruption, or medical malpractice, or religious fanaticism, we cannot openly declare our personal conviction that every member of a certain party was an unhanged villain, every practitioner of a certain school a charlatan, every man, woman and child of an alien creed a brand for the burning! No, if we did that our book would not be a Novel-With-a-Purpose, but no novel at all; it would be nothing but an incoherent and hysterical exhortation.

We all know, of course, that one of the first articles of faith of the French realistic school was that the best art must be wholly objective, the author's personal views kept absolutely out of his picture. And we also know by this time that a work of art of this sort is a physical impossibility, existing only in theory, just as in geometry a line without breadth and a surface without thickness are purely theoretical and can have no existence in physical form. An author may picture the external things of life with great truth, if he has a clear eye to see and a hand well trained in his craft. But in order to interest us and to hold our attention he needs something more; he needs sincerity. Unless he cares rather keenly about the people and the events of which he writes, we are only too apt to say, as we read, "Well, this may all be very true, but what of it? He tells us the sky is blue and the rose is pink, that the young woman is beautiful and the old

man lonely and pathetic—but he does not make us feel the tingling gladness of a cloudless day, the fragrance of a new-blown rose, the charm of youth or the sadness of age, because he does not seem to be able to feel these things himself; he does not sound sincere." It is like the emptiness of a hand-clasp that has no warmth of the heart behind it.

Now, this sort of sincerity is a factor of the big things and the little things alike in every book that really counts; it is felt in the great underlying theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and in the most trivial little touches of local colour and absurdities of local character in any one of Miss Austen's volumes. *La Débâcle* is a great novel because of the sincerity of Zola's belief in the needlessness of war. William Black's books are a joy to the fishermen, even more than to the novel reader, because of the sincerity of his own love for salmon fishing. Digressions in fiction are generally not good art, yet the uncritical reader will seldom find fault with them if he feels that they are sincere. There is many a novel in which the action has stood still for half a page to watch the glow of a crimson sunset—but woe to the author who takes this liberty without ever having felt in his own heart an answering throb as the west faded from crimson into dusk. With a lively imagination, you may write well of things that you do not know, but it would need a miracle to write well of things that you have never felt. Lewis Carroll felt, without knowing, the realms of Wonderland and of the Looking-glass and therefore could make them real. Mr. Robert Chambers knows the life of New York's exclusive set, but he does not always feel; and that is why such books as *The Firing Line* and *The Younger Set* do not always ring quite true.

It is right to emphasise the importance of this factor of sincerity in fiction because upon it very largely depends the longevity of any short story or novel. It is perfectly true, in prose as well as verse, that "to feel is better than to know." The novelists who touch our heart have a far stronger hold upon us than those who simply reach our brain. Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith make us feel; any encyclopedia can help us think, but who

wants to sit down for a quiet hour of real enjoyment with the companionship of an encyclopedia?

There are some types of story that could scarcely be spoiled, no matter in what mood they were treated; the results would differ merely in degree and not in kind.

There are others to which sincerity, earnestness and the sense of a virile grip upon the whole structure and conception of them are essential; and lacking these, they would be nothing at all. *The Husband's Story*, by David Graham Phillips, is an example of the second of these classes. The novel of so-called "high-life" society in America, written from the man's point of view, with its sneer at ostentatious display, its reproach of tainted money, its cynical attitude toward marriage and divorce, is one of the commonplaces of our modern fiction—and for the most part it is a cheap and ineffective production, lacking in novelty, in imagination and in a first-hand knowledge of life. That is why Mr. Phillips's book gets, from the very start, such a hold upon us. There is no possible chance of mistaking the fact that the author is tremendously, vitally in earnest. He has really done a good deal of rather hard thinking before writing this book—and this is not said with any intention of belittling Mr. Phillips's earlier books nor of ignoring the fact that he usually is considerably in earnest and usually does produce volumes of considerable strength. But there is not the slightest question that while for ten years he has been producing books that are full of promise, his latest one is not a promise, but a fulfilment, and one to be rather proud of. As you read it for the first time the substance of it seems strangely familiar—the history of just two people, a man and a woman who start at a low rung on the social ladder and who climb, laboriously, falteringly, at first, and then more and more easily until they get to the point where they could not go back if they would and yet find that somehow contentment and happiness and the really substantial things of life have after all eluded them. When stated this way it does not seem a very wonder-

ful thing to have said, because so many other novelists have said it and proved it to their own satisfaction. It is because Mr. Phillips has done the thing with such downright sincerity that we cannot choose but listen to him. And in his whole method, in form and phrase and substance, his instinct has been true. There was just one way to tell effectively this type of story, namely, by letting the husband speak in the first person. Mr. Herrick knew this when he wrote *The Diary of an American Citizen*—but that book, clever though it was, hardly did more than scratch the surface of the opportunity lurking in his theme. Mr. Phillips has dug deeper; he has shown us, in the lives of this one couple, Godfrey Loring and Edna, his wife, all the artificiality and selfishness, the empty ambitions and false ideals that lie behind the tinsel and the glitter of the so-called "Four Hundred." The husband who tells the story does so with great simplicity and directness. He makes no secret of the utter sordidness of their origin in Passaic, New Jersey; of Edna's father, the undertaker, known as Old Weeping Willy; and his own father, "honest innocent soul, with a taste for talking what he thought was politics." He makes it clear that Edna married him, not for love, but because he was getting the biggest salary of any of the young fellows whom she knew and offered her the best chance of advancement—and she deliberately intended, when she married him, to get as much out of him as could be gotten by clever driving; nor could she have planned the thing more ruthlessly had she been acquiring a beast of burden, instead of a husband. Now, the one thing that saves the story and renders it at all possible is the fact that the husband is an exceptional man with that extra sense which constitutes the business instinct, and coupled with it a saving sense of humour. The early chapters, picturing with remorseless frankness the transition period while Edna was floundering out of the half-baked standards of Passaic into the half-way stage of Brooklyn, are full of those wonderful little flashes of first-hand observation that seem like fragments filched, if not directly out of your

life and mine, at least from that of the family next door or the neighbour across the street. This husband is never for an instant under any illusion about his wife; he realises her incompetence—the incompetence of thousands of young American wives for the particular work they have undertaken, the work of wife and of mother and of housekeeper; he realises too her craving for social advantages—and in a half-confessed way he sympathises with her and is willing to accept the fruits of her social conquests, although he will not raise a finger toward helping her. This perhaps is the cleverest touch in Mr. Phillips's satire. He does not tell us in so many words (of course, he cannot, since the book is written in the first person) that the husband is just as much at fault as the wife, just as unfitted for his task of husband, and father, and master of the house, as she for her duties; just as unscrupulous in his determination to conquer, at the lower end of town, in business and finance, as she in society—but he makes this perfectly clear and distributes the blame with an admirable equity. In other words, this book might be defined as an indictment of the "high-life" American marriage, on the ground of the woman's vaulting ambition and overweening self-importance and the man's inertia, coupled with his absorption in the busy game of chasing dollars. The outcome of the story does not concern our purpose. As this type of story goes, it is more than usually clever—considerably better and truer than that of its closest prototype, Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. But stories of this sort have no logical end until the restless spirits with which they deal have done with this life, and any sort of an ending is at best a makeshift.

Mr. Brand Whitlock, who, among the many things in life that he has to be proud of, ought always to give a conspicuous place to the fact that he was author of one of the very few American political novels that refuse to be forgotten, *The Thirteenth District*, has gathered together the best of his recent short stories into a volume which, taking its name from the leading tale, is called *The Gold Brick*. It would

be easy to fill a number of pages with heartfelt appreciation of these stories, because they too have the stamp of sincerity and a virile directness. No one can question, in reading them, that they are drawn straight from life, because even their weak points are quite obviously of the sort of real happenings that the average careless observer is only too apt, in the cocksureness of ignorance, to pronounce as something that "could not have really happened." But we shall have to be satisfied with briefly outlining just one of these stories, the one called "What Will Become of Annie?" Now, Annie was the wife of Alderman Jimmy Tiernan. Jimmy had carefully kept the two sides of his life apart. One side of his life was when he was at home with Annie; the other side was when he was running his saloon or talking ward politics with the boys, or in the thick of a fight at some special session of the city council. Now just before his death there had been just such a session called for the purpose of putting through the new gas franchise, and Jimmy Tiernan had had charge of the fight. This franchise had been pretty well exposed in the papers; it had become a rather open scandal, and yet, with Jimmy Tiernan behind it, the measure went through. A little later on, and before Jimmy had had a chance to distribute among the aldermen who had helped him put it through the generous price at which their votes had been bought, Jimmy was shot and was lying dead in a hospital—and the Reverend Father Daugherty had been appointed his administrator. Now it happened that Jimmy Tiernan kept no account and that when, in the presence of some deeply interested aldermen, Father Daugherty opened the safe in the late Jimmy Tiernan's saloon, there was found a little package containing fifty thousand dollars without anything to show either its source or its destination. Under the circumstances it seemed to solve very neatly the problem of what was to become of Annie—and since the gas franchise had already been passed, it was a little too late for regrets or protests.

*The Rose in the Ring*, by George Barr McCutcheon, fits conveniently into the present scheme because of the impression

that it conveys of a certain unwonted sincerity and directness of portrayal on the part of the author. Mr.

**"The Rose in the Ring"** McCutcheon has often won the present reviewer's reluctant admiration

for his almost unsurpassed ability to do precisely the thing that he has tried to do. There is no one writing in America to-day who can so successfully turn out the purely artificial and pseudo-romantic type of adventure story which so overwhelmingly appeals to the modern matinee girl as the author of the Graustark stories. But in this book there is, blended with his usual element of popular appeal, a certain quality that in the past has been rather conspicuous by its absence. I am not attempting to endorse the plot of *The Rose in the Ring* as being anything else than what it actually is, melodrama, pure and simple. The only heir to a big Virginia estate, a boy still in his teens, is wrongfully accused, by an unscrupulous uncle, both of murder and of theft of a will; with circumstantial evidence tremendously against him, the boy runs away and finds a haven of refuge in a travelling circus, where in the disguise of a clown he finds himself able to elude the eyes of the sharpest detectives. Among his many friends none is more devoted than a certain professional pickpocket, whose devotion is inspired by his chance defence of the pickpocket's brother, a hunchback, misshapen in mind as well as body. This hunchback's crimes are the chief factor in bringing the pickpocket within the shadow of the gallows, in almost spoiling the hero's chance of vindication and in well-nigh branding the book itself as a "penny-dreadful." And yet all of this taken together cannot alter the fact that Mr. McCutcheon, when he was a small boy in some Western town, on certain rare occasions, must have gone to the circus; that the wonder of these occasions, the smell of the tan-bark, the glitter and magic of the ring, the inimitable wonder and fascination of the circus atmosphere must have got once for all into his blood—and so, now that after a lapse of many years he gives us a novel of the circus, he cannot, whether he will or no, fail to reflect something of that early en-

thusiasm. We smell the tan-bark, we thrill with the ceaseless gallop round and round of the piebald horses, the crack of the ringmaster's whip, the cheap wit of the painted clown; we are country boys again, watching the rise of the magic group of white tents, as though they were so many palaces rising in response to the rubbing of some Aladdin's lamp, the agency of some invisible geni of the field. And this is why *The Rose in the Ring* ought to appeal not merely to Mr. McCutcheon's accustomed audience, but to certain other readers as well who have not yet forgotten the time when they hoarded their pennies for the price of admission or perhaps successfully wriggled their way beneath the flap of canvas on those wonderful and rare occasions when the circus came to town.

*People of Position*, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, has been characterised by reviewers

**"People of Position"** as "a strong, courageous story." And, to be just and honest, such are the qualities of this author's

earlier works, *The Little Brown Brother* and *The End of the Road*. To speak frankly, however, this latest volume rings a little false, at least in its appeal to the ear of the present reviewer, although, of course, in a book of this type the personal equation enters in rather largely to any judgment, however objective one wishes to make it. The problem of *La Dame Aux Camelias*, idealise it as you will, remains an ugly one. Marguerite reverts to her old life, you remember, as the one conclusive proof that her romance with Armand is at an end; and it is not until she is on the brink of the grave, sanctified by the shadow of the great Hereafter, that she receives him again for a last farewell. And this, although in a way rank romanticism, does no violence to our sense of what is possible. But Mr. Hyatt's conception of a man who has knocked around the world from pillar to post for the better part of his youthful years; who comes back to England because he has been worsted by fate and because he has there a number of smug, well-to-do and socially well-established relatives; and who, nevertheless, almost on the day of his advent, comes across a girl of the streets, rescues her from the

over-warm attentions of an African negro, falls in love with her and defies social decency by openly associating himself with her, is in itself bad enough. When he asks us to believe that this man, a rather decent sort of fellow at heart, after offering this girl marriage, learns that for months she has been pretending to scrape along and pay their way on his modest earnings as a newspaper writer and yet all the while has been supporting him on the money paid her by other men—when he asks us to believe, on top of this, that the man again asks her to marry him and that she accepts, he simply insults our sense of what is true and what is not. Mr. Hyatt is always a man who has something to say and his observations of life and of character are extremely clear and usually true. But one suspected, even with his first book, that he was also a man whom his thesis for the moment might easily lead astray, and the present volume proves it.

*The Heritage of the Desert*, by Zane Grey, is a book full of crudities which we nevertheless forgive be-

**"The Heritage of the Desert"** cause of that saving grace, the quality of sincerity. It is a story laid

in the early days of the settlement of the Southwest; and the chief factors are a colony of Mormons who have been crowded out of Utah to take refuge in the inaccessible fastnesses amid the Arizona deserts; secondly, the Navajo Indians; and, thirdly, organised bands of cattle-thieves. The specific romance which binds the various ingredients of this story together is the attachment between a half-breed Indian girl, adopted daughter of a Mormon prophet, and an invalid from the East whose one hope of life lies in the curative properties of the Arizona air. We have had more novels built from this material than could easily be counted. This particular one, however, is its own best excuse for existence. It presents certain types of Mormons in a rather new light that somehow carries conviction with it; it gives us some rather graphic pictures—perhaps all the more graphic because a little crude and sketchy—of the rugged scenery, the intolerable heat, the agony of thirst, the brutality of man when the veneer of civilisation drops away. In

the absence of any specific information regarding the author, one ventures the opinion that if this is a first effort he is likely to go a long way forward in the near future, and therefore is distinctly one of the writers who are worth watching.

*The Better Man*, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is a book which one prefers to be-

**"The Better Man"** lieve was not wholly sincere. It has been the fashion for some years

now to put together stories that have justified themselves by a lamentable degree of popularity, in which the well-to-do, highly educated and delicately nurtured heroine has deliberately chosen to go against tradition, expediency and the wishes of family and friends and select between two suitors—in this type of book there are always two suitors, neither more nor less—the one who is the inferior in birth, education and manners, but who has the greater amount of push and self-reliance and those various physical qualities which we are apt to think of as making up the successful American. That this particular conception of life quite belies our own personal observations of what is true seems to carry no weight with the modern novelist. We remember within the past five years just one novel entitled, if we are not mistaken, *The Right Man*, which, in spite of numerous shortcomings, gave a good many people a keen sense of joy, because it was a courageous negation of the current false attitude of fiction and showed a young woman who very wisely threw over the big, strong, hustling American for the sake of the man of good birth and good breeding—the man with traditions and culture to match her own. Mr. Brady's new volume, in spite of some clever situations and a few admirable pages of characterisation, exasperates the reader who loves the truth. It asks us to believe that the daughter of a New York millionaire, with all New York society open to her from which to choose, limits her choice in the first place to a clergyman and secondly, when this choice narrows down to two young ministers of the Gospel, one of them a prosperous and popular preacher to the rich, and the other a raw-boned, uncouth missionary to the

lower east side, not only rough-mannered, but rather proud of being so; that she deliberately consents to antagonise her father, to defy popular opinion and sacrifice all worldly advantages for the sake of the humbler and more primitive man;—and in asking this, the book asks a little too much. No matter how much the author sugar-coats his problem and emphasises the stirring manhood of his hero, his unvarnished truthfulness and noble abnegation, the book somehow leaves behind it a sense of something wanting, a fundamental lack of sincerity.

Even in such an artificial type of story as the detective novel, the element of sincerity is an indispensable quality. That is why the new volume by A. E. W. Mason, entitled *At the Villa Rose*, is a book that stands out rather conspicuously from amidst the great mass of fictional murder mysteries. An old woman found mysteriously strangled in her own villa; her companion, a young Englishwoman

known to have lost heavily at the gaming tables, promptly accused of the crime; a wealthy young Englishman openly espousing the young girl's cause and enlisting the aid of the most famous living Paris detective; a tangle of circumstantial evidence, an absence of motive, and a baffling intrusion of spiritualism—these are only the superficial and preliminary features of a mystery which actually fulfils the stereotyped formula of the reviewer, namely, that it “keeps up a breathless suspense until the closing page of the thrilling narrative.” In other words, although Mr. Mason usually employs his talents in more serious work, he quite understands the rules of the game; and while he obeys them, even to the extent of introducing the real criminal in rather close proximity to the opening page, he keeps the reader groping quite helplessly through pretty nearly two-thirds of the volume—and, as detective stories go nowadays, this is rather ample praise.

## SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

### I

#### E. KEBLE CHATTERTON'S “STEAMSHIPS AND THEIR STORY”*

Following up his success in *Sailing Ships and Their Story*, Mr. Chatterton writes—in a sumptuous volume with one hundred and fifty-three illustrations, the print and get-up of which is a delight—the history of the steamship on similar lines. The story is clear and interesting, and it is pursued both with enthusiasm and with a merciful avoidance of technicalities. Indeed it is possible for the lay reader to run and not grow weary, while yet obtaining (as the author promises) a fair grasp of the principles which underlie the building and the working of a ship. One need not abandon hope even when he enters the door of the engine-

room. The author has, it would seem, surveyed every aspect of the subject; and there are chapters on the steam yacht, steamships for special purposes like freighters and trawlers and whalebacks, and on inland and cross-channel and P. and O. ships—as well as of the big North Atlantic liners, an abstract of which is given below.

Around the sailing ship, says the author, there hovers eternally the halo of romance, but in the whole of her eight thousand years of recorded history she has not done more for the good of humanity than the steamship within less than a century. And she is equally romantic, for she is as nearly human as anything in the world can be which is not. It is a fitting time to write her history, for much further than a forty-five-thousand-ton ship it cannot be possible to go.

The Chinese had long worked at the

*Steamships and their Story. By E. Keble Chatterton. London and New York: Cassell Company, Ltd.



idea of propelling a boat by machinery; the Romans had at least attempted it; the Middle Ages had tried it also; but in the seventeenth century Solomon de Caus published a treatise on the application of steam as a means of elevating water, and at the beginning of the eighteenth Papin determined to propel a ship by it. The paddle-wheel turned by physical force was thoroughly grafted into man's mind long before he thought of the steamboat, for no one dreamed of utilising steam as long as human labour was too cheap to bother about it. The propelling energy of steam was noted as early as 130 B. C., but to Papin, in 1707, belongs the honour of constructing the first steamboat—which he navigated on the River Fulda in Hanover. But the local boatmen smashed her to pieces and he barely escaped with his life. It took the engines of two inventors to make a Watts, to devise a separate condenser and an air pump and to hit upon some method of converting the vertical movement into a rotary one. With Watts's engine two Frenchmen, Périer and De Jouffroy, experimented for marine application. The latter succeeded at Lyons in the presence of ten thousand witnesses. But he was compelled to fly for his life in the French Revolution, and before he could obtain a patent he was forestalled by others who were experimenting in England and America. In 1786 Fitch produced a boat which had a speed of eight miles an hour and ran regularly on the Delaware, covering during the summer of 1790 over two thousand miles. So it is not to be wondered at that, bitterly disappointed at his shareholders' lack of faith, he committed suicide. In giving praise to Fulton, we have kept from Fitch the recognition he deserves. Still another man achieved a practicable steamboat before Fulton, a Scotchman in a steam tug called the *Charlotte Dundas*. It was from the Frenchman, Périer, that Fulton borrowed the engine for his boat; and—unlike some of his admirers—he never showed the slightest disposition to deny his indebtedness to what others had done before him. The previous failures he believed were due not to defective engines, but to wrong methods of applying the steam. With his second boat, the

*Clermont*, we step from the realm of theories and suggestions into a realm of almost uninterrupted success. But it was emphatically—as he himself testified—a success in which many men had taken part, both by their failures and their achievements, and practically no part of the *Clermont* was his invention. It was his manner of employing the parts scientifically that made him succeed.

The Dean of Ripon, who was on the *Clermont* during her first voyage, prophesied that before the end of the nineteenth century steam vessels might even be able to cross the Atlantic. Fulton lived to see the first vessel tempt the ocean, for Stevens—driven off the Hudson by the decision of the courts granting Fulton the monopoly thereon—took his boat round to the Delaware by sea. With the *Comet* began the activities of the Clyde manufacturers and continued for some time unrivalled, for the watermen on the Thames were more successful than they had been on the Hudson in their opposition to the new craft. In her twenty-one days of sea-voyage the *Savannah* of New York exhausted her coal in eighty hours' steaming and had to fall back on her sails. But by the third decade the *Enterprise* on a voyage from London to Calcutta steamed for one hundred and three days out of her total of one hundred and thirteen. When the *Great Western* crossed the Atlantic in fifteen days with only one-fourth of her coal consumed, people saw that it paid to build a vessel big enough to carry plenty of fuel. Her fare was thirty-five guineas and her largest number of passengers one hundred and fifty-two. She averaged eight knots a day, but the *British Queen* which followed her averaged ten. The many successes of this year, 1838, set a prominent merchant of Halifax to thinking; and so when the Admiralty invited tenders for carrying the American mails by steamboat he crossed to London, where he was unsuccessful in raising capital, and then to Glasgow, where the Scotch proved more foresighted. He eventually got the contract and the Cunard line was begun. Its history is practically the history of the American liner.

Not until 1852 did the Cunard company give an iron ship with a screw pro-

pellor a trial. Iron and screws had been fighting their way all this time, for both of the new ideas brought in a new set of problems which it took many experiments to solve. Iron was really compelled by the increased length of the ships, and so it won out in spite of virulent opposition. But the screw propeller was much objected to by the saloon passengers—who, according to mediæval custom, still had the place of honour in the stern—on account of the vibration. Propellers really had in America the start of paddles, for three years before Fulton came on the Hudson Stevens, who took his boat over to the Delaware by sea, had crossed the river from Hoboken to New York in a craft propelled by a double screw. But it remained for the *Great Eastern* to demonstrate in face of the passengers' objections that the paddle wheel was unsuitable for ocean work. And in addition she showed the advantage of the double bottom, for she ran on a rock and damaged more than one hundred feet of her outer hull, yet completed her voyage without leakage into her hull proper. These two things were perhaps service enough for any one ship. Certainly she did little else, for she was a monster born before her time, and not until a half century later had builders experience enough for so large a ship. It took three months to persuade her to enter the water after she was built; when she got there she could not pay her way, and after laying the Atlantic cable she was handed over to the ship breakers.

The use of iron meant a saving in displacement of about one-third, the ship could have a much thinner skin and thus carry more cargo, and it was possible now to control a fire started at sea. In the matter of the two innovations, the Inman line preceded the Cunard. It inaugurated, too, the custom of carrying steerage passengers—who before had travelled solely on sailing ships; and it abolished the long, narrow, wooden deck-house to give the passengers promenade room. Then the White Star ship, the *Oceanic*, threw convention to the winds and established a new order of things. Her beam was exactly one-tenth of her four hundred and twenty feet length; she substituted iron railings for the usual

heavy, high bulwarks, which gave a false security in that they did not allow a shipped sea to run off; she added another iron deck; she placed her saloon passengers forward, where they would feel the vibration least and instituted many devices for their comfort, notably oil lamps for candle lamps and revolving saloon armchairs; and finally she broke the record for speed. But she did not hold the new one long, and the Guion line steamer *Oregon* won the blue ribbon; she it was who was first called "the greyhound of the Atlantic." In the *Servia* steel took the place of iron, and now iron is not used at all in ship construction. It proved another saving in weight and so permitted greater cargo and more powerful engines.

Seeing all this brisk competition, the Cunard company began to bestir itself. So well had she profited by all these experiments of others that her new boats, the *Umbria* and the *Etruria*, actually increased their speed with age, and though they were afterward much outdistanced they continued to make records in endurance and emergency tests. But again the Cunard line left to another the introduction of an innovation, and the Inman company, which had put out the first successful screw liner, was the pioneer of the twin-screw boats in the *New York* and *Paris*, afterward taken over into the new American line. The twin-screw once established, the ship became totally independent of auxiliary sails and they disappeared from the liners.

Now began the period when the latest steamship so quickly becomes obsolescent that it is handed quietly over to another hemisphere or to the ship breakers before the general public has ceased to marvel at its improvements and luxuries. Competition, already fierce, was increased by the entry of Germany into the lists. Her rapid development in ship-building is a phenomenon. It dates, like her other industries, only from the close of the Franco-Prussian War; yet in 1897, with the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, she took over the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. The British replied, not in speed but in size, with the White Star *Oceanic*. She was comparatively slow, but more efficient in proportion to expense, with five whole decks and two partial ones. The Cunard,

satisfied with the speed of her express steamers *Campania* and *Lucania*, began now to build "intermediate" ships with a view to comfort and economy of passage rather than brevity. The White Star followed her lead, but the Germans still pursued the speed idea and again broke all records in the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. For her extra knot over her sister ship she paid two hundred tons of extra fuel a day.

The most wonderful period of the steamship has just opened with the inauguration of the turbine. "It marks a distinct cleavage between the things of yesterday and the things of to-morrow." In its simplest form the turbine is similar to a water-wheel, a jet of steam taking the place of water. It was suggested as far back as 1629 by an Italian engineer. The Cunard company, as usual, left to another, the Allan Line, its introduction upon the Atlantic, but they adopted it in the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*. The new engine allowed them to fill their conditions in the matter of size and economy of running and yet win back the coveted blue ribbon for speed. But this—even with so wealthy a corporation—was only done as a move in the Great British war game with Germany; for it could not have been accomplished except by the financial assistance of the government, which advanced one-half of their total cost. Of their colossal proportions it is hard to get any idea. But already these leviathans are outclassed by two ships building for the White Star, which—it is said—are to be fitted with roller-skating rinks and will necessitate dredging the harbours to a depth of thirty-five feet. Future contracts seem to show that economy of running plus first-class service is now being sought after rather than speed, and ship-builders are already professing themselves capable of turning out a monster one thousand feet in length.

As for luxuries, the "profoundly preposterous box" which Charles Dickens called his cabin in 1842 has grown into an exceedingly comfortable apartment; while the millionaire may hire a regal suite with bedrooms, dining-rooms, fireplaces, mirrors, sconces, and the rest, as perfect as in the most extravagant metropolitan hotel. "Safeguard" is spelt out

in every single detail; thermostats, submarine bells, engine-room telegraphs, wireless telegraphy, ensure the passenger better on sea than on land in his own home. And still the problems of the steamship—not only technical ones, but those of commissary and ventilating—have not all been solved. But with telephones, Turkish baths, gymnasia, newspapers, veranda cafés, meals *à la carte*, fish tanks, and hospitals—what else is left to the ingenuity of man to devise for the pampered passenger? Who that stood on the deck of the *Clermont* could ever have imagined it?

Algernon Tassin.

## II

### ASHMEAD-BARTLETT'S "THE PASSING OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE"*

This is a specimen of a very necessary class of books, perhaps more necessary in this country than in Europe, certainly more necessary in this country than in England. They "resume" national and international questions which have for a long time occupied public attention when they have ceased to occupy it, when from "news" they have become history. The reason why they are more necessary here than elsewhere is that our press does less than the European press to keep its readers abreast of the questions while they are "live." It is altogether occupied with the actualities of the day, of the moment. The actual happenings, the overt acts, it reports in scraps, regardless of expense, but it fails to furnish the clue to the tangled skein. At most, space may be spared in the Sunday paper for some explanation of what you have been reading all the week in the daily edition, whereas in Europe the commentary accompanies the chronicle. Wherefore the intelligent reader welcomes after the fact illumination he has failed to acquire pending the fact. He is aware, as all newspaper readers are vaguely aware, of the trouble that was supposed to be composed, but seems to him to have only been opened, by the Act of Algeciras. He is aware that the hearts of mercantile ex-

*The Passing of the Shereefian Empire. By E. Ashmead-Bartlett, author of *Port Arthur; the Siege and Capitulation*. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1910.

plotters of a particular nationality were uplifted within them by some assurances of a certain Great Personage at a certain luncheon, assurances which have never yet been authentically reported. And he is aware that the settlement which was agreeable to the high contracting parties of Europe was by no means so to the "host" of tribesmen without which Europe reckoned. What happened after, "by parcels" he has "something heard, but not intently." But he lacks a coherent story even of what happened, while as to the how and much more the why of its happening he is still in a very hazy state.

In these circumstances he could not have a more competent informant and illuminant than Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, one of the most conspicuous and successful of the present generation of war correspondents, who, by pluck and luck, managed to be on the spot at every crisis of the Moroccan question, as correspondent of the *Morning Post* or of Reuter, who interviewed Abdul Aziz just before his fall, and Moulai el Hafid just after his rise, carrying on with this latter negotiations for a mining concession on behalf of a European syndicate which unfortunately could not be brought to exist; who accompanied the French troops in the operations for clearing the ground behind Casa Blanca after the blunder of a French naval officer had brought about the destruction and sack of that place, who accompanied the Spanish troops which undertook a like service long after in the Riff. Here be experiences enough for the making of a first-class witness. Add that the witness knows very well how to tell what he has seen, that he supplements his words with photographs of his own "kodaking," and with maps which enable the reader to follow the operations of the French behind Casa Blanca and of the Spanish on the coast either side of Melilla, that his military criticism is fortified by observation of Russians and Japanese in Manchuria, and (apparently) of British and Boers in South Africa, and you have all the requisites for a book both entertaining and valuable. Such a book Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has in fact produced. The story is clearly told, with neither too much nor too little of the

author's personal experiences, and enlivened with episodic touches of humour, as in the account of that remarkable Moorish progenitor every one of whose sixty-three sons escorted him on horseback with the exception of one child of three, "a family which should at least ensure for him the commendation of President Roosevelt"; or the account of the strict attention to business, in the most depressing circumstances, of that Jew of Casa Blanca who "was found sitting in the street, as his home was in flames, picking up the empty cartridge cases dropped by the Arabs, carefully refilling them, putting in stones for bullets, and reselling them to the hordes of ruffians who were oppressing and killing his countrymen." The whole recital, political and military, seems to justify the author's melancholy conclusion:

Man has altered but little, and still takes as keen a delight as ever in the slaughter of his fellow-men. Now, however, his primitive brutality is tinged with hypocrisy, and he no longer plays his favourite game whole-heartedly and without *arrière-pensée*, but endeavours to ease his conscience by the appointment of abortive Hague Tribunals, whose usual achievement is to justify, confirm and add to the legitimate rules of war certain new and hideous methods of destruction which have sprung into existence since a former conference.

It is difficult for the reader of this story to avoid the reflection that "these things are an allegory," an allegory or at least a parable, or for the American to read it without the reflection that his own country, which by luck kept aloof so long from this world-old and world-wide game of pushing the weaker to the wall, is now engaged in it. Our ousting of our aborigines was accomplished so largely by individual and unobtrusive mercantile exploitations as to attract little attention. The Mexican War was our first and remains our only predatory foray. But the European game, the game which the English have played longest and most successfully, and of which the smaller operations of the French and Spanish in these late years are here recounted, is the game to which we have committed ourselves at the other end of the world. It is true

that it is hard to see how we could have kept out of it. Probably the ruling motives to our retention of the Philippines were our aversion to returning our "allies" to the mercy of Spain, and our determination that, whatever happened, Germany should take nothing by our motion. If we have acquired an elephant, we have not wilfully taken a hand in the general game of grab. Being in it, we must acquit ourselves of it as best we may. If we play the part of England in Egypt, or even in India, we shall do the best we can hope for, and better than it appears any of the Continental Powers has managed to do in Asia, or in Africa, South or North.

*Montgomery Schuyler.*

### III

#### ELIZABETHAN "LITERARY CRITICISM"*

It is as well that Professor Spingarn's Note should have been written after the conclusion of Dr. Klein's little voyage of discovery, or it might easily have taken the wind out of his sails. It calls attention to the fact that this book presents not a body of criticism in the strict sense, but a collection of utterances by the writers in question on the matter they were personally concerned with—the dramatic art of the day. "The Elizabethans," says the Professor bluntly, "had little of importance to say in regard to their actual predecessors and contemporaries;" the utmost we can glean from them is a hint here and there of æsthetic theory. For the rest, Dr. Klein "has grouped these casual utterances (for most of them are casual enough) according to a classification of his own, which gives an appearance of unity and completeness to the Elizabethan theory of poetry that the dramatists themselves should not be held wholly responsible for." It is greatly to the credit of author and publisher that so frank and just an estimate of the work should have been provided with it. Little remains for the reviewer but to quote and assent to that estimate.

Dr. Klein, we fancy, has given his own

* *Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists: Repertory and Synthesis.* By David Klein, Ph.D. With an Introductory Note by J. E. Spingarn. New York: Sturgis and Walton Co.

assent to it with some natural reluctance. It is clear that, in the actual process, the synthesising of his material interested him more than its assembling; and that he pursued with zest and faith the somewhat elusive quarry of a critical consensus, or corpus, among the Elizabethan playwrights. His Preface, and not the text itself, suggests a doubt of the value of the game he has actually brought down. After-qualms have begun, strengthened, it may be, by the wholesome medicine of friendly reservation. There is a touch of plaintiveness, as well as a suspicion of defiance, in the author's waiver of the claim to be anything more than a collector: "The work was undertaken for the sake of the repertory alone. The usefulness of this few will question. Every reader can and will do his own synthesising; and if anybody disagrees with the opinions set forth by the author, or perhaps considers them superfluous, the latter would humbly claim that it were but the part of generosity not to grudge him the privilege of thinking while engaged in the more or less uninteresting though useful mechanical process of compiling. Whoever pleases may easily omit the commentary altogether."

This is rather overstating the possibility. The "repertory" is not printed as such; probably half of these two hundred and fifty pages would be commentary, most of it hard to disentangle from the data it handles. Such a commentary must be either pertinent or impertinent; Dr. Klein does not need to apologise for his. The scholarship of research—the scholarship which makes and employs the human species labelled as Ph.D.—must be dull business. It is pleasant to find one of the order now and then giving play to his imagination, being a little carried off his feet by it perhaps. In the haystack of fact it is the easiest thing in the world to find the needle of fancy you are looking for. What Dr. Klein thought he was finding while he was actually searching among the Elizabethan dramatists was a pretty full and consistent theory of the drama, or, as he himself calls it, "a growth of a large critical consciousness." This consciousness was concerned with all matters having to do with the purpose and conduct of the drama: with the "me-

chanics of play-making," the "laws of the art," questions of plot, metre, acting, and so on. The upshot of his study is the conviction that he has found "the doctrines enunciated by the dramatists superior to those preached by the professional critics, both practically and theoretically." That is, the professional Elizabethan critic confined himself to insincere echoes of Continental criticism; while the dramatist was blocking out a sound working theory as well as striking out a new and living mode of procedure. One's opinion of the theory must depend upon whether it seems to have developed out of the facts here accumulated or to have found in them a welcome reinforcement. At least, as Professor Spingarn says, "Dr. Klein deserves the thanks of scholars for having made this material accessible in a single volume."

*H. W. Boynton.*

#### IV

#### FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "A RENEGADE POET"*

In one of the finest of his essays Thompson says, "It might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose." And in these essays on Shelley, Crashaw, Sidney, Jonson, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Henley and Pope, Thompson takes his place among those who have triumphantly voiced both the higher and the lower harmonies. He is a great poet; he is a great critic—timid judgment shall abate nothing from that adjective. In his essays he is poet and critic often at the same moment; for never is poet, forsaking meter, more eloquent than when his subject is poetry, when from the valley of prose he views the heights above which he himself has soared in immortal company. He speaks of mysteries that only he and his rare brethren know intimately, and he is wiser, saner, more profound than they who have never been out of the valley.

Unpoetic scholars from Aristotle to modern professors of literature, who, in unmitigated prose, philosophise about poetry, may teach us much of ethnology,

*A Renegade Poet and Other Essays. By Francis Thompson. With an Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: The Ball Publishing Company.

ethics, history, philology and many weighty things besides, but they seldom come near the heart of poetry. The central magic truth eludes them and vanishes into a realm to which they have no passport. This central truth we find captured and revealed only when true poets tell the secrets of their spiritual coadventurers; when Coleridge (no matter how thickly his vision is overlaid with inessential prosaic errors) wanders in indolent rapture through Shakespeare, or beside him; when Arnold lays down his ferrule, puts off his gown and rises to his full poetic stature to celebrate Keats; when Swinburne leaps out of much clogging verbiage and joins Chapman and Jonson at their noblest elevation; and when Francis Thompson pays tribute to Shelley and Crashaw in their own mintage. He pays tribute; he also judges and discriminates. What analysis of poetic diction in any handbook of poetics is so luminous and suggestive as Thompson's essay on Crashaw, in which a forger of perfect imagery stands beside the living fires of his craft and speaks with authentic knowledge?

It was said of Thompson by a friend that he was a child-like spirit "wandering perplexed through this tangled and bewildering world"—an affectionate and pathetic phrase, true to part of Thompson's poetry and true no doubt to his personality. Perhaps it does not need to be said that all poets, Blake, Coleridge and Rossetti, no less than Milton, Wordsworth and Browning, are clear-minded, reflective men, quite competent to argue with the sages. But lest those who "admire" poetry without understanding its sources should suppose that this child of song, too insistently portrayed to us as a younger brother of De Quincey, babbled his great melodies all unconsciously, let them read his essays on "Don Quixote," "Sartor Re-Read," "Nature's Immortality" and "The Way of Imperfection." There is enough here that is childlike and whimsical, but in the main Thompson's prose is as adult, rational and forthright as Poe's; and, by the way, the piece called "Finis Coronat Opus" suggests Poe rather than any one else. Like Poe, Thompson can teach us that the kinsman of the angels bases his mastery of the

tongues of men upon a substantial foundation of well-considered reading.

In the papers on "Bunyan" and "The Error of Extreme Realists" Thompson is as determined, if not so trenchant, a controversialist as Henley (whom he so heartily appreciates). The essay on "Paganism: Old and New" could not be surpassed in lucidity and swift historic vision even by such a critical philosopher as Professor Santayana, himself a poet. This essay may be recommended to such as worship not only the gods of Olympus, but the spurious statuettes of Greek culture exhibited to our dull modern eyes by Arnold, Norton and Professor Mahaffy.

Our essayist is a thinker. He is also incorrigibly a poet. An opulent swarm of metaphors swims on the expository stream; the gold-dust filings from his poetry sparkle in the current. Of Shelley and the author of "The Revelation" this Catholic poet chants:

With somewhat the same large elemental vision they take each their stand; leaning athwart the ramparts of creation to watch the bursting of the overseeded worlds, and the mown stars falling behind Time the scythman in broad swarths along the Milky Way.

It is idle to ask if this is not more than prose should attempt, when prose is attempting it, and succeeding, before our very eyes.

Since the time, long ago, when the reviewer met the standard critics, he has found only one book of criticism, Henley's *Views and Reviews*, so beautiful, so provocative, so bright with a sense of discovery as these essays by Francis Thompson.

John Macy.

## V

### C. T. JACKSON'S "MY BROTHER'S KEEPER"*

It is ever a truism that the real significance of any movement is eventually measured more by its leavening power than by its mere numerical adherents; and in the radical thought of the day on social and economic questions, it is interesting to observe the way it has been per-

*My Brother's Keeper. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

colating into our fiction, colouring its substance and treatment. Without being too *doctrinaire*, the vivid plea for the worker, amid the forces instinctively opposing him, that was presented in Charles Tenney Jackson's first novel, *The Day of Souls*—easily the best picture of San Francisco, next to *McTeague*, which any American novelist has written—has been repeated, from a different angle, in his new story, *My Brother's Keeper*. Instead, however, of taking the kaleidoscopic forces of the lower world as they existed before the earthquake, with their antennæ feeling all walks of life, he has moved his scene to Chicago, "the crucible of America," and focussed his theme upon a few men and women who become, in reality, vitalised social attitudes. The influence of Bernard Shaw is, oddly enough, felt in Mr. Jackson's treatment of his principal character, around whom the story revolves, but Rand is more than a mouthpiece spouting the author's radical views; with an almost Meredithian instinct, Rand recognises that only by putting sensation or theory of living to the test of circumstance does either become of value to character and society. It is Rand's self-elected mission, then, pyrotechnically and bizarrely to touch the lives of the other characters, to make them question their own ideals and to measure the sincerity of their pretensions by the actual test of service and living. There is nothing particularly startling or original in this, but it serves to lift the theme of the story above much of the passing fiction of the moment. Besides this, Mr. Jackson has succeeded admirably in placing his spectacular hero in the midst of a series of highly dramatic situations, which would grip the reader for their own sake even if their deeper significance were lost.

A minister, unfrocked because he declines to explain a misunderstood charity, wanderer, poseur, brawler, day labourer, mill-toiler, strike-assassin, Rand returns to the house of his rich father, a judge, and proceeds to put it in order by opening the windows, dusting its thick layer of complacency and generally upsetting its settled routine. With the Judge is living Ennisley, a professor of economics, and Demetra, his wife, Ennisley is

really a crusader in social theories for the betterment of "his fellow-brothers" and a believer in the vision of a greater race which the crucible of American life, with its maw-like eagerness for assimilation, alone can bring about. He has married Demetra, a Pole, whom, as it happened, Rand years before had befriended by giving her the opportunity to better her earth-tied condition. Ennisley is on the point of persuading the Judge to subscribe more money for advancing his reforms in the Rand mills, to better the condition of the workers, when Karasac, an anarchist, resorts to bomb-violence, resulting in several deaths. Karasac escapes to seek Ennisley, whose theories of equality and brotherhood have been by ignorance so tragically misread. The police are following Karasac, and in a splendid ironically written scene, Karasac appeals for protection to Ennisley, who, realising his great mission and dream will be destroyed should his own indirect responsibility for the crime be known, denies the anarchist's acquaintance. But Rand, with a diabolical enjoyment of the situation, proceeds to protect his "beast-brother," who, in fact, is also Demetra's brother. It is the reaction from this upon the various characters that the greater part of the novel deals: Ennisley's justification of the Nietzschean text that "the community is worth more than the individual," Demetra's horror at accepting cosy safety through Rand's expense and the final heroism with which each faces the naked facts of their own married life. From it husband and wife, together with the disillusioned little Polish secretary, who loves Ennisley, are led, under Rand's purging mockery, service and final sacrifice, into a larger spiritual kingdom.

The diffusion of incidents which the subject matter of *The Day of Souls* necessitated is lacking here, for the structural treatment in this new novel betokens a distinct advance in the author's art. Indeed, there is a dramatic sense of the most practical sort which at times seems better suited for the stage than the novel, and, no doubt, this novel will find its way to the footlights, though much of its psychology would be regrettably lost. What makes this novelist significant is that he

knows how to write vivid dialogue revealing an intimate understanding of both men and women, the influence upon them of environment and a splendid grasp on the social problems of our American life. And beneath it rests the deep conviction that a change is impending for a better equality among all those contending forces which, in professing to solve, our economic and social schemes have in reality created.

George Middleton.

## VI.

### W. F. PAYSON'S "PERIWINKLE"*

Mr. Payson maintains the mood and manner of the elder romanticism more tenaciously than most of the younger American novelists who make any pretensions to artistic excellence. There is a certain strain of moral and spiritual idealism in his imagination which seems to make him unable to conceive of life save as the arena for a conflict between the elemental forces of good and evil, or to interpret this otherwise than with emotional intensity and a highly figurative fashion of speech. He is, in short, the poet rather than the artist or the analyst, and he has, accordingly, an eye only for those broader and more general aspects of nature and human life which fuse easily and afford a ready outlet for his flow of imaginative lyricism. Thus, while his latest book, *Periwinkle*, is described in the subtitle as "An Idyl of the Dunes," there is in it very little of that idyllic quality which, for example, characterises the books of the late Sara Orne Jewett, several of which deal with similar themes and material. For Mr. Payson, not pictorial beauty, but force of human passion, is everything, and nature itself is but a medium for expressing it. He describes well the various aspects of the Cape Cod coast, where the scene of his story is laid, but his descriptions are always charged—sometimes surcharged—with emotional significance. He thinks of the sea only in association with those who find their graves in it, and those others who spend their lives in battling with its might. In the same way he sees

**Periwinkle*. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.



his Cape folk, who have so often been made the subject of fiction and semi-fiction, only in their deeper moral traits, and he presents rather a general than a highly individualised portrait of this stubborn and resistant race. There is scarcely any attempt to elaborate local "types" among them. They are all, even the old beach-comber and his widowed daughter with her passion for maternity, more nearly the kind of men and women who would be bred by similar conditions anywhere, and they are as elemental as the sea itself.

The story of Mr. Payson's little heroine who is rescued from the waves, and is adopted by a crew of life-savers, would easily lend itself to idyllic treatment, but it is here not so much the intrinsic beauty and charm of the situation as its possibilities from the standpoint of emotional drama that attracts the author and determines his handling of the subject. Otherwise he would not so rapidly pass over Periwinkle's girlhood when she roams the dunes dressed as a boy and patrols the beach with her strange companions. The story really begins only at the moment when she herself makes a rescue. Richard Langdon is a wealthy young man of dissipated habits and a wasted career. His yacht burns at sea, and he alone escapes from the wreck. Periwinkle finds him half frozen, warms him with her young body, and brings him back to life. Of course she falls in love with him, as he does with her, though in the beginning his love is of that reckless and selfish sort which his past experience of women renders more or less inevitable. The end is reached when Periwinkle saves his soul as she has already saved his body. The decisive battle is fought out on the dunes at night by a forest half buried by the sands. The lovers have wandered to that spot in the moonlight, and they are suddenly engulfed by the swirling mists, lose their way, and are forced to spend the night together. The incident terminates with a version of that "drawn-sword" motif which Mr. Hewlett employed in *The Forest Lovers*. The mood of the book is, indeed, throughout, that of Mr. Hewlett in its mingling of realism and idealism, sensuousness and

spirituality. It is a difficult style in which to achieve success. If Mr. Payson has not wholly succeeded, it is because his expression still has imaginative vigour rather than refinement and pliancy, and he is apt to force the emotional note as well as to over-elaborate his verbal conceits. A little more naturalness and simplicity, even in so artificial a form, would render a truer impression of that sense of the tragedy and pathos of human life to which he responds, and of that tender and fanciful sentiment out of which he has fashioned his pretty and appealing heroine.

W. A. Bradley.

## VII

### HAMLIN GARLAND'S "OTHER MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS"*

In this new volume, which is intended as a companion book to the latest reprint of the *Main Travelled Roads*, Mr. Garland has gathered a sheaf of stories, some of them from other volumes, some from earlier completed but still unused manuscripts. The stories were all written about the same time as those of the other book, and in the same spirit. Admirers of Mr. Garland's work will recognise some old friends from *Prairie Folks*, the stories "William Bacon's Man," "Elder Pill, Preacher," "Lucretia Burns" and one or two others. To these are added a few yet unknown sketches, a bit of verse to begin and to end the volume, and a preface. The stories are most of them hardly more than sketches. In but one or two cases is there any semblance of plot, and even here the construction is very loose and informal. But Mr. Garland has never been distinguished by firmness of construction in his work. His good points of keen and loving observation, gentle kindly humour, an intimate sensing of Nature's more delicate moods and the power to interpret them—these are all to be found in the majority of the sketches in this latest volume. What Mr. Garland lacks as a writer, in sense and power of construction, he makes up by the definiteness of his life-philosophy. He is an observer with a

*Other Main Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

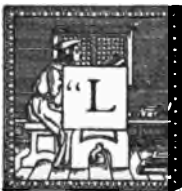
basic understanding of life upon which to found his observing, a thread upon which to string isolated facts together until they form a perfect whole, a picture with sense and meaning. Herein lies the secret of Mr. Garland's well-deserved literary reputation in spite of his carelessness in some of the rules of the work. His most informal sketches are yet complete in the picture they give, a picture that interests for its surface showing, and that tells a more finished and complete story to those who can read between the lines. In this new collection of earlier stories we find the same strength of portrayal of life in the Middle West, the hard life of the farmer, unvarnished, as it is in actuality—also with something of its underlying realities—as in the *Main Travelled Roads*. Also the same crystal-clear sincerity, the honesty

which is Mr. Garland's greatest quality as a writer. It shines out from every page and makes the reading enjoyable, just as conversation is more lastingly enjoyable when we are assured of the honesty of the speaker. Notable among these sketches, if one should care to single out any special ones, is "A Day of Grace," from its powerful portrayal of the evil influence of religious revivals. The scene at the camp-meeting reads like a description of a Witches' Sabbath, and yet it impresses one with its truthfulness. "Lucretia Burns" is a powerful aid to the growing interest being taken in some quarters as to the lives of farmers' wives. It is an appealingly tragic picture, poignant in its simple pathos, in the realisation it brings that Lucretia is not an isolated case, but a type of an immense class.

J. Marchand.

## HOW THE BATTLE HYMN WAS WRITTEN

(TOLD IN JULIA WARD HOWE'S OWN WORDS)



ATE in November, 1861, myself and a number of friends, including Governor Andrew, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, my pastor, and my husband, Dr. Howe, went from Boston to Washington to see what we could of the war. One day we went out into Virginia to see a review of a number of the troops, and the manœuvres were interrupted by a surprise by the enemy, in which a small body of Federal soldiers were surrounded, but afterward rescued.

"We had to drive home very slowly, the road being filled with soldiers marching back to their quarters. To beguile the time we began to sing various patriotic

songs, among others old 'John Brown's Body.' Mr. Clarke said to me: 'Mrs. Howe, why won't you write new words to that good air?' I replied that I had often wished to do this. I went to bed as usual that night and woke in the grey of the early dawn, when the lines of the 'Battle Hymn' suggested themselves to me. I composed all the verses lying quietly in bed, and then, fearful that I should forget them, I sprang from the bed, found pen and ink, and scrawled them almost without seeing what I was doing. I had acquired the habit of writing this way in the dark when the fit would seize me and some one of my small children might be asleep in the room. Having accomplished my idea, I went back to bed again and fell asleep.

# THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He has loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword ;  
His truth is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Our God is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps ;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp ;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel :  
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;  
O ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant, my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave ;  
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succor to the brave ;  
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave :  
Our God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE  
died October 17, 1910, in  
her ninety-second year

# REPRINTED PAGES

MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST*

BY EDWARD MORTON



THE first time Mr. Barrie's name appeared in a play-bill was as joint author with Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson of a drama which was performed six or seven years ago at the Criterion Theatre (London) for one day only. It has not been heard of from that day to this, and Mr. Marriott-Watson, turning his back upon the theatre, has since then appeared before the public only in print. There are only slight traces of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the successful dramatist of to-day, either in the style or the subject of *Richard Savage*. This was a highly romantic drama, in which the authors, with the audacity of inexperience, which defies the greatest difficulties, undertook to present historical personages on the stage—Savage and Steele, and Jacob Tonson, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield. But there was no pretence to historical accuracy, and Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote a prologue for the occasion, anticipated objections on that account by the ingenuous admission that Richard Savage

"stands or falls,  
Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."

The authors settled the domestic affairs of Richard Savage in the spirit of romance. A rascally military officer, Colonel Jocelyn, plots to carry off the poet in order to prevent him from meeting his mother, whose feelings toward her abandoned son (using the term in more senses than one) are the reverse of those by which she is commonly supposed to have been actuated. Dick discovers his enemy by a trick, which is certainly contrived by the authors with dramatic effect. With a thrust of his sword he had wounded his masked captor in the shoulder, and the only clue he has to the discovery of his enemy is a Spanish imprecation uttered by Jocelyn. This

strange oath Savage hears again at the Kit-Cat Club—from which the women of the play are not at all rigorously excluded—and nothing will satisfy the overbearing Savage but that all the members should pass in procession before him. This is the dramatic moment of the play. When he touches Jocelyn's sore shoulder the Colonel betrays himself by his bad habit of swearing in Spanish, and a duel, which takes place between the acts, is the issue of the scene. The last act passes on the day that Richard Savage is to be married to the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who has apparently more consideration and affection for the poet than he has for his own child. The bridegroom enters Steele's drawing-room with his arm bandaged, and when he faints they do not send for a doctor—they never do on the stage—but assume that the unhappy man is dead. Thus Savage overhears the truth that his bride has consented to marry him to please her father rather than herself. This is a sacrifice the poet will not accept, and instead of saying so he removes the bandage from his arm. "What said the surgeon?" he says, by way of explanation to the audience. "'If the bandage be removed he will bleed to death in a few minutes.' 'Tis all I can do for them. Come, death." (*Takes off bandages.*) Death comes at his call and so ends the play. Neither as a piece of literary work nor as dramatic composition does *Richard Savage* rank above the ordinary novelist's play; but one does not look in vain for touches of the author's talent. If one may venture to dissociate one from the other, I should say that one catches sight of Mr. Marriott-Watson in the speech in which Richard Savage describes his journey through the beautiful country, with his wounds crying "vengeance," as he dragged his way home through Surrey; and I think one gets a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which

(Continued in Advertising Section)

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1898.

## THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION*

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN



If the question were asked of us, What type of character stands at the top of our civilisation? we could give but one reply; we should say, It is the gentleman; and by gentleman we would here mean a man who is one of our masculine types of most highly developed powers.

This idea that the gentleman represents the summit of our civilisation is so vast, so plain, so shining, that it may not at once impress us very deeply; but it is the vastness, it is the openness, it is the splendour of the sun. We could not fully explain it without taking into account the history of the race for centuries past. We should need to consider that as the life of the Anglo-Saxon race has unrolled itself for hundreds of years, one by one the great departments of power, slowly, painfully, through error and defeat, but always with increasing sureness, have fallen under the right leadership of this imperial type. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the army; this was not always true; the time was when such a thing was not thought of. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the navy; this was not always true; it is the gentleman in the university; it is the gentleman on the bench; it is the gentleman in sport; it is the gentleman in his club; it is the gentleman in his home. We know what was the meaning of the establishment of an international copyright a few years ago; it meant the triumph of the gentlemen of the two countries in taking possession of their art in its business relations; it was the triumph of author and publisher over the low, ancient, stubborn, all but ineradicable passions of trade. At present one of the highest expressions of the unanimity of innumerable minds on this subject is the demand for the gentleman in politics. It is said that we cannot quite find him, but the demand for him is the thing that shows the rising drift of public opinion; the demand grows and

grows; it will not be beaten down; it will not be turned aside; it will demand its place in the triumph of higher forces.

We should need to consider, furthermore, that not only in our national affairs, but in all our international relations, our Government and indeed the whole body of the people, has become most solicitous that its foreign representative should be a gentleman. So that, in a word, we cannot think of our modern life truly or wisely or hopefully at all but as passing more and more into the keeping of this representative kingly character, its highest-masculine type of civilisation. He is general, he is admiral, he is teacher, he is judge, yachtsman, clubman, publisher, husband, father, the head of all things.

In the United States we have not only gone so far as to believe this and to act upon it, but it has become our belief that the institutions of our country have produced and do produce the finest gentleman of the world. It is our honest persuasion, however provincial, that, take him all in all, his like has never been seen elsewhere; and when this has been admitted surely enough has been said to make it clear that in the practice of our national life, in its theory, at the very heart of our towering ideals, we as a nation regard the gentleman, and the gentleman alone, as the utmost embodied excellence of our social institutions.

But inasmuch as every national literature, if it be truly such, must hold the mirror up to life, let us turn to American fiction and ask ourselves, as students of it, whether we find reflected there the image of this most real and sovereign being. Can we name the American novel in which he is duly portrayed? Can we name in any novel the character that fills out his mould? Is there a single hero in American fiction that has passed out into even general acceptance as a worthy counterpart of the American gentleman as we have seen him appear again and again in our history? We shall rather be forced to admit that no leading type of

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# MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST

(Continued from page 308)

is one of the charms of Mr. Barrie's later work for the stage, in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice.

Within a few weeks of the production of this drama in the heavy style, Mr. Barrie started as a dramatist on his own account with a witty burlesque, called *Ibsen's Ghost*, in which the famous Scandinavian dramatist was jocularly satirised. The skit, which was but an amplification of an article contributed by Mr. Barrie to a weekly review, derived none of its fun from the personal caricature presented by Mr. J. L. Toole, who was "made up" in the likeness of Dr. Ibsen. Mr. Barrie's satire contained, at least, one compliment to the author he ridiculed, for it implied the audience's intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Dr. Ibsen. In *Becky Sharp*, which came later, Mr. Barrie reproduced, word for word, the language of Thackeray without reviving the spirit of *Vanity Fair*, and in this little piece the author of *Walker, London*, *The Professor's Love Story* and *The Little Minister*—three plays upon which Mr. Barrie has solidly established his reputation as a dramatist—gave no more sign of a great talent for the theatre than one may find in Mr. Pinero's first pieces.

With the production of *Walker, London*, in 1892, Mr. Barrie's career as a dramatist may be said to have begun in earnest. It was as if he had suddenly obtained a complete mastery of the technics of the stage, for here was a play in which the action was so severely circumscribed that the only scene was a house-boat on the Thames. Yet the author moved his characters on and off—the most difficult detail of the construction of a play—in an easy, natural manner. It is, as a rule, a mistake for a dramatist to keep a secret from his audience, who can always enjoy the mystification of the people on the stage, but are only irritated when they are not themselves in the mystery. Now the significance of the title, *Walker, London*, was, till the very end of the play, a puzzle to the audience; yet it was a better title for the piece than *The House-Boat*, as I believe it was to have been called, till it was discovered that a piece of that name already existed. Just as Jasper Phipps, who has been passing himself off as a distinguished African traveller, leaves the house-boat, the artful rascal gives his telegraphic address—"Walker, London." That is the first, and the last, reference to the title; but it explains everything. Jasper Phipps is a barber, newly married, who goes off alone on his honeymoon from motives of economy. By pretending to have rendered a service to one of the ladies of a water party, he assures himself a welcome on a house-boat. He soon becomes the hero of the party by reason of a

fancied resemblance to an explorer whose name and exploits he promptly claims for his own. The barber is worshipped on the house-boat; he is pressed to speak of his daring deeds, and his persistent efforts to avoid the subject are attributed, of course, to modesty. Passages from the traveller's own books are recalled, but the impostor shrinks from the praises of his friends, and waves them off with the remark, "Oh, it's nothing!" He is indirectly the cause of the estrangement of the young people, and before the susceptible barber is aware of it, he finds himself making a declaration of love, first to one young lady, then to another. His wife traces her husband to the house-boat, from which all the party, including the counterfeit explorer, are absent when she arrives. Sarah decides to wait for him. So she offers herself a seat on the roof of the house-boat. I really forget exactly how she was kept from the sight of the others; I have a hazy idea that Jasper Phipps held the roof against all comers. But it is as difficult after a time to remember the precise details of a play as it is to recall the sequence of a dream. I only know that she was spirited away from the house-boat by being dropped into a punt by means of a pulley, and that the unabashed Jasper Phipps lost no time in following her.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's published works will have recognised his wonderful sympathetic understanding of the nature of the small boy, and I imagine that it was he who invented the page boy Caddie, of the comic opera, *Jane Annie*; or, *The Good Conduct Prize*, which is his next work for the stage, in the order of time, if not in the order of merit. There is, I feel, a certain impropriety in making such conjectures when two writers are united in authorship, but I intend no disrespect to Dr. Conan Doyle, who was joint author with Mr. Barrie of *Jane Annie*, in saying that Mr. Barrie's own peculiar humour was as distinct in this one character as it was again, in my opinion, in the quaint marginal notes (supposed to have been written by the boy) in the printed book of the opera. Caddie, the page-boy at the seminary "for the little things that grow into women," was a delight; but apart from Caddie—Caddie lording it over the whole school; Caddie defying a detachment of lancers; Caddie kissing the boots of the young lady he adores—my recollections after five years of the "Savoy opera" by these two accomplished authors are few and faint. It is only for the purpose of making complete this record of Mr. Barrie's work as a dramatist that I have recalled it.

In *The Professor's Love Story*, which came just a year later, the agreeable qualities of *Walker, London*, were again conspicuous—the quiet humour, the lively fancy, the honest sentiment, the pure fun, and the literary distinction. It was a pretty play; and it was much more than that, for although it excited no violent emotions, there was a depth of feeling in the story of the Professor's love for Lucy White which touched the soft place in the heart of the audience. Miss Lucy, the



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amanuensis of the Professor, had become more indispensable to her employer's happiness than he had realised. The Professor is supposed to be ill, and nobody can say what ails him. He is prevailed upon to leave his books for a while; to try fresh air; and he agrees to take a holiday in Scotland—but Lucy, he insists, must accompany him. In Scotland Professor Goodwillie throws off all his cares; he romps with Lucy in the hay-field, and is utterly insensible to the blandishments of the lady who designs to become his wife. Only the doctor—and Miss Lucy—can understand the Professor's case. A second doctor, who thinks that "Cherchez la femme!" is the name of a disease, introduces the disturbing element of farce into the comedy; and even in farce such a joke could hardly be allowed to pass without protest. It was a positive shock to find Mr. Barrie condescending to such feeble humour. This inclination to farce, which takes Mr. Barrie at odd moments—it may be detected even in his latest play, *The Little Minister*—is the one fault I remember in a piece which was full of beautiful things. The Professor, who is made merry and sad by turns by his devotion to Lucy, and is rejuvenated by love, is a delightful, sympathetic character, conceived and elaborated with a nice appreciation, but with no exaggeration, of theatrical effect. Lucy, too, is no ordinary heroine of romance; and if some of the minor characters—especially Dr. "Cherchez la femme"—were but stage figures, the field-labourers Henders and Pete, one dull-witted and the other "ower canny," were two of the most life-like characters ever introduced incidentally into a play. These two cautious Scots, rivals in love, might have stepped out of one of Mr. Barrie's books straight on to the stage.

The characters of Mr. Barrie's latest play, *The Little Minister*, now being performed at the Garrick Theatre in New York, are avowedly taken from his novel of the same name, and the great feat, for once, has been accomplished of making a really good play out of a really good novel. In preparing the novel for the stage, Mr. Barrie was in the position of Wolfe at Quebec. He had "the choice of difficulties." In making a play out of the novel, either dramatic proportion had to be ignored or the details of the story had to be very much changed. The first course was the way to inevitable failure; the second has proved the high road to success. Mr. Barrie has very properly considered the differences between writing for the reader and writing for representation on the stage; he has realised, with a sure sense of dramatic effect, the value of suggestion, of concentration, and of preparation—the difference, in effect, between the novel and the play.

In the drama, the courtship of Babbie by the Rev. Gavin Dishart begins and ends within the space of a week; and the marriage of the *Little Minister* is brought about by a brilliant *coup de théâtre*. The character of the provoking, impulsive, mischievous, mocking, bewitching Babbie remains the same in all its

attributes. For the purpose of the play, however, the heroine is no longer "The Egyptian," but the daughter of an earl masquerading as a gipsy. She is now Lady Babbie Yuill—a surname, it may be mentioned in passing, which was given to a lady of title in Mr. Barrie's very first work for the theatre.

As a play, *The Little Minister* stands on its own merits as a notable contribution to the dramatic literature of our time. It is dramatic, and it is literature. The art which has raised Mr. Barrie to eminence among the novelists of our time is shown in such an exquisite, natural scene, pervaded by a sense of homeliness, as the meeting in Nanny Webster's cottage, where the designing Babbie is discovered by the unsophisticated Mr. Dishart at the hand-loom. The dramatist comes out, not only in the conduct of this scene of comedy, but in the cunning with which he takes up his story and fits it naturally into a scene which hardly seemed essential to the progress of the action. The play is full of surprises—surprises at every turn and twist of the action, and surprises in the witty dialogue, which contributes by dramatic significance to the development of character and action. Of the sixteen characters, more or less important, there is not one that is not clearly defined. The four elders of the kirk, who assert their authority not less firmly than the *Little Minister* asserts his, are differentiated, one from the other, with fine artistic delicacy; and there is a touch of genius in the way in which the character of the domestic Jean is indicated in a mere sentence. Not only the character of Jean, but the life and manners of the community in which she lives, are brought out in a flash, when Jean is invited to gossip about the Minister's affairs on her road to church, and she pursues her way stiffly, merely tossing the remark to Snecky, "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca." And is there not a complete story in Jean's few words, when she hears that Gavin Dishart has married Lord Rintoul's daughter, and she is to be "a ladyship's servant"? "Are you there?" she calls to a man in the crowd, and when the swain advances, she tells him with all the pride of place, "Then there's my answer now. It's hopeless." Till that moment we knew nothing of the man. But there, in a line, we have the story of the importunate lover and the heartless fair.

It is in such touches that Mr. Barrie excels, but he is no miniaturist in the drama, and the subtlety and finish of his work on the larger scale are not less remarkable. Simplicity, humour, and purity are the invariable characteristics of his writing, of his plays and of his books. But his simplicity lies not in the suppression of essentials, but in the absence of the superfluous, and his humour, which has a quality of its own—something like the smack of a quince—is never cruel, but always humane. There is what Leigh Hunt called "the laughter of the mind!" in his mirth. His contributions to the stage are marked by taste and tact—the one implies the other, perhaps—and that he does not look upon life from "a



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## THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION

(Continued from page 309)

the American gentleman has ever been successfully portrayed; nor has the effort ever been made by the novelist, on any adequate scale, to portray him.

To say this is to say a great deal. The truth of it may become clearer by a brief analysis of our fiction.

American novels may be thrown into two classes. There is the class that deals with the highest social types in our civilization, and there is a second class that deals with all other types lower down.

If we should study the novels of the first class we find that they are mostly novels of attack. The main business of the novelist is to array and to arraign the vices, the weakness, the wrongs, the failures of masculine human nature under the conditions of our New World civilisation. It is to show that men who are sometimes at the top of our national life, by reason of wealth, birth, descent, education, travel, manners, or other forms of power, should not be at the top, but nearer the bottom. It is philosophically a literature of discontent with the imperfections of the republic as embodied in its representative men. It variously exhibits these men as money-loving, or unscrupulous, or hard, or shallow, or dull and uninteresting, or supercilious, or caddish, or as touched with European flunkeyism. The protest may take on a hundred forms: but always it amounts to saying either that these representative characters are not truly American or that they are truly American in what is to be regretted and assailed.

This is a perfectly healthy body of our fiction. It is all true, it is all deserved. Every national literature of any courage and vitality worth the name contains this department of attack, this fortress of satire.

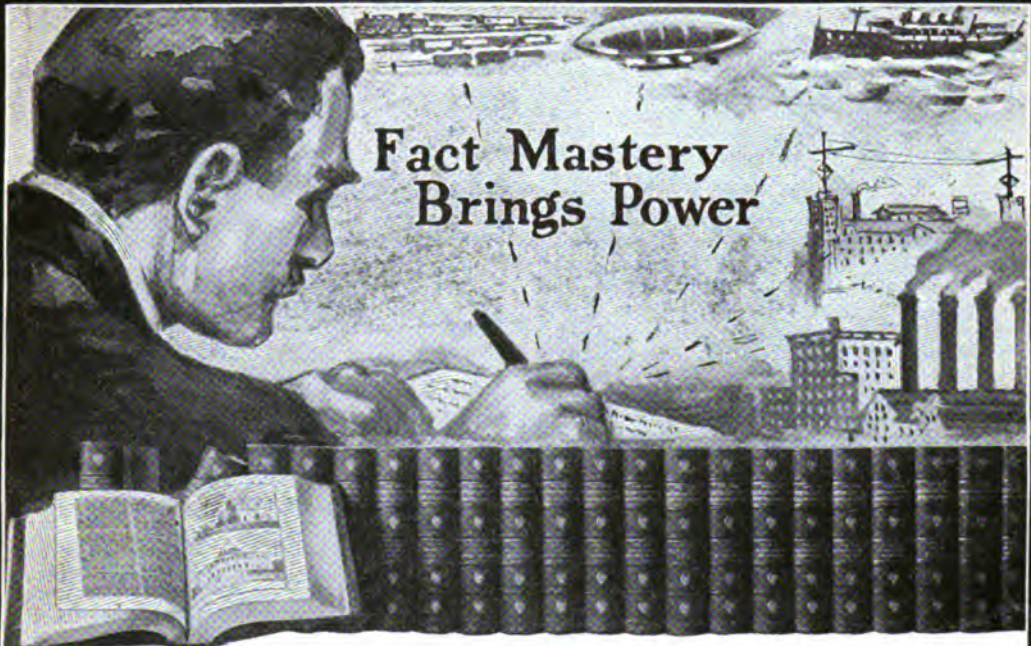
But the present contention is that there is no balance maintained—that this literature of attack upon representative social types that are bad is not offset by another body of fiction to celebrate representative social types that are good. The argument is that this literature which arraigns the vices and weaknesses and failures of men under the republic is not counterbalanced, or, as it should be, overbalanced by a literature to set forth the virtues, the strength, the success, the beauty of character that men take on under our civilisation. There is no wish to be understood

as saying that no American novelists have attempted patriotic delineations of the American gentleman. They have; but the entire body of this sympathetic fiction, when laid beside the best of our life, shrinks almost to nothingness. If we search through American novels for twenty-five of the finest masculine characters in them, and then beside these place twenty-five of the finest gentlemen who have appeared in our history, the literary characters in comparison with the once living characters, are wholly inadequate. The largest creations of our national art are less than the realities of our national experience. They are entitled on the plea of realism to be of equal size. On the basis of the greatest imaginative art, they should be even larger.

If we accept these facts as actual and this reasoning as just, then the conclusion lies before us that our national literature breaks down just where our national life does not break down; that it fails just where our life succeeds; that the very summits of our society on which the gentleman stands supreme is the region of our literary desert.

But turn for the moment to the second class of American novels dealing with types that come lower than the highest. Here we find the great bulk of American fiction; here, perhaps, our literature utters its most genuine, its most characteristic note; and here it displays its purest gold. We have, for instance, the only negro literature in the world; we have one of the most beautiful creole literatures; we have the only literature of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineers; we have the essentially New World literature of middle-class New England life; we have the ultra-Americanism of life on the Western plains; we have, in a word, the literature of the common people. It is all truly American, it is all indispensable; but whatever its field and whatever its scope and whatever its merit, it has this common limitation that it is not the literature of our highest civilisation.

The explanation of this state of our imaginative literature is intricate and manifold. It lies, partly, in the fact that in provincial as opposed to cosmopolitan types of character art finds picturesqueness, remoteness, the charm of novelty, the delight of discovery; and it also finds there the elemental forces and passions of human nature more openly at work and more vividly in action; love, hatred, jealousy, envy, revenge, struggle, crime, death—all these in studies of lower life take on forms and proportions that give the novelist the material for rude and powerful drawing and intense colour. But furthermore: this literature of lower civilisation is really the voice of the great American democracy. It is our celebration in literature of the life of the common people, who are the ideal of the republic. As we make all men equal in the laws of our country, the art of the country strives to become no less impartial; or if it favours any, it favours those who are not otherwise favoured. We may take the novels of this class by the score, and the one argument underlying the story in each is this: that though the



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men and women in the story are not types of our highest civilisation, they possess none the less the elements of an attractive, or touching, or humorous, or beautiful, or ennobling humanity; that though they are poor they are honest; that though they are ignorant, they are sincere; that though the heroine is unsophisticated, she is virtuous (see *Daisy Miller*); that though the hero is not virtuous, he is brave.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this department of our literature. It is not alone the voice of patriotism and democracy, it is the voice of our common imperfect humanity addressed to the ear of our common imperfect humanity. It is the great lay sermon of literature over the struggling, the unfortunate, and the weak. Its aim is to make us ready to bear others' burdens; to give us an insight into others' difficulties; to make us more patient with those who try us; more helpful to those who need us; more forgiving to those who wrong us; more thoughtful of those who serve us.

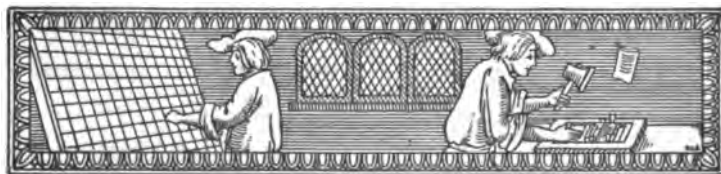
But there is a third reason—among the many that cannot here be mentioned—why American fiction consists so largely of lower types in our civilisation. It is much easier to write a successful novel portraying a low degree of civilisation than to write a successful novel portraying a high degree of civilisation. The more highly civilised his characters, the more highly civilised must be the novelist. A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall: they keep the same level; they rise together. True, a man may be far above the plane of his characters and write down to them; but he cannot be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them. Hence, in the literature of the world the writers who have created the great civilised types of character in their age and country have been very great and very highly civilised men. The entire plane of life is now uplifted: the horizon of life grows vaster; the relations of life more subtle and intricate; the psychology of motive more exalted and baffling; the range of ideas more rapid and commanding.

And yet, if our own is ever to rank with the great literatures of the past or of the present, this must be done: we must portray the

highest types of our civilisation, male and female, for it is here that many of the world's masterpieces lie. Characters of the highest civilisation mainly rule in the world of life; characters of the highest civilisation largely rule in the world of letters and imagination. Homer knew this, the great Greek tragedians knew it, Dante knew it, Shakespeare knew it, Goethe knew it. On the whole, the greatest characters in the works of the greatest minds are the representative types of their civilisation. If we were asked to name the three gentlemen in fiction known to the Anglo-Saxon reading world, whom would they be but Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Colonel Newcome, all types of high civilisation? They are, indeed, no longer the ideals of the gentleman, as he is known and demanded by us of to-day; but each has become an imperishable embodiment of the gentleman as he was known and demanded by his own associates, in his own time; and each still retains enough of the world-likeness of the gentleman to enable him to rule over us beyond any others that have appeared since.

But a frank examination of our literature shows that we have not given to the world a single American character that can even rank with this company of to us imperfect though immortal gentlemen; not a single one whose name has become a byword, so that the bare mention of it in a company of scholars would be enough to make it known. Perhaps our nearest approach to one is to be found in the Autocrat. It is a ridiculous and mortifying admission that the only two names in all the range of our fiction that have attained anything like universality of acceptance even among ourselves, not, of course, as gentlemen, but as mere characters, are the two negroes, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus. When we come to the Anglo-Saxon gentleman of the New World, our representative character, we find him in our biography, in our history, in the army, in the navy, in the university, on the bench; we find him in the leadership of our national life, but we cannot find him as large as life in our fiction.

This short paper is merely meant to suggest a subject that could readily yield enough material for a book.





## JUVENILES

1. A U. S. Midshipman in the Philippines. Sterling. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

## SEATTLE, WASH.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Intrusion of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.60.
3. Privilege and Democracy in America. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Williams.) \$1.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
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1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
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4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

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2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
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4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.
3. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60c.

## JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
2. Dorothy Brown. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Helen Grant's Teacher. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Doctor's Lass. Booth. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbanks' Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
3. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50c.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.
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## TOLEDO, OHIO

## FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
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## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## TORONTO, CANADA

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Mussion.) \$1.25.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
4. One Braver Thing (The Dop Doctor). Dehan. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Stampeder. White. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

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## JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Prince Domino. Eaton. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Fruit of Desire. Demarest. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Western Women in Eastern Lands. Montgomery. (Macmillan.) 30c.
2. Mastery of Self. Larson. (Progress Company.) 50c.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
4. What Is Worth While. Brown. (Crowell.) 35c.

## JUVENILES

1. The Airship Boys. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

## FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Rover Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.	266
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	162
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.	162
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.	144
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.	87
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.	65



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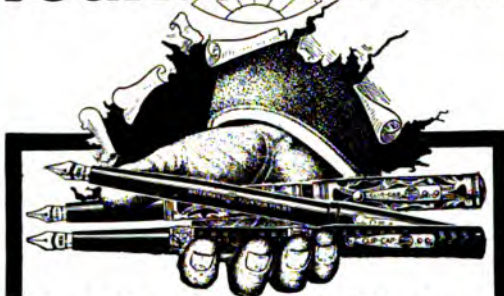
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VOL. XXXII

NUMBER IV

# THE BOOKMAN

DECEMBER 1910



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# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

VOL. XXXII

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 4

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

If a painter, after a long career of generous achievement, cannot sit down

**Mr. Vedder  
Digresses**

in the years of his ripe maturity, and produce, as George Du Maurier did, books like *Trilby* and

*Peter Ibbetson*, the next best thing is for him to turn his hand to such a volume as Mr. Elihu Vedder has written, giving to us in reminiscence of the richness of the past, and recalling the old world that is so irrevocably gone, and the spirit of the days "when we were twenty-one." The comparison of Mr. Vedder with the late Du Maurier suggests it perhaps unconsciously, and perhaps because one part of the American artist's book reproduces so strongly that life of the Paris Latin Quarter in the days of the Second Empire in which Taffy, the Laird and Little Billie painted, and *Trilby* came to the door of the studio with her call of "Milk below!" What is the Atelier Picot of these pages but the atelier to which William Bagot came as a student and where he sang for the entertainment of his fellow art students and to his own discomfiture? And as it was with the *rapin*, so was it with the *grisette*. "You will find all about her in *Trilby*," writes Mr. Vedder. "This little drawing may have been *Trilby* (referring to an illustration in the text) only her name was Clara, and perhaps Ben may have been Little Billie. You must ask Ben—or perhaps you had better not. It is long ago; a dream which I will leave 'undeveloped.' Rhodes was a kind of Sven-gali. He was also the rich one of the party. I have forgotten to say that Ben, having a few words more of French than the rest of us, did the translating

and became at once a proficient in French—Latin-Quarter French."

There is so much delightful quotation in Mr. Vedder's book that it is hard to know where to begin, and harder still when to stop. The Bohemia that he knew in his early days was the Bohemia of hard work, poverty and self-denial. Once owing to some stoppage in his remittances his funds were so low as to be imperceptible, and he found that the large roasted Italian chestnut was warm to the hand and filling to the stomach, thus serving both as food and fuel. In Paris



he lived in Upper Bohemia. "If it had been divided into classes," he writes, "I think I could have been returned as a member for Upper Bohemia, not that I was proud or rich—on the contrary, I was poor; but I had a washerwoman and I paid her bills. There were those who did not pay their bills, but they all meant to—except one. He it was who on leaving Paris for home said, as the cars moved from the station: "By Jove, I've forgotten one thing! I've forgotten to get trusted for a package of cigars." However, he turned over a new leaf on reaching home, gave up art, and has become a very successful business man."

Although Vedder never knew Walter Savage Landor, he tells two characteris-

a bag of gold which he banged down before the Judge, saying:

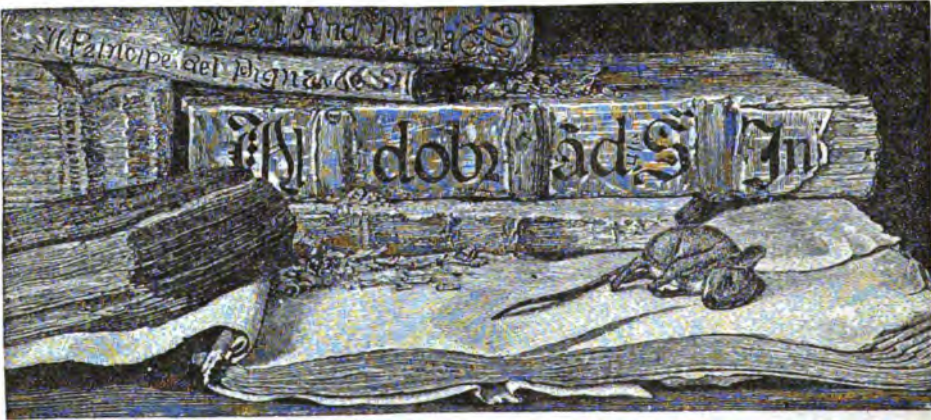
"I hear that this is the place where justice is bought and sold, and I have come to buy some."

I believe it cost him a pretty penny for contempt of court.

Speaking of words and their uses, Kate Field used to tell of a man who, rushing into some country town, asked "where he would be liable to get a ham?"

This irresistibly reminds me of what used to happen in the Villa Landor. If a dish offended him, Landor would "chuck it out of winder," so that a passer-by might have been liable to get a ham—without his looking for it.

Mr. Vedder was in New York during the tempestuous days of the Civil War.



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING." BY ELIHU VEDDER

tic anecdotes of that strange genius. The American artist, Charles Caryl Coleman, once painted Landor's portrait:

Coleman, wishing to spare his eyes, posed him with his back to the window. Landor's hair, being white, the light shining through it formed a luminous fringe about his head. Landor, getting up to see the progress of the work, at once saw my friend's attempt to reproduce this effect and cried out:

"Why, you have given me a nimbus. I won't have a nimbus!"

In vain Coleman tried to explain to him this effect of light; it was always:

"I won't have a nimbus—no nimbus!"

The Savage in his name was very appropriate. They used to tell of his going into court, during some law trouble he was having, with

Here is a picture that he gives of the Draft Riots.

From the roof of the corner of Bond Street I saw a surging mass of rioters coming down Broadway. Below was a solid and orderly body of police. An American flag made its appearance from a shop-door and was passed from hand to hand until it reached the front rank: it then leaned forward and the dark mass of policemen swept on. The two masses—the orderly, and the drunk and disorderly—met opposite the old La Farge House and there came a sound as of chopping wood, the meeting of clubs and skulls. The riotous crowd seemed to melt away before the orderly one; then coming back were seen limp figures supported on either side by policemen, with arms hanging out like the flippers of turtles; and the



blood from the broken heads running down and collecting round the collars, made it look as if an attempt had been made to decapitate each wretch. These people had been burning a negro orphan asylum and its inmates, and hanging negroes to lamp-posts and burning them.

An apothecary's shop was looted—and here a comic touch comes in. The proprietor of the shop, a German, was looking on ruefully; of course the object of the mob was to get at the brandy, gin, and whiskey which was kept in those days by apothecaries; suddenly a pro-

and gem-bedight scabbard whirling against a blue-black sky over a seething, phosphorescent sea. It was grand, and I at once determined to paint it. But, alas! the sword at once ceased to whirl and seemed glued to a black background; the flaming scabbard was vermilion glazed with lake, and the raging sea stood stock-still and I could no longer hear it seethe. I concluded that what one reads is not always what one can paint—and so a long farewell to the good blade, Excalibur.

A book which somehow finds its way



THE YOUNG MARSYAS. ONE OF MR. VEDDER'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC PAINTINGS

fessional thought came to him—"All right! Let dem keep on!—yust wait till dey come to dem brussic acids!"

Here is a passage which gives the average reader a sharp insight into a painter's difficulties and methods:

I had been reading Tennyson, and my mind was full of the gleaming Excalibur, as that good sword whirled over the water and was "drawn down in under the mere by an arm clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful." And in my dream I saw a sword with a crimson

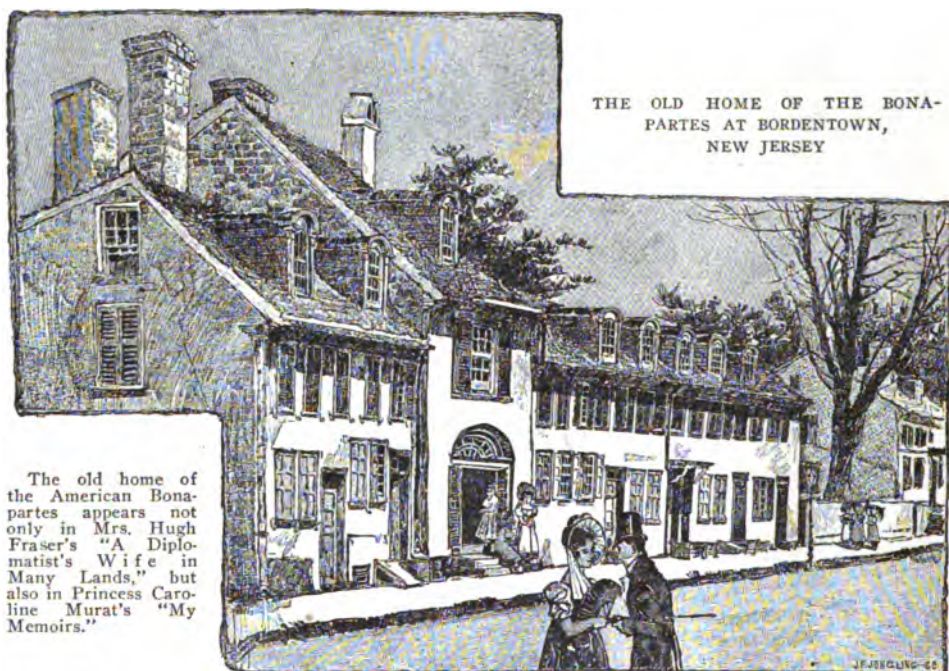
into the company of Mr. Vedder's *The Digressions of V.* is *A Mary Crawford Diplomatist's Wife in Fraser Many Lands*, by Mary Crawford Fraser. Mrs.

Fraser is the daughter of Thomas Crawford, the "sculptor of the Capitol," a niece of the late Julia Ward Howe, and of Madame Mailliard, who married a grandson of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, and a sister of the late Marion Crawford. The author's early life was passed in Rome, where her parents went

to live soon after their marriage. Her father took part in the defence of Rome when the Eternal City was besieged by the French in 1849. In 1874 Mary Crawford became the wife of Hugh Fraser, of the British Diplomatic Service, and for twenty eventful years accompanied her husband on his various official appointments in Europe, the Orient, and South America.

As is the case with *The Digressions of V.*, the reviewer is almost appalled by the richness of material for quota-

life conform to its teachings. "Where did you learn your faith, my daughter?" he inquired. "Ah," she replied, "when I was a little child I lived at St. Helena. The Emperor spoke to me one day and asked me what I knew of my catechism. He was not satisfied with my answers, and he said that he would instruct me himself. For years he made me come to him every day and he patiently taught me—for hours at a time. I owe my knowledge of religion, all my faith and joy in it, to him."



The old home of the American Bonapartes appears not only in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," but also in Princess Caroline Murat's "My Memoirs."

tion. Some years of Mary Crawford's young life were passed in America, and the happiest of these were those spent in Bordentown, New Jersey, the old home of the American Bonapartes. To her, one might say almost at first hand, came stories of the great Napoleon. She heard the true tale of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. One of the prettiest stories ever narrated of the Corsican concerns a very holy lady who was attended on her death-bed by a certain bishop. He was deeply impressed by her profound knowledge of religion, and much edified by the way in which she had made her

The reader will naturally look with a certain amount of curiosity for reminiscences of Mary Crawford's afterwards distinguished brother. The future novelist was named, as one child in every branch of the family had usually been, after the Revolutionary ancestor, Francis Marion. When he was twelve years old he was sent to America to study at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, where the head master, Dr. Coit, was an old friend of his mother's. After three years at St. Paul's, he went to England to prepare for Cambridge University and spent some time with a tutor

in Essex. The life in Essex furnished the material for one of his early novels, *The Tale of a Lonely Parish*. "We were talking about it once," writes Mrs. Fraser, "and I remember he said: 'England is the most romantic country in the world. Anything could happen in those lonely old country houses, lost in a dip of the moors, miles away from the beaten roads. The fierce privacy with which

ways, he dressed as one of them, and wandered about in the mountains for a whole month, leading a mule laden with sacks of beans which he sold to the peasants. They thought he was a "Mercante di fave" from Rome, and never dreamed that he could speak any dialect but the broad "lingua Romana." It was during this period that he had an adventure which deeply impressed his imagina-



A CRAWFORD FAMILY GROUP. SHOWING FRANCIS MARION, ANNE, AND MARY

Englishmen surround themselves make them absolutely independent within their own domains. No Eastern despot has finer opportunities for autocracy than the ordinary English squire!"

In Italy, Marion Crawford was very fond of the wild Abruzzi district which he afterward described so vividly in *Saracinesca*. In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the people's

tion. He and another man had been walking all day through the loneliest part of the hills, and when night found them, hungry and exhausted, they had hopelessly lost their way. As they entered a deep ravine, Marion's companion collapsed into unconsciousness. They were far from any human habitation, and it was as impossible to obtain help as to leave the poor fellow alone with the malaria and the wolves. So Marion

raised him up and half carried, half dragged him through the darkness. The rocks rose high and black on either side; the night was dense in the deep defile. Marion, worn out with his heavy burden, must have become light-headed, for just as he felt his own strength failing, a

From Mrs. Fraser's account, Marion Crawford's career at Cambridge must have resembled somewhat that of Mr. Arthur Pendennis at Oxford. At Cambridge, she tells us, he did not earn the reputation of an ardent student, but he enjoyed himself immensely. That term



MRS. F. MARION CRAWFORD

wonderful illumination flooded the place. The black rocks on either side became fairy palaces. The pilgrim forgot his weariness and walked on for some hours through the enchanted city. When it faded away, the ravine was left behind, the open country reached, and the walls of a hospitable farmhouse rose before him.

"immense" was one which was constantly being applied to him by his fellow-students, and at last he thought he might as well show people what it meant. He hunted for the biggest trotting horse he could find, had a towering dog cart built, dressed himself in checks a foot square and of outrageous colours, and, thus equipped, paraded the dignified uni-



versity town, to the scandal of the authorities and the joy of his fellows. He had a clock, a French gimcrack, exactly imitating a watch, and having instructed his tailor to make a pocket large enough to hold it, he attached it to a big dog chain, the links of which dangled ostentatiously across his waistcoat. One day in the train a facetious stranger, glancing at this ornament, asked him the time.

In 1879 Marion Crawford went to India. There he found himself without funds, and in deep discouragement, he made up his mind to enlist in the British army. With characteristic fatalism, however, he decided to wait twenty-four hours before posting the letter he had written offering himself as a recruit in a regiment of the Dragoon Guards, so as to give his luck a chance to catch up with



F. MARION CRAWFORD AS A BOY

When Marion pulled out a watch two inches thick and as big around as a muskmelon, the joker turned white. He thought he was shut in with a maniac, and rushed from the carriage at the next stop. But as was the case with Arthur Pendennis, all this extravagance had to come to an end. Heavy money losses came upon the Crawford family, and Marion was obliged to return to Rome and take up the problem of carving out an independence.

him. The twenty-four hours had nearly elapsed when he received a letter informing him that the editor of the *Allahabad Pioneer* had died suddenly, and asking him to take over the paper. The story of how *Mr. Isaacs* came to be written, comments Mrs. Fraser, is too well known to bear repetition. But there is an odd incident in the history of the novel, she says, which is less well known. Marion wrote it in a few weeks and sent it to Macmillan, and then forgot all

about the manuscript, for three months had passed and no notice was taken of it. Years afterward, when, as Henry James once remarked, Marion was "meat and drink and lodging to publishers," he was shown a letter from John Morley, who had been a reader for Macmillan. Mr. Morley's appreciation of the novel-reading public was hardly justified by events. He classed *Mr. Isaacs* as a work which would never be popular; it would not "pay well," but he advocated its production, saying that it was original and well written and would do a respectable publishing house no harm. This recalls the case of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in the early days, wrote an article about the verses and tales of Rudyard Kipling in which he solemnly prophesied that they would always remain caviare to the many.

Mrs. Fraser pays high tribute to her brother's thoroughness. He was so scrupulous, she says, that he would not write about any subject of which he had not personally and practically mastered the details. *A Roman Singer* was the outcome of years of familiarity with the



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE TO-DAY



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, THE AUTHOR OF "DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE," AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE

musical life of Rome; for *Marietta*, a *Maid of Venice*, he went into every process of Venetian glass work on the spot. For *Marzio's Crucifix* he became a silversmith, making his own designs and beating them out in the metal in classic form. To write *The Witch of Prague* he went and lived in that city and learned Bohemian. It was the seventeenth language he had acquired. "I do not know how many were added to this afterward," writes Mrs. Fraser. "Slav and Scandinavian, Persian and Arabic, Latin and Teutonic tongues—he possessed them all, and I remember his telling me gravely that any one ought to be able to learn a new language in six weeks."

In other reminiscences of the hour that old Bordentown home of the Bonapartes plays a conspicuous part. For example, in *My Memoirs*, by the Princess Caroline Murat.

Here is a member of the Imperial family, who lived and moved among the activities and gayeties of the Court of Napoleon III., who was by birth a New



WALTER A. DYER, THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA," HAS WRITTEN "THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE," WHICH IS PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY COMPANY

Jersey girl, for it was on the banks of the Delaware River that this daughter of Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat came into the world the thirty-first of December, 1833. Despite the brilliance of her life in the Paris of the Second Empire the Princess, looking back through the long vista of years, feels that there is nothing in Europe to be compared with Point Breeze, and the remembered scenes of her childhood—the river banks, and the glorious sunsets. Point Breeze was the Count de Survillier's place, and one of the finest estates in the country, extending as it did on both sides of the high-road which ran from Bordentown to Trenton, being about seven miles from the latter and two miles from the former place.

The house was built in the style of an Italian villa, only one story high and with a flat terraced roof overlooking the park and woods. There was a large marble entrance hall, with wide staircase at one end, the steps broad and very low, so that each step seemed a small building—this to avoid any fatigue for the Count, who, no longer young, was in delicate health. The staterooms and picture gallery were on the ground floor, the first floor being

reserved for every-day life. The picture gallery held the whole façade on the garden which led from one terrace to another till the park was reached.

In reading these early chapters it is hard to realise that the memoirs are those of a personage of the Second Empire. They sound more like the recollections of an American great lady who sits down in her old age to recall the events and people of a purely American past.

Among other persons familiar to my early recollections, Billy Vanderbilt stands prominent, a tall, slim, shy, sandy-haired youth as I knew him. His father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was then beginning the great fortune which has brought his name so prominently before the English world of finance and society. And I must not forget an old commodore—Commodore Stewart. I often saw him, a good-natured, good-humoured, real sailor-face, and most kind to children. He lived in a nice old country house overlooking the Delaware and surrounded—almost closed in—by high silver pines. I read some years ago, I think in an American magazine, that "he had sailed for the unknown Port at the advanced age of ninety-one."



ROBERT W. SERVICE

In a general way we have no intention of contradicting the impression that the writing of verse nowadays is an unappreciated and unprofitable task, or of raising up false hopes.

#### The Spirit of the Yukon

If we were inclined to do so there is in the office a long shelf well filled with volumes of poems that bear the unmistakable marks of having been printed at the author's expense that would very soon cause us to reconsider. Only the other day a man who had written a really good volume of verse came to us with a pitiful story of an expenditure of seven hundred dollars and a sale of fifty copies. But now and then there is an exception to the rule. A poet who brings out two little books and with them achieves a hundred thousand sale sounds like riotous romance. Yet that was exactly the experience of Mr. Robert W. Service, whose *Songs of a Sourdough* and *Ballads of a Cheechako* have been read from one end to the other of the British possessions in North America. Mr. Service caught and expressed the spirit of the Yukon, and the White Country re-

sponded. His verse is man's verse, vigorous, colloquial, and a bit brutal at times. In it you learn of hardy virtues and primitive passions, you come to know McGuffy's saloon, and the Malamute, and the "men that don't fit in," and the pitiless law of the Yukon which spurns the "foolish and feeble" and calls for the "strong and the sane." There is, of course, something of the flavour of Kipling, the Kipling of *The Forerunner*, in *Songs of a Sourdough* and *Ballads of a Cheechako*, but there is verse of a quality that can stand alone, and that can be said to have honestly won its extraordinary popularity. Mr. Service, by the way, has written a novel, his first, called *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*, which is to be published sometime this winter.

Edgar Beecher Bronson, author of *The Red-Blooded*, who, when last heard from, was knocking around in out-of-the-way corners of Ecuador, has had all kinds of ex-

#### E. B. Bronson

perience in the fifty-odd years of his life. He began early by coming to New York from up the State when merely a boy, and getting a place as a reporter on the New York *Tribune*. He must have been a good reporter, for when the famous Beecher trial took place—he is a member of the Beecher family himself—he was put in charge of the staff of reporters who were established in Brooklyn to cover the trial verbatim—the greatest piece of journalistic enterprise till that time. It was in carrying some



MANUEL II, KING OF PORTUGAL, "GONE AWAY: NO ADDRESS"

A recent issue of the London Sketch reproduces the wrapper of the copy of the *Figaro* of Paris which was mailed to the deposed King and returned through the Post-office by the Republicans.



E. B. BRONSON

despatches to the home office across the frozen surface of the East River that Mr. Bronson had his first exciting adventure—one that might have been his last. A boat was coming down stream breaking the ice in the channel, and Mr. Bronson tried to cut across its bow. The heavy wind held him back, and the boat passed him, leaving a commotion of broken ice in his path. Nothing daunted, he jumped for a cake which sank under his weight, but sustained him. Little by little he worked his way across the floe, paddling with his hands, and he finally reached the *Tribune* office half frozen. The result of this experience was pneumonia and a general breakdown which left him so weak that when he recovered he could not return to his place on the paper. Instead, he entered the office of the late Clarence King, who, at the head of one of the divisions of the U. S. Geological Survey, had taken quarters for the performance of some clerical work at No. 23 Fifth Avenue, now the home of General Sickles. After a year or so

King sent him west to his ranch to complete his cure. The story of his first Western experiences he has already told in the book which appeared three years ago. Henceforth he made the West his home, owning and running ranches of his own in various parts of the country, and also acting as manager of the ranches of Abram S. Hewitt's syndicate. During this time he saw much of Indian warfare. A few years ago he returned to New York, determined to lead a settled business life and to turn his adventures to literary account. Since then he has written much for the magazines besides having published three books. Literature has not, however, cured him of his restlessness. In 1908 he preceded Roosevelt to Africa on a big game expedition, visiting Nairobi and the capital of the late King Menelik. Now he is in South America. As he made several balloon ascensions while a young man, and as he has kept up his aeronautical interests, we may yet perhaps see him cropping the daisies in company with Captain Baldwin at Belmont Park or Mineola.



WILLIAM T. WALSH, AUTHOR OF "THE MIRAGE OF THE MANY"

When, shortly after the death of William Sharp, it became known that he was the author of the books that had appeared under the name of Fiona Macleod, some one said that the successful creation and preservation of the secret was his most notable achievement in fiction. The statement is misleading, however, in so far as it implies that the mystery surrounding Fiona Macleod was a deliberate achievement. The full evidence is now at hand in Mrs. Sharp's frank biography with regard to one of the strangest and most interesting



THE LATE WILLIAM SHARP

cases of dual personality in the annals of literature. No one after reading this account of William Sharp's life, documented as it is with a great number of letters and extracts from diaries, will believe that there was anything calculated or mischievous in the hiding of one of his selves behind the quaint Celtic name. The story, which bears all the marks of truth, sets before us the man known by the name of William Sharp as one who in his highest reaches worked under the direct influence of a mystical inspiration, and who was driven by an imperative

necessity to seek an outlet appropriate to this inspiration. He is of the true lineage of the mystics, and recalls Swedenborg with his trances, Blake with his strange visions. Even more strongly he recalls the unhappy Chatterton, whose history, if it were fully known, would doubtless present many striking points of resemblance, in spite of the complete contrast in their ultimate fates.

In the current idea of dual personality there is a pathological suggestion which is luckily absent from the record of Mrs. Sharp's pages. Extraordinary doubtless was the association of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod in a single brain, but there is in neither personality anything unpleasantly morbid. It was not, indeed, one of those clearcut cases of sharply divided consciousness, with the total blotting out of one brain area while the other is active, which furnish the medical psychologist with his most important data in regard to this phase of hysteria. The secondary personality was rather a natural outgrowth of the primary in a mind predisposed to introspection and to a separate, subjective existence in a world of dreams. Sharp was a spirited, adventurous boy, with the mixed traits that came from his Gaelic and Scandinavian ancestry. From his Highland nurse he learned much of the supernatural lore with which the pages of Fiona Macleod are steeped. From childhood he had his rapt, mystical love of nature, his consciousness of life in inanimate things. In his early manhood the daring, Viking strain, indicated by his big frame, his blue eyes and yellow hair, seems to have had the mastery. Devoted to literature, he threw himself into the life of London with the sole resource of his pen, as many another young adventurer has done. He had gifts, both in prose and poetry, which elicited warm praise from such critics as Rossetti, Swinburne and Meredith. Yet the product of William Sharp, measured by the promise of the young man, is a disappointment; must have been such to the man himself. Truth to tell, he developed into a skilful hack-writer of the better grade, turning out an occasional volume of verse, biographical monographs on Rossetti, Browning, and

others, books of travel, criticisms of literature and painting, and a considerable number of sensational stories, chiefly for boys. Except for the verse, there was little of this work in which he found solid satisfaction, though he had a pride in his growing literary reputation. One traces in Mrs. Sharp's sympathetic account of these years the growing unrest and discontent which led him more and more to yield himself when he could to the mood in which he escaped from the daily grind. And with easier circumstances he found more frequent opportunities to gratify his inclination.

Fiona Macleod was thus a growth, not the deliberate creation of a moment. It was not until William Sharp was well on toward his forties that his *alter ego* assumed a definite shape and name. *Pharais*, "her" first book, was begun and perhaps completed before there was thought of publication under another name than the author's real one. The actual climax is treated by Mrs. Sharp with a mingled frankness and reticence which commands respect. The winter of 1891 they spent in Rome. Mrs. Sharp writes:

There, at last, he had found the desired incentive toward a true expression of himself, in the stimulus and sympathetic understanding of the friend to whom he dedicated the first of the books published under his pseudonym. This friendship began in Rome and lasted throughout the remainder of his life.

And though this newer phase of his work was at no time the result of collaboration, as certain of his critics have suggested, he was deeply conscious of his indebtedness to this friend, for—as he stated to me in a letter of instructions, written before he went to America in 1896, concerning his wishes in the event of his death—he realised that it was "to her I owe my development as 'Fiona Macleod' though, in a sense, of course, that began long before I knew her, and indeed while I was still a child," and that, as he believed, "without her there would have been no 'Fiona Macleod.'"

Once the distinction had been made, the line of separation between the two personalities became rapidly more marked. He did not abandon the literary activities proper to his own name, though

his productivity was decreased; but he tended more and more to live his real life in the person of Fiona Macleod, through whom he expressed himself with a growing sense of freedom and sincerity. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who knew Sharp well, even believed that as Fiona Macleod he sometimes lost entire consciousness of his other self. But Mrs. Sharp explicitly denies this. "That he had no recollection of what he said in that [i. e., the Fiona Macleod] mood was not the case. That he did not understand it, is true. For that mood could not be commanded at will." And she remarks on the intense struggle generated by this duality, particularly in the early years.

In surveying the dual life as a whole I have seen how, from the early partially realised twin-ship, "W. S." was the first to go adventuring and find himself, while his twin, "F. M.," remained passive, or a separate self. When "she" awoke to active consciousness "she" became the deeper, the more impelling, the more essential factor. By reason of this severance, and of the acute conflict that at times resulted therefrom, the flaming of the dual life became so fierce that "Wilfion"—as I named the inner and third Self that lay behind that dual expression—realised the imperativeness of gaining control over his two separated selves and of bringing them into some kind of conscious harmony. This was what he meant when he wrote to Mrs. Janvier in 1899, "I am going through a new birth."

We are accustomed to thinking of panics and strikes as belonging exclusively to the modern world. Yet the first chapter of William Stearns Davis's *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome* deals with the Business Panic of 33 A.D. and reads startlingly like an account of events of our own time.

As with most panics, the causes of this were not obvious. About a year before, the firm of Seuthes and Son of Alexandria lost three richly laden spice ships on the Red Sea in a hurricane. Their ventures in the Ethiopian caravan trade also were unprofitable, ostrich feathers and ivory having lately fallen in value. It soon began to be rumoured that they might be obliged to suspend. A little later the well-known purple house of Malchus and Company

(centred at Tyre, but with factories at Antioch and Ephesus) suddenly became bankrupt; a strike among the Phœnician workmen and the embezzlements of a trusted freedman manager being the direct causes of the disaster. Presently it became evident that the great Roman banking house of Quintus Maximus and Lucius Vibo had loaned largely to both Seuthes and Malchus. The depositors, fearing for their money, commenced a run on the bank, and distrust spread because of men, experienced on the Via Sacra (the first century Wall Street), who said that the still larger house of the Brothers Pettius was also involved with Maximus and Vibo. The two threatened establishments might still have escaped disaster had they been able to realise on their other securities. Unfortunately the Pettii had placed much of their depositors' capital in loans among the noblemen of the Belgæ in North Gaul. In quiet times such investments commanded very profitable interest; but an outbreak among that semi-civilised people caused the government to decree a temporary suspension of processes for debt. The Pettii were therefore left with inadequate resources. Maximus and Vibo closed their doors first; but that same afternoon the Pettii did likewise. Grave rumours obtained that, owing to the interlacing of credits, many other banks were affected. Still the crisis might have been localised, had not a new and more serious factor been introduced.

Mr. Allen Upward, whose *New Word* was recently discussed in these columns and whose latest book,

**Mr. Allen Upward** *Lord Alistair's Rebellion*, is reviewed in the present number, has had an unusually varied and adventurous career. He was born at Worcester, England, in 1863, distinguished himself at his university, practised law in Ireland and England, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. Two years later he became a volunteer in the Greek army in the war with Turkey, ran the blockade of Crete, and accompanied the Greek army of invasion into Turkish territory. He became British Resident of Northern Nigeria in 1901, and in 1907 he was in charge of the Mission to Macedonia. He has besides traversed the world from one end to the other, encountering a great variety of racial

types and meeting with many adventures. He has lately visited Constantinople for the study of the Young Turk movement and the new régime, passing thence to Athens, where he has been received as a guest of the nation in recognition of his services during the war. The eccentric, half-mystical philosophy of the *New Word* did not appeal to the publishers, and in spite of its witty, invigorating style and keen and amusing criticism of current fallacies, they refused it, one after another, and Mr. Upward was obliged to bring it out at his own expense. This he did about five years ago, and it was not long in making its way to the public for whom it was intended—the public who value books for their differences from their immediate predecessors, and not, according to the usual publisher's rule, for their resemblances. But though the book, when it was later offered to American publishers, had already gained considerable prestige most of them refused it in their turn. The present publisher shared the distrust so far as to print at first an edition of one thousand, but the first edition was sold before he could distribute the type, and in the short interval that has since passed the sales have been unusually large for a book of that class. Before he wrote the *New Word* Mr. Upward had written chiefly romantic fiction. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion*, written two years ago, is a novel of London politics and society, tinged with some of the philosophic speculations of the *New Word*.

It was not so many years ago that the football games to be found in American fiction were affairs to be regarded with huge and contemptuous amusement by any one possessed of even a good side line knowledge of the sport. Estimable ladies invaded the gridiron for heroic situations with dire results. A Yale or Princeton or Harvard team that had just won the championship would rush straight from the chalk lines to take afternoon tea with the heroine, which we all know to be strictly in accordance with custom and tradition. The



late Archibald Clavering Gunter, in *Miss Nobody of Nowhere*, began the tale with a description of the game between Yale and Harvard at Cambridge in 1878. It was in Mr. Gunter's best vein; consequently exciting and dramatic. But it was not football. English fiction seemed much better off in this respect. To begin with, there was that famous account of the football struggle in *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Then, for the more modern game, there is Conan Doyle's *The Firm of Girdlestone*. While our knowledge of the sport as played under British rules is more or less superficial, we should say unhesitatingly that the account of the battle between Scotland and England is as accurate as it is stirring. It rings true and did not Doyle once play in the "scrum" at Edinburgh University?

In recent American fiction, however, there is a new and very emphatic note. If Mr. Ralph D. Paine, or Mr. Walter Camp, or Mr. Arthur Alden Knipe, or Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, or Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, or Mr. James Barnes writes a football yarn, we expect the yarn to be good, but we know that the football will be. A very striking example of combined inside knowledge and real dramatic power is to be found in the description of the game between the Lawrenceville and Andover School elevens in Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Varmint*. "I never realised you knew so much football," was the abrupt and candid comment of an astonished friend. "That chapter is a text-book on the game." Both Mr. Walter Camp and Police Commissioner William H. Edwards, certainly very sound authorities, wrote to Mr. Johnson, expressing like amusement and delight. Mr. Camp himself, when writing about football, is always entertaining. His fund of knowledge and reminiscence is so rich (despite some inaccuracies in his *Book of Football*, which has been just published by the Century Company) that it is a great pity that he does not write well. This is a charge that certainly cannot be brought against another football and literary product of Mr. Camp's Alma Mater, Mr. Ralph D. Paine.

A few years ago the conventions were such that no general magazine would even have considered an article on sport. But what a change. During the last four and twenty months it has been almost impossible to pick up a magazine that did not contain some kind of an article on baseball. The papers of Mr. Hugh Fullerton in the *American Magazine* were really excellent, although toward the end the writer showed signs of taking himself and his theories with smile-provoking seriousness. About three years ago, when *Everybody's* printed a prize-ring article by Mr. Rex Beach on "The Fight at Tonopah," it was thought expedient to preface it with an editorial note of semi-apology. Since then prize-ring articles in the magazines have become too commonplace to call for comment. There was, by the way, a recent one of unusual cleverness, entitled "In Reno Riotous." The *Century* has been running a series of football papers, and some sort of a "gridiron" special seems to be now as much a necessary feature of a November issue as the Thanksgiving turkey on the cover. By all odds the most extraordinary of these appeared in the *American*, and was from the pen of Mr. Reid, the Harvard coach. It was constructed upon the Fullerton method, and couched in the rich and rhetorical prose which marks the writings of the lyrical gentleman who conducts the football department of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Reid's article initiated the reader into vast and awful secrets. The moment that Kennard ran out from the side lines and took his place behind the Harvard eleven for the purpose of kicking the goal-from-field against Yale in 1908, was no chance moment, mark you! It was the result of a deep and cunning scheme, worked out months and months before. Otherwise, would the Harvard coaches have given Kennard that football the previous June, and told him to practise drop-kicking during the summer? Formerly, we were of the opinion that similar footballs and instructions were generally given to promising back field men. But Mr. Reid has impressively convinced us of our mistake.

A year or two ago the writer of a very excellent book about President Lincoln told us of a dream. She had been working very hard on the book and had been particularly absorbed in the events leading up to the assassination in Ford's Theatre. One night she went to bed thoroughly exhausted, and, in the words of John Bunyan, "while she slept, she dreamed a dream." She was walking with John Wilkes Booth and questioning him about his motives. Finally Booth said to her: "Miss —, I am going to tell you something I have never told any one else in the world. I did not kill Mr. Lincoln. The President committed suicide in that box."

We recall this story when taking up *Through Five Administrations*, being the reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook, who was body guard to President Lincoln, and who served in a similar capacity through the administrations of Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. Colonel Crook was on duty near President Lincoln the day after the return from City Point. There were many visitors who had come to advise the course to be pursued toward the conquered Confederacy, and one man was bold enough to ask aloud what every one was thinking.

"Mr. President, what will you do with Jeff Davis when he is caught?"

Mr. Lincoln sat up straight and crossed his legs, as he always did when he was going to tell a story.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that reminds me of an incident which occurred in a little town in Illinois where I once practised law. One morning I was on my way to the office, when I saw a boy on the street corner crying. So I stopped and questioned him as to the cause of his grief. He looked into my face, the tears running down his cheeks, and said: 'Mister, do you see that coon?'—pointing to a very poor specimen of the coon family which glared at us from the end of a string. 'Well, sir, that coon has given me a heap of trouble. He has nearly gnawed the string in two—I just wish he would finish it. Then I could go home and say he got away.'"

Everybody laughed. They all knew quite well what the President would like to do with Jeff Davis—when Jeff Davis was caught.

We cannot put aside *Through Five Administrations* without an allusion to the case of Winnie Monroe. Winnie was a fat old woman as black as a crow who followed the honoured profession of the immortal Vatel. In other words she was the cook that Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes brought from Ohio to preside over the kitchen of the White House. When in the course of events the Hayes family went back to Ohio and private life, Winnie went with them, but not for long. She was soon back in Washington. "Law, chile," she remarked in explanation, "I cain't stay in no Ohio—not aftar I been de fust cullud lady in de land."

If we are to accept the testimony of the historian of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, the literary nobleman or noblewoman of the first half of the last century was generally to be regarded with a certain amount of derision. Mr. Bungay, the publisher of Paternoster Row, experimented with titled authors with unfortunate results, and Captain Shandon, in discussing the first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, said, "Then we have a Lord or two but the less they do the better." While times have not changed to the point that a patent of nobility necessarily means a patent of talent, there is no reason to believe that a man or a woman to-day is able to publish inferior books just because he or she happens to possess a title. Indeed, the literary noblemen and noblewomen of the past few years seem, on the whole, to be exceedingly dignified members of the community.

We have in mind, among others, Marie Hay, who outside of her books is known as Baroness Hindenburg. A few months ago we were reviewing her *A German Pompadour*. Her latest book, *The Winter Queen*, tells the story of Elizabeth Stuart, Electress of the Palatine, and Queen of Bohemia. It is cast in the form of a romance, but the details and

characters are all confirmed by the authority of old chronicles, and by arduous research through many archives. Marie Hay is a Scotch woman, the daughter of Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Kinnoull. Her father and mother were divorced soon after her birth, and she was brought up by her grandmother, the Countess of Kinnoull. Her childhood was spent partly in Paris

and partly at her old Perthshire home, Dupplin Castle. In 1903 Marie Hay married Baron Herbert Hindenburg, a grandson of Prince Münster, a former German Ambassador to London and Paris. Baron Hindenburg was appointed to the Prussian Legation in Stuttgart, and there Marie Hay made the studies and discovered the old papers wherein was hidden the strange story of Wilhelmina,



MARIE HAY (BARONESS HINDENBURG)



**MADAME MODJESKA**



THE RETURN FROM AMERICA. A CARICATURE MADE BY PAPROCHI SOON AFTER MODJESKA'S FIRST APPEARANCE HERE IN 1876. PAPROCHI HIMSELF CARRIES THE SAFE.

Countess Grävenitz, the heroine of *A German Pompadour*. Besides Stuttgart, the Hindenburgs have been in Stockholm and Munich, and they are now at the German Legation in The Hague. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country eight years ago Baron Hindenburg was at the German Embassy in Washington for a few months.

The real Zagloba, Madame Hélène Modjeska, tells us in her *Memoirs and Impressions* which have just been published by the Macmillan Company, was a certain Captain Pietrowski, whom the Modjeskas and Henryk Sienkiewicz knew in California. Like the hero who dominates the pages of *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, Captain Pietrowski was a *gourmet*, very tall and very stout, and requiring a vast amount of food to satisfy his colossal appetite.

He was a curious type, Madame Modjeska remarks. He seemed suited rather to the sixteenth or seventeenth century than to our modern era. His humour was the humour of Sir Toby Belch or Falstaff. Even his language was unusual. It was quaint, much more correct and crisp than our diluted and distorted gabble of the twentieth century. When the Modjeskas met him, he was a widower, but had lived separate from his wife long before she died. Of course, no commonplace grievance could explain the matrimonial dissensions of a man who stood as the model for Zagloba. Pietrowski and his wife separated for the reason that she adored garlic, and he doted on cheese, and neither could tolerate the taste of the other.

The portrait of Elihu Vedder appearing in our November number should have been credited to Paxton.

# THE PLAYS OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



VERY rosy view of the current theatre season might be derived from a study of those pages of our Sunday newspapers in which the theatre managers announce their offerings and quote the commendatory notices of newspaper reviewers. It would appear from these advertisements that to go to the theatre night after night at the present time would be to enjoy a series of adventures among masterpieces—that never before have so many great plays been set forth simultaneously on the American stage. The most widely read theatrical reviewer in New York is quoted as having stated that “as a piece of dramatic construction *The Gamblers* is perfect.” Mr. Klein’s play must, therefore, vie in ultimate artistry with *Ædipus King*, *Tartuffe*, *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Ghosts*. A critic of recognised ability is quoted as calling *The Cub* “one of the wittiest of plays.” It must, therefore, rank at least with *The Importance of*

*Being Earnest*, if not indeed with *The School for Scandal*. *Mother* is advertised as “the play of the century”—the same century, let us remember, in which such inferior offerings as *Mid-Channel*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *The Thief*, *The Witching Hour*, and *The Servant in the House* have been set upon our stage. *Mother* must indeed be worth seeing. The press agent proceeds to describe it as “a story of uplift!” [the exclamation point is his], and to assure the reader that it “hits you right in the heart and makes the tears flow.” That sounds a little like what Stevenson called “a brutal assault on the emotions” [he was speaking of the song of “Home, Sweet Home”]; but yet a person not troubled with heart-disease might well decide to submit to the assault for the sake of the promised pleasurable flushing of the tear-ducts. *Smith* is announced as “the greatest comedy success of Mr. Drew’s career”—the same Mr. Drew, let us remember, who played Benedick at Daly’s to the Beatrice of Ada Rehan; and the critic of an even-



“THE CONCERT”—ACT I

“He is adored by a fluttering multitude of women, who pay him large sums for piano lessons.”



**"THE CONCERT"—CURTAIN FALL OF ACT II**

**"As the pianist becomes engrossed in the game, he ceases to notice the avowed admirer of his beloved and habitual opponent; and he has already for some time forgotten the little woman he eloped with, who sits behind his back, neglected."**



**"'GET-RICH-QUICK' WALLINGFORD"—ACT I**

**"His exposition, which is accomplished in the office of the town hotel, is built up out of a kaleidoscopic shift of many bits of character and incident."**



**"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"—ACT III**

One of "a succession of almost unrelated episodes in the life of a child among the people of a little hamlet in Maine."



**"BABY MINE"—ACT II**

"The wife seeks to win her husband back by the expedient of adopting a new-born baby and telegraphing her husband that she has become a mother."





**"THE COUNTRY BOY"—ACT II**

**"A boarding-house dinner is amusingly set forth, with the usual exaggeration of conventional types."**



**"THE COMMUTERS"—ACT II**

**"The meeting of the woman's club in the second act would be much funnier if it adhered more closely to the facts of actual experience."**



**"THE CUB"—ACT II**

"The second act, which exhibits both parties to the feud meeting grimly for the annual 'truce dance' in aid of the school-house fund, presents a gallery of diverting caricatures."



**"SMITH"—ACT III**

"There is a tense moment which is carried off with dignified reserve when a bridge game is interrupted by the announcement of the sudden death of the baby of one of the women, who, in neglect of her home duties, is dealing out the cards."

ing paper is quoted as declaring the play to be "his best vehicle for years." Only a few years ago Mr. Drew gave an excellent performance in *His House in Order*, one of the most notable technical achievements of the greatest living English dramatist. Mr. Maugham's play, if it is better than Sir Arthur Pinero's, must indeed be worth a visit. Of Mrs. Riggs's dramatisation of her *Rebecca* stories, one of the most dignified and reserved of New York newspapers is quoted as saying that "from beginning to end and without one note of exaggeration, she has kept the whole play quivering with life; touching the imagination, kindling enthusiasm, breaking the heart with pathos and mending it with mirth." The play must easily be greater than *Cyrano de Bergerac*, for there are "notes of exaggeration" in that heroic comedy, and there are, "from beginning to end," one or two scenes during which it doesn't precisely "quiver." And to have the heart—that delicate and vital organ—broken and mended again in a single evening for the inconsiderable sum of two dollars is surely an experience to be anticipated with delight. "*Get-Rich-Quick*" *Wallingford* and *The Country Boy* are presented by two managers so closely allied in business that their advertisements appear adjacent to each other. The former play is "the greatest American comedy produced in years" [better, therefore, than any of the comedies of Mr. Augustus Thomas or the late Clyde Fitch]; and the latter is "the best comedy in town." Here, indeed, is an enthusiasm of inconsistency that reminds us of Ruskin on a rampage.

But if the thoughtful theatre-goer turns from these pages of puffery to the plays themselves that are advertised in such excessive terms, he will discover that there is very little to arrest the mind in the offerings of the autumn season. Many of these epoch-making masterpieces turn out, upon a critical examination, to be unimportant in conception or inadequate in execution; hardly any of them is worthy of the indiscriminating commendation that it has received; and the student of our theatre is led to wonder at that abrogation of the critical spirit in America which makes it possible for the

public to read without a smile the pronouncements of the press agents and the quotations from the popular reviewers.

Of all the plays of the autumn season [except *The Blue Bird*, which is, of course, a literary masterpiece] the only one which deserves unqualified commendation as a work of art is *The Concert*, a German comedy by Herman Bahr, which has been deftly localised in America by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. *The Concert* diffuses a charm which deserves to be described as mellow and of which the essence is a delicate blending of wise humour and sympathetic sentiment. The hero, a Hungarian pianist, is endowed with that temperament of the spoiled child which is lovable because of its defects. He is adored by a fluttering multitude of women, who pay him large sums for piano lessons and make his public recitals the most notable social successes of the musical year. A spoiled child always needs somebody to take care of him; and the pianist is looked after by a wife, who loves him faithfully without any glamour of adoration, and who is scarcely noticed by the cooing covey of his feminine idolaters. Every once in a while he announces that he is leaving town for two or three days to give a private concert; and his wise wife pretends not to know that he is really retiring to his bungalow in the mountains for an episode of romance with one of the gushing women who have hurled themselves at his impressionable heart. Immediately after he has departed on the latest of these temporary elopements, the husband of the young woman who has accompanied him calls upon the wife of the pianist and talks the situation over with her in a dialogue which is remarkable for its engaging sanity. His point is that if his wife and the pianist really love each other, he does not wish to stand in the way of their happiness; but if they are fluttering into peril in the trivial mood of the spoiled artist and the inconsiderate child, he wishes to interfere to save his wife from disillusionment and sorrow. The wife of the pianist, though her mood is less reasonable and more emotional, agrees with this attitude toward the situ-

ation. Together they follow the romancers to the bungalow, and on the way concoct a humorous plan to declare their intention to set their respective spouses free and thereafter to marry each other. Arrived at the bungalow, they behave like betrothed lovers too interested in each other to pay any attention to the personal feelings of the partners whom they have deleted from their lives. Each of the romancers thereupon develops a jealousy of the pretended interloper in his accustomed marital relation; the strong force of habit asserts itself, and each of the runaways returns instinctively to the partner that had seemed before so easy to desert. The wise man and the wise woman who have devised this humorous object-lesson hold out long enough to make the lesson lasting; then they relent and forgive their moon-struck children, and lead them home to an established domesticity.

Even from a casual summary it should appear that this little comedy is sweetly sane and humorously wise. It is playful in plot and tender in tone; but it teaches a sound lesson about life, and stimulates the audience to helpful thought concerning the personal relations. The characters are so clearly and so humanly drawn that the spectator may transfer them into life at large and remember them apart from the play in which they figure. And the production is at all points worthy of the play. Mr. Belasco's special gift is to stage a piece in such a manner that the setting tells the story to the eye more eloquently than the dialogue tells it to the ear. The curtain-fall of the second act may be noted as an especially successful instance of his method. As evening is waning in the bungalow, the musician sits down to a game of chess with his wife, because he has a habit of playing chess with her at home. The other man looks on, pretending to be absorbed in admiration of the musician's wife. As the pianist becomes engrossed in the game, he ceases to notice the avowed admirer of his beloved and habitual opponent; and he has already for some time forgotten the little woman he eloped with, who sits behind his back, neglected, looking lonely out of the window into the mystic moonlit night. There

are no lines of dialogue at this curtain-fall; but the silent picture sums up the entire story and eloquently utters the theme which informs it.

"*Get-Rich-Quick*" Wallingford, a dramatisation by Mr. George M. Cohan of certain stories by Mr. "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford, is not "the greatest American comedy produced in years"; but it is a lively and delightful entertainment, and it succeeds emphatically in fulfilling the author's purpose to amuse. There is a sleepy little town in Iowa, many of whose citizens have money but lack the initiative to accomplish anything with it. A couple of energetic young impostors, Wallingford and "Blackie" Daw, have planned to take the town by storm and to abscond with the savings of the conservative citizens. They are practically penniless; but they produce an impression that Wallingford is a multi-millionaire who intends to develop the town by investing a large amount of capital in its latent and undeveloped resources. The two conspirators start a number of wildly imaginative business schemes and persuade the citizens to invest their money in them, intending suddenly to run away with the collected capital before the bubbles burst; but they devote so much energy and persistency to pushing the schemes they have invented that the schemes succeed, and they find it more profitable to pursue them legitimately and to divide the profits with their investors. The crooks turn honest not because of any qualms of conscience or conversion to morality; but because they are persuaded by circumstances stronger than their own intent that honesty is the best policy; and it must be registered to the credit of the author that he did not attempt to lift the philosophy of his satire above the plane of Franklin. The play is very clever in incident; it is alive with caricatures sufficiently near to life to look like characters during the hasty traffic of the stage; and it is written in a ready and careless slang that is both natural and funny.

In his dual capacity as author and stage-director, Mr. Cohan has exhibited a theatric skill that is worthy of serious study. His main merit is a zest for con-

stant movement. He uses a large cast of characters and keeps them hurrying on and off the stage, launching hasty lines in passing. He seldom pauses for a deliberate, uninterrupted dialogue. His exposition, which is accomplished in the office of the town hotel, is built up out of a kaleidoscopic shift of many bits of character and incident. The aspect of the scene changes ceaselessly before the eye; and yet the spectator is never befuddled as he watches it. The effect is intricate but not chaotic. The rapidity of interweaving movements which Mr. Cohan achieves in his stage-direction suggests to the spectators an active sense of life and does not allow them time to discount the exaggerations of the story. So completely does Mr. Cohan carry his audience by storm that he renders them unable to perceive that his last act is merely a procession of many characters across the stage, each of whom is pointed out in turn by Wallingford to a new personage who has been introduced thus late in the story merely for the purpose of observing them. Nothing could be more elementary in structure than this processional epilogue; but the activity of the preceding acts has carried the audience beyond the mood of cavi.

Miss Charlotte Thompson has more than once exhibited a knack for making "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" passable plays out of novels which were difficult to dramatise; and it should therefore be noted that she has collaborated with Kate Douglas Wiggin in preparing the stage version of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. The result is, in this case, not a play, but a succession of almost unrelated episodes in the life of a child among the people of a little hamlet in Maine. What the piece lacks is a steady progression of incident toward a definite culmination—in other words, a plot. But if it is weak in structure, it is strong in characterisation. It presents a vivid realisation of many clearly defined types of character—some of them, like the rustic replica of Jane Austen's Miss Bates, being variations of traditional types, while others, like the village stage-driver, are richly human. The dialogue is very real, but scarcely succinct enough for the purposes of the

theatre; the talk too often halts the incident.

It would be unfair to criticise otherwise than personally any play which deals primarily with children; for critics with an equal understanding of theatric art will be affected very differently by a piece of this type. I therefore speak only for myself when I confess that my heart was neither broken nor mended by the performance of *Rebecca*. When hard-hearted grown-ups were cruel to the little girl, I resisted the appeal to pathos. What I felt mainly was a sense of linked sweetness long drawn out; and a saccharine young gentleman in the cast who went about saying kind words to all the little girls afflicted me with a desire to quote aloud the most outrageous words in the vocabulary of Falstaff. For presenting material such as this, the theatre is not so effective a medium as the novel. In reading Mrs. Riggs's books, we look at Rebecca and the other children through the mind of the author, and we see them hallowed in the mood of the novelist's own vision of them. But in the theatre we see no longer a charming woman's imagination of Rebecca, but merely an actual young girl who is sweet to everybody in a sing-song voice.

*Keeping up Appearances*, a comedy by Mr. Butler Davenport, which was withdrawn by the managers "Keeping up Appearances" less than two weeks after it was first presented, was one of the most interesting offerings of the autumn season. It was praised very highly by the best reviewers; but their remarks fell unheeded by a public whose ears had been already dinned with extravagant laudation of many far less worthy efforts. Our silly system of advertising has its tragic side. After a bad piece has been puffed as the greatest play of the century, it becomes impossible to convince the public of the merits of an unpretentious play which is really worth seeing. Though bad art may gain for the moment, good art is certain to lose, by the abrogation of sincere and cultured criticism.

Mr. Davenport's effort was not really a good play; but it was an earnest and interesting study of family life. The defect of the piece was that the author did

not get his action under way until the third of the four acts in which it was constructed. The first act offered a clear and complete exposition of the situation of the family whose fortunes formed the subject of the author's study, but it did not start the plot. The second act was also a static study of character, very real and, therefore, interesting to the intellect, but overlaid with talk and not sufficiently leavened with dramatic incident. The last two acts set forth several moments of genuine drama; and one quiet dialogue in the fourth act between the wife and the mistress of an erring husband—two women totally different in nature, who have nothing in common but their love for the same man—constituted one of the most tense and touching scenes which have been set upon our stage this year. Mr. Davenport's play was faultily proportioned; it had too little plot to carry its characters, and for two acts at least it displayed more talk than action; but, on the other hand, it was a sincere and earnest representation of a phase of life which the author had honestly observed. Life is more interesting than theatrical contrivance, though the best art in drama demands a union of them both; and to draw the thing as he sees it is a nobler endeavour for the artist than merely to plan an effective plot.

*Baby Mine*, a farce by Margaret Mayo, is a commendable bit of work because it thoroughly fulfils the purpose of the author. It presents a series of ludicrous incidents in an uproarious crescendo, and it is enlivened with many clever lines. A young husband has left his young wife in a fit of petulant jealousy and has transferred his residence to another city. She seeks to win him back by the expedient of adopting a new-born baby from a maternity hospital and telegraphing her husband that she has become a mother. But the actual mother of the baby changes her mind, about the time that the husband arrives upon the scene; and it becomes necessary for the wife and her friends to secure another infant to serve as offspring to the imagined father. An available wash-woman has just given birth to twins; but the conspirators are detected

in their effort to substitute the newly adopted pair for the original infant, and the astonished husband deems himself for a time the father of triplets. Mrs. Selwyn has embroidered this amusing theme with many funny complications, and has skilfully applied a technical knowledge of the theatre to the task of making her audience merry for two hours.

It is rather a pity that Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman's domestic drama entitled

*Mother* should be advertised as "the play of the century," because young playwrights of promise

ought not to be pushed at the outset into unnecessary comparison with the masters. Mr. Goodman's work is good enough to deserve criticism; and the fact that this play of his will not endure comparison with *Mid-Channel* should not be emphasised against him by his press agent. *Mother* tells a very sentimental story, which is sufficiently real not to alienate the interest of the average spectator. Commonplaceness is at once its merit and its defect; it is commendable because its emotion is commonplace and, therefore, appealing, and it is censurable because its thought is commonplace and, therefore, unilluminative. The author displays an effective command of crude pathos, a familiar observation of the facts (rather than the truth) of life, sufficient technical ability to develop an adequate plot, and a gift for realising character. But his play is not only excessively sentimental; it is also (when considered seriously) immoral. The mother in the story throws away her own fortune and absconds that of her younger children in order to pour money into the lap of her favourite, but worthless, oldest son; she commits forgery to save him from the consequences of a crime of which he has been deliberately guilty; she slams her door in the face of her most faithful friend because he protests against the iniquity of her action: and yet the author holds her up for praise and seduces the sympathies of the audience to support her. Mr. Goodman apparently thinks that it is virtuous for a woman to indulge herself in the luxury of self-sacrifice, even though, to experience that self-

infliction of delicious pain, she ruins the lives of those who are dearest to her. He sets forth an elder sister who loves and is loved by a worthy man and who tries to make this man marry her younger sister out of a mistaken sense of kindness for her. This situation was, of course, made classic in *Frou-Frou*; but whereas Meilhac and Halévy worked it out to the nemesis of a tragic catastrophe, Mr. Goodman approves of the self-sacrificing sister and forces his audience to sympathise with her. His later development of this complication follows the lines of Mr. Howells's treatment of the sisters in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*; and, as in Mr. Howells's masterpiece, the man ultimately marries the right girl. But for "a story of uplift!" *Mother* is strangely unsound in its ethical philosophy.

*The Commuters*, by Mr. James Forbes, is a fairly amusing farce; but it lacks the

**"The Commuters"**

freshness of his two preceding plays. The slangy dialogue is as humorous as ever; but the story is episodic, the plot is too disjointed, and the characterisation is not sufficiently distinct. The effort as a whole seems rather tired, as if the author were forcing himself to write once more in a vein which had previously proved popular. This weariness of invention shows itself here and there in an unnecessary exaggeration of genuinely comic material. The meeting of the woman's club in the second act, for instance, would be much funnier if it adhered more closely to the facts of actual experience. But, on the other hand, the serious twist at the curtain-fall of the third act, though unexpected, is not so artificial as the melodramatic culminations of Mr. Forbes's earlier comedies. He is an author with a fine eye for humorous detail. What he needs is to see life more in the large.

*The Country Boy*, by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, discloses several interesting scenes,

**"The Country Boy"**

but the piece as a whole is not co-ordinated to develop an inherent theme. In the second act a boarding-house dinner is amusingly set forth, with the usual exaggeration of conventional types; and the third act contains a very real and moving dialogue in

which an older man who is himself down in his luck persuades the younger and despairing hero not to commit suicide. The piece is real enough as a bit of storytelling; but there is no theme to hold the various scenes together, and the spectator is led to suspect that the author wrote it without any clearly defined dramatic purpose.

In the comedy entitled *Smith*, the neat and entertaining talent of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is revealed

**"Smith"**

at its best. Mr. Maugham nearly always selects for representation a theme which has already proved itself popular in the theatre. In this particular play he says lightly and deftly what Mr. Alfred Sutro said more earnestly and emphatically in *The Walls of Jericho*. To call attention to this fact is not to accuse Mr. Maugham of imitation. Molière's *Le Misanthrope* includes Mr. Sutro's play as well as Mr. Maugham's; and an available theme may always be used over and over again in the theatre. Rather must we assign credit to Mr. Maugham for a clever and dainty treatment of traditional material.

The hero, after several years of earnest labour in South Africa, returns to London with the avowed purpose of seeking a wife. His married sister, with whom he makes his headquarters, has been artificialised during his absence by the frivolities of high society; and all the marriageable women to whom she introduces him are insincere and shallow. The author avails himself of many opportunities to satirise the high society of London, and is especially successful in the delineation of a sophisticated parasite who, without much money of his own, contrives to live well by making himself agreeable to a succession of married women whose husbands are well-to-do. The hero finally, in disgust at the artificiality of the high-bred folks with whom he has been thrown, decides to marry Smith, the maid-servant of his sister, and carries her off to South Africa to the consternation of his sister and her friends. The comedy is wittily written and reveals one or two scenes which display a grasp of character. Especially interesting are two dialogues in

which a society girl first forces the hero to propose to her and accepts him on the spot, and then subsequently gives him up because she realises that she is not worthy of him; and there is a tense moment which is carried off with dignified reserve when a bridge game is interrupted by the announcement of the sudden death of the baby of one of the women, who, in neglect of her home duties, is dealing out the cards.

*The Little Damozel*, by Mr. Monckton Hoffe, tells an interesting story which is

**"The Little Damozel"**

real at times and is at times enlivened with genuine wit. The little comedy reveals more plot than atmosphere; but much of the dialogue is cleverly written. A profligate who has been discarded by the girl to whom he had been engaged agrees for a sum of money to lure into marriage the harpist of the band of a Bohemian restaurant in London and thus take her off the hands of a more successful man whom she has intended to sue for breach of promise. After marrying the harpist, the profligate discovers that the man who hired him is engaged to marry his own former fiancée. The harpist at the same time discovers the dastardly way in which she has been sold as a commodity. The profligate contemplates suicide; but in the end a happy outcome is effected through a genuine love which develops between the harpist and the profligate and turns their mock marriage into a real one. This is an artificial and a sentimental comedy; but it appeals to the sympathy and the good humour of the average audience.

*Le Bois Sacré*, of MM. Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, was originally a very charming

**"Decorating Clementine"**

comedy; but in its American presentation, under the title of *Decorating Clementine*, it lacked all localisation of atmosphere. The fault lay not so much in Miss Gladys Unger's translation of the text as in the acting and the stage-direction. Clementine is a distinguished woman novelist of Paris who seeks to secure the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. She, therefore, cajoles the Minister of Fine Arts and orders her uxorious husband to flirt with the minister's wife.

Her husband undertakes this task unwillingly, but soon develops a sufficient interest in the object of his enforced attentions to excite the jealousy of his own wife, who now seeks to divert him from the personal conquest which at first she had implored him to seek. The comedy is clever in details of incident and character, and much of the dialogue is brilliant; but in the American presentation the satire lacked a local habitation, the people were neither French nor British nor American, and the absence of definite atmosphere was fatal.

*The Scandal*, by M. Henry Bataille, was another French play that failed to

**"The Scandal"**

survive the sea-change incident to importation to America. The common saying that human nature is the same all the world over was once again proved to be fallacious by this attempt to make clear to an American audience an analysis of a social complication which was essentially and narrowly French. There are certain emotional reactions natural enough to the French temperament which are incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon; and a French play which is evolved from these can never be successfully transported to the English stage. In M. Bataille's drama, a wife who has committed adultery is harrowed by a steadily increasing fever of suspense and fear lest her husband should discover her repented infidelity; but meanwhile at least three other men in the story, with none of whom is she personally intimate, learn all about her fault, directly or indirectly, from the wife herself. She talks over her secret sin with comparative strangers, and the men all seem to accept the situation as a matter of course. This is only one of many instances in which the human nature of this play is incongruous with the human nature that Americans are used to. But, on the other hand, there are moments, like that of the husband's final forgiveness of his wife, which are not only beautiful and sound but universal. Americans who have lived in France, or who are thoroughly familiar with the French drama, will find this social study of M. Bataille's very well worth reading; it is searching in its analysis of character,



powerful in its employment of suspense and of surprise, and very moving in its emotion. But the play should never have been presented as a commercial venture in the American theatre, because the audience could not believe that the Anglo-Saxon-looking people on the stage really thought or said or did such things as were set forth in the action.

There is an engaging note of honesty in a melodrama that is set forth frankly as a bit of emphatic story-telling and does not pretend to be taken seriously as a study of actual

life. It is this note that makes *The Deserters*, by Robert Peyton Carter and Anna Alice Chapin, the most pleasing melodrama of the autumn season. It tells a very interesting story, with several thrills and many moments of suspense; and though at times it o'ersteps the modesty of nature, it does so in the frank pursuit of theatrical effect. The hero, under provocation, assaults a man and, thinking that he has killed him, flees. The victim, who was only stunned, is subsequently killed by some one else. A girl detective, who is employed to track down the supposedly guilty fugitive, falls in love with him while she is luring him into her power. At the culmination of the story, the climax of *Fédora* is adapted to the exigencies of the situation; and the familiar mechanism of Sardou is just as thrilling as ever in its new setting. Subsequently the girl traps the actual murderer into a confession of his guilt and thereby saves her lover. The play is exciting in invention and rapid in movement; and the story is none the less plausible because it is impossible.

*The Gamblers*, by Mr. Charles Klein, once again displays those characteristics which have been shown in all his other recent plays. The subject-matter is journalistic; the plot is effectively theatrical in its cumulative intensity of incident; the characterisation is empty of veracity; and the dialogue is lacking in distinction. The play is interesting as a bit of mechanism, but unbelievable as a review of life. It is rather better than *The Lion and the Mouse*, but not quite so effective as *The*

*Third Degree*. It sets forth a little group of men who are alleged to be the directors of an important banking corporation in Wall Street; but when confronted with a crisis, they show themselves childishly incapable of co-ordinating any plan of action. Two of them behave and talk like small tradesmen in a little town in Indiana. An elderly gentleman who, as president of the bank, is responsible for the funds of his depositors, is portrayed as utterly incompetent, and when the bank is wrecked by criminal practices on the part of his son, is excused of guilt and held up for sympathy by the author on the ground that it was not his business to know anything about his business. The commercial, the legal, and the social procedure in the story are frequently at variance with fact. A prosecuting attorney who bribes a man to turn over to him the evidence on which his case depends will arrange to receive the all-important papers in person and not to have them delivered by messenger at his house at an hour when he knows that he will not be at home. A gentleman, even though he be a prosecuting attorney, does not, when he goes to the house of a family with whom he is still on social terms, take with him two hirelings who are known to be detectives and post them wherever he wishes about the house. A woman does not sit around for ten minutes discussing ethics with another woman when, to save the man she loves from prison, she need only knock at a door four feet away, behind which she knows him to be dressing, and pass through it, as he opens it a few inches, the papers that will save him. While she is discussing ethics, her husband, who has followed to prevent her from delivering the papers, and who entered the house only a few moments after she arrived, does not stand around downstairs doing nothing and defer his entrance until the ethical lecture is concluded. A man for whom at the moment there is no warrant for arrest, seeing a private detective hired by a personal enemy peering at him from the balcony of his room, will order the man away instead of acting a pantomime to entertain him. Throughout the play the ethics of the leading characters are juggled to suit the story. The author makes the audi-

ence excuse them when they do wrong and wonder at them when they do right.

*The Gamblers* is an interesting contrivance and, considered merely as a mechanical melodrama with no reference to life, it is worthy of unstinted praise. It is only because it has been lauded as a "perfect piece of dramatic construction" and advertised as a serious study of American social and commercial life that the candid spectator may feel impelled to pick it to pieces and show that it is—in Meredith's phrase—"betrayed by what is false within."

Mr. Thompson Buchanan has more than once developed in one mood a story that seemed to demand treatment in another. In

#### "The Cub"

*The Intruder* he made a comedy out of material that might more naturally have served to make a serious social drama. In his latest play, *The Cub*, he has planned a melodrama and then treated it as farce. Melodrama and farce are, of course, closely akin, since in each the incidents control the characters; and it is far less difficult to turn a farce into a melodrama than to turn a serious social play into a comedy. In *The Cub* Mr. Buchanan has furnished his audience with considerable amusement by laughing at the melodramatic materials of his story. Murder is in the air; the hero is in continual danger of being shot; and yet the incidents are all uproariously funny. The play deals with a primitive and savage feud between two families in the mountains of Kentucky and the difficulties of a young newspaper reporter who is sent up from Louisville to "cover" the feud for

his paper. The best moments in the play are at the same time thrilling and satirical; the danger of death accentuates amusement at the triviality of its cause. The second act, which exhibits both parties to the feud meeting grimly for the annual "truce dance" in aid of the school-house fund, presents a gallery of diverting caricatures, but is a little thin in incident. More melodrama, rather than less, might have made this act still funnier. The dialogue is not precisely witty, but it romps along with an amused daredeviltry that is boyish and enlivening. *The Cub* is a playful triviality that deserves to succeed with a public avid for entertainment.

Mr. William Gillette's comedy entitled *Electricity* reveals anew his technical command of the theatre, but is notable for little else.

#### "Electricity"

In order to win the love of a rich young girl who has developed the hobby of parlour socialism and announced that she will never marry a man who is not a labourer, a rich young fellow changes clothes with an electrician who is wiring her father's house. By so doing he entangles the actual electrician in difficulties not only with his employers but also with his family and his fiancée, and of course the job of wiring the house is badly bungled; but he wins the heroine's affection and cures her of her extravagant ideas. This mildly satiric story is told with Mr. Gillette's accomplished ease; the characters are lightly but distinctly sketched, and the dialogue occasionally brightens into wit. But the piece, although not faulty, leaves an impression that it was scarcely worth the doing.

*In the January number Mr. Hamilton will discuss the moving-picture show from the point of view of the dramatic critic. Not only because the moving-picture has driven out of existence several forms of actual drama—traditional popular melodrama, for example—does it demand consideration by a critic of the theatre. The new art itself possesses many technical advantages as a medium for exhibiting narrative and dramatic action. The qualities of humour and of pathos that are disclosed in the moving-picture stories, the narrative nature of their plots, and the possibilities of drawing characters in a story without words will all be considered from the standpoint of serious criticism.*



*It having been represented to Me by  
the Examiner of All Theatrical Entertainments  
that a typed copy, entitled,*

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*being a Play in Acts*

*does not in its general tendency contain any thing  
immoral or otherwise improper for the Stage. The  
Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household  
do by virtue of my Office and in pursuance of the Act  
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*Given under my hand  
this 21st day of March 1880  
J. Ashford  
Examiner of Plays*

*Alfred  
Lord Chamberlain.*

*To The Manager of the Daly's Theatre, London. W.*

THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS—FAC-SIMILE OF THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO JULES ECKERT  
GOODMAN GRANTING THE PERMISSION OF STAGING HIS PLAY "MOTHER." "MOTHER," BY  
THE WAY, HAS BEEN MADE INTO A NOVEL WHICH IS TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT MONTH

# MARK TWAIN'S ILLUMINATING BLUNDER

BY F. M. COLBY



THE posthumous volume of *Mark Twain's Speeches* begins with his ill-fated address at the birthday dinner given by *The Atlantic Monthly* to Whittier in 1877. It is followed by Mark Twain's account of that distressing occasion and the story has recently been told again by Mr. Howells in his *Reminiscences of Mark Twain*. Both versions agree as to the magnitude of the disaster. Mr. Howells calls the speech an "amazing mistake," a "bewildering blunder" and a "cruel catastrophe," and says

There fell a silence weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment and was broken only by the hysterical and blood-curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy.

Mark Twain says:

I didn't know enough to give it up and sit down. I was too new to public speaking, and so I went on with this awful performance, and carried it clear through to the end, in front of a body of people who seemed turned to stone with horror. . . . When I sat down it was with a heart which had long ceased to beat. I shall never be as dead again as I was then.

Now we venture to say that to any man moving along with the present generation, who reads the speech and considers the circumstance, the striking thing about the whole affair will be the false dignity, the nipped and pursed up spirit, that must have prevailed in literary Boston some forty years ago. That is an aspect of the matter to which neither Mark Twain nor Mr. Howells refers. Yet it has for us a curious interest.

Mark Twain had gladly accepted the invitation to address the diners, and knowing that Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes were to be among them had pre-

pared in high confidence a little skit telling of three absurd impostors who had announced themselves by these distinguished names at a miner's cabin in the far West. According to the story, a melancholy miner at whose cabin Mark Twain found shelter one night told him that three other "littery men" had stayed with him the night before and given him much trouble. They were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Holmes. In reply to Mark Twain's question the miner gives an account of the visit.

They were a rough lot, but that's nothing: everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly like as if he had a wig made of hair brushes. His nose lay straight down on his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin and then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he:

"Through the deep caves of thought  
I hear a voice that sings  
Build thee more stately mansions,  
O my soul!"

Says I, "I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and moreover I don't want to." Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:

"Give me agates for my meat;  
Give me cantharids to eat,  
From air and ocean bring me foods,  
From all zones and altitudes."

Says I, "Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel."

So the tale ran on in the nonsensical,

preposterous Mark Twain manner, familiar to his readers then as now, turning solely on the absurdity of the imposture, and obviously having nothing to do with any qualities personal or literary of the actual Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow. The names of Dryden, Pope and Addison might have served his turn as well.

But at the first mention of these great Boston names in the miner's story the faces of the fifty diners stiffened with horror, having, according to Mark Twain, the expression they might have worn had he introduced the names of the persons of the Trinity. Mr. Howells, who was toastmaster, had presented the speaker as "a humourist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke." Mr. Howells was as deeply shocked as the rest of them, and to judge from his recent narrative has apparently not yet recovered. Holmes, Emerson and Longfellow were, he says, regarded with a kind of religious awe that we who are remote from them in time and place cannot appreciate.

They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called *presence*, for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit . . . To be sure they were not themselves mocked; nevertheless their personality was trifled with, and I could only end by reflecting that if I had been in their place, I should not have liked it myself.

During the speech he observed Holmes writing busily on his menu, feigning preoccupation, Longfellow bolt upright looking at the speaker with "an air of pensive puzzling," and Emerson, whose memory had failed, "listening in a sort of Jovian oblivion." Emerson, indeed, was unable to understand what was said, and immediately forgot the incident, but the dignity of Holmes and Longfellow was thought to have been ruffled. Mr. Howells hastened to Mark Twain when the dinner was over, mourned over him, and left him deeper in despair and guilt, and Mark Twain afterward wrote pathetic letters of apology to the three injured divinities. He was consoled somewhat by a letter from Professor Child, who having read the speech in a

Boston newspaper, praised it as "the richest piece of humour in the world." But Mr. Howells never ceased to regard it fearfully, and when Mark Twain, years afterward, asked his advice as to reading it at a meeting of newspaper men, Mr. Howells discouraged him, thinking it too dreadful even for that. Mark Twain says he himself suffered deep humiliation for a year or two, then tried to forget the episode, but finally after twenty-eight years, some one having reminded him of the speech, he had it copied from the Boston newspapers and read it again. His final opinion, as expressed in his *Autobiography*, was that the speech was a good one, and he could account for its frigid reception at the time only by his faults of delivery.

The story which we have here baldly summarised deserves a place in every manual of our literary history. So admirably does it exemplify the spinsterhood of American letters in general and the rigours of Boston's literary atmosphere in particular. It is absurd to try and account for the "catastrophe" by Mark Twain's "irreverence" toward Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes or his "trifling with their personalities." Reading the speech nowadays we can think only of the inhumanity of that awful group of diners toward Mark Twain. No other motive than the desire to amuse them is discernible in a single line of it, and even supposing its humorous intention was not fulfilled, it was at least deserving of those hard smiles we give for charity, especially to the man on the platform. The severity of this rigid little company contrasts strangely with the complaisance we usually show on such occasions. When any one is trying to amuse a crowd of us we are as a rule almost too amiably ready to take the will for the deed.

We cannot sit stolidly by and see a man's efforts fall flat. As civilised men we are always laughing when we are not amused and expressing an interest we do not feel. In laughter, especially, it is only the stony-hearted that are altogether sincere. Laughter is a merciful acknowledgment of the other man's intention. It has long since been perverted to this social use. Among civilised men

the greater part of laughter is, as is well known, not a natural private product but an artificial concession to a social demand. And the force of this demand is stronger in a crowd by as much as the discomfiture of the man on the platform is more pathetic than the downfall of the joker in private life. Familiar as we are with this humane observance, trained to laugh punctually, even inordinately, upon demand, often at great personal inconvenience, merely to oblige a friend, or as a public duty, or to shield an idiot from our opinion of him, or to allay embarrassment, cover fatigue, avert disappointment, and hide the brutal egotistic verities in our intercourse with men, we can only marvel at the bleak and naked barbarity of those Boston guests. Had Mark Twain been guilty of the worst of jokes the punishment seems to us of this day cruel and unusual.

Nor can it be explained by the "extraordinary dignity" of these three distinguished persons. Mark Twain's burlesque took that dignity so much for granted that its whole point turned on the contrast between it and the antics of their three impersonators, employing a device ancient and classic, an heirloom of the comic poets, familiar as the fable of the ass in the lion's hide. The horror of the deed cannot be appreciated by studying either the speech itself or the qualities of the three divinities, but only by regarding earnestly the simple fact that the deed was done in literary Boston. Whether Mark Twain's joke was good or bad it was at least vivacious and therein lay its blasphemy. Suddenly and without warning he burst out talking in a group of deeply dyed New Englanders as if among men. Even now that would be a serious blunder in many parts of New England, where no one versed in the local usages would dream of talking naturally on convivial occasions. To this day a social meeting in New England is often merely penitential, the natives being forced into social intercourse for the punishment of some secret sin and held together by the embarrassment of leave-taking. Hence those pinched and bitter little gatherings you sometimes see in the upper circles of small New England towns—"parties in a parlour all silent

and all damned." It was because the sons of the Pilgrims knew that they would be happier at home that they first went out into "Society." To avoid pleasure, they began to entertain.

But Mark Twain knew nothing of all this, knew nothing of the great law that the fear of fun is the beginning of reverence, or of those twin deities Pucker and Constraint, New England's Castor and Pollux, worshipped for generations with strange inhuman rites. To him a dinner in Boston was a dinner and nothing more, though in the Boston of 1877, and in circumstances of the utmost literosity, embarrassment and self-effacement, four New England celebrities in the flesh and forty admirers in the goose-flesh, true refinement in full sway, all the vitalities batted down, and every impulse chained to a propriety. Suddenly he appeared among them utterly reckless and undisguised, that shameless, wanton, uncouth thing, a human being.

It was not merely that he tried to be amusing; the damage was done when he was seen to be alive. At other times and places he might have played with Behemoth as with a bird or even with entire propriety have danced before the Lord, but that was under another Dispensation, not literary and Bostonian, altogether a different matter from approaching, "in a light and personal spirit" people with the "thing called *presence*" as understood in Boston, reading a frivolous speech before Oliver Wendell Holmes. But it is not likely that any one of the guests in his private and personal capacity could have been shocked by anything that Mark Twain said on this occasion; the horror arose from a collective misunderstanding, each listener suspecting the other of being scared. It might have been safe for Mark Twain to talk naturally, even exuberantly to a single Bostonian, however cultivated, but not to more than one. With two Bostonians he ought to have been only one-half himself, and one-fiftieth if there were fifty. Horror of human nature began in one Bostonian with the consciousness of the presence of another Bostonian, mounting as the numbers increased. There was Holmes, for example, who in his books seemed

free, almost reckless in contrast to his environment; praised spontaneity, ventured feats of intellectual daring, often girded at Bostonian stiffness and sometimes charmed by his air of impulsiveness. Yet he felt keenly the serious nature of a meeting with another Bostonian. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, he says it is proof of some secret depravity in any man, if he is seen advancing with a smile on his face to greet an acquaintance in the streets of Boston. He calls it the "terrible smile." Not that Holmes or his two famous companions were to blame for Mark Twain's discomfiture. That arose from the social gravity involved in this large and dangerous meeting of Bostonians—the sort of gravity, perhaps, that the Frenchman had in mind when he called it "a mystery of the body invented to disguise the failings of the soul."

Such is our analysis of the situation from the point of view of to-day and trivial as the incident is it brings out quite forcibly the cramped and servile spirit in which these writers were approached and the injustice done to them and to us in the memoirs of the men who knew them. The older generation has used us ill. They have passed on to us tremulous and inarticulate pages, bearing witness perhaps to their own emotion but conveying none to us. In their awe-struck, tongue-tied contemporary commentaries, so local in outlook that they seem almost written in dialect, you will find no real respect or appreciation of the men they describe. They may have felt it, but they could not put it into words. It has remained for men of our own time to do that, and for words at all worthy of the subject, for an expression of full-hearted admiration, intellectual sympathy and real reverence, one must read estimates like that of Mr. John Jay Chapman's essay on Emerson written in 1898, or Mr. Brownell's essay on Emerson printed last year. For example, what Mr. Howells and other contemporary literary folk who met Emerson called reverence was really not reverence at all. It was a sort of literary buck fever.

When I heard him coming into the parlour at the Wayside my body literally grew stiff and my tongue dry with awe.

So says Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis in her reminiscences of Emerson, but she, as it happens, was one of the rare exceptions who rallied from the attack. In after years she was able to write about him not only lucidly, but even intimately, and greatly to our profit. She has also summed up for us admirably and in small compass the local conditions which have made contemporary pictures of Emerson seem like reflections in a cracked looking-glass:

New England then swarmed with weak-brained, imitative folk who had studied books with more or less zeal and who knew nothing of actual life. They were suffering under the curse of an education which they could not use; they were the lean, underfed men and women of villages and farms who were trained enough to be lawyers and teachers in their communities, but who actually were cobblers, milkhands or tailoresses. They had revolted from Puritanism, not to enter any other live church, but to fall into a dull disgust, a nausea with all religion. To them came this new prophet with his discovery of God within themselves. They hailed it with acclamation. The new dialect of the transcendentalist was easily learned. They talked it as correctly as the Chinaman does his pigeon English. Up to the old grey house among the pines they went—hordes of wild-eyed Harvard undergraduates and lean, underpaid working-women, each with a disease of soul to be cured by the new Healer.

Mr. Brownell and the other recent writers on Emerson have done the present generation good service in rescuing him from this false worship and from the equally false literary awe illustrated by that *Atlantic* dinner.

But the parochial spirit which Mark Twain's speech so greatly shocked still lingers in our volumes of literary history and hovers over many a college chair and crops out again on centennials, anniversaries, unveilings and dedications and may be found at any time in the starched pages of certain academic periodicals. To this day the qualms of provincial literary gentility are mistaken for reverence and appreciation is identified with abjectness of mind. We still persist in writing about our men of letters in the spirit of a school history describing George Washington, aiming at awe, achieving aver-

sion. That was why Professor Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* shocked a good many people when it appeared some years ago. It was the first attempt to approach the subject in openness of mind.

To be sure, Professor Wendell went too far the other way. He was as much afraid of being provincial as they were afraid of being anything else. He wished you to know that he regarded the New England writers as only Yankees, and that he himself had seen a host of things undreamt of in Yankeeland. He was a very Sindbad of criticism, returned to settle in his native land, and insisted so strongly on that word Yankees and on our meagre lives and "national inexperience," and was so cautious in his praises and so anxiously blasé that he seemed uneasy in his cosmopolitanism. And when talking about some American writer he dearly loved to tell you that some contemporary foreign writer was doing better things, as if somebody were to blame for it. Mistress Anne Bradstreet died in 1672, the year Dryden was born—shame on her—and her volume of poems came out in the same year as *Pilgrim's Progress*—and what a difference, and so silly of Mistress Anne.

Yet his book was a better one than any that had appeared in the same field be-

fore, and more reverent, too, in any proper sense of the term, than any of those exclamatory memoirs and eulogies tendered by persons from whom the mind has fled, leaving only a *nil nisi bonum* expression. It let the air into a number of stuffy New England parlours. It prepared the way for a more comely form of literary worship, divorced from that unnecessary New England pokiness. He wrote of books as books and not as literary heirlooms, and he belittled no man with perfunctory praises or staled his memory with inappropriate hallelujahs. He and his successors have done much to exorcise that epicene, self-conscious Boston literary fiend in blue stockings which so bewitched those *Atlantic* diners while listening to Mark Twain. It was, as Mr. Howells says, a "disaster," but he attributes it to the wrong cause. It was not *lèse* majesty, but *lèse* snobbery. We must enlarge our definition of snobbery to include the literary sort. A snob is not merely a man who meanly admires mean things; he meanly admires the great ones. To the mind of the literary snob the gods are always small and jealous, mindful of the little dignities, fancying slights and fearing laughter, wincing under any pleasantry, as when Mark Twain takes their names in vain.

## A PARISIAN EPISODE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

(Written with a French-English Dictionary in one hand  
and a Rhyming Dictionary in the other.)

Upon *Boule Miche* the *autre* day  
While yet the *nuit* was early,  
*Je* met a *homme* whose *barbe* was grey,  
Whose *cheveaux* long and curly.

"*Je* am a *poete*, sir," *dit* he,  
"*Je* live where *tres grande* want teems—  
I'm *faim*, sir. *Sil vous plait* give me  
*Un franc* or *cinquante centimes*."

I *donne* him *vingt* big copper *sous*  
But *dit*, "You *moderne* rhymers  
The *sacre* poet name abuse—  
*Les* poets were old timers."



"*Je* know! I know!" he wept, contrite;  
 "The bards no more *suis* mighty:  
*Ils* rise no more in *eleve* flight,  
 Though some are *beaucoup* flighty.

"*Vous* wonder why *Je* weep this way,  
*Pour quoi* these tears and blubbers?  
 It is *mon* fault *les* bards to-day  
*Helas!* *suis* mere earth-grubbers.

"There was a time when *tout* might see  
 My *grande* flights *dans* the saddle;  
 Crowned *rois*, indeed, applauded me  
*Le* Pegasus astraddle.

"*Le* winged horse *avec* acclaim  
 Was voted *mon* possession;  
*Je* rode him *tous les jours* to fame;  
*Je* led the whole procession.

"Then *arrivee* the Prussian war—  
 The *siege*—the *sacre* famine—  
 Then some had but a crust *encore*,  
 We *mange* the last least ham-an'

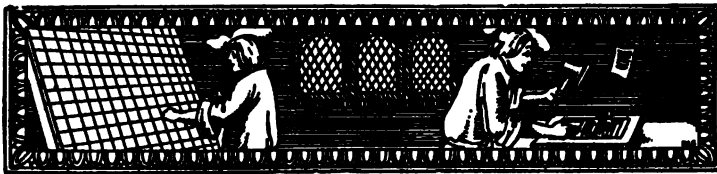
"*Helas!* *Mon* noble winged steed  
 Went oft *avec* no dinner;  
 On epics *il refusee* feed  
 And *maigre* grew, and thinner!

"*Tout* food was gone, and *dans* the street  
 Each *homme* sought crusts to sate him—  
*Joyeux* were those with horse's meat,  
 And Pegasus! *Je* ate him!"

My anger then *Je* could not hide—  
 To *parler* scarcely able  
 "Oh! curses *dans* you, sir!" *Je* cried;  
 "*Vous* human livery stable!"

* * * * *

He fled! But *vous* who read this know  
 Why *mon pauvre* verse is beaten  
 By that of *cinquante* years ago  
 '*Vant* Pegasus *fut* eaten!



# THE SOUTH IN FICTION

## I—KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



WHEN Eliza crossed the ice from the unfriendly region that the Indians had once called "the dark and bloody ground" she literally took the first step toward annexing Kentucky to the domain of fiction. Likewise, she put in motion a "best selling" machinery that has not been surpassed even in our animated day of highly commercialised literature. But it was the traditional "far cry" from Mrs. Stowe's era to the time when the old Commonwealth really took on the dignity and the appurtenances of being a literary *locale*.

No State perhaps offered more varied beginnings and backgrounds for the makers of her literature than Kentucky. Across her bosom swept the tide of early colonial conquest that surged onward to the winning of the West; into the composition of her people mingled the blood of the Puritan and the Cavalier that blended into a sturdy race. Yet for many years the State had no literature despite the rich material that waited to be welded. The simple reason was that her gifted sons were orators and their ideals were of statesmanship, not letters. While they lived they thrilled people with the impassioned fervour of their eloquence, and when their tongues were stilled they left nothing behind but the grateful memories of picturesque personalities. One man alone of that whole group had his speeches printed, and that man was Henry Clay. Besides, the Bench and the Bar beckoned to the youth of the State, for the law was an honoured profession that had its generations of social prestige and had created a long and illustrious line of jurists and pleaders before the goddess of Justice. Then followed a decade of journalism, the period of George G. Prentice and the dawn of the day of Henry Watterson, when the wit and satire of the paragrapher vied with the eloquence of the Bar.

It was not until the first published work of James Lane Allen that distinction and form became part of the literary effort of Kentucky. Where the first spark of the State fiction had been struck in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the seething unrest that had preceded the Civil War, the full rich flame of it burst forth amid the sylvan calm of the blue grass between the covers of *The Choir Invisible*. The very mention of Mr. Allen's books brings up in the mind of the reader that fertile lowland region of which Lexington is the centre and where most of the men and women of his imagination have trod their way. It is a clean, green land and a fitting setting. In fact, it was in Lexington that the very first published work of the author was laid, for here are the scenes of the majority of the tales in *Flute and Violin*. Here, on "Old Cheapside," King Solomon of Kentucky was placed on the block for sale to the highest bidder. It is interesting to add in this connection that only last year a monument was raised in Lexington to the memory of this black hero. Within a stone's throw from Cheapside is the store opened by Colonel Romulus Fields and his devoted Peter, with his coat of many inscriptions. They were the "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky." On the outskirts of the town is the graveyard where these two faithful yoke-fellows laid down for their eternal rest. The old church where the Reverend James Moore of the magic flute memory has long since gone the way of the flesh, but there is a tablet in the town which records the faithful service of this shy and sensitive soul, who wrestled with the spirit in the days when the wilderness was young. But far more picturesque than all of this is the background of "The White Cow," the story that gave Mr. Allen his first fame. It is on the frontiers of the blue grass country. I remember distinctly my own first impression of this place, which had long existed in my mind in a sort of glamour of old



"Where the dead are side by side, their graves covered with myrtle, and having each for its headstone a plain wooden crucifix."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."

"So lies he now in the dim cemetery grave outside, wrapped from head to foot in his cowl, with its stains on the hem and bosom."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."



"In a shadowy, solitary valley of southern Kentucky, and beside a noiseless stream, there stands to-day a great French Abbey of White Cowled Trappist Monks."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."



THE OLD LEXINGTON COURT HOUSE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY," "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE" AND "FLUTE AND VIOLIN"

world atmosphere. It is known as the Abbey of Gethsemane and is located in the heart of Nelson County, about seventy miles from Louisville. To the stranger suddenly happening upon it it would seem to be a bit of old France transplanted between the Kentucky hills, for

it is a stone quadrangle, with fountains and courtyards, sentinelled by noble elms and hung with a brooding peace. It was here that Father Palemon, pride of the brotherhood, first heard the siren call that lured him out into the world. The old stone fence where he stood is still there, overhung with honeysuckle. Ranging alongside is the monastic cemetery, the succession of grassy mounds topped by plain iron crosses, where the youthful seeker after worldly unrest found his only peace. Since "The White Cowl" was written the monastery has grown in prestige and power. Every year strangers come there, led by the lure they found in "The White Cowl." The old guest master, Father Cyprian, who showed Mr. Allen the institution, is still a member of the silent brotherhood.

*The Choir Invisible* is laid in Fayette County, just outside Lexington. Through the region which it describes swept the old Wilderness road, the highway on which the east went to the west in the last days of the eighteenth century. The little schoolhouse where John Gray fought the panther vanished long ago and to-day is marked by a prosperous-looking red stock barn.

Most people do not know perhaps that Mr. Allen laid the scenes of *A Kentucky Cardinal* in his own boyhood home. This is located five miles from Lexington and is midway between the Versailles and Frankfort pikes. It is a region of sur-



THE OLD WILDERNESS ROAD. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"





SYLVIA'S ARBOUR. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH"

passing beauty and almost eternal verdure, for the blue grass never dies out. Adam Moss's home is a white building, two stories high, with a colonial porch. It is set amid those storm-beaten cedars where the cardinals uttered their tragic notes of peace and farewell. Sylvia's Arbour, where that sentimental young person was thrilled by swelling literature, has long since rotted away.

The central drama of *The Reign of Law* was of course in old Transylvania University, part of which still stands in the centre of Lexington, a time-defying tribute to the academic spirit that overcame frontier hardship a century ago. The old university is merged into a group of State institutions now, but it will always retain, despite the amalgamation, an heroic individuality, which was only heightened by the courage and faith of David, the hero of the book. The hemp field, which provided the setting for that memorable epic of the hemp, is located on the Georgetown pike, about eight

miles from Lexington, and now, as in the days when Mr. Allen's youthful eye beheld "those flowering heads," offers its rich yield to the gleaner each year.

Within a mile of this hemp field is the scene of *The Mettle of the Pasture*. The only time that Mr. Allen ever really got out of the blue grass land was in *Summer in Arcady*, for the two hot-blooded young persons eloped across the Ohio River from what is the present site of Maysville to Aberdeen, Ohio. This was once a great lover's highway and Aberdeen was a Gretna Green.

The scene of *The Bride of the Mistletoe* and *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* are the same. Mr. Allen really had in mind a composite of the old Allen estate where his forefathers settled in the wilderness days. The Doctor traversed the Georgetown pike daily, and it is this road that winds through the new story.

#### THE JOHN FOX COUNTRY

When you turn to the John Fox coun-



THE HOME OF ADAM MOSS. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH"





- I. HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 410 VICTORIA PLACE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "LOVEY MARY" WAS WRITTEN
- II. THE REAL MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
- III. THE CABBAGE PATCH



- I. GIRLHOOD HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 1705 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "MRS. WIGGS" WAS WRITTEN
- II. THE CABBAGE PATCH PUMP. "TRULY, THE WORKS OF MAN ARE WONDERFUL"
- III. MRS. WIGGS'S HOME. "THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO FRONT DOORS"





OLD CHEAPSIDE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY"

try you find at once the very interesting and distinctive fact that stands out in the consideration of Kentucky in fiction. In most States there is a characteristic sort of type, such as the New England nun of Miss Wilkins or the homely middle westerner of Hamlin Garland. But in Kentucky there are two exact opposites. One is the cultured lowlander of James Lane Allen; the other is the rough-hewn highland feudist of John Fox, Jr. And yet less than a hundred miles divides the *habitat* of these widely differing types. Their origin was the same, for their forefathers came West over the Wilderness road. The slipping of a linch pin in the mountains kept here and there a family up among the crags, and they remained there nursing their primitive superstitions

and hatreds. Their brothers moved on down to the blue grass, became educated and wore broadcloth.

Mr. Fox's regions are rugged like the mountains he describes. Most of his stories are in eastern Kentucky or just beyond the border in Virginia. His first great popular success, *On Hell fer-sartain*, is named from a riotous creek in Leslie County, in eastern Kentucky. Originally it received its title from the belligerent character of the people who lived on it. The usual greeting to the stranger in those parts was, "You git hell-fer-sartain up there for sure." Near by is the famous Kingdom Come, where the Little Shepherd had his dreams. Both of these creeks, I might add, are not far beyond the frontiers of bloody Breathitt County, where the Hargis-Callahan feud still rages, despite the fact that most of its actors have been laid low by bullets.

There is really no original Lonesome Pine. If you should be travelling up the Cumberland Gap way the conductors on the train will point out a certain magnificent fir that stands on Black Mountain and say that this is the tree where the lovely June was wont to make her devotions. But Mr. Fox says, and he ought to know, that there was no specific tree in his mind. The general locality of this delightful story is in the gap that cuts through the Cumberland in the southwestern part of Virginia. When you see that wild gash cut in the very side of the world there are a good many stately and splendid pines that, "catching the last



THE BIBLE COLLEGE, TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "THE REIGN OF LAW"





"Every morning the entire Trappist brotherhood meet in a large room for public confession and accusation. High at one end sits the venerable Abbot."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."



"The crucifixion scene behind the altar, consisting of wooden figures carved by one of the monks, now dead, and painted with little art."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."



"A long, level avenue, enclosed on each side by a hedgerow of cedars."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."



FLORENCE, KENTUCKY, THE REAL STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE

glow of the sunset clear-cut against the after-glow green amid dying autumn leaves, green in the grey of winter time, and still green in 'the shroud of snow,' make you believe that any one of them might have been the sentinel of the story.

Unlike Mr. Allen, Mr. Fox has taken some of his characters all over the State. Once he invaded the lowlands with *Crittenden*, which is partly laid a few miles out of Lexington, and in *The Kentuckians* he puts the main action in Frankfort, the capital of the State. Here and there in this story you can see the walls of the Executive Building, from whose window leaped the bullet that laid Governor Goebel low and which plunged the whole State into near civil war.

#### THE REAL STRINGTOWN

As you proceed with a study of the real locality in Kentucky fiction you are impressed with the fact that no section of the Commonwealth has escaped. Turn now, for example, to the stories of John Uri Lloyd, which are really a succession of invaluable folk-lore studies with permanent scientific and sociological value.

Thousands of people who have spent all their lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, or in Covington and Newport, Kentucky, do not realise that the real Stringtown is almost at their back doors. If you want to get the real atmosphere (and this includes the "dust of that dear old highway") take a carriage at Cincinnati some day and drive out ten miles to the drowsy village of Florence, in Boone County, and here you will find the sights and scenes of Mr. Lloyd's very unusual book. It has less than a hundred people, yet the whole region is one of great historic tradition. Within stone's throw of the pike is Bloody Hollow, which figures so dramatically in the story. It may be worth mentioning here that the original of Red Head, the picturesque mountain boy whom Mr. Lloyd later made the hero of a special story, came to Florence in his boyhood with the curse of the mountain vendetta about him. He attended school taught by Mr. Lloyd's father, who is the original of the Professor Drake in the Pike story. This mountain boy, on account of the blood vengeance upon his family, was permitted to carry a revolver,

and this act remains to-day a sort of tradition in the Stringtown country.

The scenes of *Warwick of the Knobs* are laid in the Big Bone section of Boone County, Kentucky. This, too, is historical locality, for it was to this place that General John Morgan, chief of the Kentucky raiders, was taken by his friends after his sensational escape from the Columbus prison. Here he remained until after the plan for taking him to the South was consummated. There was an original for the old Hard-Shell Baptist preacher Warwick, whose courage, faith and devotion made him a power and a force in the whole section.

#### WHERE MRS. WIGGS LIVES

Until the advent of Alice Hegan Rice the blue grass region of Kentucky had the centre of literary interest, but with the coming of Mrs. Wiggs it was forced to divide some of the honours with the city of Louisville. Curiously enough, as so often happens save in the case of a community like New York City, the metropolis had almost been ignored in the fiction of the State.

The original Cabbage Patch was and is a district in the southern part of Louisville where Seventh Street is intersected by the incoming Louisville & Nashville railroad tracks. Here a settlement of shacks and cabins had sprung up amid a vast amount of accumulated debris. The denizens of the place often pilfered their coal from the railroad cars and their wood from the adjacent lumber yards. To this section came the then Alice Hegan doing social settlement work, and on her altruistic wanderings fell in with a Mrs. Bass, who is the original of the story. In some way this lady became associated with the story and her cabin began to attract the curious. The woman became so much annoyed that one day she let go the contents of a pail of boiling water on the head of a reporter who was seeking her "own story" of the original of what at that time was one of the most widely discussed stories of the day. The scenes of *Lovey Mary* are also laid in this section, for there was a community of interest as well as character in the two books.

Louisville has figured in the novels of

Mr. Harrison Robertson, who is one of the editors of the *Courier Journal* and whose brilliant story *If I Were a Man* marked the début of a talent that might have been a real force in Southern literature.

To round out the cycle of locality in Kentucky you have now only to move westward in the State to Morganfield, a dreamy place which Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks used as the background for her charming story *Oldfield*, which is the Kentucky Cranford. Near this place was laid *Round Anvil Rock* and *The Little Hills*. These stories breathe of their region just as the stories of Mr. Allen exhale the fragrance of the Fayette County lowlands.

The Kentucky that Opie Read used for his *Kentucky Colonel* might be anywhere save in the mountains and is almost as universal in its character as the Tennessee of his *Tennessee Judge*. The Tennessee of Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree) is more distinct, for *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain* early pointed out the scene of the land that his later born brothers were to inhabit, for it is not very far from the Kentucky borderline.

Both in Kentucky and in Tennessee the historians in fiction have clung closely to the soil, for in the big frank democracy of the open country they have found their best and most virile types.



## THE ILLUSTRATORS OF THE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY GARDNER TEALL



THE Christmas story has never lacked illustrators since type was invented to carry it around the world. It began with the portrayal of the Golden Legend by those name-forgotten artists of the third century, one of whom pictured the Nativity on the walls of the Catacombs of Priscilla. Then the old painter monks, true followers of St. Luke, adorned many a wonderful *evangeliar* with exquisite miniatures in the illuminated works of the tenth century and onward, the most beautiful one,

to the writer's mind, being that contained in one of the MSS. of the Vatican Library, which, ten hundred years ago, belonged to the Emperor Basil II. Later came the books containing block-printing, such as the famous *Biblia Pauperum*, but little is known about these early illustrators of the Christmas story before the time of Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Hans Burgmair, and, later, of Rembrandt.

Dürer's "Nativity" and his larger and lovelier engraving of "The Holy Night" long inspired German illustrators who bound their themes in the Christmas





**"THE BIRTH OF JESUS." BY REMBRANDT**



**"THE NATIVITY." BY ALBRECHT DÜRER**



**"THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR." BY STEINHAUSEN**

story. As for Rembrandt, his small plate "The Birth at Bethlehem" presents a handling, common to other of his etchings and engravings, that seems directly to have influenced the art of the great modern illustrator, Daniel Vierge, just as Rembrandt's works, such as "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds," might well have inspired the composition of Gustave Doré.

The Christmas story has, in its general aspect, found its greatest number of illustrators in Germany, both in followers of the early schools and in the "secessionists" of black-and-white to-day. However, Germany has not produced any literary work on the Christmas story equal in importance to Charles Dickens's

*Christmas Carol*. Therefore, German illustrators—Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Joseph Ritter von Fürich, W. Steinhäusen, Paul Mohn, and others of their school—have contributed illustrations to lesser works, such as the Christmas short story, more or less of a religious character alone, while A. Ludwig Richter, H. Vogel, Theobald von Oers, Roessler, and the group of illustrators that have made famous the *Fliegende Blätter*, and the "secessionists" already referred to—among them Porsche of Munich and Ferdinand Staeger—have concerned themselves with the folk-side of the Christmas story. The most modern of these is Staeger, whose exquisite work in silhouette illustration has not



REVELRY IN THE WOODS. A GERMAN CHRISTMAS SCENE

been attained by any of his contemporaries.

Chodowiecki, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, had parodied the abuses of Christmas-giving (and taking!) in such publications as *Lang's Almanach*, then extremely popular as a Christmas publication. He likewise had furnished illustrations to a child's Christmas book some years earlier. From the time Joseph Kellner furnished the pictures for the text of *The Christmas Gifts, or the Happy Morning*, no one in Germany or the world over, for that matter, caught the Christmas spirit in his work so successfully as did Ludwig Richter; no one has quite risen to his place.

Ludwig Richter was born in 1803 at

Dresden, and lived to the good old age of eighty-three. Although in his earlier years he had been professor of landscape painting at the Dresden Academy, his later life was devoted to drawing scenes from pastoral life, and to illustrating child-life. There is a pretty little mediæval touch to Richter's later work, but infused into it is the quality of sweetness and of jollity, exhibiting the utter lack of the dismal, the grotesque, or the lean, all of which omissions mark Richter's drawings with a style distinctly his own.

French writers have, in common with German novelists and story-writers, little concerned themselves with books in which Christmas is the main theme. Indeed, there are only François Coppée's



"THE WINTRY WIND BLOWS COLD AND SHRILL." A GERMAN CHRISTMAS SCENE

*Les Contes de Noël*, with its few drawings by Myrbach, and one or two tales by Daudet. There have, of course, been numerous children's Christmas books illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel. It should be remembered, however, that a French edition of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, illustrated with woodcuts by Mar-



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

old and Miltis, was published years ago by Guillaume of Paris.

*A propos* of this, it is safe to say that no Christmas story has ever known so many illustrators as has Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. It was the celebrated draughtsman John Leech whom Dickens, in 1849, chose to illustrate the

first edition of the tale. It contained four steel engravings, afterward coloured, and four wood engravings. These latter, drawn directly on wood by Leech, were engraved by the hand of W. J. Linton. Leech, like Cruikshank and others of his contemporaries, never drew from models, but depended upon their careful memories, an interesting fact to remember in considering their work. Dickens's other Christmas stories, *The Chimes*, *Cricket on the Hearth*, and *The Battle of Life*, were also, in part, illustrated by Leech. In 1893 original drawings by Leech for these Christmas tales were sold at Sotheby's in London, from Miss Dickens's collection, and brought one hundred and fifty-five guineas. Later they again changed hands for two hundred and forty pounds. Fifty pounds is all that Leech received for them in the first place. Leech's share of work in *The Cricket on the Hearth* was seven drawings, in *The Chimes*, five, and in *The Battle of Life*, three. Probably the attractive illustrations by Leech to the first edition of the *Christmas Carol* had much to do with the book's initial success.

Before the Dickens stories appeared, Thackeray, from year to year, had issued little books in pink covers which he called Christmas books, and which, in the opinion of some of his critics, deserved the sarcastic reviews they called forth from the *London Times*. With the exception of *The Rose and the Ring*, the only one of these little books that had anything "Christmasey" about it, the series was insipid both as regards text and the pictures scattered through it. In *The Rose and the Ring*, however, a few saving graces are to be found; at any rate, they are interesting as showing what went before the *Christmas Carol*. In this connection, however, one must not forget to make mention of a tiny Christmas volume, exquisitely illustrated with etchings by R. Seymour, published in London as early as 1836 by William Spooner, the London bookseller. This precious bibliophilic treasure is well worth ransacking old book-shops to find; a copy of it is in the print room of the Lenox Library, New York.

Among other noted illustrators of Dickens's Christmas stories are "Phiz"





CHRISTMAS GHOSTS OF THE PAST



CHRISTMAS EVE

(Hablôt K. Browne), Edwin A. Abbey, F. A. Frazer, H. French, E. G. Dalziel, J. Mahoney, Townley Green, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, George Cruikshank, and Thomas Nast. Nast's drawings appeared in *Gabriel Grub*, a book taken from a part of the *Pickwick Papers*, brought out as a Christmas book some years ago by an American publisher.

This list of illustrators does not comprise a quarter of the number of names of those whose pencils have delineated the characters in the Christmas stories from the pen of Charles Dickens.

Next to the *Christmas Carol* the Christmas parts of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* hold the highest place in popular esteem among English-speaking readers.



THE CHRISTMAS WAITS



CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD ENGLISH INN

In 1876 these parts, under the title of *Old Christmas*, were published with illustrations from the hand of Randolph Caldecott, by Messrs. Macmillan and Company in London. Caldecott never surpassed this work nor that for the companion volume, *Bracebridge Hall*. In these books he reached his true *milieu*, for it must be remembered that although Caldecott was truly a caricaturist, his caricatures were, at best, always of a poetical and romantic nature. His world was in the pastoral, squire-world of the eighteenth century, but not in the eighteenth century of dandyism. Instead his

world was in the time and among the people he has so perfectly brought out in *Old Christmas*, of which volume every collector of examples of the history of illustration ought to possess a copy, and likewise a copy of Caldecott's *Bracebridge Hall*.

When Caldecott drew for the *Graphic*, its Christmas numbers always found their principal Christmas subjects by him, and in colour. Edmund Evans issued a volume of them in 1888—*Mr. Chumley's Holidays; Mr. Carlyon's Christmas*, etc.

In Hugh Thomson, Caldecott has had a



THE SPIRIT OF OLD CHRISTMAS



THACKERAY'S COUNTESS GRUFFANUFF

close follower. At first Thomson's illustrations lacked the subtle humour of Caldecotts', his inspirer, and he lent himself, somewhat, to an exaggeration that, happily, afterward disappeared, leaving his style stronger, more individual, and truly possessing the qualities one did not find in it in his early work, which first began to attract attention in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Indeed, few illustrators of the Christmas story have more endeared themselves to the hearts of Christmas readers than Hugh Thomson.

Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway are names that come immediately to the mind with the mention of Christmas illustrators, for their books, every one of them, is, in effect, a Christmas book. Walter Crane's own *Book of Christmas* is less known than some of his works in colour, among which *Baby's Opera*, with its *Christmas Day in the Morning*, must rank foremost in our affections. The

little series of *Almanacks*, issued regularly for years with Kate Greenaway's illustrations, forms another class of Christmas books the collector eagerly seeks, now that they have become so rare and are more truly appreciated than they were wont to be. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, too, figures as an illustrator of the Christmas story, as one fortunate enough to possess a copy of the 1867 edition of *Gatty's Parables* will find. Therein the loveliest drawing is that, by this artist, of the Nativity.

Thus have the illustrators lent their talents to the literature of the Christmas story, and not only have they pictured the story of the Babe of Bethlehem with reverence in their hearts, but they have also shown us that other glad joyous side of the festival of Christmas, the Christmas of King Wassail, of Noël, of the Yule, and the Christmas of St. Nicholas, Mr. Santa Claus and of sweet Charity.

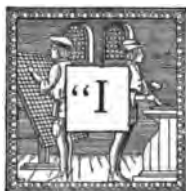


TITLE-PAGE DESIGN FOR THACKERAY'S CHRISTMAS STORY "THE ROSE AND THE RING"



# THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY EDNA KENTON



It was Christmas Eve. My old friend, Jack Vincent, had persuaded me to join him in the festivities at his father's country house"; so speeds the opening fire of the Christmas society tale. "The winter wind is howling over the bleak moor, and Christmas is ushered in with a sore famine that has already made many a hearth desolate"; this for the angry landlord plot! "I don't suppose you air goin' to do much Christmas over to your house"—rural New England—or perhaps Tennessee Mountains, or the mining camp! "It was Christmas Eve. The heavy clouds, lowering all day, had wrapped the earth in a dun grey blanket that chilled the flesh and the spirit"; so begins the story that may be placed anywhere and treat of anything!

And harking back to the middle of the last century, the time when periodical literature first began to take notice of concrete rather than abstract things, it is apparent that the Christmas stories of 1910, like the Christmas stories of 1900 and of 1890, bear, most of them, the stale bouquet of an ancient vintage, or, to change the metaphor, they are *réchauffées* from bases scores of years old. And still the world demands them for food and drink in December, or, if it does not, the editorial fraternity is self-deceived beyond words.

Christmas stories in the form of folk fables, songs, and traditions, have existed in literature for hundreds of years, but the Christmas story, as the modern world knows it, is probably not a hundred years old. Washington Irving, in his *Sketch Book*, published about 1820, was the notable pioneer in employing Christmas myths frankly as literary material. *The Sketch Book* was warmly received in England, and this American influence, combined with a strong fancy for the

German holiday *Annals* that sold in England for a good many years, gave the impetus to a literary movement that culminated in the "Christmas Books" of Dickens and Thackeray. This period, from 1842 to 1855, was the heyday of the Christmas story in literature. It attained to the dignity of many books on whose title pages were inscribed the two greatest names then known in English fiction. The literary world has not seen the like before or since. It is doubtful if such honour to any single human tradition will ever be paid again. But beginning with the middle of the nineteenth century the Christmas story has played an important part in periodical literature, and has been bound within permanent covers oftentimes far more worthy of preservation than their contents. It is to periodical literature, however, that one turns instinctively in seeking the story of the Christmas story, for the theme is difficult of sustained treatment, and finds its suitable place in that convenient depository of brevities, the monthly magazine.

In the leisurely days of the past mid-century that will probably never come again until the earth and its people are dying together, the Christmas story came, if it came at all, after Christmas. In February, 1853, *Harper's Magazine* composedly published "Christmas Stories," by a writer named Charles Dickens. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1857, splendidly placed between the scientific leader, "New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones" and the muckraker article "Routine," is the timely short story of the month, "A Christmas Tale!" And until far into the '70's the January numbers limped along, freighted with a belated Christmas spirit.

But piping modern days have changed all this mightily. Yellow journalism in the '80's so infected conservative periodicals with the tyrannical germ of "timeliness" that, with the advent of the '90's

and the cheaper magazines, there was a stirring among the dry bones of "Tables of Contents," and Christmas tales came to be printed promptly in the December numbers. But the December magazines did not then make their bows on the first and the tenth and the fifteenth of November. Now, at best, we must read of Christmas joys before the Thanksgiving turkey has browned, and were we a Thanksgivingless nation the November magazines would have been filled probably long since with all the holiday rehash of fact and fancy that the world, being given, accepts, with the docility that distinguishes the masses under unquestioned leadership. As it is, at least one Christmas tale of 1910 saw the Thanksgiving number and went it one month better, for last October one magazine published after the flare of a September advertisement a story than which none was ever built more openly upon the Christmas plot.

This, however, is a hopeful sign, in that we may take it to mean that there is a growing tendency to break away from the mass of inconsequent variations on the single December theme, and to make up the December programme on more varied lines than in the immediate past. For there was a decade, beginning somewhere in the '90's, during which the American magazines—and English ones, too, for that matter—went fairly mad in the December numbers. The magazine cover came into its own then, and the newsstands were blatant with gold and silver and red and green inks. Within these bedizened covers Christmas art and Christmas fiction and Christmas myths and customs—and Christmas poetry alas!—ruled the pages. The Virgin beamed or sorrowed from every pictured leaf, and the reading matter confirms the gloomy suspicion that in those days the illustrations were article rather than the articles illustrated. And during this period in particular the perennial short-story writers brought forth—by most of their fruits one is smitten with the memory of the straining mountain's mothering of the mouse—the sad or sweet, or sad and sweet, Christmas story.

And the plots of the Christmas stories, then and now! Art, said Whistler in

effect, is art, only all traces of the machinery that has produced it are eliminated. The Christmas plot machinery sticks up from the surface of the Christmas story like a sore thumb on a workman's hand. The lost child—found on Christmas Day! "And unto them a child was given!" The fatal quarrel—and on this theme may be written as many stories as there are human relationships—the reconciliation on Christmas Day: "Peace on earth!" And all the rest of the familiar contrivances.

The inevitable happened, of course, after years of this retailoring of threadbare material. Not too many such December numbers were needed to rouse the sense of humour in some writers' breast, who began to play with Christmas plots. Frank Stockton did this deliciously in many of his Christmas stories. John Kendrick Bangs turns the same trick in a seemingly desperate effort to preserve his self-respect and to deliver the annual tale. George Ade, in "Mr. Payson's Satirical Christmas," takes a similar line on the Christmas plot, though in the end that tale approximates closely the inevitable annual.

Years ago Frank Stockton wrote "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas." It begins thus: "'Twas Christmas Eve. An adamant sky hung dark and heavy over the earth," and Arthur Tyrrell, a clerk of Skarridge's, gazing sadly upon his wife and two children, sallied forth with but ten cents to buy their Christmas dinner. He returned with an eight-cent mackerel—happy Mr. Tyrrell who lived before the cost of living must have killed him!—and returned home followed by his harsh and miserly landlord, who, failing his rent, took away the mackerel. That night Skarridge, in his study, sees three ghosts, the mackerel, the fairy, and the giant. Ensues his conversion, and he sallies forth to make amends to the Tyrrells. He showers turkeys, geese, ducks, pickles and pie upon them. Also a farm, bonds and cash. Then, "with an arm about the neck of the still young, once beautiful, and now fast improving Mrs. Tyrrell, Skarridge stood, hounded by memories of the past—Did you ever before read a story like this?"

Now when ridicule comes in, sentiment-

tality steps out, and pallid imitations of old Scrooge and his Ghosts cannot be published side by side with Stephen Skarridge and his mackerel-eyed spirit. The likeness is too plain. Stockton did not believe implicitly in Skarridge's conversion—neither do the re-creators of Scrooge hold him to kneel at a real mourner's bench. Conditions have changed, and with them the standpoints of men. The world is a little better able to face the truth of environments, and the batter of the typical Christmas story with its fluff of sentiment and the "happy ending" added last is too unsubstantial to rise and hold its own against the heavy atmospheric pressure of modern realism. The times themselves no longer breed men who can write of Scrooge and his Ghosts with such sincere faith in the old villain's story-book conversion as to inspire in the reader, if not a faith in Scrooge's new leaf, an earnest if only temporary desire to be converted himself. The abiding power of *A Christmas Carol* lies in its compelling conviction of its author's faith in his puppets—and latter-day authors do not believe in puppets, even though they employ them constantly. This lack of faith on the part of the modern manipulators of the Christmas Punch and Judy shows is one of the reasons why the modern Christmas story is usually a bore.

The modern method has stepped in, of course, and has saved a number of Christmas stories. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman has written a few in which the New England psychology is entirely worth while, and is plausibly stirred into action by the spirit of the chosen time. Katharine Holland Brown has a little book, *Dawn*, which was published first, by the way, in an August fiction number, and which has never been advertised as a Christmas story. Primarily it is the tale of how a physician, nerve-racked and shaken for months, "comes back" under the compelling power of another's lonely need, and, in the dawn of Christmas Day, looks in wonder at the steady hand that had wrought the miracle of life the night before. But it is worth almost any hundred of the ordinary Christmas stories. And William J. Locke has just out a charming little tale, *Three Wise Men*,

modern to a degree with its incidental references to radium and helium, thorium and argon of which Sir Angus McCurdie, physicist, knows the latest word. Biggleswade, the Assyriologist, and the Right Honourable Viscount Doyne, Empire builder and Administrator, make up the group of embodied wisdom which, in a lonely hovel, is brought face to face with the commonest phenomenon and the greatest mystery of the universe, and before it stands ignorant. There comes out of Death, Life, and, to the three childless, embittered men, a son. Save for one unnecessary line it is a tale not for one day in the year, but for all the year. Almost all of the ponderous Christmas machinery is taken away, and yet the spirit of Life and Love and Reconciliation and Peace is there. For a final example of the modern Christmas story, we may merely mention James Lane Allen's uncompleted trilogy, psychological to a degree, with the Christmas tree and the mistletoe standing for any and everything but what they banally signify. It is wiser to wait for the final volume before asserting Mr. Allen's failure or success.

But on the whole, the Christmas story is vanishing. For fifty years and more it has flared in the winter skies. But the sentiment that made possible that annual Christmas labour of writers like Dickens and Thackeray has evaporated somehow in the press of the modern world. A good many people are coming to look upon the holidays in somewhat the same manner that psychologists regard religious revivals, as a purely temporary and rather regrettable cerebral excitement, even for the children to whom they would wholly dedicate the day. The magazine excitement, too, has decreased in the last few years, and except for the more than timely cover designs, and always excepting the women's magazines, they are fairly as they are made up in the other months of the year. One or two Christmas stories, of course, and fillers of Christmas poetry; but the Madonnas are not being reprinted every year now, and the intense editorial interest in the church-art education of the masses has gratefully calmed down. Again, with the exception of the women's magazines there are few encyclopedic articles on "Christ-

mas Customs in Other Lands" and like dead subjects, because humanity is becoming interested in humanity at last, and seeks to know not so much of its merry-makings as of its civic and working conditions. The nations are slowly growing up, and the magazines and their editors are, a little more slowly, growing up with

them. And since the Christmas story is essentially a beautiful fairy tale for children in their grown-up moods or for adults in their childish ones, enough have already been written to survive, and more than enough of the weaker that must perish. That there is always room for a masterpiece goes without saying.

## NEWSPAPERISHNESS

BY FARLEY CUNNINGHAM



T is too soon after the political campaign for us to resume the wonted accents of these columns. The habit of political speech is strong upon us. Our ears so ring with newspaper editorial language that we simply must go on talking for a little while as if we were a public sentiment or an enormous number of "plain people" or "all sober citizens" or "all right-thinking men." We must say "let it be remembered" and "no sane person can deny" and "the heart of the people is sound at the core." For days we have eaten, drunk and slept in editorial plurality, voted ourself in and out of trolley-cars with very intelligent majorities, advanced to meet our meals in that spirit of justice and fair play which all the sober, thinking people of this country may be trusted to exhibit when an issue is clearly presented before them, and gone to bed with the sound conservative common sense which, say what you will, lies at the bottom of the American character. Therefore, let no chance reader of these pages expect to be talked to just now as man to man. We are feeling too numerous and important. The country has spoken in no uncertain tones. The grounds of its dissatisfaction are not far to seek, and no man who is not wilfully blinded can fail to see them. That is the way we always begin in our post-election newspaper condition. Sometimes we do allow for lunatics, saying indulgently that they of course need not think as we do,

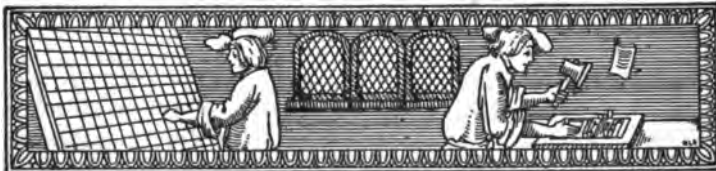
but lunatics are after all a class apart, and it is safer generally to assert a wilful blindness. It puts dissenters in their proper place at once. But to continue. The country has spoken in no uncertain tones from Maine to Kansas. It has spoken the decisive word as between ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft, and there is no mistaking the arbitrament. With crushing force it has rebuked the selfish, personal ambitions of Mr. Roosevelt. Nothing could be plainer than the just resentment of all sober, sane, right-minded, law-abiding, upright, and intelligent citizens for Mr. Roosevelt's shameful betrayal of President Taft. That much leaps to the eye of all save the incurably insane. And the second lesson is one that our present Chief Executive would do well to take to heart. With equally crushing force the country has rebuked the time-serving, inert spirit of the administration and its base surrender of certain fundamental Roosevelt policies to their deadly foes. Nothing could be plainer than the righteous indignation of enlightened and progressive public opinion, as registered at the polls, against President Taft's betrayal of Mr. Roosevelt. This much at least is visible to all men except the paranoiac with averted gaze.

With sturdy independence and genuine devotion to the public weal the sane, self-respecting American citizen came to the fore, as he always does in times of stress, and declared plainly what he demanded of our public men, rebuking Taft for not resembling Roosevelt, rebuking Roosevelt

for not resembling Taft. Nor was the answer at the polls to the great political questions now before the country any less distinct. One thing stands out clearly and beyond all discussion, and it cannot be blinked. The elections were a triumph of sound and sober commonsense and can be viewed in no other light than as an uncompromising condemnation of corporate rapacity and its repression, of doing little and of doing much, of corruption and purity in politics, and as a plain, straightforward, emphatic endorsement of advance, retreat, conservatism, progress, resignation, reform, energy, hesitation, common and uncommon decency, the old and new ideas, the constitution, the sanctity of the Supreme Court, and socialism. The outcome is matter for rejoicing. It renews our confidence in the sobriety and intelligence of the American electorate. It should hearten every man, be he Democrat or Republican, by its overwhelming demonstration of the stability of American institutions and by its square assertion of an abiding faith in those principles of safe, sure, steady, and courageous retroprogress which have ever constituted the only sound and substantial basis of our national well-being. Though we were perplexed at first by the diversity of editorial counsels, this remains our sober second thought.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his new volume, *What's Wrong with the World*, has spoken, as he has often done before, somewhat disparagingly of the British newspapers. Possibly it applies as well to our own. We are too much enlarged by newspaper campaign phrases to decide the question now from the point of view of the mere citizen, but we quote the passage for the benefit of those readers whose minds perhaps may have already resumed their natural size:

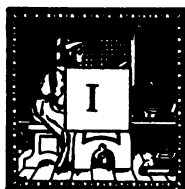
The Tory paper and the Radical paper do not answer each other; they ignore each other. Genuine controversy, fair cut and thrust before a common audience, has become in our special epoch very rare. For the sincere controversialist is above all a good listener. The really burning enthusiast never interrupts; he listens to the enemy's argument as eagerly as a spy would listen to the enemy's arrangements. But if you attempt an actual argument with a modern paper of opposite politics, you will find that no medium is admitted between violence and evasion. You will have no answer except slanging or silence. A modern editor does not have that eager ear that goes with the honest tongue. He may be deaf and silent; and that is called dignity. Or he may be deaf and noisy; and that is called slashing journalism. In neither case is there any controversy; for the whole object of modern party combatants is to charge out of earshot.





# THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



IN this year's cheerful Christmas bundle, the first three books come under the head of what might be called the Christmas Card Between Covers. They are in reality our old casual callers dressed up more pretentiously in the hope of greater permanence. They try to solve the problem, "what to do with Christmas cards the day after?"—A question which became important when the cards them-

selves got so expensive as to defeat their own purpose. It would thus be unfair to judge them by standards they do not seek to come under. The persons who will reluctantly remove from the mantel last year's pictorial parallelogram only upon opening the mail this Christmas morning, will be glad to get something which doesn't have to be dusted so often; others will gratefully recognise the service of such books in keeping waiting visitors good-tempered, and put them near at hand upon the centre table; and lastly, there are many who will honestly get a great deal of enjoyment out of them—an innocent enjoyment, as there is little likelihood of their taste being injured. These three books bear the gay titles of *Girls*, *A Garden of Girls*, and *Colonial Holidays*. Mr. Hutt's pictures are compounded of Mr. Fisher's and Mr. Gibson's, and his book presents a genial forerunner of February fourteenth. Mr. Fisher has, more wisely, held his pictures together by a group of pleasant poems from all sources. He, too, has attractive models, and a nice girl is always an engaging matter. But it is the model which interests and not the interpretation—though possessing a cleverness in drawing, he shows here no quality which raises it to the level of art. Mr. Walter Tittle has got together a collection of quaint contemporary accounts in *Colonial Holidays*, for the purposes of illustration and illumination. This is a bright idea not without value, and the book shows good decorative sense and in general effect is rich. Critically speaking, the pictures are negligible but the page borders and the illuminated texts are interesting.

With the *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* we get into the domain of books worth keeping on account of their more permanent value. Yet it cannot be said that the illustrations do much more than render this large well-printed volume superficially attractive. They are by W. Heath Robinson; eight black and

**Girls*. By Henry Hutt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*A Garden of Girls*. By Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Colonial Holidays*. By Walter Tittle. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

*Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling*. Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

*The Ancient Mariner*. Presented by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

*The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie*. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

*The Girl I Left Behind Me*. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

*Shakespeare's England*. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

*Brittany and the Bretons*. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

*The Holy Land*. By Robert Hichens and Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company.

*Romney*. By Arthur B. Chamberlain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

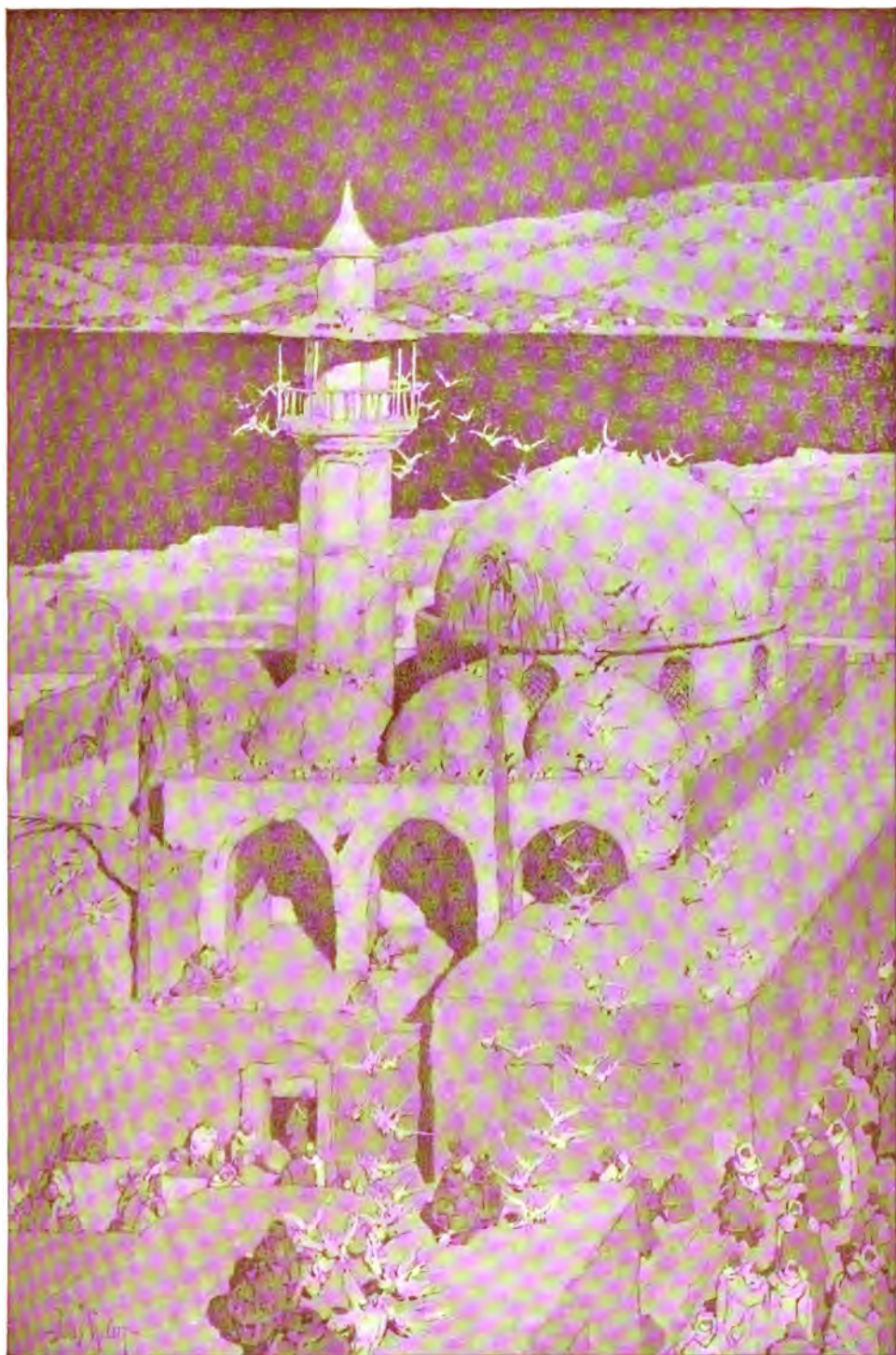
*Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur*. Edited by Theodore Stanton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*The Whistler Book*. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

whites and nine colour inserts. The latter are after the Parrish school and show little originality of conception. They are well produced, however, and their air of being artistic will be satisfactory to those who find that any illustrations at all are an improvement. The next reprint—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, presented by Mr. Willy Pogány—is very effective in its make-up and in its general quality of substantial richness. It can be highly commended as a serious attempt to improve the holiday book. But the care and expense which make it splendid might have made it more really artistic and worthy of its original. The publishers have done their part well to bring out whatever pictorial qualities the decorations and illustrations possess, although it must be owned that the florid printing often makes the text a puzzle. The borders are artful and artfully arranged, but the pictures are strangely uneven. Occasionally imaginative, they are often unpoetic and unsimple, and not seldom flat and trivial. There is no unity of treatment or feeling, and one fails to perceive the personality of the artist; he has adopted at will—and sometimes in glaring juxtaposition—the styles of very different men, Parrish, Beardsley, Blake, and Dürer. Nor does he know how to concentrate the attention and some of the pictures are extremely incoherent. But, taken as a whole, the publishers have reason to be proud of their work. The next book in the list of reprints is *The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie*, the first volume of the Ring, translated from the Wagner librettos by Margaret Armour and illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The translation follows the curt broken line of the original and is easy, idiomatic, and vigorous. It seems impossible, however, to get into English Wagner's terse concreteness and colloquial strength without occasional triviality and even comical effect. But the translator has been very discreet with Wagner's dangerous diction and in general merits only praise. Mr. Rackham, with the more difficult part of the task, has reached a more positive success. His pictures have the large air of the operas—not seldom they come near matching the pictures in the mind of the

opera-goer. His gods and goddesses have power, dignity, and charm; the gnomes are grotesquely impressive; Fafner and Fasolt perhaps smack too much of the nursery book—but still one cannot demand that any visualised giant be really a terrible object as much as a comical one. It is a more legitimate fault that others of the pictures seem illustrations for children's fairy stories rather than Wagner librettos—but here again one must go slowly. The fantastic elements of the operas and their legendary material compel, in stage visualisation at any rate, many effects which must be childishly accepted if they are to have any appeal at all. The artist's chief shortcoming is that in his natural attempt to arouse the imagination by landscapes more significant than those we are accustomed to see, his drawing often becomes confused and his background instead of being fantastic is merely shapeless. In spite of this, many of his illustrations have the true grandiose spirit to enclose such movement and strife; and some are admirable realisations. The make-up of the book is as satisfactory as the pictures and is a thoroughly finished piece of work.

In *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, by Weymer Jay Mills, the Christmas appeal is equally of text and illustration. This "romance of yesterday" is desperately romantic, with the romance of the theatre and the cunningly set scene. But it is all very pretty, a Christmassy nothing of lace and filigree, with hearts and cupids on every other page. The story is laid in the old Astor House of the old New York, "when there were lilac trees in many a city dooryard and some citizens still persisted in calling Broadway Great George Street and ladies were wondering if Marie Brouhard would dare make her customers wear the threatened Parisian hoopskirt." There is a gallant Irish baronet of twenty-three whom no maid could ever scorn; and a maid who is not unlike the rest of her sex, with roguish dimples and true blue eyes and a magnetic tenderness about her; and springtime and apple-blossoms and honour and heartbreak—all the never-old, never-new ingredients of the right romance mixed according to rule, done to a turn, and sugar-frosted. Best of all, there are a dozen charming



TIBERIUS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE. FROM "THE HOLY LAND." BY ROBERT HICHENS AND JULES GUÉRIN

pictures by John Rae, some of which are quite delicious. But they are far better as illustrations than as pictures, although some of the interior scenes have a successful atmosphere.

Mr. William Winter's book, *Shakespeare's England*, makes little use of illustrations for any pictorial quality, their interest being purely descriptive and architectural, and it appears at this season merely because it has the habit of doing so. It is an old friend which one gladly sees again. There is little to say of this edition except that it contains much material not included in the previous twenty-five. In a mood of pleasing and endearing sentiment, the author rambles through English scenes and pauses in mellow meditation at English monuments, aiming to suggest the ideal England of her poetry. The book has the quiet autumnal atmosphere which made Miss Ellen Terry say that she always associated Mr. Winter with graves, and which the author defends by saying that he has lingered "upon the hallowing associations of antiquity and indicated the pathos more than the pageant of human experience."

Two new books, more definitely of travel and the traveller's local impression are *Brittany and the Bretons* and *The Holy Land*. Both of these demand more extended quotation of text and more detailed comment on the personal illustration which accompanies it. In both respects Mr. George Wharton Edwards has made his Brittany better than his Holland of last year. One feels that his pictures—sixty-five in number—grasp many of the temperamental characteristics of the Breton peasant and some of the atmosphere of the landscape. The *moyen age* feeling of village street is excellently presented. The text is full of legends and stories told him by the people of themselves and their neighbours, and is only occasionally marred by the pages of perfunctory information which made *Holland* something of an unwieldy guide book. "Brittany, land of granite, of mighty oaks, and druid remains, land of silence entwined with wild briar"—the author begins in telling phrase—"land of poetry and romance of the Middle Ages; men, the flower and pride of the French navy, with long hair framing faces of

ascetic sternness, simple as children; ancient towns of the aspect of forgotten times, ignoring the Republic's existence, crying vehemently, 'Français oui, mais Breton avant tout.'" For him the country is neither sad nor desolate, but presents a great variety of interest and amusement, though the people are intensely religious, and even in their fêtes never gay. As for religion, the fruit dies on the blackberry vines because of the crown of thorns; as for their pleasures, they are few and simple because of a laborious, hopeless life; and their Gaelic cuts them off from the rest of the world, so that even the railway has made little difference. But they are hospitable when they know you or your voucher, and give you what they have out of a land impoverished and primitively cultivated, wretched with the inevitable results of landlord absenteeism. One must view them from the artistic and poetic standpoint or be appalled at the gloom of the picture. In Saint Malo, the corsair city—embattlemented, with a tall slender spire rising mastlike from its centre—you cannot stay long because of very ancient sanitary ideas, and nowhere in Brittany is the best hotel any too good. The silence of Saint Servan is really startling; Dinan is as unique as if it were the only walled town in the world—it is as if Saint Michel with its incredible theatricality and Saint Malo and Saint Servan were squeezed into one by some giant hand. Montcontour, perched upon a walled, moss-clad promontory, sleeps two hundred years in the past, and even its shops are so quiet one fears to intrude. Cornouaille has the most boisterous men of the Bretons, and their taste runs to heavy yellow embroidery and gorgeous handkerchiefs, whose hues set the teeth on edge. But even they are like the rest—one moment all confidence and loquacity and then all at once in a cloud of suspicion. The grey village of Paimpol is once a year in great excitement, for her hardy crews start for the fishing banks of Newfoundland, and the blessing of the fleet takes place with the most elaborate solemnity. Lannion has so many unexpected gables and haphazard windows and overhanging stories in lavish confusion that one is quite

spoiled for the picturesqueness of any other place. The chaos of Ploumanach is savage and terrible, with its fishermen's huts hardly distinguishable from the piled-up masses of broken rock; yet it has a statue under a stone shed and young girls come secretly to stick pins into it to get them husbands. The nun who is clerk at the large hotel at the Château of Tonguedec pointed her visitors out to a sister, saying: "Americans they say. It is incredible—and they so white!" Before the hotel, among numerous small islets, is Avalon, "where falls not hail or rain or any snow," and where by Breton legend King Arthur lies buried. One does not write without restraint of Morlaix lest he become incoherent, so full is it of antique rich façades and misty blues and violets, strange and elusive; but even here a watchful eye must be kept aloft for certain emptyings from upper windows. At Saint Jean du Doigt is a finger of the Baptist which is supposed to pare its own nail annually; and there is a local saying that there are more fountains here than souls in paradise. Here is one of the most famous Pardons, but at Le Folgoet the costumes are most unique of all. There is a wonderful variety of caps and headdresses for the women; and for the men scarlet and orange vests, with violet and blue short jackets, all heavily embroidered. The public washing pool is the feature of every village, and the washers are sensitive Amazons who duck strangers. All the spurious coin of Europe seems to have been sent into Brittany. The peculiarities of the people are to be respected, for they are not exploited by bric-à-brac merchants as in Holland. Living among the peasants are everywhere priests, ministering in self-denial and cheerful endurance; and their devotion is part of the landscape.

In *The Holy Land* the pictures of Mr. Jules Guérin and the text of Mr. Hichens are perfectly wedded. They try in different mediums to do the same thing—to convey the colour of their impression. The eighteen pictures of the painter—there are many good photographs besides—have brilliance, warmth, and suggestiveness. Mr. Hichens's glowing description, with its subtle shadows, is too well known to need comment, but here is

added a tone of reverence haunted with wistfulness and the pathos of what the civilisations have made of the footsteps of Christ, and the religions of His words and spirit. He entered the Holy Land by way of Baalbec; it is a place that seems more foreign than other foreign places, full of a sort of magic of strangeness. Its people are strange, too, for they seem actually to love their glorious golden ruins. Here are remains so stupendous that it seems as if only mastodons could have transported from the quarries their huge blocks of stone, but—unlike some of Egypt—they are harmonious and neither stupefy nor sadden. The "head of Syria" is Damascus, city of the narghile and the striped sofas, most ancient and in appearance newest, sacred yet seductive upon its dancing water. Representative of the faith which promises sensual joys, it is the silken garment, while Jerusalem is the hair-shirt. It is still, unique in Syria, thoroughly Oriental; and even the trams do not interfere with the atmosphere of the East. In no other town are so many alluring displays of food, and the butcher and baker and confectioner are coquettishly clever in arranging their wares. The essence of its wonderful charm is that it is a garden city, touched by the great desert; under its roses one feels the sands. The calm of Galilee on a Spring morning is like no other calm; gentler and sweeter than that of the desert, it is as if you drew near to God the Son. Everywhere there is beauty, touching and exquisite. Nazareth is a gay, clean-looking, almost complacently respectable large village, un-Oriental and rather German-Swiss in feeling, together with some quality of spuriousness. The efforts after conversion, power, spiritual and worldly domination of so many sects which have sent their members to Palestine have produced here, as elsewhere, confusion and artifice. The approach to Jerusalem is inhospitable, sterile, and cruel; one wonders why a great city should ever have been built on such a site. You might easily fall among thieves in the strange but profoundly uninteresting turmoil of rocks and ravines of Jericho. The town is a place of peculiar fascination and poetry, the beauty of desertion at the edge of the most ghastly and abandoned





BROADWAY, WHEN SOME ALRIGHT'S ZONE PASSED  
BY CALLING "GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

FROM "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." BY WEYMER JAY MILLS



A Christmas dinner at Mount Vernon  
Washington gives his favorite toast  
*To all our friends* ~ ~ ~

FROM "COLONIAL HOLIDAYS." BY WALTER TITTLE

wilderness. It is a tumble-down village embraced in a riot of gardens and thickets, their outskirts of delicious green touching the terrible pallours of a waterless world. The beauty of the mountains of Moab is ineffable, and tradition has given it a sort of consecration, but at their feet lies the Dead Sea, as if under a hand lifted in imprecation. In the Holy Land you pass from one little world to the other with bewildering swiftness. Circassian, Jewish, Italian or German, Mohammedan, Druse, do not dwell together in peace; and even in the Church of the Holy Nativity stands a Turk, gun in hand, to keep the Christian dogs in order. Jerusalem is an austere city on sterile hills. It has amazing complexity, and is interesting as no other city is interesting. Conflict is in the air; Moslems keep the gate of the Holy Sepulchre to hold in check the furious passions of Christians, while Jews wail day after day by the great wall for a possession taken from them. Almost the whole of the ancient city lies underfoot; no one knows to-day the sites of the seven stations, but innumerable people claim to know. It is both moving and absurd to see pilgrims stirred to the very depths of their natures while guides and monks declaim lies consecrated by long usage. Few buildings can compare in splendour with the Dome of the Rock, the most sacred place in Palestine for the Moslems. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a barbaric and glittering labyrinth of vestibules, chapels, balconies, stairways, crypts and caves in the living rock. The Mount of Olives is decorated and defaced with buildings, and its huge Russian tower is blatant with ostentation; the garden of Gethsemane is trim and smart. Everywhere the voice of one religion clamours against another, passions run riot, and Jerusalem is the home of discord through which seethes a human whirlpool.

Last in the Christmas bundle are three books on painters, with a bountiful array of their pictures—Rosa Bonheur, Romney, and Whistler. These, in the two requirements of text and illustration, make the best kind of Christmas books. The *Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur* is edited by Theodore Stanton, who has discharged his work beautifully. He gives her let-

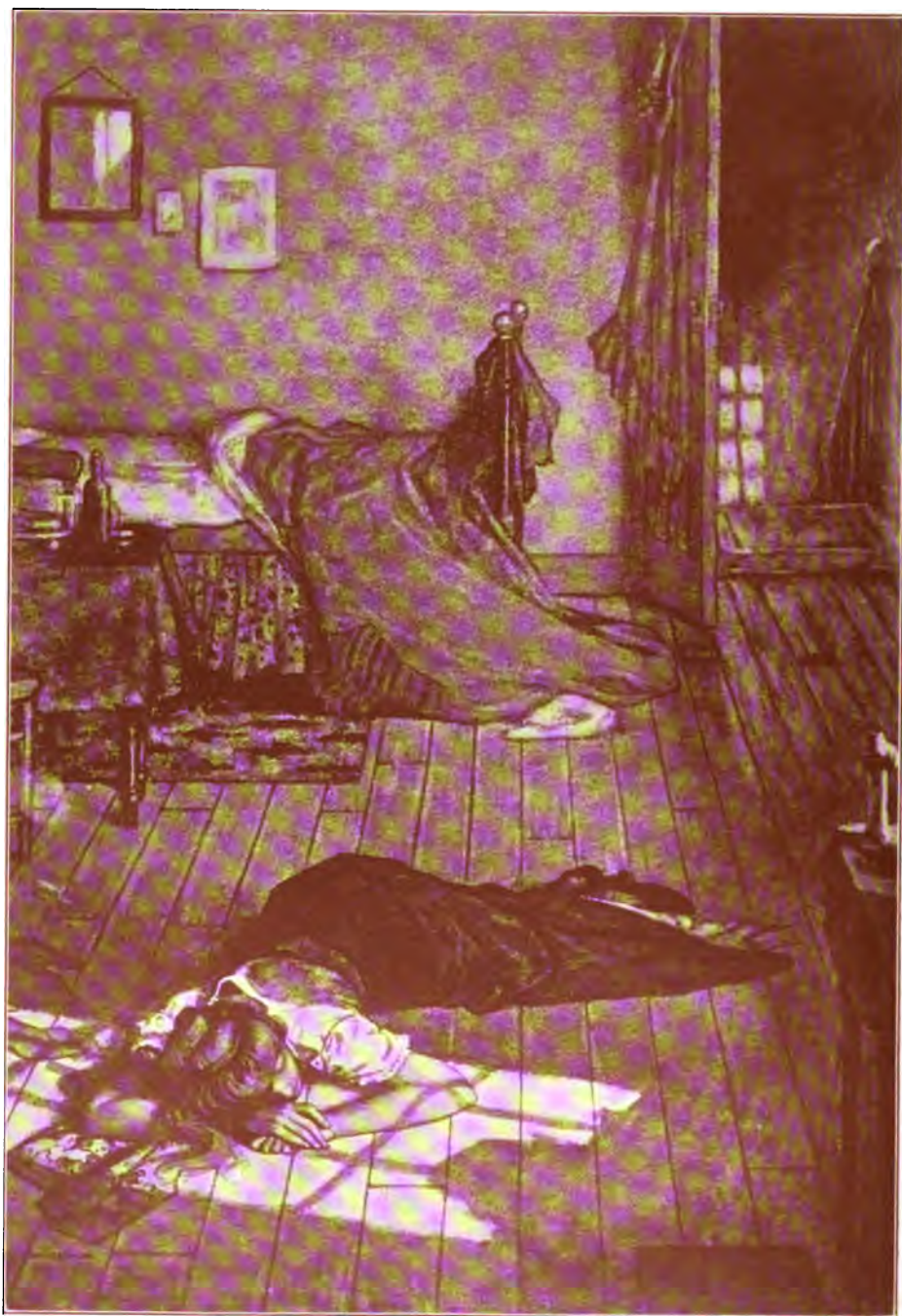
ters and personal expressions of opinion and allows her friends to talk as much as possible. Between them we hear the voice of pretty nearly everybody in her world. Those letters are selected which bring out her life and her personality, and one shuts the volume with a thorough idea of the appearance, mind, and tastes of its subject. The Bonheur ancestors for three generations were cooks, but a talent for drawing exhibited itself in Rosa's father. Rosa herself said that a veil hung over her mother's birth which she was never able to lift, and that she had received from several crowned heads more marks of esteem than she could attribute to her talents. Her father tried to turn her from an artist's career, knowing of his own experience how hard it was for any one obliged to gain a livelihood. Her growing love for animals soon turned their home into a Noah's ark. When she was about twenty-three she began to go to the slaughter houses, and after a good deal of rough treatment was able to work there at ease. "Mlle. Rosa paints almost like a man," wrote Thoré of the Salon of 1847; and indeed Rosa in her own household scarcely counted as a girl. More than one man, however, worshipped her. Her individuality and life work were shaped by those noble-minded though erratic reformers, the Saint Simonians. What Emerson said of the Transcendental Club could be repeated of many of their meetings—"it was very much like going to heaven in a swing." Saint Simonianism, wrote her father, is based on love, fortified by labour, and enveloped in faith; and he designed them a costume to show it. His favourite child was thus "almost born an emancipated female." She had no patience with women who asked permission to think, and her philosophic mind judged everything with originality and independence. "I have the honour," said Rosa, "to hold the same views as Mme. George Sand concerning the brief sojourn we have in the world." Her friend, Nathalie Micas, literally worshipped her, and Rosa returned the devotion, although she enjoyed the absurd side of her friend's character as well as any one. Nathalie and her mother freed Rosa of all material and household worries, and their home



enabled her to follow her artistic development without anxieties. She had considerable sense of humour and her letters are full of comicalities. She was not a good speller and was indifferent to grammar, flinging her words on paper with the same energetic freedom as she handled her brush. Slang and doggerel she charmingly indulged in, and often she seemed in them to be living up to her trousers and blouse. She was very patriotic and the misfortunes of France in the German invasion and afterward went to her heart. "To be loved by animals," she said, "one must love them." She had a mare that would rear up, put its hoofs on her shoulders, kiss her, and then actually follow her upstairs. "I find it monstrous for religion to say that animals have no souls," she wrote. "My lioness loves me: therefore she has more soul than certain people who do not love." As with everything else written of her, her assumption of masculine attire gave rise to much exaggeration. When she went to Paris or out in society she always wore a black silk gown and cloak. She was femininely proud of her hands and even coquettish about them. Not only had she a man's heart, but she could do manly acts with those little hands of hers. A policeman, who thought she was a young man masquerading in woman's clothes, arrested her, and Rosa, in return for some roughness on his part, gave him such a sounding box on the ear that later he was stupefied when he found out she was a woman. There was no posing about her adoption of trousers; it was simply for convenience and occasionally for protection. These and tobacco were offset by a taste for dancing and music. No money offer could ever hasten her; she had excessive modesty about her work and made her customers wait long for canvases practically finished. The rougher side of her character often inclined her to unsociableness; her dominating qualities were honesty, candour, and uprightness; full of apparent gaiety, her nature was serious and meditative; and finally, all the countryside adored her.

Not so delightful as *Rosa Bonheur* is *Romney*, a large and pleasantly discursive book. It contains, it would seem, about all that is to be collected on the subject

of Romney's life and the people he came in contact with, together with opinions of his art and a detailed description of all his works. There are seventy-two plates, which give as good an idea of his product as can be had in black and white. The book exhibits no particular personality, but is readable and judicious throughout. Romney has suffered greater fluctuations of reputation than any other artist of the period. For a time the most popular painter of his day, he was forgotten almost as soon as he was dead. He never exhibited his portraits and he himself was unsociable; for both reasons he soon became but a name. Only in 1871 did he begin to come into his own again, and his reputation now stands probably higher than it deserves. No English works have increased so rapidly in value during the last few years. A picture he sold for twenty guineas brought in 1904 £4,305. In reaction there is just now a tendency to overestimate his faults. It is needful, therefore, that his true and permanent position be found, balancing his extraordinary sweetness and charming sympathy against his conventional prettiness of handling, his lack of real insight and his sometimes empty elegance. From his father he got little more than a sound though scanty education and a strict and sober bringing up. He married without any means of support a respectable, unintellectual woman, who proved to be possessed of more than ordinary patience and unselfish loyalty. Her lot was to be enforced absence from her husband for almost forty years. He left her to go up to London in 1742, when art under George II. was at its lowest ebb and nobody bought any pictures but portraits. After years of patient toil he accumulated sufficient money to visit Italy. In Rome he availed himself of opportunities to study from the nude, which his prim and precise son regarded with great disfavour. On his return it took him some time to get a connection again; but once started he had more work for the rest of his life than he could accomplish with justice. The fascinating and radiant Lady Hamilton became, at his first glimpse of her vivacious youthfulness, his ideal of womanly beauty. She had extraordinary mobility and unusual im-



"MARY, PITY WOMAN." FROM THE "COLLECTED VERSE OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

agination, and must have been as fine a model as ever sat to painter. He no doubt adored her, but it was largely an ideal love; and furthermore, he was fifty and she was twenty. He painted at least twenty-three pictures of her, as herself and in masquerade. Everything known of him, in an age when loose living was regarded with singular leniency, tends to show that the only blot on his character was his desertion of his wife. This, though he always kept the fact of his marriage in the background, seems to have been at first entirely unintended and to have been continued merely through circumstances. His closing years were darkened by the forerunners of mental decay, until, unable to work, he at last returned to his wife, who nursed him for three years without reproach or complaint. Much of his unhappiness was doubtless due to the knowledge that through lack of moral courage he had failed in the most sacred duty he ever undertook. Lack of resolution reflected seriously upon his art, but he was one of the most poetic painters his century produced. In portraiture he laid bare no subtle traits of character; but what he discovered he realised with keenest sympathy and rare felicity. His technical range was narrow and he was hampered by lack of early training; yet his faults pass almost unheeded in the vision of graceful beauty which he pictured both with simplicity and dignity. His children are always little ladies and gentlemen, but fresh and breathing happiness; and when he brought mother and child together on a single canvas he reached a point beyond which even his greatest contemporaries could not go.

Very different indeed from the Romney book in respect to the possession of personality is the Whistler book, by Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann. Here is a critic whose affiliation with Japanese ideas particularly fits him to understand Whistler, who owes so much to Japanese art. Furthermore, he is a critic unusually equipped in the technique of painting and etching and an expert on pictorial composition, both allowing him to discuss Whistler's particular idiosyncrasies with the greater intelligence. With these temperamental and technical advantages, then, one would

say here is precisely the man for an appreciation of Whistler. And so it proves. His perceptions, too, are subtle and he can explain them without recourse to vague statement or scattering rhetoric. The half-tone reproductions with which the book is generous are not particularly satisfactory, though they are of great service to the text. Mr. Hartmann begins by stating in personal phrase that he does not know why a white chrysanthemum means more to him than any other flower, only that it does. Just so Whistler was busy all his life affixing the symbols of his æsthetic creed on canvas. This was that every object had for him its moment of transcendent beauty—he didn't know why; his business was to catch that fugitive moment. His conception of beauty was largely a sense for tone. His subjects were merely means to express the character of the colour arrangement. He said he would like to dispense with them and concern himself solely with the music of colour. With this new idea in his head he had naturally a long time to wait before fame knocked at his door and to content himself largely with recognition through novelty. Little is known of his private life; few but his intimates were aware that he married at the age of fifty-four. Although he managed to keep himself in the fullest limelight constantly, he never allowed personal details to get out. Only the personality of the artist was made public. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he went at the age of nine with his family to live in St. Petersburg, where the barbaric splendour of Russia excited his imagination. Six years later the family returned, and in three years he entered West Point, to leave it in his junior year. He seems to have acquired there only a liking for trigness and smartness in attire. Having enough money for a few years' study of art, he went to Paris and joined the youthful enthusiasts who fought for modernism and a new technique in the days when they attested their faith by eccentric and exotic garments. There he was the typical Bohemian. The turning point in his struggle was the exhibition of the "Girl in White," which "had a beauty so peculiar that the public did not know whether to think it beauti-

ful or ugly." He moved to London and began to solve the problem of creating tone which should suggest atmosphere with as little subject matter as possible. Famous at last, he went into successively better lodgings until his pretentious abode, the "White House," became one of the centres of art life in London, and here he gave Sunday breakfasts, which were as much a colour scheme as the dining-room itself. He became a recognised leader in decoration, but he was one who invariably preferred beauty to comfort, and he would never give people enough chairs to sit down upon. Nevertheless, in spite of his fame, only gradually did people begin to see more than cleverness in his products. The second turning point in his career was when, having lived beyond his means, he put—not unwillingly—his establishment under the hammer and retired to modest quarters again. During the next ten years he was a nomad of Europe. In 1884 he was elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists, but soon quarrelled with the old-fashioned element of its membership, and his policy of elimination and arrangement brought disaster; he retired with as much noise and controversy as he could manage. The death of his wife in '95 brought about a long silence and he also ceased posing in public. In '98 he became president of the International Society and in 1903 he died. Even his exit from life he endeavoured to make as odd and picturesque as possible. No pamphleteer ever became famous on as few manuscripts. A well-turned phrase was to him the ideal of a diction. He was an iconoclast when problems of art were in question; and he was one of the greatest egoists that ever lived. Even when he knew he was wrong he would fight. He forced nearly all his friends to cross swords with him and his feuds were endless. As for his repartee, only Oscar Wilde occasionally got the better of him. He used the press like Barnum and Bou langer. Lashing himself into the errone-

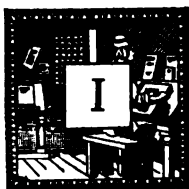
ous belief that he was the sole judge of his work, he fought a losing battle for his convictions a quarter of a century, jested through it all, and finally triumphed magnificently. It was from Hiroshige that he learned to make his signature a detail of the composition of his picture; and his famous butterfly showed that he could be self-assertive and arrogant and yet refined. Well-nigh twenty-five years it took him to learn his trade. It was, for instance, a long time before he realised that he was introducing incongruous things for the sake of colour. He learned his process of elimination from the Japanese way of doing things. Finally he perceived that a refined sense of colour is but an external accomplishment of Japanese art and the true soul of it is its suggestiveness. He pruned always, for he meant that nothing should remain but the most essential. The desire to enclose the whole world into one colour tone tormented him. An impressionist, he had no use for the new technique; protesting against literary elements, he emphasised the psychological and symbolical; a realist, he insisted on refinement. He felt that the time for both idealistic and realistic interpretation had passed—a characteristic attitude that expressed in a simple pose the entire personality was what he wanted. Both for breadth and simplicity he avoided perspective arrangements, and his interiors and backgrounds nearly always represent a straight wall. That he knew just when to stop in his process of elimination proves his genius. He limited himself to one-figure composition because he wanted a big total effect. The thinness, the frugality of his brushwork, taken together with its astonishing variety, virility and vibrancy, is his greatest triumph in technique. He is the first man who combined the beauty of Eastern design with the principles of Western art. He was not an imitator like Monet; he merely pushed to their extreme the principles which all great painters since Velasquez have championed.

# THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

## V—THE GOSPEL OF INFINITE PAINS

*The preceding article in this series emphasised the importance to every young author, not only of having ideas and learning to express them clearly, but of knowing which of the various artistic forms is best adapted to be his medium of expression. Yet ideas, and a clear style and a mastery of the technique of the form best suited to his purpose are not enough to ensure a young writer's success, unless he is willing to submit to a certain amount of drudgery—unless he accepts the Gospel of Infinite Pains.*



It was the Roman poet, Ovid, who once said, at least in substance, "It is a fact that some authors cannot correct. They compose with pleasure and with ardour; but they exhaust all their force. They fly with but one wing, when they revise their work; the first fire does not return."*

What was true in Ovid's day has been equally true in all periods of literary production. There are always certain authors, eminently brilliant some of them, who not only cannot revise, but rather pride themselves on their inability to do so. Byron, for instance, is a striking case in point. "He wrote with astonishing rapidity—*The Corsair* in ten days, *The Bride of Abydos* in four days; while it was printing, he added and corrected, but without recasting:

I told you before that I can never recast anything. I am like the tiger. If I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I do it, it is crushing.

Now, the ability to get one's thoughts onto paper with great rapidity is in itself an admirable gift. There is a freshness, a spontaneity, and oftentimes a crude strength in the first rough draft which must inevitably be partly sacrificed in the process of final polishing. There is a great deal of truth in Thoreau's advice:

Write while the heat is in you. When the farmer burns a hole in his yoke, he carries the iron quickly from the fire to the wood, for every moment it is less effectual to penetrate it. . . . The writer who postpones the recording of his thoughts uses an iron which has

cooled to burn a hole with. He cannot influence the minds of his audience.

"Write while the heat is in you" is, so far as it goes, excellent advice. Pages written under great heat and pressure are not unlikely to turn out diamonds in the rough—for that is Nature's way of making diamonds.

The trouble with the advice is that it does not go half far enough; it tells only half the truth; it fails to point out that all the fire in the world will never do the effective finishing, or add the final lustre, like a little slow and patient rubbing, after the ideas have grown cold. In other words, one of the most fatal mistakes a young writer can make is in thinking that writing is just a matter of inspiration; that you either have the inborn talent, or you have not; that if you have it, you need only to plunge into a sort of vortex of creative energy, a fine sybilline frenzy—and your inborn talent will do the rest. That, of course, is arrant nonsense, and very disastrous nonsense as well—because, if you once get the idea firmly fixed in your mind that a masterpiece can spring, like Pallas Athene, perfected from its author's brain, then good-bye to all hope for that honest drudgery, that loving patience over infinite detail, which is such an essential accompaniment of the creative gift that it almost justifies that threadbare paradox that genius is the art of taking infinite pains.

Now this, of course, is precisely what genius is not, and never can be, in literature any more than in the other arts. No amount of patient juggling with the contents of unabridged dictionaries will give birth to a great poem, if there is not the inspiration of a great thought back of it.

*Quoted in this form by Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, who goes on to cite numerous interesting cases of industrious revision.

The statement that if, according to the law of permutations, you toss a sufficient number of Greek alphabets up in the air, and keep on doing so for a sufficient number of times, they will sooner or later come down arranged to form the text of the *Iliad*, may be all right in higher mathematics, but it is not helpful to the Craftsmanship of Writing. But just because technique will not produce immortal epics all by itself, there is no sense in leaping to the other extremity, and either shirking it or discarding it altogether. The best laid stone-ballast railway track in the world won't take us

**The Lesson  
of Giotto's  
Circle**

anywhere unless we run trains upon it, but that is no reason for expecting our little intellectual railway trains will run themselves without any guide rails at all. Undisciplined genius is an erratic, irresponsible thing that people may admire on occasion, but dare not trust, for they never know what it is likely to do next. As between two artists of equal inborn talent a wise man would every time give preference to the one who, in addition to his inborn talent, shows the best command of that technical part of craftsmanship which comes only from persistent drilling. This, I take it, is the real point of that almost threadbare story of how Pope Benedict IX., wishing to have some paintings executed in St. Peter's, and having heard of the fame of the Florentine, Giotto, sent for some specimen or design by which he might judge Giotto's work; and how Giotto, with a turn of his hand, made a perfectly symmetrical circle and delivered it to the messenger, saying, "This is my design." This perfect circle was no evidence of an inborn talent, for nature does not endow any one of us at birth with the power of making perfect circles—whatever she may do for spiders in regard to equilateral polygons. But it was evidence of a trained hand, a perfect technique; and that is a pretty important matter to be assured of if you are ordering work done by a genius, whether you happen to be Pope Benedict IX. or anybody else.

The whole point of this illustration of Giotto's circle is, not merely that it is something which has to be learned, but that

the learning costs an infinitude of practice. It is apparently such a simple thing to do and yet you can keep on trying and trying, day after day, month after month; and probably never in the whole course of your life reach the point where you won't have to say, "Yes, that is pretty good, but I ought to do better." That is precisely the feeling that a conscientious craftsman ought to have in regard to his writing. He may or may not be satisfied with the inspiration behind his work. For that, there is no rule; it depends upon the individual case. But in regard to the technical side, it would be well if he could always feel that it would be possible to do it just a little bit better—always feel that there is some one perfect way of building the structure or rounding the sentence that elusively keeps just beyond his reach.

Consequently, one of the first ideas that every young writer should promptly get into his head is that,

**The Inevitable  
Drudgery**

whatever degree of talent he may have, there is no escaping a certain amount of tedious drudgery, if he ever expects to accomplish anything of real importance. This does not mean that the man who frankly says that he cannot revise his work after it is once written is necessarily in the second grade of authorship, any more than the man who admits that he cannot map out his whole work in all its details before writing his opening sentence. There is no hard and fast rule as to the point at which the real drudgery of writing shall begin. Some authors have served their time in the ranks, as it were, before their first book has ever seen print; they have learned their craft pretty thoroughly by a thousand abortive efforts that have either never been set down on paper at all or else have gone speedily into the scrap-basket or the furnace fire. This does not mean that they will be relieved of the necessity of pruning and polishing; but it does mean that a long and faithful apprenticeship reduces the amount of such detail work to a minimum. Then again some writers have the trick of doing most of their verbal sand-papery in advance, turning and twisting each sentence a thousand times in their brain, before ever committing it

fin du m^{re} 2 m^{re}  
 1,000 venture 2 m^{re}  
 1,700 Bonaparte  
 1,000 B. 1^{re}  
 288 B. 1^{re} 1^{re}

Le père Goriot

une pension bourgeoise - les deux 1/2 % de  
l'entrée ³ dans le monde - trompe ¹⁰ la  
mort + les deux ⁵ full pour la mort  
du père.

[illegible]

A very curious and characteristic page, indicating the novelist's life and method of work. In the lines in the middle is outlined the plot of the book as it stands. The figures scratched all over the page epitomise Balzac's gigantic efforts to make his income from his pen keep up with his huge debts.

Photographed for THE BOOKMAN from the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul.



to paper. That, when we stop to think of it, is the original, the natural way in which literary composition was evolved. The primitive sagas, the early folk tales were all slowly crystallised into shape, not only before they were reduced to writing, but before there was any writing into which to reduce them.

But it makes no difference at what point an author gets in his really hard work; there can be no definite rules laid down for preparation or for revision. There is no magic in a second re-writing

**No Definite  
Rules for  
Revising**

or a third, in a fifth or a tenth revised proof. If your first draft of a sentence satisfies you, a second writing is a waste of time. But fifty re-writings are none too much if the forty-ninth still fails to content you. Every writer must in this respect work out his own particular method. A few years ago the statement went the rounds of the literary columns that Mr. Maurice Hewlett made a practice of re-writing all of his stories no less than four times; that each of these drafts was made with all the care that he could bestow upon it and when finished promptly destroyed; that the second would contain only so much of the first, and the third only so much of the second as, by its excellence or its striking and peculiar phrasing, stamped itself upon his memory. Whether or not he really works in that way, such a method would, of course, account for much of Mr. Hewlett's peculiarities of style. But it might prove extremely disastrous to many another author.

Some writers apply the Gospel of Infinite Pains from the first moment of their conception of a plot down to the last revision of the page proofs. Balzac was one of these. His erratic and laboured methods of revision, as recorded by Théophile Gautier in his *Portraits Contemporains*, are such an interesting object lesson of the extent to which the fever for revision may be carried that it seems worth while to quote him here rather extensively:

His method of proceeding was as follows: When he had long borne and lived a subject, he wrote, in a rapid, uneven, blotted, almost hieroglyphic writing, a species of outline on several pages. These pages went to the print-

ing office, from which they were returned in placards, that is to say, in detached columns in the centre of large sheets. He read these proofs attentively, for they already gave to his embryo work that impersonal character which manuscript never possesses; and he applied to this first sketch the great critical faculty with which he was gifted, precisely as though he were judging of another man's work.

Then he began operations: approving or disapproving, he maintained or corrected, but above all he *added*. . . . After some hours, the paper might have been taken for a drawing of fireworks by a child. Rockets, darting from the original text, exploded on all sides. Then there were crosses: simple crosses, crosses re-crossed, like those of a blazon, stars, suns, Arabic figures, letters, Greek, Roman or French, all imaginable signs, mingled with erasures. Strips of paper, fastened on by wafers or pins, were added to the insufficient margins, and were rayed with lines of writing, very fine to save room, and full themselves of erasures; for a correction was hardly made before that again was corrected.

. . . . The following day, the proofs came back, . . . the bulk of course doubled. Balzac set to work again, always amplifying. . . . Often this tremendous labour ended with an intensity of attention, a clearness of perception of which he alone was capable. He would see that the thought was warped by the execution, that an episode predominated; that a figure which he meant should be secondary for the general effect was projecting out of its plan. Then, with one stroke of his pen, he bravely annihilated the result of four or five nights of labour. He was heroic at such times

Balzac, of course, was one of the colossal, and all of his methods, whether right or wrong, were colossal like himself. The vast majority of us will never write a *Comédie Humaine* nor overspread our proof sheets with mad pyrotechnics of erasures. Nevertheless, the essence of Balzac's method is a sound one. You can follow no better plan, provided your mind works that way, than to get your whole initial thought down on paper in the first heat of creation; and then, after a day or two, re-write and amplify, and re-write and amplify again, building up, little by little, filling in the details, smoothing the rough places until your

work finally reaches a stage that you are content to keep as its permanent form. Yet even then, if you are a convert to the Gospel of Infinite Pains, you will still find some changes to make in your proof sheets, some further amendment to work into your second and third editions.

But, of course, it is possible to carry anything too far, even such an apparently

**Flaubert's  
Pursuit of  
Perfection**

limitless thing as Infinite Pains. Flaubert was the signal instance of this.

His pursuit of perfection verged upon mania; his tireless zeal in connection with every detail of whatever work he had on hand for the moment was in the nature of a fixed idea. Zola, in his *Romanciers Naturalistes*, has given an admirably detailed account of Flaubert's methods of work in pursuit of "that perfection which made up the joy and the torment of his existence." When he had once got a rough draft upon paper the "chase after documents" began with as much method as possible:

He read above all a considerable number of works; or rather one should say that he merely skimmed them, going with an instinct of which he was rather proud, to the one page, the one phrase that would be of use to him. Often a work of five hundred pages would give him only a single note which he painstakingly transcribed; often also such a volume would give him nothing at all. Here we find an explanation of the seven years which he spent on an average on each one of his books; for he lost at least four in his preparatory readings.

And as he read, his notes piled up, overflowed his portfolios, became unwieldy, mountainous. To give some idea of his conscientiousness in gathering material, Zola mentions that before writing *L'Education Sentimentale* he ran through the entire collection of *Charivari*, in order to saturate himself with the spirit of petty journalism, under Louis-Philippe; and that it was out of the words found in that collection that he created the character of Hussonnet. At last an hour would come when, as Flaubert put it, he would feel the "need of writing":

When he began the work of composition he would first write quite rapidly a piece consisting of a whole episode, five or six pages at

most. Sometimes, when the right word would not come, he would leave it blank. Then he would start in again with this same piece, and it would be a matter of two or three weeks, sometimes more, of impassioned labour over those five or six pages. He wanted them perfect, and I assure you that perfection to him was not a simple matter. He weighed each word, examining not only the meaning but the conformation as well. Avoidance of repetitions, of rhymes, of harsh sounds was merely the rough beginning of his task. He went so far as not to allow the same syllables to recur in a phrase; sometimes a single letter got on his nerves and he would search for words in which it did not occur; then again he sometimes had need of a definite number of r's to give a rolling effect to a sentence.

All this is given here not as an example to be imitated by the young literary craftsman but as a sort of ultimate standard by which to measure the extent and the earnestness of his own efforts. Your latest story, perhaps, came back this morning accompanied by its third rejection slip. In writing that story did you take the trouble to work it over for the third or fourth time? Did you erase and rearrange the opening sentence endlessly until you knew all its possible variations by heart? Did you wake up suddenly in the night with a happy idea that would just fit into page seventeen and could not wait till morning?—or did you, on the other hand, simply sit down quite comfortably one day, possessed only of pen, ink and paper and a good working idea, and dash off your five thousand words at top speed while the heat that Thoreau speaks of was still in you? And, as you signed your name, did you say to yourself, "Well, I suppose some of this is a bit ragged, but it will have to go as it is"? If the second is the case, then your collection of rejection slips deserves to multiply. You may be a genius but you are not a craftsman. Better a hundred times the exaggeration, the hair-splittings, the *reductio ad absurdum* of Flaubert's Infinite Pains than such deliberate slovenliness. If you think that your lot is a hard one and that literature at best is a steady grind with slow results, read just one more paragraph on Flaubert's method and perhaps you will readjust your ideas.

One Sunday morning (writes Zola) we found him drowsy, broken with fatigue. The day before, in the afternoon, he had finished a page of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, with which he felt very much pleased and he had gone to dine in town, after having copied it out on a large sheet of Holland paper that he was accustomed to use. When he returned about midnight, instead of retiring at once, he had to give himself the pleasure of re-reading that page. But he became greatly disturbed, discovering that he had repeated himself within a space of two lines. Although there was no fire in his study and it was very cold, he obstinately set to work to get rid of that repetition. Then, finding other words which displeased him, he gave up the attempt to change them all and went to bed in despair. But once in bed, it was impossible to sleep; he turned and turned again, thinking always of those devils of words. All at once he hit upon a happy correction, sprang to the floor, relighted his candle and returned in his night-shirt to his study to write out the new phrase. After that he crawled back, shivering beneath the coverlets. Three times, he sprang up and re-lighted his candle, in order to change the position of a word or to alter a comma. At last, in desperation, dominated by the demon of perfection, he took his page with him, bundled his muffler around his ears, tucked himself in on all sides in his bed and until day-break cut and pruned his page, covering it all over with pencil strokes. That was the way Flaubert worked. We all have manias of this sort, but with him it was this sort of mania from one end of his books to the other.

It is somewhat of a comfort to turn from a writer whose efforts were so

**The Value of System** vastly in excess of the bulk of his actual production and turn to another novelist who holds a

fairly eminent position in English literature and who, through long years of remarkable average fertility, succeeded in making the quality of his writing keep steady pace with the quantity—Anthony Trollope. His advice to young writers is not only interesting but valuable, provided it be taken understandingly.

*Nulla dies sine linea.* Let that be their motto. And let their work be to them as is his common work to the common labourer. No gigantic efforts will then be necessary. He

need tie no wet towels round his brow, nor sit for thirty hours at his desk without moving,—as men have sat, or said that they have sat. More than nine-tenths of my literary work has been done in the last twenty years, and during twelve of those years I followed another profession. I have never been a slave to this work, giving due time, if not more than due time, to the amusements I have loved. But I have been constant,—and constancy in labour will conquer all difficulties. *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*

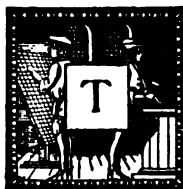
Steady, plodding work: that is Trollope's panacea for success in literature. "Let their work be to them as is his work to the common labourer," that is the one phrase to be treasured up and committed to memory. The art of writing—that is the part that savours of genius, the part for which we cannot prescribe rules, the part which makes laws unto itself. But the craftsmanship is a different matter. It may be

**The Honest Labour**

congenial labour, but labour it must always be, differing in kind but not in degree from that of the hewer of wood or the tiller of the field. The great thing is to make it honest labour, to be quite sure that we are not skimping it or doing it grudgingly. We must each of us find our own best working hours, must decide for ourselves whether we will sit thirty hours at a stretch without moving and then do nothing more for a week or whether we will accept the monotony of systematic daily effort from breakfast until luncheon, day in and day out, whether we feel like it or not. Some men can work that way, and some men cannot and that is all there is about it; they cannot tell you why, they simply find that that is their individual case. Now, there is no virtue in one way more than in another—but whatever method of work you follow remember always that there is no such thing as a royal road to literary achievement, that it always means sooner or later work, work of the hardest, most earnest sort, and often the hardest of all work where it shows the least. For the greatest triumph of writing, as of other arts, is to conceal most carefully those spots upon which you have most conscientiously practised the Gospel of Infinite Pains.

# AS A LITTLE CHILD

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



THE Christmas season is indeed a "time of New Talk," of much talk, at least, among the writers of books. And the biggest tree in fiction-land is decked for the little ones, its branches sagging under their weight of gifts. Books for children everywhere, this Christmastide, as every Christmastide. The sheer quantity of them brings the thought, "How many of these books for children are there that have the true quality, that make the lasting appeal to that most honest and sincere class of readers for whom they are designed? And furthermore, wherein does this true quality lie?"

Edwin Pugh, author of *Tony Drum*, in writing once to a reviewer of his book, said: "I went to the children to ask them what they saw, because I think children look at life with their eyes, whilst men and women, as often as not, look at life through their opinions."

Here is a bit of far-reaching philosophy which gives us a measure of value for the quality of children's books. Only such can be deemed truly successful that embody a realisation of the child's blessed power to look at life with his eyes, not with his opinions, as the grown man so often does.

Did you ever enter a strange town after nightfall? Or stop over at a station in such a strange town after dark? Or even wander through its streets between trains, say for an hour or so, and then steam onward to your destination? It is one of the traveller's most delightful sensations, bringing a charm that is always fresh. And the reason for this charm is possibly that you are looking at that town with your eyes alone, with the eyes of the imagination, Nature's great gift to man. Everything that might call into play your preconceived opinions as to what that town, or any town, should be like is cloaked and hidden by the beneficent dark. How fairy-like the most commonplace little hamlet can appear under such

circumstances. Anything wonderful or beautiful or deliciously weird and uncanny might be hidden, for aught we know, behind those isolated or clustered points of radiance flaring out of a sable veil of mystery. Now life to the child must be something like a strange town seen after dark. It is mysterious, wonderful, full of delightful possibilities lurking just around every corner. For there are no preconceived opinions to spoil the little traveller's joy, to tell him ruthlessly just what commonplace everyday sort of thing may be expected behind every turn in the road. The eyes that see just so far, the imagination that shivers in delicious wonder at each new discovery to be made—this is the Golden Apple that the good Fairy Fate has thrown into the lap of childhood. It's sad how few of us can keep it bright in later life! It is really only the poet-soul who succeeds in the attempt, who can remain the eternal child and never grow up. And it's a doubtful blessing to grow up, as the good fairies could tell us if we would only listen. The poet never loses his ability to wonder, another of the joys of childhood. For, as Eden Phillpotts says in his fairy story, *The Flint Heart* (one of the best of this season's tales for children): "Everybody ought to be astonished at pretty nearly everything that happens when they are five. The age when nothing astonishes you is eighteen. But after that, as you grow older and older, things gradually begin to astonish you again, until, when you get quite old—say from forty to a hundred—much that happens will amaze you and you'll find the world as puzzling and as wonderful at the end as you did at the beginning." Herein lies the same deep truth as in Edwin Pugh's words.

Life is indeed astonishing and greatly to be wondered at when we look at it through our eyes. It grows commonplace only as we grow mentally lazy and are content to see through cut and dried opinions and to express ourselves in stock phrases. The normal child is never men-

tally lazy. His brains are always alert and anxious to see, to learn. His wondering does not crystallise into opinions until that fatal day when imitation of his elders takes the place of his own fresh and original explorer's outlook on life.

What we may reasonably demand of stories for children, therefore, is that they shall appeal to this direct outlook on life, that they shall stimulate the imagination to work for itself, not force opinions on it. The child asks for facts, not opinions. Preaching, always a deadly sin in fiction, is doubly unpardonable in books for children. For its purpose, and sometimes its effect, is to hasten the coming of that fatal day to which we have just alluded, that day when the child ceases to look at life through its eyes and is willing to accept opinions in place of imagination. And yet no class of readers is so sinned against by those who write books for them, as well as by those who buy books for them. It would create a horrified astonishment to hear it spoken, but the fact is that a tacit understanding prevails that anything is good enough for children's books.

Triviality, an untrue outlook on life, pedantic patronising sermons, anything goes as an offering to this most honest and sincere class of readers a writer can ever hope to have. But fortunately there are still some few who recognise that the highest skill, the greatest art is needed for the writing of children's books, an art, a skill so perfect, so finely attuned, that they have completed the circle and come back to Nature. "Unless ye become as a little child," which, unless we are born with the poet's soul, which is the soul of the eternal child, is the hardest thing of all to do. Ripe and comprehending experience of life, a keen sense of proportion, and broad sympathy and insight are necessary for the writing of the perfect tale for children. When accomplished it is something that appeals not only to children, something that will last as the great tales told in the childhood of the race have lasted, and something in the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of which we may safely measure the minds and hearts of those about us.

This is not a childlike age. The old world seems just now to be somewhere

between the ages of eighteen and fifty—if we may accept Phillpotts's dictum. It is as hard for us to write perfect tales for children now as it is for us to paint Saints and Madonnas. Our forefathers accomplished them out of a naïve sincerity of belief. That we no longer have, and we have not yet won in its stead the mature poise out of which we can understand and appeal to a sincerity of belief in others. Which is probably why, among the books brought to the child's Christmas tree each year by Santa Claus, the busy publisher, there are so many that appear to have been written from the point of view actuating the remark of a woman who may easily serve as a representative of the buying public. This woman once said to a young girl in whom she was interested, and who was taking her first timid steps along the thorn-strewn path of literary effort: "Why don't you write children's stories? You could do that, and they're so well paid." The idea being that a girl in her early twenties, brought up in a sheltered home, with no experience of life, could not expect to write anything *but* stories for children—the sort of stories that no one without a special gift for it can possibly be able to write well until after a long life of fighting with fate!

However, the greater part of what is offered the little ones each Christmastide is at least sincere and written with affection if not always with understanding. Let us take it in the spirit in which it is given—the true spirit in which to receive what Christmas brings.

The Lilac Fairy Book. Andrew Lang. Illustrated by H. J. Ford. Longmans, Green & Company.

The Fairy Ring. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Flint Heart. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Little Girl Blue. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrated by Virginia K. Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

The Christmas Angel. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 60 cents.

The Star People. By Katherine Fay Dewey. Illustrated by Frances B. Comstock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Finella in Fairyland. Demetra K. Brown.  
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Emerald City of Oz. By Frank L. Baum.  
Chicago: Reilly and Britton.

Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad. By John  
Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by Grace  
Wiederseim. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippin-  
cott.

Sugar and Spice and all that's Nice. The  
Child's Harvest of Verse. Compiled by  
Mary W. Tileston. Boston: Little, Brown  
and Company.

First and foremost, always and forever, among tales for children come the fairy tales. What were childhood without the fairy tale? That child who has never wandered through the magic gardens of Fairyland is unfortunate indeed. But that child does not exist, for the mind and heart of every child, even all unaided, will make for itself a fairyland out of anything and nothing. But the art of writing fairy tales seems to be another thing that has vanished with the vanished childhood of the race. The best fairy tales are always the old ones, stories that were never really *written*, but just grew in the telling as they passed down through generations of fireside evenings. They were told or enjoyed by grown men and women in an earlier, more naïve age, and they never lose their appeal to the child in us as to the children around us now. As to new fairy stories, well, Mr. Andrew Lang, the untiring editor, who makes it possible to unearth new-old stories every year and dress them out in a new colour of raiment for the Christmas tree, says some very unkind things of them in his latest offering, *The Lilac Fairy Book*.

"The three hundred and sixty-five authors who try to write new fairy tales are very tiresome," he says. "Their fairies try to be funny and fail, or they try to preach and succeed. Real fairies never preach or talk slang—nobody can write a new fairy tale; the thing is impossible." The tenor of Mr. Lang's reproach of modern writers of fairy tales is that they attempt to write just for children and therefore fail. Possibly he may be right. But we will forgive him his feeling against the writers who prefer to write rather than to edit, for the sake of the fine new-old stories he has found for us here. It is really astonishing how

Mr. Lang goes on unearthing so many new stories—new-old is what we mean—every year. Some of the stories in this new book have come from Ireland, some from the Highlands of Scotland, some from wild Wales. Some from far off Asia, others from Portugal; still others from the frozen North. The majority of them have what the true fairy story should always have—enough of the marvellous to keep us guessing, enough of humour to show us that we aren't expected really to believe it all, and the delightful disregard of conventional behaviour which characterises the doings in Fairyland. For if it were not so, why go to Fairyland at all? The equipment of the book is as dainty as usual, even more so if possible, on account of the delicacy of the chosen colour. And a word of sincere praise is due the charming illustrations by H. J. Ford. If the imagination of the modern writer cannot achieve a new fairy tale, the modern painter can at least understand the old stories and awaken them to new life for us.

Another book of similar character is *The Fairy Ring*, a collection of tales gathered from many lands and many decades by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Besides some well-known English and German stories there are less familiar ones from Scandinavia, Ireland, Russia, France, and some charming old Gaelic tales. Like all real fairy tales, these stories do not mind a joke now and then at the very virtues that a really truly story is supposed to hold sacred. The clever "Widow's Daughter" in the Gaelic tale by that name had little regard for truth, but the story of how she outwitted the mother who would have her work and won a prince for a husband is certainly amusing.

Now the gist of what Mr. Lang and the editors of *The Fairy Ring* have to say about old and new fairy tales is that children of to-day would rather hear about the marvellous adventures of princes, princesses and monsters of old rather than about the doings of the little boy or girl who, as Mr. Lang says, happens in the tiresome new stories, "goes out into a garden and meets a fairy in the flowers, and then wakes up to find he has been dreaming." Possibly. And the brave

princes and beautiful princesses and wicked witches and giants of old were very human and gave the child a more wholesome view of life than the priggish infants of the modern "instructive" fairy tale. In so far Mr. Lang may be right. But no one who reads Mr. Eden Phillpotts's modern fairy tale of *The Flint Heart* can help making a mental reservation in its favour, however much he may at other times agree with Mr. Lang.

*The Flint Heart* is a story of Dartmoor, but the little boy and girl who do see the fairies and restore the lost peace and happiness to their own family do not find they have been dreaming. The reader is left with the delicious belief that it all really did happen, even to the fierce battle between the Hot Water Bottle and the Marsh Galloper and to Unity's friendship with the omnipotent Zagabog. This is one of the books for children which fulfils the requirements of bringing enjoyment to children of any age, even to children with grey hairs and wrinkles. There is enough in it to delight any child and enough that the child will appreciate later if he puts the book away on his shelves and looks at it several times a year as years go on. It is full of delightful humour, some of which may possibly appeal only to children of an older growth. But the child who still wonders will find much delight in it either in the marvellous adventures of Charles and Unity Jago or in the history of *The Flint Heart* and the evil it did throughout the ages. Also children of any age will enjoy the charming poems scattered through the book. Admirers of Eden Phillpotts's talent will find delight in a bit of work so different from his usual style. Although here also we find bits of wonderful nature painting, something Mr. Phillpotts simply can't resist doing. And no one has yet complained of this tendency of the Dartmoor story-teller, because he is such a good story-teller as well.

A sheaf of books of modern fairy tales which come to hand amid this season's choice, may some of them come under Mr. Lang's censure because their fairies try to be funny and fail, and, worse yet, because they try to preach and succeed. Yet each one almost will give

pleasure to some young readers; the best of them will leave a little lesson which it is well to have learned.

*The Christmas Angel* of Abbie Farwell Brown has his little sermon to preach, it is true, but he preaches it so sweetly, and it is such a good and useful little sermon of love and thoughtfulness for others, that the little preacher deserves to be made welcome in many a home. *Little Girl Blue*, Josephine Scribner Gates's story of the Live Doll that lived in the woods until she learned to say please, has her preachiness relieved by the charming illustrations. *Finella in Fairyland*, by Demetra Kenneth Brown, is not so fortunate. But as long as Mr. Lang doesn't overhear we'll give her credit for a sensible little lesson which selfish little girls would do well to learn.

In *The Emerald City of Oz* (Frank L. Baum) we meet most of our friends again who surround the famous "Wizard of Oz." Oz is a delightful place, where every one has just what he wants for the asking. But in fairy lands people are kind and considerate and never ask for more than they really need. So the easy granting of their wishes has no danger in it. *The Star People*, by Katherine Fay Dewey, gives us ever so much useful information in the guise of fairy tales about themselves and their doings. The Little Bear who carries the Sailors' Star is certainly a darling. But the book is marred by a self-consciousness which is the worst quality in any book intended for children. There is too much "writing down" to the young reader. *Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad* is as "John-Kendrick-Bangsy" as its author's warmest admirers could desire. Some very funny things are said about the grammar ways of learning languages, and any one who has struggled with grammar-French will sympathise with the Unwiseman's difficulty in finding some one to give the proper answer to his inquiry as to the "ormolu clock of your aunt's music teacher." Also that famous American institution, the Custom House, comes in for a certain share of "Bangsistic" humour, and altogether one can do worse than to spend half an hour with Mollie, her rubber doll and the Unwiseman.

Should books of verse be counted



among fairy tales? If it be good verse, the answer is plain, for good verse is indeed the Magic Carpet which transports us all to regions of eternal beauty and happiness that does not dim. Two little volumes of verse for children come before us to-day, *Sugar and Spice and All that's Nice* and *The Child's Harvest of Verse*, both compiled by Mary Wilder Tileston. In the first-named book nursery rhymes are given in old and new setting; in the second, wise and careful selection is made of the verse of great poets which young readers would understand. Such compilations serve their purpose, albeit there are those who think it safe to let children browse unaided in the gardens of the great masters of song.

*The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book.* By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by J. M. Conde. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*The Hump Tree Stories.* By Mary Joss Jones. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

*Sammie and Susie Littertail.* By Howard R. Garris. Illustrated by Louis Wisa. New York: R. F. Fenno Company.

*Old Mother West Wind.* By Thornton E. Burgess. Illustrated by George Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

*Brothers in Fur.* By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

*True Dog Stories.* By Lilian Gask. Illustrated by Miss Dorothy Hardy. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

*Adventures of Two Ants.* By Nanny Hammarstrom. New York: F. A. Stokes and Company.

Stories of animals, only just a little less dear to the child heart than fairy stories, come next in importance on the literary Christmas tree. In no sort of stories for children has the change in literary fashions of the past decade made such a difference as in animal stories. The "nature faking," as its opponents call it, has brought a host of little wild-wood things into the child's world of books in their own characters, living their own lives without his help or hindrance. Rabbit, fox, woodchuck, 'possum, crow and many more have become his familiars, and have come to supersede in his favour the princes and princesses of the fairy tales. Albert Bigelow Paine

comes to tell his young and older readers more stories of the Hollow Tree People in a book which is entitled *The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book*, and is dedicated to "All dwellers in the Deep Woods of Dream." The Hollow Tree People, Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, Mr. Crow and their friends, are snowed in for several wintry months, and, like the philosophers they are, they tell stories to beguile the time away. The fun of the stories, of which perhaps the prime are "How Rabbits came to be Cottontails" and "The Cat who would be King," is enhanced by the charming pictures of J. M. Conde. Dressed in their funny baggy human clothes, the animals have each his own characteristics emphasised and humanised, as it were, in a way that is as delightful as it is artistic. *The Hump Tree Stories*, by Mary Joss Jones, follow along the same line, but this collection is notable mainly from its odd and rather attractive outer garb of soft tan and greens. Otherwise the stories lack spontaneity, the style is self-conscious. *Sammie and Susie Littertail*, by Howard R. Garis, and *Old Mother West Wind*, by Thornton W. Burgess, have nothing particularly noticeable either to praise or blame about them, except that in the former book one learns that the muskrat lives with the rabbit family; also that cats eat rabbits, which really is quite shocking, for it surely seems like a species of cannibalism.

Apropos of cats, all lovers of that elusive household Sphinx, young or old (the lovers, not the cats), will enjoy *Brothers in Fur*, by Eliza Orne White. The life-history and the point of view of Mrs. Martha Furbush Tailby and her four delightful sons, whose real live photographs adorn the book, are charmingly narrated as only a lover of cats could narrate them. Cat caste-feeling, cat selfishness, and cat fidelity, as well as the unswerving determination under furry softness that characterises the pets that keep us guessing always, are all to be found in this unpretentious little volume. The poems written by the various members of the Furbush-Tailby family add not a little to the real fun of the book. *True Dog Stories*, by Lilian Gask, is a book of the old-fashioned type of stories of dogs just as

dogs in their daily relationships with their human friends. Such stories are a little out of date now, but they will never be unwelcome. *The Adventures of Two Ants*, by Nanny Hammarstrom, translated from the Swedish by A. B. Fries, is instructive, and frankly intended to be so. But it is not unamusing, and will therefore fulfil its other mission the more easily.

Everybody's Lonesome. By Clara E. Laughlin. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

A Prairie Rose. By Bertha E. Bush. Illustrated by Griswold Tyng. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hilda of the Hippodrome. By Dorothy Charlotte Paine. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. Chicago: Reilly and Britton.

A Dixie Rose. By Augusta Kortrecht. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Second Chance. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Hearts and Coronets. By Alice Wilson Fox. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Home Comers. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.20 net.

Betty's Happy Year. By Carolyn Wells. New York: The Century Company.

When Sarah Went to School. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Frolics at Fairmount. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Wide Awake Girls at College. By Katherine Ruth Ellis. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Sidney—Her Senior Year. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Now as to the books for girls about girls and the books for boys about boys! Something of what Andrew Lang says about modern fairy stories might be applied to them too. Girls like to read about something besides other girls occasionally, and certainly boys like to read about other beings than always just about other boys. Now one woman there is who says that when she was a little girl and a young girl she never read girls' books, therefore she does not know how the girls' books of to-day compare with

the girls' books of twenty years back. But as she read boys' books with avidity all through her childhood and young girlhood, she asserts with conviction that the boys' books of to-day wouldn't compare at all with the boys' books she read. But she isn't quite willing to say whether they may not be as interesting to the boys of to-day even if they aren't quite as interesting to her.

In both these sorts of books there is too much of the conscious "writing down" to one's audience, too much seeking to give just what the audience is supposed to want, without realising that that particular audience is the most adaptable in the world. It is said to be a sign of age when we look back and believe that things were better "when we were young." But somehow a generation of either girls or boys who were allowed to read the great classic novelists seem to have taken in heartier nourishment, more brain-building food, at any rate, than a generation for whom so many "girls' books" and "boys' books" are written, that they don't get time to read anything else. There is every possible sort of a girls' book this season, books that take the girl in childhood and in youth through many sorts of homes and lives; books of school and college life; books about the girl or for the girl; books that lead their young heroine even as far as the altar, leaving it then to the sex-problem novel to carry her history further.

Among a dozen or more "girls' books" that come to hand three alone are worthy of especial mention. Clara Laughlin's exquisite little story, *Everybody's Lonesome*, will find a willing audience among grown-ups as well as among young girls. And indeed, some of its finer points will be better appreciated by girls of an older growth. The same can be said of Nellie L. McClung's *The Second Chance*, in which we hear more of the life story of the Watson family, to whom we were so favourably introduced in *Sowing Seeds in Danny*. *The Second Chance* is in no sense a book for children, except in the simplicity of its point of view, the sincerity of its telling. We can enjoy it all the more with maturer years, but we must become "as a little child" in

our attitude toward life if we would really know and love little Pearl Watson as she deserves. *When Sarah Went to School*, by Elsie Singmaster, has a strength and originality that will make the reader remember it. Sarah's portrait is painted with a sure and certain hand, and she is a type not yet overdone in our fiction, yet a type distinctly American.

In *Betty's Happy Year*, Carolyn Wells seems trying forcibly to restrain the qualities so familiar in her other work; this is about all that makes the book notable. *A Prairie Rose*, by Bertha E. Bush, is interesting as a story of frontier life, with its hardships and its dangers. It makes us see what such life meant to the women and children who endured but had little of the glory of recorded achievement in after years.

Harper's Athletic Series: The Runaway Flying Machine. The Young Detectives. The King of the Plains. New York: Harper and Brothers. 60 cents each.

Billy Topsail and Company. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

The Bobs Hill Braves. By Charles Pierce Burton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Two Boys in the Tropics. By Eliza H. Figgelmessy. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.

Light Horse Harry's Legion. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Minute Boys of Boston. By James Otis. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

A Scout's Story. By Owen Rhoscomyl. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

Martin Hyde: The Duke's Messenger. By John Masefield. Illustrated by T. C. Dugdale. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Boys Drake. By Edwin M. Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The Story of Our Navy. For Young Americans. Told by Willis J. Abbot. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Don McGrath. By Randall Parrish. Illustrated by J. W. Norton. Boston: A. C. McClurg and Company.

The White River Raft. By Lewis B. Miller. Illustrated by J. W. Kennedy. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

Of more than a dozen of boys' books so called, three or four only stand out in excellence. The rest are good enough in their way, but are very much the usual sort of thing. But *Billy Topsail and Company*, by Norman Duncan, is a book many boys will read with keen enjoyment. Life in Newfoundland is so full of adventure that it is not necessary for the author to give his boy heroes any fictitious excitements. The usual round of daily life for man and boy in wresting a meagre living from the dangerous sea, fighting wind and cold, gives chance enough for all the manly qualities of reliance, strength and courage to develop. Also the book is unusual among boys' books in view of the excellent style in which it is written. Mr. Duncan appears commendably to disagree with the idea that, as far as literary style is concerned, "anything will do for boys." He has written his *Billy Topsail* books with the same big virility and the same care that he has given to all his other work.

*The Boys' Drake* belies its name. Edwin Bacon's story of the life of the great sea fighter and lawless pirate, the "Master Thief of the Unknown World, or the Sea King of the Sixteenth Century," as Francis Drake has been variously styled, will interest other readers as well as boys. The ill-chosen title also might offend some youth just growing into manhood to whom the book itself would be very welcome. Much of the story is told in the words of old records, and interesting old maps and pictures make it still more valuable. The faults of this most fascinating of all sea rovers, pirates and Royal Admirals are not slurred over, but kept well in the foreground to serve as foil for his brilliancy of achievement. And certainly few more striking careers has history to show than that of Francis Drake, who made the reputation of the English seaman for all time.

*The Scout's Story*, by Owen Rhoscomyl, is also a misleading title for a story of adventure as exciting as many of those written to appeal to serious-minded mature readers. There is nothing in the story that suggests the studied appeal to boys, which fact will probably make it all the more interesting to boy readers.

In *Don McGrath*, Randall Parrish has

written a very interesting story of life on the Mississippi, a story of good characterisation and tender insight. Among other things, the "show-boat," the travelling theatrical companies going up and down the river in their own boat, and mooring it to the shore to give their show, is a new setting for fiction. It is a phase of life on the Father of Waters which is not well known in the East. This book, too, will appeal to older readers as well as to boys of any age. But it has a quality of simplicity and sincerity in the writing which brings it within the scope of this article. It is among the best of the offerings brought this year by Santa Claus, publisher.

*The Story of Our Navy for Young Americans*, by Willis J. Abbott, is just brimful of useful information. Also it is of interest, in the pictures which illustrate it, to see the changing type of ships.

*Uncle Remus and the Little Boy*. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

But we've kept one book to the last which really should have come in on the

"animal story" section. A new "Uncle Remus" book by Joel Chandler Harris, this time *Uncle Remus and the Little Boy*. Who does not love Uncle Remus, with his sound, wholesome view of life? And Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox came to us long before the new animals of the "Nature books"; also we shrewdly suspect they will be with us when all but a few of the other sort have faded into oblivion. Uncle Remus's story of the Doo-dang in this new book is delicious, and his poem on "Ole Joshua an' de Sun" will surely earn its meed of laughter. The Little Boy's Letter is too good not to be true. And the Little Boy's grandmother, Uncle Remus's admired "Miss Sally," says, among several other things, one sentence which gives good sound advice to all critics and book reviewers, literary-wise or otherwise:

Why, grandmother said she'd rather count the hairs on a tarrypin's back than to bother about the small things in a story that was worth listening to.

Which others besides Uncle Remus must acknowledge to be "sho good common-sense."

## TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

### I

#### LORD ALISTAIR'S REBELLION*

There is a rule of fiction so obvious as to seem hardly worth the stating, yet contemporary writers constantly violate it and the critics do not seem to care. It is the law for insuring the egregiousness of heroes and heroines. If any novelist who is not a genius takes for his central character a person who is a genius he must rigidly abstain from presenting any samples of his ware. Of course, the chief danger arises when the novelist chooses a literary genius for the hero. If he takes a painter, architect or musician, he cannot from the nature of the case offer any specimens of his actual work. He

may swear his hero is a genius and we have no proof to the contrary, as we might have if he accompanied his text with a photogravure of the hero's landscape or the ground plan of his post-office or the score of his opera. But with a literary genius he has a fatal opportunity. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* is only one of many recent novels to take for its chief character a person of remarkable literary gifts. We have the author's word for it that the man was almost, if not quite, a genius. Then, instead of discreetly screening this remarkable intellect, allowing us to imagine its colossal proportions, he shows it in action, shows it putting forth its best efforts in speech and in deed. Readers better versed than we are in contemporary fiction could no doubt cite a hundred similar instances.

**Lord Alistair's Rebellion*. By Allen Upward. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1910. Pp. 397.

Novelists seem utterly reckless in this matter. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, will present a man as an amazingly brilliant talker, then prove by his own words that he was really very dull. Mrs. Craigie has been equally destructive; so has Lucas Malet. Women novelists somehow come first to mind, possibly because they are so apt to caress an intellect inordinately in the intervals between exposure. They pet their hero's intellect down to the very moment when they put into his mouth the fatal words that steal away his brains, and even afterward. Miss May Sinclair did the maddest thing of all in *The Divine Fire*. Taking a literary genius for her hero, and a true poet at that, and telling of his strange, sweet power and inimitable charm, she nevertheless quoted actual verses of his which showed him quite the usual monthly magazine bard, so common-hackneyed in the sight of men. Yet after printing his poetry on one page, she would speak just as highly of him as ever on the next.

Now comes Mr. Upward with the barefaced assertion that his Lord Alistair is amazing, magnificently endowed, ahead of his times, failing in life by reason of his greatness, which was not appreciated by lesser minds. Then he not only tells us what Lord Alistair's ideas were, but lets Lord Alistair himself express them, with never a hint that he was not putting his best foot foremost at the time. So we are forced to conclude either that the author is a bad judge of genius or that a good many people of our acquaintance are far more astonishing than we had hitherto supposed. The inevitable result is the ruin of our expectations. For Mr. Upward, as the author of *The New Word*, is one from whom much may reasonably be expected. That was a remarkable book, witty and penetrating in its criticism, full of suggestion, provocative, delighting in spite of its vagaries or on account of them; and one might naturally suppose that if the man who wrote it chose to describe a remarkable person he could give us at least a hint of him. But Lord Alistair is merely an heirloom of fiction, the wild younger son, debauched but with a pure flame still burning in him, better after all than his spot-

less, priggish elder brother, driven to profligacy by the misunderstandings of the unco' guid, hating conventional virtues, which after all masked sordid motives. The heroine is also an heirloom.

Hero Vanbrugh, as she stood framed in the archway, was a picture to gladden the eyes. It was not only that her features were delicately chiselled, and her body a harmony of slenderness and strength; there were men who declared that at some moments she seemed to them to be actually plain; but the freshness of the rain was in her face, and the laughter of the wind in her hair, and the blue breath of the sea in her eyes, and there were other men to whom at many moments she seemed the fairest sight that they had ever looked upon.

One would never guess that the book was by the author of *The New Word*. He would merely set it down among the writings of a score or more of the efficient, well-documented novelists of the day, clever enough in catching the ideas in the air, problems, half-philosophies, insurgencies, reactions, literary stampedes, and anarchies, but never by any chance embodying them in individuals or seeming to be individuals themselves. Good work, too, from a certain point of view, getting as near to life as most talkers, getting as near to people as most of them wish to have you get, but not the sort of work that will seem to readers of *The New Word* worth the author's doing.

For it was impossible to represent by any such direct and open method the high qualities attributed to Lord Alistair by his maker. Such promises of genius are always irredeemable. The Lord Alistair whom the author actually did achieve ought not to have been treated in that serious way, but with Ibsen's irony toward Hedda Gabler, or Barrie's toward his famous Tommy. Lord Alistair was one of those who never do the best of which they are capable because they know in advance that it will be too good for the world.

"Have you given up writing?" she asked. "I don't think you have published anything for a long time."

"Every one has given up writing," Alistair returned with a bitterness that surprised him-

self. It had grown up in his mind unconsciously; his literary disappointments had become part of his general feud with the successful order of mankind.

The look on the face of the Princess made him hasten to explain himself.

"The English public will not tolerate literature; that is the simple truth. The publishers will not publish it, the booksellers will not sell it, the public will not read it, and the police have orders to suppress it. My old publisher told me plainly the other day that it was a waste of time to print anything but four-and-sixpenny novels. He said the booksellers have got used to making up their accounts in items of four-and-sixpence, and they consider it a nuisance to handle anything else. And even the novels are falling more and more into a stereotyped pattern; they must be exactly the same length—a hundred thousand words, I think he said—and be written well down to the vulgar provincial mind.

. . . The public likes what it calls immorality—will have it, in fact; no book that is really pure has much chance of success—but it insists on the writer pandering to the propensities. Either he must slobber over his adulteress in the Nonconformist vein, or else he must tell the whole thing in an epigrammatic falsetto. It is a choice between *East Lynne* and *The Innocence of Henrietta*. . . . The supreme sin in English eyes is truthfulness. Truthful thinking, truthful speaking, and truthful living are all equally under the ban. And the worst of it is that those who clamour most for freedom of thought are most severe on freedom of life, and those who live most freely are the least tolerant of free speech. The Dissenter persecutes the sportsman, and the sportsman persecutes the sage. All the racing men I have ever met have been bigoted, High Churchmen who would have cheerfully burnt Darwin and the late Mr. Spurgeon. And if they had begun with Darwin, they would have had Mr. Spurgeon's help."

This is the spirit of Lord Alistair's revolt. He earnestly desires to lead his own life, but the world will not let him do so. The world consists of some people of considerable social importance in London. Literature is forbidden by other people's bad taste. Religion is denied him because other people are bigoted. No political career is open to him because politics are pervaded by selfish

class feeling. He cannot fight because no cause is good enough to fight for. His dreams of moral and artistic beauty cannot take shape because society has not put a premium on them. He cannot marry the girl he loves because her father being a eugenicist believes he has inherited an evil strain. Society is everywhere inexorable.

"How merciless science is!" Alistair observed presently.

"Science is not so merciless as the old religion," the scientist was not sorry to respond. "At least, it does not reproach you for what you cannot help. Its sentence is not pronounced vindictively, like a bad-tempered judge denouncing crimes which he himself was never tempted to commit. And when it forbids you to pass on your evil inheritance to the unborn, it is acting, not without mercy for you, but with greater mercy for them."

Rebuffed at every other point, he at length bethought him of the Roman Catholic Church. That at least had never persecuted him. He determined to join the Legitimists in posting up placards on the death of Queen Victoria protesting against the usurping Hanoverian dynasty. His objections against the Church of Rome were easily answered. A restored Papal State might, he reflects, afford him a place of refuge, but how about the censorship of books? This compunction was soon removed. Was there not a censorship of books in commercialised Protestant England? Its *Index Expurgatorius* of ignorance and spite was vaster than the British Museum Catalogue." The censorship was not administered by educated men but "by rabid zealots in whom sex perversion took the form of prudery." The Free Libraries were more intolerant than Rome. Then commercial success was the only question before the publishers and mere tradesmen could decide the fate of half the books that were brought out. Rome, however, was no permanent refuge but only a temporary vantage-point whence further criticisms might be hurled against British society.

In the end he might succeed to a dukedom and become a member of the cabinet and perhaps prime minister, but he

firmly renounces these prospects, saying that England expects every man to be a humbug and that in him at least she shall be disappointed. Instead, he retires to an island in one of the Swiss lakes, which he determines to purchase in order to found there a hospital for men of letters. He hopes to add to the various sanitariums of Switzerland a sanitarium for genius. If this fails he will visit the countries of the East in the hope of finding some place for a city of refuge and perhaps of establishing a new spiritual order like the Knights Templars. "Who knows that we may not be able to preserve one spot on the planet alike from the millionaire and the Socialist, the slave-driver and the slave?" In short, as it may appear from these summaries and quotations, Lord Alistair is not a man in the flesh or even a rare spirit, but that very familiar thing, the symbol of literary insurgency. It has been handed down from novel to novel, many of which assailing the gross commercial spirit of the times have themselves achieved no small commercial profit. As a novel it damns success in an entertaining and not unusual way and so deserves it.

C. M. Francis.

## II

### BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "MOLIÈRE"*

The method of Professor Brander Matthews's *Molière* is not personal but critical. Thus, in its intention, his book differs diametrically from other recent studies of the king of all comedians, like Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's for example. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's biography is an industrious and entertaining agglomeration of all the gossip and all the legends that have gathered round the personal life of Molière; it is rich in what, if it were fiction, we should call the *atmosphere* of the comedian's career; and its criticism of the plays themselves is coloured by an attempt to read into them an intimate confession of the circumstances of their author's private life. Professor Matthews, on the other hand, devotes most of his attention to an im-

personal and analytic study of the plays of Molière as plays; he traces the gradual growth of Molière as a dramaturgic artist; he explains the dramatist's importance as an exemplar of French life and an exponent of French thought at the most glittering period of French history; and he makes us infer the man from a study of his works, instead of relying upon legend as an aid to personal portraiture. Whereas Mr. Chatfield-Taylor sought to deduce an understanding of Molière's plays from a study of his life, Professor Matthews seeks to induce an understanding of Molière's life from a study of his plays.

In pursuance of this purely critical method, Professor Matthews has resolutely refrained from repeating any of the gossip which is familiar to special students of Molière, and has based his biography solely on the uncontested facts. In his preface he announces his intention to ignore both the *Elomire Hypocondre* and the *Fameuse Comédienne*. "Holding these abusive pamphlets to be wholly beneath credence"—he explains—"I have borrowed no hints and I have drawn no inferences from either of them." Any biographer of Molière who assumes this attitude evinces an artistic self-denial which is laudatory; and yet these two pamphlets have so frequently been quoted and discussed that the student is a little surprised that Professor Matthews deems it so easy to discard them. When, after two hundred and fifty years of repetition, gossip has grown into a legend, it imposes an inevitable burden of proof on the critic who discards it. Nobody ever believed *all* that was suggested in these two scandalous attacks; but a critic who, on the other hand, deems them "*wholly beneath credence*," is laid under obligation to support his disbelief. Professor Matthews should have amplified his preface, in order to make clear to English readers the evidence which recent French scholarship has adduced against the authenticity of asseverations which so many of his predecessors, like Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, have to some extent accepted.

Professor Matthews's determination to admit into his narrative no hint of anything that has not been absolutely

*Molière. His Life and His Works. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



proved results in a certain austerity of attitude that at times is disappointing to the reader who looks for an intimate revelation of Molière the man. In only a vague half phrase does he permit himself to suggest that Madeleine Béjart may have been the mistress, as well as the professional associate, of Molière during his early years of barn-storming through the provinces. Of the gossip that has gathered round Molière's relation with the beautiful De Brie, Professor Matthews offers not a hint. Mlle. Du Parc is not mentioned as a personal factor in the playwright's history. The critic assumes without argument that Armande Béjart was the sister, and not the daughter, of Madeleine; and of that darker suggestion with which special students are familiar no shadow is cast on his account of Molière's marriage. Though Professor Matthews states that at a certain period Molière lived separated from his wife, he does not state that Mlle. Molière was unfaithful to her marriage vows. It is evident that the author felt that these merely personal matters did not demand discussion in a study that was essentially critical in intention; and yet, in view of the fact that jealousy (and conjugal jealousy in particular) is one of the passions most frequently and fruitfully expounded in the comedies of Molière, it is necessary for an understanding of the plays themselves that we should understand Molière's relations with women, and particularly with his wife.

This statement of what Professor Matthews deliberately decided not to do has been given special prominence in this review, because all that he determined to do has been done so superlatively well as to allow the reviewer little opportunity for comment. Molière's productions are criticised in chronological order in a series of masterly analyses; and the reader is made gradually aware of the dramatist's development from apprenticeship to mastery in his craft. His theatre is studied, his actors, and his audiences. His predecessors and his sources are discussed; the formulas of his farces and his social satires are expounded; and a panoramic picture is presented of the whole life of his nation and his time as

that life is concentrated in his career and in his art.

No such solid and consistently articulated study of the life-work of Molière has ever before been presented to English readers. Professor Matthews's criticism is reliable and thorough. Only once or twice in the course of the entire bulky volume does he make an ill-considered statement. On page 53 he speaks of "the essentially comic struggle of character with social condition," forgetting for the moment that the struggle of character with social condition has been utilised by Ibsen and the best contemporary European dramatists as the theme of all their tragedies and can therefore no longer be considered as essentially comic. Again, on page 64, after referring to Victor Hugo's admiration for the verse of *L'Etourdi*, Professor Matthews says, "At its best, Molière's verse is ampler and more vigorous than Racine's or even Corneille's." Appreciation of style is, of course, a matter of taste and will not bear disputing; but it would be difficult to find many French critics who would agree that Molière's verse in *L'Etourdi* is "ampler" than Racine's or "more vigorous" than Corneille's. These two sentences have been singled out for censure; but it would not be easy to find elsewhere in the volume a single statement with which the qualified student will not feel himself completely in accord. And Professor Matthews's criticism is not only sound and satisfying; it is—and this is said reflectively—definitive.

When the student who has previously read a dozen biographies of Molière closes the covers of Professor Matthews's study, he does so with a sense that the long task of criticism has at last been accomplished and all the essential things have finally secured expression in the compass of a single volume. The book is conducted with an unflinching concentration of thought upon its single subject; and yet, like all great works of criticism, it stimulates thought concerning many matters outside its own immediate domain. For instance, the general student of the theory of the theatre can find his entire subject implied in this thorough study of one of the world's very greatest dramatists; and

the general student of history can nowhere find a more satisfactory delineation of Louis XIV. than is presented in the chapter that deals with Molière's relations with the king. The whole work is massively, yet gracefully, constructed; and it is written with a beautiful lucidity.

As a work of art this book is by far the best of all Professor Matthews's contributions to the literature of criticism. He has always been an affluent and ready writer, exhibiting a quick and lively interest in innumerable phases of life and art; he has always written clearly and often cleverly: yet in many of his most entertaining essays he has failed of making an appreciable contribution to thought, because no man who is interested in a myriad matters can be an authority on all of them. But he has long been recognised as the best equipped American authority on the acted drama; and Molière has been, throughout his lifetime, not only his favourite dramatist but also his favourite man. It is only once in his life that any critic can achieve his greatest work, and that is when he writes about the one man who in all history has meant most to him. Professor Matthews, who has often written several bright and entertaining books in the course of a single year, states in the preface to this volume that it is now forty years since he first began to hope that he might one day be able to write a life of Molière. This life-long preparation for a lofty task has been rewarded by a definitive achievement. All that Professor Matthews has to say about the great art of the drama, and nearly all he has to say about life at large, has secured expression in this orderly and eloquent study of a great dramatist and a great man.

*Walter Clayton.*

### III

#### FRANCIS GRIBBLE'S "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF LORD BYRON"

Sure of entertainment and an evening spent in the agreeable companionship of a man whose mellow judgments of peo-

*The Love Affairs of Lord Byron. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ple's actions are his own and firmly planted on the comprehending basis of a member of society at large, one sits down to Mr. Gribble's new book with pleasant anticipations. One knows he will be taken into a world vividly recaptured by an alert and perceiving mind, and that he will get sagacious comment and real interpretation none the worse for the *sauce piquante* with which it is served. But it will be well if over *The Love Affairs of Lord Byron* he has not smacked his lips in too much anticipatory gusto of the sauce. For Mr. Gribble as a comedian has here fallen a trifle off. Enough of the familiar sprightly explicitness is here, in all conscience, but some of its spirit is gone. The author seems too much in protest with the hideous wrong done Byron by his bloodless wife and too much in sympathy with the poet's splended end, to pipe his puppet through the old bantering paces. But though less blithe, Mr. Gribble is still Mr. Gribble, as the following abstract may show.

Byron's love affairs were almost the only incidents of his life. He said he was not very much concerned in them, but in reality they very deeply affected him. In spite of his own famous dictum, they came near being his whole existence. His entire life, the author thinks, was thrown out of gear by his first unhappy passion and by the subsequent bombardment of his heart by women of all ranks. Only at the very end of it did he tear himself away from the series of entanglements and cross the sea to strike a blow for freedom.

The pedigree of George Noel Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron, is undistinguished. His ancestors were neither brilliant nor literary, and they were all impetuous and reckless men who charged through life like a bull charging a gate. Byron imposed himself far more through the quality of his personality than the quality of his poetry, and his genius had all the hard-riding temper of his family. He felt that he was an aristocrat who was sure of himself and had no need to pick his words. Throughout life he damned things as one having authority, and the consequence was that the world was always listening for what he would say

next. The aloofness of his temperament, its sensitiveness, and their ultimate attitude known as the Byronic pose, were all matters of his upbringing. His life began in cheap and gloomy lodgings amid the wrangling of impoverished and disillusioned parents. His father was a "waster" and his mother a nagger (but one who had, indeed, enough to put up with). He early got the sense that his family was one of the oldest, that his school companions were really not worthy of him, and that he was unjustly kept out of his rights. Not only because he was insignificant when he ought to be important was he sensitive; but because his lameness was in school an irremovable mark of his inferiority. But suddenly the passionately resentful child of ten found himself a peer of the realm and heir to great though heavily mortgaged estates. Being somewhat of a lout and ill at ease and unprepossessing, his pride became all the greater because of his inability to express it in strict accordance with the rules of the best society. At thirteen his new guardian sent him to Harrow to be licked or kicked into shape. But he himself did all the kicking and won all of his many fights, in spite of his deformity. When he became big enough it pleased him to protect small boys from being bullied; and their adulation gave him the first taste of the incense that was to be so lavishly burned before him later. He there showed himself a boy with a great capacity for passionate affection, deprived of its most natural outlets.

Byron was very proud of his first love affair. Each was only seven, and he wondered if any other lover had been equally precocious. He said that years afterward when he heard of her marriage he nearly had convulsions. But at the time, both for her and her successor, he wept on stilted paper according to the rules. It was only with his third love—Mary Chaworth—that intensity and the personal note began; and with the failure of this love affair began, too, his cynicism and defiance. When he met her he was a schoolboy of fifteen, awkward, lame, and fat. She was seventeen, already engaged, and amused at his raptures. Both Byron and his other biographers insist that his later loves were

only concessions and that the memory of her haunted him to the end. Certainly his secret sorrow added to his sense of superiority when he returned to school; and certainly he set himself at once to the difficult task of compelling his too, too solid flesh to melt. To reduce one's weight from 14 stone 6 to 12 stone 7 is no small achievement to be passed over lightly, and it left him no time or inclination to read for honours at Oxford. Here he was spoken of as a young gentleman of very tumultuous passions, kept a bear as a pet, lived much beyond his means, and sums up his existence thus: "Sorry to say been drunk every day and not quite sober yet." Thus, at any rate, he did not mope on account of Mary Chaworth, and sentimental verses addressed to all and sundry young ladies kept pouring from his pen. All the young ladies liked his verses, and he was now slim, elegant, and strikingly handsome. But for all that, he had not yet conquered his place either in county or in smart society, out of which both his mother's shrewish eccentricities and his guardian's chill indifference still kept him.

Chateaubriand always accused Byron of plagiarising his personality, and that personality Byron for the first time put on in all its cultivated gloom of theatrical introspection when he departed for "the grand tour," seeking "his escape from life" at the age of twenty-one. His conception of himself as a forlorn exile impelled to wander because the world had betrayed and trifled with him, was—even if certain realities had furnished a hint—a young man's literary affectation. On his tour the two feats he particularly boasted were swimming the Hellespont and indulging in a passion for a married woman at Malta. This lady, who had a very romantic history by reason of Napoleon's pursuit of her, was the first really interesting woman he had ever met. He fancied, as usual, that the passion meant a great deal to him, but at any rate he learned from it that he had really grown up; and she got much better verses out of him than he had written to the others. But before long he was writing verses to the Maid of Athens. She was used to having her mother's

lodgers flirt with her and considered it a fit tribute to her beauty; consequently, although Byron wrote of her with much sentimental exaggeration, she played a very minor part in the procession. Throughout his tour most women found him attractive and many susceptible, and he now recognised himself as "a fated man." One married lady embarrassed him by sitting on his doorstep and refusing to leave. He applied to her husband, who embarrassed him by packing off to him the lady's clothes; Byron felt obliged to cart her to England, but he did so very curtly and left her immediately upon landing.

On his return after two years' absence he vowed to leave off wine and carnal company and betake himself to politics and decorum. He had discovered on his tour—when once he had been fighting fat so vigorously that he fell ill—that paleness made him very interesting. Consequently he began to distinguish himself for abstemiousness in public, though in private he made up for it by hearty suppers. He was not averse to the advertising this brought him and incidentally his new poem, *Childe Harold*, which was elaborately heralded. The first edition sold out in three days. It was the manifesto of a new personality, and to its women readers it was bound to be a revelation. Their hearts went out to him with a rush because he gave them sentiment in place of mere gallantry. Besides, he was only twenty-four; was famous and beautiful; and pronounced himself to be as wicked as his poem was: thus all the doors of the best houses flew open with a blare of trumpets.

In the presence of a large, amused, and interested audience Lady Caroline Lamb—tempestuous, notorious, and charming—proceeded to lay siege to his heart with all the audacity of a stage adventuress. Her husband had already wisely learned to leave matters alone where his difficult wife was concerned. That she was a handful may be easily inferred from the fact that when (though this was much later) Byron refused to dance with her at a ball she tried to throw herself out of the window, bit a piece out of the glass of water with which she was revived, and sought to

stab herself. (Like most women, interjects Mr. Gribble, she felt she had a right to any man's heart if she demanded it with sufficient emphasis.) Byron may have treated her shamefully, but her people evidently considered her irresponsible and never quarrelled with him on her account.

Byron said he withdrew his homage from the best of motives—which was probably true, although he had others. The inflammable Lady Oxford was one of them; although forty, she determined to annex him and succeeded for a time. Shortly after this he saw Mary Chaworth again. He was no longer the fat little boy she had laughed at, but a man of ethereal beauty, fascinating manners, and undisputed genius. She was slow to yield, but yielded at last; no sooner yielded than she repented; and her repentance, Mr. Gribble thinks, left him a heart-broken, cynical man. The outcome of this spiritual crisis was a sheaf of the most passionate poems he ever wrote; and Byronism was born. When it was all over he realised that a man of twenty-six could not well consecrate all the rest of his years to lamentation, and he must live out his life somehow—by help of either a new love affair or marriage. Miss Milbanke had already made up her mind that he should choose the latter. She entered into it with illusions about his love which he had been at no pains to create or foster; each in a while had against the other grievances a-plenty, which they bore without tact or any sense of give and take, and intentional scenes began to be frequent on both sides. Yet the suddenness of the subsequent developments surprised every one. At his suggestion she went to visit her father, here she talked indiscreetly, and her father, incensed, delivered an ultimatum to Byron and brought "gross charges" against him. On Byron's compulsion she afterward formally denied the charges and a separation was agreed to. This was the signal for a storm of accusation to burst upon his head—she was a suffering angel and he a monster of viciousness. The sneers and hisses forced him to the conclusion that he had better travel until they died away. The reason for Lady Byron's inexcusable

conduct can only be guessed at; she had come to hate him, and since her case was too weak to go to court, she made abominable charges against him to secure a separation. She probably in time came to believe them, but she in no way acted at first as if she thought them true. Certain it is that she made them without any evidence whatever; the story of a subsequent confession on the part of the woman breaks down completely on investigation.

The next lady to play Mrs. Potiphar with Byron was Miss Clairmont, a friend of Shelley's and Mary Godwin's. He was indifferent to her, and the series of repulses she met might well have discouraged any woman. But at last her urgency conquered and one day she rushed in upon her friends crying in triumph, "Percy! Mary! What do you think? The great Lord Byron loves me!" He records in his letters that he only accepted favours which she pressed upon him. The affair had come at a convenient moment, and as the three friends were leaving England, Byron wisely decided that he would not seek all alone to stem the tide of hostile opinion. This he found abundantly at Geneva, but here as elsewhere he turned to the diversions which were to help him live in the face of the world's contumely. The four found they had to retire in successive refuges from overcurious English residents (some of whom actually used a telescope in their observations!), and finally discovered a retreat where a good deal of their companionship was as idyllic as even the dreamer Shelley could conceive. When Shelley departed, taking the ladies with him, Byron crossed over into Italy.

Here he soon began to show himself on the down grade, consorting with inferiors and in some danger of unfitting himself for the company of his equals. Sick of sentiment which had played him false, he now grasped at the sensual as the solid reality about which no mistake was possible. The first milestone in his downward path was an open affair with a draper's wife, and about this time he allowed himself to grow fat again. Some one said his corpulency was stupendous, and Byron, while objecting to the epithet,

admitted it to be considerable. But the rest of his degradation he enjoyed and swaggered about; glad to hear that the community was shocked by his dissoluteness and often sending home defamatory paragraphs he himself had written and caused to be published. Yet even then he never lost sight of his better possibilities, and when his life was most dissolute his genius shone at its brightest. There were not lacking ladies of the better sort in Venice who perceived that he was disgusted with the depraved courses he followed. One of them was the Countess Guiccioli, whose husband was sixty, but who was herself little more than seventeen. She lost her heart to him, he pressed his suit, and she yielded. The Count seemed not intolerant of this intimacy, and indeed courted Byron in ways that astounded him. Shelley wrote that his connection with La Guiccioli was of inestimable benefit to him, which probably meant that it forced him to live a more cleanly life. She certainly insisted that his society was essential to her happiness and even her life. "I am ill—ill," she often said to her husband; "send for Lord Byron or I shall die!" The Count did not find his honour threatened until he had allowed them to sojourn alone together for four months at a villa in the country; and then he demanded a separation from his wife, and Byron became openly her protector.

In the few years that followed Shelley perceived that Byron was becoming calm, tolerant, practical, sincere; and he accredited the change to the placid pleasure the poet took in her society and his new household. Lady Blessington thought the irregularity of their relations was a great distress to him and that he would gladly have married her if he had been free. At any rate, he seemed a lover tired of love-making and desirous of domesticity. When the revolutionary crisis came he might well have thought that he owed it to himself to prove that he was a greater and better man than he had seemed and to redeem the mess he had made of his life by some impressive action. But the end was not to come, as he had hoped, on the field of battle; yet he gave his life for Greece no less because he died of the pestilential climate

of Missolonghi. And in so doing he lived to regain the love and admiration not merely of idle women, but of a whole people and to be hailed as the Liberator of a nation.

Graham Berry.

#### IV

#### ANDREW DICKSON WHITE'S "SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN"*

It is a privilege of ripe scholarship to rescue important words from mediocre or disreputable associations. When men like Mr. Andrew D. White write of great statesmen to whom the art of winning elections was either unknown or entirely subsidiary to the carrying into effect of great principles, they describe an inner circle near whose circumference are not allowed an indefinite number of minor statesmen, politicians, administrators and bosses. Even if Mr. White had given us a dull book in a dull style his definition of the term "statesman," as implied by grouping under it such men as Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck, would be a service in the purification of language and in the broader interests of truth.

But he has written a book that is anything but dull. Long known as a crusading champion of science against orthodoxy, he is as militant as ever in this volume. He writes of the seven statesmen as such in the warfare of humanity with unreason. Among them are Sarpi, Grotius, and Thomasius—a monk, a philosopher and a publicist. The other four achieved their triumphs by methods that were more settled, technical and modern; but they were not truer statesmen than the first three. Certainly Mr. White's notion of a statesman clears away unessentials.

Sarpi, born at Venice in 1552, was the resourceful enemy of the Jesuits, the trusted adviser of the Venetian Senate in its resistance to the temporal rule of the Vatican, and by his courage and skill

*Seven Great Statesmen in the Warfare of Humanity with Unreason. By Andrew Dickson White, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin; late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. New York: The Century Company.

destroyed the papal power of coercing a people by an interdict. The character and work of Grotius, the founder of international law, are strongly presented. A philosopher who had faith in human nature and foresight of the development of political communities, he was no less a statesman who embodied his faith and foresight in a practical system. The influence of his great book, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, led Cardinal Richelieu to spare, contrary to all precedents, the lives of the captured Huguenots of La Rochelle. The Hague conferences, as Mr. White implies, are in part a result of the influence of Grotius. His ideas, at first unwelcome or misunderstood, yet had force to move the intellects that placed the comity of nations on a reasonable and practical basis. Nor was his career less instructive in enforcing the lesson that the Protestant attitude is in large part vain without toleration. He had seen his friend, John of Barneveld, a Protestant and one of the most illustrious patriots of the Netherlands, perish on the scaffold by the sentence of a Protestant theological court, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment for his fearless course in supporting Barneveld in his defence of a theological opinion. Fortunately Grotius escaped after a captivity of nearly two years.

Of Thomasius, the Leipzig professor who in 1688 broke through the crust of pedantic custom by delivering his lectures in German instead of debased Latin, the biography is unusually interesting and instructive. It was worth while to put an end to a system which allowed a professor to lecture twenty-four years on the first chapter of Isaiah and required a candidate for a degree to discuss the weight of the grape clusters which the spies brought out of the promised land. The liberal thought of Thomasius made Halle the first truly modern university and did much to prepare the way for that noble freedom in higher education and research in which Germany surpasses all other nations.

Of Turgot, who could have saved France from the Revolution and whose measures, rejected by Louis XVI and his ministers, were carefully studied by Napoleon when he began to reconstruct

an orderly State from the wreckage; of Stein, who liberated Prussia from Napoleon and prepared the way for its leadership; of Cavour, the unifier of Italy, and of Bismarck, the unifier of Germany. Mr. White has depicted the leading features of character and policy.

His wide historic knowledge and diplomatic experience give added weight to certain political comparisons intended for the consideration of his fellow-citizens. For instance, are there any survivals of the sectarian prejudice and bitterness which opposed Thomasius in his educational reforms? Mr. White answers: "To understand the causes and results of such attacks an American in these days has only to recall the articles in very many sectarian newspapers and the sermons in numberless sectarian pulpits during the middle years of the nineteenth century against Cornell University and the State universities of our western commonwealths; very good examples may also be seen to-day in similar diatribes upholding the sectarian colleges of various Southern States against their State universities."

And do any recent political experiments at home throw light on the decrees of impatient politicians who in the French Revolution tried to make whole populations democratic all at once? Mr. White says: "Still another charge has been made against Turgot by sundry fanatics who believe in bringing in extreme democracy by decree rather than by education and practice—whether in France of the eighteenth century or in the Philippine Islands of the twentieth." It will be the fault of the American reader if the lessons in these biographical essays fail to aid him in his own political problems.

J. W. Russell.

## V

### G. K. CHESTERTON'S "WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?"*

The sport we find in reading Mr. Chesterton is always attended with a sense of danger, not to ourselves, as many reviewers declare, but to him. Robust as he is, to all outward appearances, he con-

* *What's Wrong with the World?* By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. New York. 1910. Pp. 367.

tains elements which if they should ever, by some sudden jolt, be brought together, would almost certainly explode him. Little does he know what is going on inside him, we say as we read along, but some day these thoughts may meet each other, and what then? To be sure, he says on page 172 of the present volume that "the only possible collision is the collision of one cosmos with another," and for that reason, perhaps, he feels comparatively safe from any great internal disaster. But he thinks in cosmoses, passing from one universal truth with no exceptions to another universal truth with no exceptions, often bitterly hostile to it. He does not attempt to reconcile them, which, indeed, would be impossible. He simply gives them separate rooms and by the distention of an astonishingly elastic intellect keeps them apart. Hence at any moment you will find on looking into Mr. Chesterton irresistible cosmic affirmatives and irrefragable cosmic negatives, side by side, and unsuspecting; and the wonder is always how well he holds together, contains himself, as one may say. The danger to Mr. Chesterton is not that which confronts the usual modern rapid writer. There is no danger of his falling off. Enclosing day by day larger and larger thoughts, the whole truth about woman, the whole truth about man, human society summed up, pantology, an outline sketch of whatever God knows, he is not in peril of falling off but only of flying to pieces. Not for him the usual literary fate—diminuendo and the small potatoes. Rather, some of his cosmic certitudes will one day of a sudden collide, leaving him a smoking ruin.

Now *What's Wrong with the World?* being his latest book, is also his most expansive, and when you consider the enormous span of one general assertion, you cannot imagine how he can possibly find room for the next. In this book, more than in any other, he has been lavish of mind-space for conflicting universals. Nature and man are always up to something on one page which they have ever consistently refused to do on another. But there is one element of safety. He often speaks in generals and very large generals when he means only some small particulars. When he says



Man he means Jones; when he says Woman, he means Mrs. Jones. Where you or I would merely say Jones is wasteful of his money and his wife is mean, Mr. Chesterton would write a delightful chapter about two eternal antitypes. "This female economic ideal," says he, advancing briskly from Mrs. Jones to every woman,

is part of that great idea of the woman watching on all sides out of all the windows of the soul and being answerable for everything. . . . But though the very stinginess of a woman is a part of her spiritual breadth, it is none the less true that it brings her into conflict with the special kind of spiritual breadth that belongs to the males of the tribe. . . . The very touch of the eternal in the two sexual tastes brings them the more into antagonism.

Or, again, we might remark that Jones sits up too late and that whenever we go there to dinner there is no getting away till toward morning. Probably that is all that Mr. Chesterton would in the circumstances actually think, but this is what he says:

Partly through the nature of his moral weakness, and partly through the nature of his physical strength, the male is normally prone to expand things into a sort of eternity; he always thinks of a dinner party as lasting all night; and he always thinks of a night as lasting forever.

Thus are the totally uninteresting Mr. and Mrs. Jones transformed by the magic of literary proprietorship into two quite impressive universal propositions. And so it is with many of Mr. Chesterton's largest conceptions and that is why his contents do not dangerously clash. Large and formidable and mutually destructive though they seem they will be found upon examination to be collapsible.

This does not detract from our pleasure in reading him but, on the contrary, often enhances it when we remember that it is due to no deliberate desire to overstate, but to an exuberant eagerness to make the largest possible use of even the smallest experience. And in this volume he is often only using the same huge weapons as his adversaries, for here he is tilting against the people who habitually employ language of great in-

clusiveness—writers on education, on society, on woman and the future of the race, eugenists, imperialists, biological sociologists, all of whom are accustomed to hurl at one another vast masses of mankind and to hold the nations in the hollows of their hands. On the whole he talks no more nonsense than they do and he has besides the merit of being amusing. Indeed, he seems singularly truthful, almost conscientious in contrast to the solemn, self-righteous speeches of statesmen and class spokesmen which are evidently echoing in his ears as he writes. He says in his chapter on "A School for Hypocrites":

David said in his haste that all men are liars. It was afterward, in some leisurely official explanation, that he said that kings of Israel at least told the truth. When Lord Curzon was Viceroy he delivered a moral lecture to the Indians on their reputed indifference to veracity, to actuality and intellectual honour. A great many people indignantly discussed whether orientals deserved to receive this rebuke; whether Indians were indeed in a position to receive such severe admonition. No one seemed to ask, as I should venture to ask, whether Lord Curzon was in a position to give it. He is an ordinary party politician; a party politician means a politician who might have belonged to either party. Being such a person he must again and again, at every twist and turn of party strategy, either have deceived others or grossly deceived himself. I do not know the East; nor do I like what I know. I am quite ready to believe that when Lord Curzon went out he found a very false atmosphere. I only say it must have been something startlingly and chokingly false, if it was false than that English atmosphere from which he came. The English Parliament actually cares for everything except veracity. The public school man is kind, courageous, polite, clean, companionable; but in the most awful sense of the word the truth is not in him.

*Edgar Burr.*

## VI

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S "MARY MAGDALENE"*

There is in Maurice Maeterlinck a blend of Christian and pagan, of mystic

**Mary Magdalene. A Play.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

and moralist, that baffles many of his admirers and often disconcerts even the critic who endeavours to discover the principle of his philosophy and the rationale of his development. In reality he has no philosophy—at least in the sense of any settled system of thought—and his development, which Mr. Courtney has endeavoured to trace in a long essay, is merely that which takes place in every man, to a greater or lesser degree, in whom there occurs a gradual growth of critical intelligence upon a foundation of a deep poetic sensibility. Never has this dual strain in Maeterlinck's genius been more clearly seen than in his latest play, *Mary Magdalene*. Its method is entirely modern, in that historical perspective is employed to represent the greatest event in the history of the world, not as it is accepted traditionally by the churches, but as it must have seemed to contemporaries and eye-witnesses. Yet this artful trick of vision which in the hands of a writer like Anatole France is so seductive an instrument of scepticism, here does not in the least diminish the religious sentiment. Rather it heightens and renews it. It is above all characteristic of Maeterlinck that he is able to take the very closest possible view of a fact or an event without losing any of that fresh sense of wonder and mystery which, to be felt by others, requires a cunningly contrived chain of illusions. He can state the facts of Christ's ministry in purely human terms and yet detect in it the spark of the divine. This is, of course, because for him "human" and "divine," like "natural" and "supernatural," are twin terms conveying opposite sides of a single truth. And if this interpretation of the Gospel story deprives it of much that is specifically Christian in the usual sense, it makes of it a wonderful symbol for the imaginative expression of a broader and more purely spiritual faith.

Naturally, for one for whom life itself is founded in mystery, miracles, so called, have little significance or interest. It is not necessary either to affirm or deny them. "It should astonish us no more to see a man return to life than to see a child come to life or an old man leave it," is the calm and philosophical com-

ment of Silanus, when Appius tells his Roman friends of the resurrection of Lazarus, which he has witnessed and which has made him an amazed convert to the new cult. One feels here that it is Maeterlinck himself who speaks as he is wont to speak through the lips of the wise old men of his other plays, who have come to see the real meaning of life. Thus, when Appius presents the miracle as a reason for accepting the teachings of the strange thaumaturge, Silanus answers: "By awaking a dead man, in the depth of his grave, he shows us that he possesses a power greater than that of our masters, but not greater wisdom. Let us await everything with an even mind. It is not difficult, even for a child, to discern that which, in men's words, augments or decreases the love of virtue. If he can convince me that I have acted wrong until to-day, I will amend, for I seek only the truth. But if all the dead who people these valleys were to arise from their graves to bear witness in his name to a truth less high than that which I know, I would not believe them. Whether the dead sleep or wake, I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to make a better use of my life. . . ." In other words, it is not by reversals in the external order of nature, but by its effect upon the soul, that a religion is tested. This test, which was to prove the moral and spiritual virtue of Christianity, Maeterlinck causes to be made by his *Magdalene* in the noblest tragic scene he has ever conceived. Verus, her lover, holds the safety of Christ, whom he offers to release if she will but yield herself to his power. Torn thus between her desire to save her master and her perception of the significance of his teaching, she cries out in the exaltation of her agony: "Before he came, the purest would not have hesitated! . . . And, even then, to-day, I, who have been born again through him, if it were not he, if it were a question of another, I should not have the strength! . . . I should perhaps sin against all that he loves, to save what I love! . . . But he gives too much strength to love and suffer! . . . I could save him in spite of himself, but no longer in spite of myself! . . . If I

bought his life at the price you offer, all that he wished, all that he loved, would be dead! . . . I cannot plunge the flame into the mire to save the lamp! I cannot give him the only death that would touch him!" Whether the old Roman, Silanus, would have divined through the coils of this subtlety the lineaments of the new truth that he sought is uncertain, for Maeterlinck, perhaps discreetly, makes no attempt to maintain the philosophic framework—a blemish artistically, since it makes the termination abrupt and leaves the larger issues of the drama in the air. Verus, at all events, cannot understand her refusal, nor can her compatriots and fellow-disciples—those who have been healed and befriended by the Master and whom Maeterlinck, developing, with bitter irony, the motive of Peter's denial, represents as deserting Him in the hour of His trial, with petty and vulgar thoughts for themselves. They would willingly have purchased His safety if it could have been done wholly at the expense of her whom they would have stoned, even if the means which she employed was that for which they had wished to kill her. And because she stood steadfast they branded her as a traitor and a Judas. Poor repentant Magdalenes! How often have they not been placed in a similar pillory and made to suffer more sorely for their new-found virtue than ever in the past for their old vices! It is strange that Maeterlinck should recall Maupassant—and in such a play as this, on such a subject!—but it is true that he does here. For who can read the last act of *Mary Magdalene* without recalling *Boule de Suif*, and thereby being reminded anew how closely tragedy may neighbour comedy, how permanent are the traits of human misery, and how profoundly the soil of all art worthy of the name is enriched by pessimism?

W. A. Bradley.

## VII

### F. I. PARADISE'S "THE CHURCH AND THE INDIVIDUAL"*

The problem of the century is the adjustment of the individual man to the

*The Church and the Individual. By Frank Ilsley Paradise. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

social organism of which he is a part. Since the forces of the Reformation have worked to exalt individual rights and to glorify individual liberty, the ancient order, with its security and its authority, has broken down. The most cherished and sacred of human institutions have been challenged. In education the victory of the scientific method has been complete. To-day the earth is filled with the spirit of democracy. Long-established social customs are ignored; governments are divided; churches are neglected; the whole framework of society is passing through a searching and sifting furnace of individual judgment. It is an age, moreover, of industrial reorganisation, and in the new order the toiler will fill a larger place and exercise a greater influence. In the midst of this confused and unstable social order the Church has a great and splendid mission. Planted in another soil, its thought crystallised in the terms of a forgotten philosophy, reverencing traditions which are alien to the best spirit of to-day, it has the mighty task of leading the world of the twentieth century, as it did that of the first century, out of a wilderness of discord and uncertainty into a land of government and order.

The author of this book has tried to picture the individual in the midst of this changing world. He recognises that the changes cannot be explained away; yet the individual alone presents a pathetic and helpless figure. Without guidance or restraint he is but a wanderer striving against a multitude of cross-currents. Where is he to look for a compelling authority? How is he to find the true path of life? The author answers these questions by maintaining that the authority is in the established revelation of truth, that the path of life is in the expansion of the individual mind through the law of sympathy until it reaches the mind of the universe. With a thoroughly philosophical grasp of his subject, and in language bathed in the colours of a glowing idealism, he maintains that the Church, as it grows into a larger understanding of the truth of God's revelation of Himself, as it widens the boundaries of its human sympathies, must become the embodiment of the social ideal, and

so the highest leader of men. This will be a living church and will change its form whenever it can increase its serviceableness, will surrender privilege and accept authorities and fulfil its function of spiritual leadership. The writer, it is clear, differs from a great many persons in our time in that he believes thoroughly in the mission of the Church. Only he takes care to show that the church in which he believes is not a church hopelessly wedded to the past, but one that is anxious to relate itself to a scientific and democratic age, to scientific truth and democracy, to economics and to the adjustment of its formularies to modern thought.

The majority of books written on themes such as these are marred either by an ill-regulated enthusiasm, a zeal not according to knowledge, or by a severe and cold intellectualism that leaves the average reader unmoved. Here, on the contrary, is a volume which the intelligent citizen can read with pleasure, understanding and profit, while the lover of good literature will rejoice in its chastened style, evidently nourished on long study of the classic writers of our tongue, in its breadth of thought, in its almost Platonic fullness of language. As an illustration at once of Mr. Paradise's style and mode of thought, take the following passage:

From an untrammelled pulpit must come the voice which proclaims the absolute authority of moral right. It may be that other institutions shall find their highest form of activity in the arrangement and adjustment of the many conflicting interests of social life. It is not so with the church. Its peculiar mission is to declare the absoluteness of divine authority and to demand the submission of the individual uninstructed will to the higher will which is revealed through the testimony of established truth. Herein lies the supreme error of the French Revolution. In casting off the authority of pretension it had neither the wisdom nor the grace to search after and to submit to the authority of divine revelation. To-day we live in a larger world. Science has opened to us a vision of the Eternal. Truth is a definite and recognisable thing. It has no more to do with the popular will than with the will of a despot; it is as little likely to be found in the secret councils of the anarchists as in

the secret conclave of the cardinals. But, wherever it is found, it speaks with an authority that is absolute. Such an authority must be obeyed, and America must learn above all things else that its welfare, its very existence, lies in its willing obedience to the divine mandate. This is a great lesson and one that can be learned only through slow and definite processes. Only a superb faith can believe that man is made in the image of God, and can learn so transcendent a lesson as this. It is of the very genius of democracy to develop the specialist—the man who knows—and who gives his knowledge for the welfare of the people.

One criticism, however, we would make. Mr. Paradise has the defects of his qualities. He is so accustomed to view things from the lofty standpoint of an idealistic philosopher that he forgets the weakness of our ordinary humanity and withholds from us that for which our appetite craves—a little realism, a few statistics, some statement of bald, crude facts. We trust that in a second edition, which it is to be hoped will soon be demanded, an appendix will be supplied setting forth by the use of a map or chart the facts which lie at the basis of this brilliant, informing and pregnant study.

*Samuel McComb.*

## VIII

### AYLMER MAUDE'S "LIFE OF TOLSTOY"*

It happens that I read several reviews of Mr. Aylmer Maude's volume before I came to the book itself; and I noted, in nearly all, some plaint about its vast proportions. That it is long must be admitted. It contains nearly seven hundred pages, and it continues a story left half told in a former volume just as big. Yet I am prepared to maintain that the one entirely right thing about the book is its size. Mr. Maude is not perhaps an ideal biographer. He is very earnest, even very prosaic; and I am not sure that he really has the sense of biographic proportion. But, as a matter of fact, we do not want an artistic biography of Tolstoy, just as we do not want fanciful prose ac-

*The Life of Tolstoy: Later Years. By Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

counts of Central Asia. Central Asia is still a fabulous land. We are prepared to believe anything of it. Here dwell anthropophagi, not only horrid with sub-humeral heads, but capable, as Lamb urged, of eating folk with the added malignity of mustard. All this and much more we know already. What we now want about Central Asia is not further fancy, but further fact. So, too, with Tolstoy. He is the contemporary Asian mystery. He is vast, unexplored, fabulous. People will believe the wildest improbabilities if they be alleged of Tolstoy; and audacious tourists, who have beheld no more than the skirt of his garment as he passed, have actually found a market for hypothetical reminiscences. What we want about Tolstoy is not further fancy, but further fact. We have heard so much about the boots that refused to go on that we forget there was a man at the end of them; we have heard so much about the house that wouldn't stand up that we forget there was a soul within the house. Mr. Aylmer Maude supplies us with all the facts that we desire. He makes his prophet a man, and that, since we are men, is no small advantage: "Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace." He lays small stress on the legendary and gives us, not a fabulous Tolstoy, but what is much better, a fallible Tolstoy. He records not only the essentials but the significant unessentials, and his book, transcending the limits of biography, becomes an *Encyclopædia Tolstoyana*. It includes some trivial and commonplace details; but we want these half-tones to mitigate the violent high-lights and impenetrable shadows that make up the Tolstoy painted in popular report. Obviously, then, such a faithful chronicle must be long. Its weight is its fortune; and here is one reader prepared to swear that he wouldn't have it lightened by a page.

Extravagance of legend is one source of error about Tolstoy; another is the lack of an authoritative corpus of his work, and especially of his most recent and, in the true sense of the word, most questionable pronouncements. The Russian censorship of the press has to be reckoned with—though it is not for Englishmen, with their totally irresponsible

and absurdly exercised censorship of the stage, to assume airs of superiority on that score. Further, there are the misdeeds of translators, some bad, some well-intentioned but not equally well-doing. I depart somewhat from my text in raising this question, but after all it is one of great importance to readers, and in justification I may urge that Mr. Maude says something about it in his book. A really good translation of the *omnia opera* is a great desideratum. The earlier versions, some translated out of French and into American, were frankly bad; and of certain later volumes I should like to say that, for my own part, I have the strongest objection to alleged translations whose pages are so peppered with aboriginal Russian that a glossary is not only desirable but essential. In recent years two separate attempts, one unnecessarily grandiose, were made to produce well-translated sets, though I think neither publisher meant to include much more than the stories. The two attempts clashed; each spoiled the other's market, and the end was tragic; for, in one case, the venture failed, and in the other the publisher—not, I am bound to say, through any excess of Tolstoyan unselfishness. At present the field is occupied, though not very strongly, by an edition originating in America, and even this does not include the latest writings. Such a state of things is very unsatisfactory. Tolstoy is the greatest man of the age, and it is high time that we produced an authoritative, indispensable set of his works. We have some translators of proved excellence—Mr. and Mrs. Maude, Miss Hapgood, and Mrs. Garnett, whose Turgenev was so good and whose Tolstoy (one of the extinct attempts) began to be so good. There is enough already competently rendered to make a good start, and as for the rest—the difficult, controversial rest—there is always Mr. Maude himself, breathing easily the Tolstoyan atmosphere, and thus able to give us not only the words of the master, but the fine shades of his provocative doctrines.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of the book itself. It is, of course, indispensable. The influence of Tolstoy, whether you like it or not, is the

most significant fact in the history of recent thought; and the present volume contains much suggestive matter not available elsewhere. Earlier I spoke of Mr. Maude's comprehensiveness. Tolstoy is so great that he can bear a recital of the whole truth. You may find, as you read, this opinion excessive, that thought ridiculous, this view exaggerated, that action inconsistent; but out of all emerges the great, upstanding figure of a prophet, hated and proscribed, fearless and unashamed, communing with the infinite, challenging the deepest meditation of which we are capable, pouring out his mighty volume of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," yet able so to frame his speech that a little child may hear him.

George Sampson.

## IX

### FRANK DANBY'S "LET THE ROOF FALL IN"*

The first chapter of Frank Danby's latest novel, *Let the Roof Fall In*, promises much. Characters and incidents alike awaken interest, and the description of a rainy day at Sandow renews all the charm that such scenes invariably have in English fiction. Starting at so swift a pace, the reader expects to be carried on with excitement to the end of the story. This hope is frustrated when Terence, the young Lord Ranmore, whom one has counted upon comfortably as permanent hero, is thrown from his horse and killed in a steeplechase, and there is a sudden switch, first to Ireland and then to Siam, where the story stagnates for two years in the slack-water of a purely sentimental situation.

Terence, it seems, had seduced Rosaleen O'Daly, the orphan daughter of the old collector of the Ranmore rents, and his death rendered impossible the making of that reparation by marriage which the instability of his character would probably have made more or less problematical in any event. With his last breath, however, he confides Rosaleen to the care of his cousin, Derry Malone, a raw Irish lad, who, accepting the responsibility,

sees no other way out of the predicament than to carry the girl off and marry her. This he does with such precipitancy that the family, who know nothing of the real state of affairs, see in Derry's act, occurring so shortly after the funeral, a gross want of feeling and respect for his cousin's memory. As Terence's heir he succeeds, as a matter of course, to the title and to the castle. But the latter is wholly out of repair, and Terence's mother, who has been spending money in improvements, immediately withdraws the workmen and determines to "let the roof fall in" now that it is not to shelter her son. Meanwhile the runaways sail for Siam, where Derry, in spite of his peerage, accepts a subordinate position in the governmental survey. Together they live in the bungalow set aside for them. But their marriage is no real marriage. Though Derry loves Rosaleen and Rosaleen loves Derry, the situation in which they find themselves raises an effective barrier of pride and delicacy between them, so that it is a long time before they reach a new and more satisfactory understanding.

This is not a particularly novel fictional motive, but it is one of inexhaustible possibilities, and its success, or rather its freshness, depends altogether upon the way it is handled. Here it is treated exclusively from the sentimental standpoint. The author is no psychologist—at least she has little vitalising insight into the movements of simple, virtuous souls—nor is there anything sufficiently individual or distinctive in the essentially commonplace characters of Rosaleen and Derry, who are compacted of very unconvincing brogue, to make the analysis of their emotions psychologically interesting. For those for whom sentiment constitutes the whole of life in the imagination this phase of the story—there is a second, more full of devilry—will no doubt prove quite satisfactory. Others will find the substance of many chapters thin and drawn out to an interminable length with monotonous repetition of emotional catch words and stock phrases of emotional description. Even the Siamese setting does very little to stimulate interest in the situation. For, while the author has evidently visited Siam,

**Let the Roof Fall In*. By Frank Danby. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

her descriptions are the casual notes of a tourist, not the carefully composed evocations of the artist.

But although this novel thus has serious artistic shortcomings, it possesses, nevertheless, elements of interest, and there are passages from which almost any reader of fiction can derive entertainment. Frank Danby is a clever woman and a shrewd observer of certain phases of life. She knows the shady and seamy sides of London society thoroughly, and sketches with much saliency of relief the types there encountered. But when she tries to elaborate one of these sketches, as in *Lady Carrie Carthew*, the blackmailer, she overcharges the shadows. Mossy Leon, the money-lending solicitor, is better, because he embodies a more skilful complexity of character. An evening party which the author describes, and at which the guests are drawn from artistic Bohemia and the upper demi-monde, gives her an opportunity to introduce the portraits of a number of real persons, some of whom will doubtless be recognised. It is, for example, impossible not to discover George Moore in "the famous Irish novelist, Oscar Paton, who had been red-haired and flamboyant in his youth, with eyes of china blue and fat, small hands, with which he gesticulated and talked. The red hair had turned white, but the eyes retained their blue, and the speech its flamboyancy. Oscar Paton was the only literary man in an illiterate age. He told this to every one, and some of them believed him. Certainly he devoted his whole life to his art, living in Dublin, and only coming over now and again to visit his publishers. With his waving hands he deplored that he was unable to read modern English. He didn't understand it, he said. He extolled the French novel, and shrugged his shoulders when he regretted our insular lack of literature." He "had a distinct personality. But for his overweening vanity, and his lack of classical education, he might have been the great man he saw himself. As a novelist he failed, and would always fail, because he had no understanding of normal relations between men and women." To this Mr. Moore might retort that if Frank Danby has understand-

ing of such relations, it has not helped her to be a better novelist, or to avoid failure in the present instance. For in that part of her book which may be regarded as exemplifying the norm of emotional experience, she shows herself to be distinctly commonplace, and it is only in those glimpses which she affords of the abnormal and irregular that she displays a sharpness of penetration and a bitter wisdom of the world, that raise her above the ordinary level of English women novelists.

*Cleveland Palmer.*

## X

### W. VON SEIDLITZ'S "HISTORY OF JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS"*

No comprehensive book on Japanese wood-engraving has been written until this *History of Japanese Colour Prints*, by W. von Seidlitz. The book is fluently translated and presents its exceedingly interesting material in a clear and entertaining manner. There are sixteen colour illustrations and seventy-nine black and whites. These are exquisitely clear-cut and the paper is as delightful to the touch as the printing is to the eye. In every way it is an admirable volume.

Of the successive stages in the historical development of Japanese art, it wisely takes the native rather than the European point of view. Accordingly Hokusai goes down and many eighteenth century masters go up in the scale of appreciation—for the art of the nineteenth century is to Japanese ideals in many respects decadent and over-European in sentiment. The author first takes up some general characteristics.

Japanese and Chinese painting, he says, do not attempt to produce immediate illusion, and are all confined to decorative effects in one plane. The Japanese indicate perspective merely by a series of scenes placed like the wings in a theatre. Objects in space have no thickness and cast no shadows, and anything in the nature of chiaroscuro is out

*History of Japanese Colour Prints. By W. von Seidlitz, translated by Anne Heard Dyer and Grace Tripler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



of the question; furthermore, the proportions of the figures used is quite arbitrary, generally from deliberate purpose. The immobility of the figures is prescribed by ideas of decorum, as is also the rigid repose of the body. Even with the moderns, the absence of shadows and modelling remains fundamentally opposed to European art, and can be best compared to pre-Alexandrine art of Egypt and Greece or the Roman and Gothic periods prior to the discovery of perspective. As then, effects are achieved by careful and precise contour, a nice calculation of masses, and a harmonious colour scheme. The roots of Japanese art, as of all art, lie not in the accidental customs of the people, but in national character. Its underlying motive is, thus, not the imitation of nature as an end in itself, but only as a means to another end. Painting ranks on precisely the same level as calligraphy, not as technical dexterity, but as showing individual creative power and exquisiteness of taste. It is a matter of the most perfect solution of the artistic problem consistent with the greatest economy of means. The Japanese deliberately refrains from saying all he has to say. "The art which shows the forms of things without regard for the canons of art," wrote Shuzan in 1777, "can lay no claim to good taste." The development of the European poster would be quite unthinkable without Japanese influence; and—whatever the difference of circumstance, requirement, and race—Japanese art is far closer to our present goal of endeavour than the art of our own past, with which we are completely out of touch.

As for technique, the woodcuts of Japan, like our own, were developed from book illustration and were not intended as a substitute for painted pictures. The Japanese book is extremely unpretentious in exterior, and its first page is our last. Their methods of producing the cuts are very similar to those formerly in vogue in Europe, except that they never draw directly on the block itself and that the artist never does his own cutting. They use a brush to convey the drawing to paper and only outline the central portions. The drawing is pasted on the block and is then cut out by craftsmen.

The impression is always taken off by hand or rubber. Those acquainted only with modern prints cannot conceive the colours of the fine old ones. After the scramble at the opening of Japan to adopt the achievements of European civilisation, the people began remarkably soon to realise the folly of despising their national art; but the interval was long enough to allow occidental collectors to get their hands on many masterpieces. Finally Fenollosa wrote the history of Japanese wood-engraving more completely and in proportion than any one has ever covered even a single period of European art history.

Japanese art took over from Chinese only experience, method, and technique; these it applied to national subjects and developed an independent style of more elegance, creative power, mobility, and pliancy. The general impression that wood-engraving flourished especially in the nineteenth century and that Hokusai is its chief representative, is erroneous. As in other arts in other countries, its heroic age was not merely a time of preparation but actually its high water mark. Its rise to truly artistic height began in 1675, under Moronobu, and its development took a course similar with that of the West. As so often happens in art history, a richly gifted man arose just at the right time and suddenly elevated the art to its full stature. Despite the limitations which necessarily attach to the work of such men—their lack of external correctness, their crude and limited materials, and their conventionalism—it has power and charm unequalled later.

Masanobu followed, and with him began naturalistic landscape. In 1743 colour printing—like Japanese art in general, probably brought over from China—was introduced, with rose and green blocks; and the colouring of black and white prints gradually retired into the background. Then yellow and blue and other colours were quickly added, so that the period of transition to the completely developed polychrome prints occupied only about five years. In the rôle of mediator between the old and new style, as well as in his personal qualities, lies Shigenage's essential significance; and Harunobu was his pupil. This latter

genius, amiable and cheerful, brought about the invention of prints entirely unlimited in blocks and choice of colours, and thus was the first of the moderns. The first products of the new school were also the most perfect, and subsequent generations have seldom been able to follow them up with adequate success. The farther development now no longer depended upon technique but must be sought in the way each artist was able to express his peculiar point of view and sense of colour. The works of the primitives, with whom background as such had no existence, is compared by Fenollosa to mosaic: to this mosaic Harunobu added depth by tinting the background and thus conferring space.

Of his followers, Shigemasa and Shunsho, Shigemasa effected the complete transition from old art to new and was one of the best draughtsmen among Japanese artists. Shunsho achieved in the *Green Houses* probably the most beautiful illustrated work that Japan ever produced, but because he is especially pleasing to the eye he is apt, like Hokusai, to be over-estimated. Kiyonaga, about 1775, brought wood-engraving to such a culmination as only Moronobu had achieved equally undisputedly just one hundred years before. More suddenly than the school of Giotto disappeared before the new generation, the inventor of the polychrome print retired the previous masters. Kiyonaga now completely liberated the art from conventionalism and brought in the normal proportions of the body, though he did not aim at any naturalistic imitation and perspective and shadows still remained absent to Japanese art. But he conceived his figures in relation to natural realities and gave them a fixed position in a real space. This led to a new manner of composition—to fill out the given area completely and in a pleasing manner. He was the most perfect master of Japan.

The three who followed him—Geishi, Utamaro, Toyokuni—represent not the greatest strength and richness, but the extremest refinement of Japanese wood-engraving. The ideal of human beauty had now been modified in response to a general change in manner, and the new admired qualities of carriage and expres-

sion found their presentment in art. Utamaro, who gives his name to the period, is—after Hokusai—the Japanese artist best known to the West. His art degenerated into mannerism in a search for new and unheard of effects, just as did European art at the close of the nineteenth century. It was a morbid susceptibility which nothing but the extremes of subtlety and refinement could satisfy, and an attempt to express the inexpressible. Utamaro created an absolutely new type of female beauty and, in his domain of the hyperæsthetic, had a most original and individual style. When his tendency toward the bizarre reached its height his heads were three times as long as they were broad, eyes and mouth were almost infinitesimal slits, and the soft robes hung loosely about figures of unearthly thinness. He glorified the Japanese woman with an enthusiasm unexcelled in any other age or nation. His worship was largely consecrated to the courtesan, but he endowed her with an ideal nobility and loveliness that stamps her as a goddess. No other Japanese artist understands so well how to make a harmonious and rich effect out of a very few and delicate colours.

Hokusai, in Europe the most popular artist, was there for a long time regarded the greatest. For this his realism was responsible, but it is realism without style or subordination of the observation of nature to a higher artistic conception. In the keenness of his observation, however, and in the sureness of his touch the earlier masters rarely rival him, and in the nineteenth century he remains unsurpassed. But in Japan he is regarded rather as artisan than artist. The period of his prime was about 1800. From the infinite abundance of his observation, the art of Japan which seeks to progress only through strength and individuality of style could draw but little inspiration. But the tireless ingenuity, the inexhaustible creative power, and the imperturbable good humour of the artist constantly compels Occidental admiration. Once he presented a dancer in thirty different postures without the head ever becoming visible. He developed still further the sense for plant and animal world which Utamaro had especially cultivated and

which represents the last characteristic uplift in Japanese art.

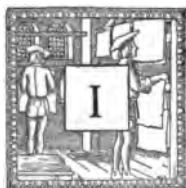
Even more than Hokusai, Kunisada may be regarded as the typical master upon whose works is based the European view of Japanese art, but to a native he fails to engage the interest. From our point of view, however, we have not yet equalled him in decorative power or keen observation. Among the moderns only the landscapes of Heroshide rank with the older masters. Despite his close approach to European representation, in

perspective and correct composition he still remains completely Japanese in that he produces his effects by the simplest of means and in that he does not paint landscape, but the mood of the landscape. He, more than any other Japanese, has contributed to the development of European art. The Japanese can probably never again attain a characteristic and important art on the basis of the ancient traditions. A new art must be founded on a new basis, but this can certainly not be that of Europe.

*A. de Vivier.*

## THE FACTOR OF THE UNUSUAL AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN his admirably common-sense little volume, *The Novel—What it Is*, Marion Crawford commits himself to the following definition: "This is what the education of the novelist means: to know and to understand, so far as he is able, men and women who have been placed in unusual circumstances." And then he hastens to add that this need not and should not lead the novelist into "creating altogether imaginary characters, nor men and women whose circumstances are not only unusual, but altogether impossible."

Now all this, so far as it goes, is full of interesting suggestion. Yet it seems as though, by saying just so much and nothing more, Mr. Crawford missed an excellent opportunity of formulating some rules of real practical value. As his para-

graph now stands, it is at best only a half truth, a one-sided presentment of a rather important underlying principle. If you stop to think of it, the element of the unusual must always be present, in some measurable quantity, in every work of fiction—since, without it, an author's work sinks to the level of mere trivialism. But the element of the unusual need not be limited, as Mr. Crawford limited it, solely to the circumstances in which the characters happen to be placed. On the contrary, you can conceive of a story in which the circumstances are perfectly simple and ordinary, but the characters highly extraordinary; or usual characters performing unusual acts; or some of the characters, or their actions or circumstances usual and some of them not. In fact, the various combinations of the ordinary and extraordinary elements in a work of fiction are so numerous that it seems worth while to consider briefly the nature of their possible variations, after the fashion of a mathematical problem.

To begin with, it is an accepted axiom that every story consists of three elements, characters, situation and plot. Any one of these, or all of them, may be either usual or unusual. In theory, at least, we may imagine extraordinary people doing extraordinary things under ordinary circumstances—as witness the Beloved

*The Gift-Wife. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

The Green Patch. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Frederick Stokes Company.

An Affair of Dishonor. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Spread Eagle. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Clayhanger. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton.

Vagabond's revolt against the conventions of smug English society; or ordinary people doing ordinary things under extraordinary circumstances—like Charlotte cutting bread and butter, as her lover's corpse is borne by; or in fact any of the other possible combinations and permutations of these three factors. But as a matter of practical usage, there are some of these combinations which ring true, and there are others that ring wholly false. For instance, we expect extraordinary people to go on doing extraordinary things under extraordinary conditions to the end of the chapter—or what would become of *Gulliver's Travels*, or *Alice in Wonderland*, or the *Arabian Nights*, or the *Jungle Books*? And we expect ordinary people to go on doing ordinary things under ordinary circumstances throughout their natural lives—and the nearest approach to this type in fiction is the Jane Austen novel; any further elimination of the unusual would be intolerable. But we cannot, for instance, conceive of extraordinary people doing ordinary things under ordinary circumstances—and a novelist who tried to show us a Gargantua or a Don Quixote or a Mr. Pickwick leading a commonplace life under commonplace conditions, would find that he had undertaken an impossible task, and one which no trick of art could ever render quite convincing. The question naturally arises: Which of the various possible permutations of these two elements, the usual and the extraordinary, are allowable in fiction? And is there any simple rule, by which they may be classified and determined?

Perhaps the best way to arrive at a solution is to regard the whole question as a sort of algebraic formula, and to recognise that the element of the unusual is in the nature of an unknown quantity. Usual characters and conditions and actions are definite and stable, something that we can understand and count upon, and prophesy about. But the factor of the unusual, whether in people or circumstances or resulting deeds, is never to be definitely reckoned with. Now if we agree to reduce fiction to the formula, Characters plus Conditions = Actions, then it follows that if any one of these three elements is an unknown quantity,

at least one other must be unknown also, or the terms of the equation will not balance; e. g., if we have unusual characters, then either the conditions or the actions or both are bound to be unusual. And this brings us to the obvious fact that Charlotte cutting bread and butter is a fallacy—because either she was not an average well-conducted maiden after all, but a distinctly exceptional young person; or else, if the truth was known, she let her knife slip and cut her finger instead of the bread, or shrieked and fainted, or did something else equally futile and feminine.

Now the trouble with a considerable number of our novelists is that they have never formulated the rules for the factor of the Unusual. They have overlooked the simple yet important principle that in fiction as well as in physics, action and reaction are equal and opposite; that we never have queer things happening in commonplace surroundings, unless there is something a bit queer about the people doing them; or that quite ordinary people never undergo a sudden transformation and begin to do strange and fantastic things, unless under the pressure of new and strange conditions. A case in point was brought rather sharply to the attention of the present reviewer a short time ago. There was a certain current novel, which the reviewer, all in the day's work, had weighed in the balance and found wanting. Now for the purposes of the present discussion it is immaterial which this book was, or what was the particular substance of its plot. What does matter is that the heroine had been pictured, either intentionally or by accident, as quite an average specimen of a not unusual type, living an altogether conventional sort of life, and yet falling in love in the most unusual way, and through upwards of three hundred pages fluctuating between two men, either one of whom would have been a rather surprising choice for a conventional girl—while the combination of the two did violence to the law of probabilities. The author was inclined to protest somewhat strenuously against this view, maintaining that, after all, his young woman was a free agent, and at liberty to engage herself to whom she pleased; that it was her affair, and

not the author's; and that perhaps he himself might think in his secret heart that she had made a strange choice, even a foolish choice. What the author did not seem to realise was that, by these very admissions, he was proving that his heroine, instead of being the usual and rather colourless young person he had actually portrayed, was really quite alive, with a decided will of her own, a rather eccentric outlook upon the world at large, and a healthy indifference to public opinion—in short not a usual character at all, but a rather extraordinary one. If he had only made this all clear in his book, then we should have realised that the formula he was using was Unusual Character plus Usual Conditions = Unusual Actions—which is a logical and effective combination.

Now, of course, in a large proportion of novels, this Factor of the Unusual is not quite so simple a matter that it can be reduced to a cut and dried formula. There are an infinite number of ways and degrees in which it may be employed;—and after all the dividing line between usuality and its opposite is fluctuating and uncertain; even in the most frankly fantastic stories there must be a certain allotment of people and events and conditions that are healthily, even prosaically normal. Otherwise, it would be necessary to sacrifice all the valuable advantage that comes from contrast. But in whatever degree this factor of the unusual enters into a novel, there is just one general principle that a good craftsman will inevitably follow out by instinct: he will seem to divine the reader's unspoken question, his undefined desire for explanation, and will provide the answer. Whatever oddity enters into the story's structure, he will be careful that it is abundantly accounted for.

Now, among the various possible combinations of the normal and the unusual in fiction, there is one distinction to be made that is of some practical value. So long as we are dealing with usual people, or people in whom the unusual element is simply a slightly exaggerated form of some ordinary quality or defect—as, for instance, when the hero is rather braver, or the villain rather more of a coward than we would expect in real

life—then, whether the circumstances and actions of the story are normal or extraordinary, the story as a whole may remain sanely realistic—because it is possible to come approximately near to telling the truth about average human beings, even when they are under most exceptional strains of joy or sorrow. But when the chief actors of any story are abnormal, then we are necessarily carried over into the realm of romanticism; because, if we start with the hypothesis that certain men and women are unlike us, that their attitude toward life constitutes a number of unknown quantities, then in theory at least almost anything may happen; the line of demarcation between *The Marble Faun*, where the factor of the unusual is only a pair of furry ears that may or may not be hidden away under Donatello's abundant locks; and Mr. H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, in which the men from Mars are molluscs of the devil-fish order: is one of degree and not of kind. Taken as allegories, stories of this type may be rich in suggestion; but taken literally, they must always strike the mature mind somewhat after the fashion of fairy-tales, something that has been outgrown and left behind us. There is a border-line type of story which, in a light and whimsical way, seems in recent years to exert a wide appeal to the mature reader; and that is the story in which the principal actor is not really abnormal but merely eccentric—his eccentricity being due to some outside cause or to some temporary or intermittent physical condition. A perfect prototype of this kind of story is to be found in Henry Cockton's almost forgotten *Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist*, in which there is nothing abnormal about the hero excepting during the hours of heavy sleep immediately following a hearty supper. Mr. McCutcheon's whimsical story of *Brewster's Millions* illustrates a subdivision of the same class; it is, of course, abnormal for the average human being to put all his energies into gambling away a fortune. Temporary outside conditions over which he has no control give Brewster no alternative in the matter and lend him the appearance of insanity when really he is doing only what other sane men would do in his

place. Still another example a little higher up in the literary scale is *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, by Marion Crawford, in which a man, perfectly sane and quite normal in all his actions for the greater part of the time, comes under the spell of a fixed idea just one day in the week and spends the other six days in trying to readjust himself from the consequences of that one day.

The most recent book of this sort is *The Gift-Wife*, by Mr. Rupert Hughes.

**"The Gift-Wife"**

The hero is not merely a normal human being; he has rather more than the average mentality, and in his chosen profession, surgery, he has already achieved a reputation far beyond his years. He has, however, the besetting sin of intemperance. At long intervals of periodic recurrence, he takes a first drink, follows it up with others, and then knows absolutely nothing further of what he says and does, whom he meets and where he goes until he wakes up, days or it may be weeks later in strange and extraordinary surroundings. When the story opens, we are introduced to this man in a French railway carriage. He is saddled with the responsibility of a small child whom he is taking home to her widowed mother in America. To his horror, he feels the periodic thirst coming upon him and he knows that the child's fate depends upon the outcome of the race between train and steamer on the one hand and his appetite on the other. Of course, his appetite conquers or we should have no story. When he recovers consciousness, he finds himself in a Turkish harem under the gentle ministrations of the second wife of a local magnate. How he got there, what extraordinary or ridiculous or unlawful acts he may have committed on the way, and at what point of his mad ramblings he lost the child are some of the problems that he has to solve. Conditions are further complicated by two additional circumstances: first, he is penniless; and secondly, he rather rashly falls in love with the Turk's wife. Now here, thanks to this device of making the factor of the unusual an intermittent and transitory thing, we get a most extraordinary situation from which a perfectly normal young

man extricates himself in a straightforward and logical way. The Turk's wife, by the way, happens to be one of those undesired additions to a household that would be possible nowhere excepting in the Orient. She is a slave-girl, a present from the Sultan, and as such could not be refused. But since she was not wanted her veil has never been lifted from her face and she has remained, according to the convenient euphemism of the land, a "gift-wife." Incidentally, Mr. Hughes should be congratulated for his success in transferring to paper the somewhat elusive feelings and impressions that a foreigner receives upon his first plunge into Turkish environments. In the chapters on Constantinople, for instance, although done in an impressionistic way, he does not fall behind the truth and the vividness of Mr. Crawford's *Paul Patoff*.

In *The Siege of the Seven Suitsors*, by Meredith Nicholson, we have again a situation dependent upon the eccentricities of one of the characters. There is a certain old lady whose actions are so extraordinary as to be almost unbalanced, yet the reader suspects very early in the proceedings that she is only mad when the wind is nor'-nor'-west, and that when it is in other quarters she is a dangerous and shrewd old person. The number *Seven* is one of her delusions. Her first meeting with the hero, in a pre-Raphaelite tea-room, is due to the fact that the tea-room is the seventh door from the corner, and his table the seventh from the door. Incidentally, it may be said that this old lady, with her youthful briskness, her contempt for other people's fads, her amazing contradictions and vagaries and tendency to fly off at a tangent, is a keen and refreshing joy. The underlying machinery of the book; the two attractive nieces, one of whom is kept in the background, while the other undergoes the siege of a band of persistent suitors whom the aunt has limited to the mystic number of seven; a house brimful of mystery and ghostly magic, wherein there is a chimney that behaves itself quite as a chimney should throughout the greater part of the time, but regularly begins to smoke violently whenever one

of the suitors starts to propose—all of this is carried out with that happy mixture of seriousness and burlesque which the general public seems to like and of which the author of *The House of a Thousand Candles* has triumphantly learned the trick. *The Siege of the Seven Suits* may quite honestly be pronounced as a piece of extreme cleverness, and not the least reason for this judgment is the fact that while it is well calculated to satisfy the readers of Mr. Nicholson's other volumes, it contains, here and there, in a few of his characters, something a little finer, more unique and altogether better worth while than anything he has previously done.

One suspects that when Bettina von Hutten wrote *The Green Patch*, she was writing mainly to please herself—and after all, if an author has any fair amount of the in-

born talent, that is the one true way to do good work. Not that *The Green Patch* is by any means a model piece of technique; but it has in it certain characters and situations so delightfully and whimsically convincing that even a satiated reviewer of books finds himself disarmed for the time being and forgetful of the accepted rules of construction. There is no purpose in outlining the plot of this volume. And usually the same thing holds true of any book that is really good in spite of an invertebrate structure. To epitomise it would be merely to give the public the skim milk of the story, and throw away the cream. For the purposes of the present article it will be sufficient to note that the Element of the Unusual, from which the whole situation springs, is a peculiar trait of character in a certain otherwise normal Englishman, that leads him to solve the difficulties of an incompatible marriage by simply announcing to his wife quite casually that he has decided to leave home indefinitely, that there is a certain little spot in Italy that he finds congenial, and that he will arrange financial matters in such a way that she and her three daughters will not be inconvenienced. That he has done anything singular or reprehensible, that society at large would expect him to take a more direct interest

in the welfare of his children, if not of his wife, are points that do not occur to him, and would not seem important, even if they did occur. Now it happens that just one of this eccentric Englishman's three young daughters inherits something of his eccentricity; her health demands a warmer climate than England, and in this way fate thrusts back upon him the paternal responsibility he has tried to discharge. Imagine the sayings and doings of a group of rare and interesting personalities in a setting of blue sky and sparkling waters and the eternal music and laughter of Southern Europe: all of this done in the indulgent spirit of one who knows and loves well the life she describes and who has the trick of a fluent and rhythmic style—and apparently you have sufficient reasons for thinking it worth while to read *The Green Patch*.

It has become the fashion to think that a new volume by William de Morgan is in the nature of a literary event; and usually this attitude of the public has been justified.

Indeed, it needed only the proverbial exception to prove the rule, and this exception Mr. de Morgan has obligingly furnished in *An Affair of Dishonor*. Now the reason why this latest volume of his does not belong in the same class with his other work is not because it is a historical novel. There are plenty of instances where novelists who year after year have gained their laurels through contemporary fiction have just once or twice added something to their fame by laying their scene a century or two in the past—there are plenty of people even to-day who will argue strongly that *Henry Esmond* is not the least of Thackeray's achievements. The trouble with *An Affair of Dishonor* is not that it is an historical novel but simply that as such it lacks distinction. One feels that there is just one man living to-day in England who could have written either *Alice-For-Short* or *Joseph Vance* or *It Never Can Happen Again*. But there are a score of writers who could give us just as vivid and just as true an historical sketch of adventure, a few hundred years ago, as Mr. de Mor-



gan has done in this new volume. It has nothing of the uniqueness of such historical novels as, let us say, *The Queen's Quair*, by Maurice Hewlett, or of *The Gentleman*, by Alfred Ollivant. Now, *An Affair of Dishonor* hinges, as most adventure novels must, upon the Factor of the Unusual in plot. A man, having violated laws of hospitality so far as to abduct his host's daughter, is driven into fighting a duel with the man he has wronged. And he heaps one villainy upon another by killing his adversary and making an offer of the poor girl who ought to have been his wife but is not. Now, of course, in a story of to-day such events could not have been concealed for a single day; they would have been blazoned in flaring headlines in extra editions of the evening papers. But in the remote times of which Mr. de Morgan writes it was, of course, just conceivable that, thanks to the absence of newspaper enterprise, and railways and the telegraph; also, in a measure, to the general acceptance of the cheapness of life, a man might keep a woman in ignorance of her father's death, week after week and month after month—and the ingenious measures to which he might resort in doing this might well make up the substance of a full sized novel. That is precisely what Mr. de Morgan has done, and he has not done it badly. In the same way, a master hand at wood-carving might make a fairly good ironing-board or step-ladder—but one might be well justified in pointing out that the time spent on the step-ladder or the ironing-board meant a proportional loss to the world of a finer type of carving.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris is a writer who is not likely to make the mistake of doing

**"The Spread Eagle"**

an inferior type of work passably well, at such times as he happens to be at a loss for better material.

If this writer has any one prominent failing it is that of a chronic indolence—a regrettable tendency to produce considerably less than a reasonable amount of good work, and in the work that he does produce to betray a certain unwillingness to take the trouble to make all that he might have made of a given situation. *The Voice in the Rice* is a

typical example of this author's tendency to take a really good idea, play with it ingeniously and then apparently weary of it as a child wearies of a rattle and fling it aside. In his new volume of short stories, *The Spread Eagle*, one gets a pretty fair range of his powers. At his best, Mr. Morris is as good a craftsman as O. Henry—and his most finished work is far more likely to endure. Among these stories the one that gives the book its name, "The Spread Eagle," is ingeniously framed up to catch the fancy of that wide class of Americans who are pleased to think without stopping to reason about it, that everything in this country is perfect simply because it is in this country, and everything in other countries is wrong simply because it is un-American. The story concerns a small boy of whom the author tells us:

No amount of aristocratic training and association could turn the blood in his veins blue. If one had taken the trouble to look at a specimen of it under a microscope, I believe one would have discovered a resemblance between the corpuscles thereof and the eagles that are the tails of coins; and the color of it was red—bright red.

Now this sort of thing, if meant as a frank burlesque—the sort of burlesque exemplified in Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, may pass muster; but when offered with apparent seriousness it certainly tends to make the judicious grieve. It is refreshing to turn from this strident scream of the eagle to such a grim bit of sterling craftsmanship as "Targets," which is the story of a man and a woman both of them deaf, dumb and blind, cast away through a series of chance events upon a desert island. There, crawling around in their isolation as helpless as two earthworms and relatively far more ignorant, these two, groping their way in dumb, blind search for food and drink, find each other and in some instinctive, inexplicable way, communicate their loneliness, their needs, their cravings for companionship. The whole story is a strange fantastic idyll; in one sense, as remote from ordinary human experience as the love affair of a pair of moles or a couple of jelly-fish—and yet the author has made us feel

throughout this story the universal kinship of mankind, a kinship independent of the interchange of glances and of words and thoughts. There is something very big and very fine in the chronicle of these helpless, broken lives and in the story of the child who eventually comes to them and whose flawless sight and hearing grasped to its full extent the mute tragedy of his parents. Here again, in the story of the child, one feels that Mr. Morris lost his interest too soon, that he had big possibilities which he did not trouble himself to develop further. Nonetheless, had he never written another line than this one story of "Targets" he would still have earned a place in any comprehensive collection of American story-tellers who are really worth while.

The distinctive quality of Mr. Arnold Bennett's work is that he has learned the art of photographing life, average, dull, uneventful life, page after page, with an almost literal fidelity, and yet at the same time sustaining our interest in it by the subtlest sort of suggestion of the Unusual, the faintest glimmer of some unexpected element in character, or setting, or plot that by contrast makes the whole picture suddenly vivid. I am not speaking now of Mr. Arnold Bennett's manner in many of his earlier books when he was obviously writing to please the general public rather than himself. But I am speaking of the distinctive note in such volumes of his as picture life in and around the Five Towns, the heart of the English pottery district—the setting of *An Old Wives' Tale*, to mention the volume best known to Americans; and now again the setting for the first volume of his new trilogy, *Clayhanger*. It would be rather difficult to overpraise this study of the unfolding and maturing of a single human character—that is, provided you read *Clayhanger* intelligently, approaching it in a spirit of seriousness as a deep and careful study deserves to be approached, and not as one seeking an afternoon's entertainment. We all of us have our instinctive upward gropings in early childhood; we all have dreams more or less definite of the great things

we propose to do some day or other with our lives; and we all find that sooner or later an iron-handed destiny—predestination, if you like religious terminology; heredity and environment, if your leaning is toward the sciences—has reached out to say peremptorily, "So far you may go and no further; you wish to do so-and-so, but instead you must do something quite different." Such conditions are quite independent of the place in the world to which we happen to be born, whether socially or geographically; it is just as true of a small middle-class English boy, looking out upon the smoke-grimed horizon of the pottery district as it would be of some luckier brother in London or New York. Almost any one can write local stories that never for a moment get beyond the confines of the native village. It is the prerogative of just a very few writers of Mr. Bennett's calibre to remain within the limits of their native village and yet at the same time make their theme universal. One can imagine, of course, some unsympathetic, unenlightened reader flinging aside *Clayhanger*, at the end of the first fifty pages, with the random verdict, "Oh, this is a tiresome story about a stupid old fogey who has a job-printing establishment in a stupid old town and about his son who wants to be an architect and hasn't got brains enough or courage enough to have his own way!" And so far as it goes that is a true statement of the book's substance. Its value as a human document lies first in the untiring fidelity with which Mr. Bennett convinces us that his people are so constituted that they must inevitably have said and done precisely what he records and not otherwise; and secondly, making due allowance for local differences that his people are much the same as people everywhere else, with the same hopes and fears, the same futile efforts, the same disappointments. *Clayhanger* is a formidable task to undertake, if you are not in the mood for it. It lacks only two pages of a round seven hundred—and it does not even lack those, if you count the title-page and table of contents. But when you have once gone through that book, if you are a reader of real discernment and broad sympathies, you will

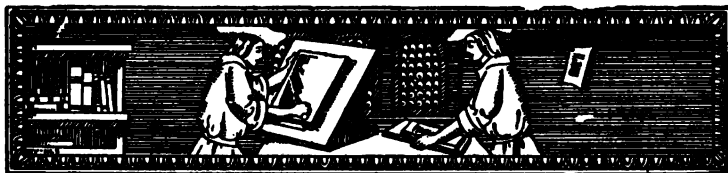
have added one or two names to your list of permanent friends in fiction; you will have been stimulated to the point of a few new thoughts or at least a readjustment of several old ones; and besides this you will have been filled with amazement of a cumulative sort at certain unexpected flashes of intuition that Mr. Bennett is all the time exhibiting. You find yourself asking over and over again, when you are confronted with one of these shrewd little observations of life, these illuminating explanations of the why and the wherefore: "How in the world did Arnold Bennett know these things, and, knowing them, suc-

ceed in expressing them in this inimitable way? How has he caught so marvellously the vagueness of mixed motives that baffle all of us when we try to explain our own actions?" For it is a fact that Mr. Bennett quite frequently dissects and analyses human impulses and desires with the subtlety of a Henry James—and yet without obscurity. He is an extremely interesting product of the modern tendencies in English fiction, as contrasted with the American variety, and one shrewdly suspects that he still has it in him to do still bigger things.

## A SONG-DREAM

BY FREDERIC J. SHERMAN

Remembering your music in the night,  
 I woke from dreams, and listening I heard  
 Ethereal voices where the zephyr stirred  
 Amid the green leaves trembling with delight;  
 From distant fields down airy paths moon-white,  
 Floated from time to time a fairy word,  
 Melodious, the lyric of some bird  
 That sang to cheer its solitary flight.  
 Then Sleep's soft fingers brushed mine eyelids o'er,  
 The zephyr hushed, the bird's voice fainter grew  
 Until at last I slumbered as before,  
 To dream again, and in my dream I knew  
 A song familiar and love's voice once more,  
 And love—which is another name for you.



# EDGAR FAWCETT

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING



LITTLE reputation is a dangerous thing. While it lasts our vanity will not allow us to see how evanescent it is or how quickly time and fashion will let it slip into obscurity or complete oblivion. We have our day, and no more than a day, when our name is familiar in the newspapers, in the magazines, and on the public tongue; when editors and publishers press us for work, and every new periodical in its window dressing wants to display us in its list of contributors, and when we are stealthily conscious of recognition by people in the street or the lobby of the hotel or theatre who are strangers to us—people who nudge and whisper to their companions as we pass, “See that fellow? That’s Jones, the novelist,” or “There’s Brown, the poet,” or “There goes Robinson. You would not think it, would you? He’s the author of the new play.” It is very difficult to keep ourselves decently under control on such occasions, to keep out of our faces the complacency we feel, difficult to not smile or bow to him who thus assures us of our celebrity. Obeying our impulse, we could fall on his shoulders and embrace him, but our decorum compels the dissemblance of deafness or lofty indifference to that which is as wine to our self-esteem. Charming women persuade us to come to their teas and dinners, and when we sit down there is a hush of expectancy and a polite curiosity as to what we may say, an attention which, however flattering it may be, is more trying to us than a quiet disregard of us would be. The homage is embarrassing and as tantalising as the wiles of a coquette, half-bitter, half-sweet, and, if we have any prudence at all, we take it with a sigh guardedly and do not allow it to carry us off our feet. Fortunate and exceptional is he who in the excitement of it can stop short of intoxication and pause to premeditate the duration of his popularity. He may not see that his temple is a house

of sand, crumbling already and soon to be levelled, but the shock of the almost certain change will be less cruel if his modesty or his experience of the world’s fickleness prepares him for displacement by other favourites who born to-day will crowd him out to-morrow. Perhaps he picks up out of his dozen or half dozen books the volumes which contain what he regards as his best verses and his best novel, and sorrowfully abandoning the rest as perishable, decides that they alone will live, that they, his chosen fragments, *must* live. Thirty years pass; the novel is unremembered and unprocurable, except in a soiled and tattered copy after a dusty search in second-hand book-shops, and of the verse, lyric and epic, the soundings of his soul, the beats of his heart, all that is preserved covers less than a page or two in some anthology. The present generation may like us, the next too often turns its back.

Take Edgar Fawcett, for instance. Speak of him to readers below middle age now, and you will find that they know nothing of him. Thirty years ago he was a celebrity and one of the best known figures in New York, a man familiar about town as well as in literary circles, from whom came a steady flow of plays, novels and books of verse, all of which attracted attention, though opinion as to their merit conflicted and ran to extremes. One often wished that he would produce less or winnow more: his garden needed weeding and his lilies and roses were choked by the unplucked luxuriance of a rank fertility. I never knew a man with less discrimination, and he often saw more beauty in his cabbages than in the most exquisite of his flowers. Much of his poetry was ambitious, and the higher the flight attempted the less triumphant was the achievement. As a friend of mine said, “His longer things I wanted to read only once, but his shorter ones I could read over and over again.” What jewels the shorter ones are! He would not have had it so, but they are the fragments by which his name may be re-

## EDGAR FAWCETT

stored and perpetuated when nothing else of his various and copious work endures. I cannot refrain from quoting "To an Oriole" as an example of them:

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly  
In tropic splendour through our Northern sky?  
At some glad moment was it nature's choice  
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?  
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,  
In some forgotten garden, ages back,  
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was  
heard,  
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

And the reader will not be impatient with one more, which, like the other, shows the daintiness and originality of his fancy and his sense of verbal colour wedded with music:

### A HUMMING-BIRD

When the mild gold stars flower out  
As the summer gloaming goes,  
A dim shape quivers about  
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.  
If you watch its fluttering poise,  
From palpitant wings will steal  
A hum like the eerie noise  
Of an elfin spinning-wheel!  
And then from the shape's vague sheen,  
Quick lustres of blue will float,  
That melt in luminous green  
Round a glimmer of ruby throat!  
But fleetly across the gloom  
This tremulous shape will dart,  
While searching for some fresh bloom,  
To quiver about its heart.  
Then you, by thoughts of it stirred,  
Will dreamily question them:  
"Is it a gem, half bird,  
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

And a specimen of his sonnets can do him no discredit, that "To Oscar Wilde, on receiving from him a book of his poems":

Your volume like a Provence lute antique  
Wed with a classic lyre were fitlier wrought,  
So richly opposite its theme and thought,  
Its art so Gothic and its aim so Greek.  
Till now we had deemed that one alone might  
seek

From poetry what you with victory sought—  
To blend those pure strains the Sicilian taught  
With Spenser's line, luxurious and unique.

Nay, since your revered master dwells afar.  
It has been given your spirit, I am sure,  
To pass, deep-tranced by slumber's opiate  
sweets,  
High up some white stair sheer to some white  
star,  
And meet in its immortal vestiture  
The splendour that men mean when they  
name Keats!

Such things as these he valued lightly. Longer and more laboured things, narrative poems and five-act plays in blank verse, the things the public would not have, he gloried in. Oh, Edgar, generous but irascible and unreasonable friend, I quake as I venture on this appraisal! Raise not thy ghostly hands against me. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

I could quote many noble lines of his if there were space, and I think they would gain rather than lose by their detachment. He loved the florid, the polysyllabic, the grandiose and the sonorous. His thought and feeling were often smothered by the decorations in which he framed them. I imperilled our friendship, as any one could do, by candour which went no further than a gentle hint of redundancy, but who is there so modest that, much as he may protest his desire for criticism, does not wince when he gets it? Of something he read to me I confessed my thought that it was redundant, and his reply, impetuous, unyielding and unapologetic as a defiant child's, was, "William, I love redundancy!" He had confidence in himself, and that is a possession solacing only so long as it is impassive under the opinion of others who do not believe it to be warrantable. Far from being impassive, Edgar was the most hypersensitive creature I ever knew, except Richard Mansfield, and he let himself be angered even by the gibes of some who were quite unworth his notice. It became a sport to badger him, and he never refused to be drawn, but played the game to the end at his own cost. He wore himself out slapping at gnats and mosquitos. His lack of discrimination and of the sense of proportion was his greatest weakness, and it involved his friends as well as himself. What excellence he always discovered in our work,

in which there were no flaws and nothing that could be improved! Our lyrics were as good as "Songs Before Sunrise," our elegiacs comparable with "In Memoriam," our sonnets like Landor's, and our novels—one of them which had a bit of success for a month (where is it now? its author cannot recall a character or an incident in it; it vanished like a breath of a mirror) was "better than Thackeray at his best!" We listened with smiles, but were not fatuous enough to be deluded, though we never doubted, nor do I doubt now, that what looked so much like egregious flattery was uttered by him in unquestioning faith and sincerity.

He was commonly spoken of as a poet, but his novels outnumbered his books of verse, at least three of them have documentary value to any student of social conditions in New York, and I think that with the one exception of Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes* his *An Ambitious Woman* is the best novel of New York life ever written. It is strong in characterisation, veracious in its methods, a record of humanity undistorted by the conventional exigencies of story-telling, and satisfying enough without them. The two others—*A Hopeless Case* and *A Gentleman of Leisure*—are slighter, but they also are faithful pictures of their period. *An Ambitious Woman* is, in my opinion, his masterpiece, and neglected as it is now undeservedly neglected, I feel sure that some day or other it will be recovered. If not sooner, it may turn up in the time to come when revolution has thrown this Republic into the hands of a dictator and the excesses of the dictator have led to a constitutional monarchy. An antiquary exploring the ruins of the public library may pick up a singed and crumpled copy and rejoice in his discovery for the light it will throw on the way some of us lived in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I recommend others meanwhile to see for themselves how good it is, though probably to the new generation it will already seem old-fashioned.

He knew society not as an observer from the outside, but as one who has a place in it. Had he chosen he might have given himself up to the glittering but unprofitable waste of fashionable life. He

was the son of a gentleman, a substantial scholar, Spencerian in his philosophy, highly cultivated, restless intellectually, urbane in manner and speech, with all the unconscious ease and polish of an assured social position. Nevertheless, his means were small, and he stood in need of the earnings of his pen. Had he been rich his temperament would not have allowed him to be an idler. He seethed with ideas and, travelling or at home, at all hours, early and late, sick or well, he found his chief pleasure in that varied work which flowed from him without intermission, now running clear, and then, as was inevitable, thickening and stumbling in its haste. He always had a note-book in his pocket, and out it came not for mere memoranda, but for things begun and finished while we waited, such as a sonnet composed within ten minutes of our arrival at the top of the Righi when we were touring together in Switzerland, or another sonnet on Austerlitz (both of them creditable) which he excogitated within as short a time amidst the hubbub of embarkation at Liverpool. Facility was his bane, and overwork his ruin. His querulousness was but the outcry of his abused and protesting nerves, which suffered not only from the number of his working hours but also from the fact that those hours were nocturnal.

I called at his lodgings one day. The floor and the table in his parlour were littered with books pulled from their shelves the previous night—the books of Tennyson, Swinburne, Keats, Shelley and Baudelaire, English and French, the books he admired opened at the pages he liked to repeat. The sun creeping through the drawn blinds discovered nothing of the day. Everything betokened the previous night and its occupations, the glasses, the ashes of tobacco, the choice of the books. I surmised congenial company parting only with the dawn—Maurice Barrymore very likely, Frank Saltus and George Parsons Lathrop. My resounding knock on the bedroom door had to be repeated before it told. Then a thunderous and indignant voice cried out from within, "Go away. Go away! How dare anybody disturb me at this hour of the night." I looked in, and there he was in bed, prepared for vengeance on the dis-

turber, furious till he recognised me. A small table within his reach held a pencil and a pad; he had been writing even after that prolonged causerie. He was a handsome man of florid complexion and jet black hair, with a head and jowl suggestive of tenacity of purpose and obstinacy, beardless but heavily mustached. His eyes in contrast with his other features were like those of a girl's, an exquisite violet.

"Good heavens, William! What's the matter? What has happened to bring you here in the middle of the night?"

I looked at my watch: noon had passed, but the information did not startle him.

"Those fellows stayed quite late," he yawned, and with a smile he handed me the verses he had jotted down before going to sleep—

#### TO A NEWSPAPER CRITIC

For blood, an adder's gall;  
For brain, a gnat's weak hate;  
For heart, a pebble small;  
For soul, "a whiskey straight."

For conscience, pelf and hire;  
For pride, a donkey's tether;  
For ink, a gutter's mire;  
For pen, a goose's feather.

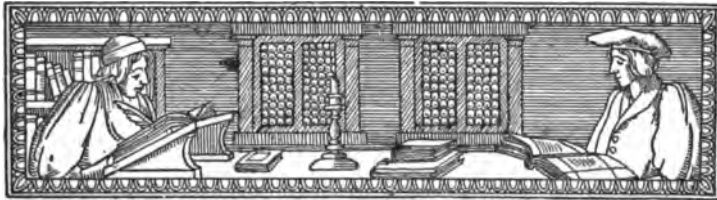
He read them himself *ore rotundo*, and they put him in good humour at once.

A meagre breakfast satisfied him, and then day after day, headache or no headache, after the valeting of a devoted servant, he went forth to work as regularly and persistently as an industrious mechanic, finding both anodyne and stimulant in his appointed task. For his scenes

in fashionable life he needed no preparation, and when he was not at his desk he explored the town and its environs in search of material for those humbler scenes and characters which he reproduced with the effect of convincing intimacy.

A wanderer myself and on a similar mission in those days, I often met him in out-of-the-way places, following, for instance, dusty and squalid funerals over the swamps and sandhills of Greenpoint; in the slums of Mulberry Street and Chatham Square and among the old Elysian Fields of Hoboken, green and sylvan then, vanished now, where Aaron Burr dispatched Alexander Hamilton. You could see him sitting on the benches of Stuyvesant Square and Central Park, usually with a tablet and a pencil in his hands, a dignified and dreamy figure at whom policemen and nursemaids glanced curiously, but without suspicion, while now and then he made pictures for the children, who flocked around him confident that he was their friend and a most accomplished and delightful person.

Poor, tired, impatient, splenetic Edgar! While you were his friend you were superhuman, and he never wearied of proclaiming your excellence. Any criticism of you he resented as vehemently as criticism of himself. You became interested in yourself through his interest in you. He encouraged and inspired you. But unfortunately he took offence easily, and when that happened the little rift within the lute could never be repaired. Old friendships once broken were broken forever. He could not forgive.



# INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

## VIII—THE COLLEGE STORY BY FRANK C. MYERS

Editor of "The College World"



URING the last twelve months I have visited sixty American colleges and universities, and during the same period of time I have read at least half that number of so-

called college short stories and college novels, that is, fiction dealing with life in our undergraduate communities. You ask me what an "inside" view of this species of fiction reveals? Exaggeration, generally speaking, has its finger print in college fiction—curiously enough, even in the different volumes containing stories of various colleges written by alumni of the very colleges described in the fiction concerned. *Yale Yarns*, for example, although delightfully humorous, are exaggerated in their persistent spirit of hurrah optimism, just as Charles Macomb Flandrau's *Harvard Stories* are exaggerated in their insinuating tone of pessimism. Mr. Flandrau's *Diary of a Freshman*—a Harvard story—is, however, as pleasant and convincing a college story as the undergraduate bookshelf contains.

Although college fiction, obviously, is intended only as a means for innocent youthful amusement and diversion, it seems to me that the spirit of purpose is uniformly and regrettably lacking. I do not contend that all fiction—especially that described as "college"—should and must have a purpose. Indeed, no! But I do believe that the writers of college stories might have as their purpose at least once in a while the picturing of college life as it actually is. By such accurate fiction-photography, their stories would suffer nothing, while they would gain the added advantage of presenting to their youthful readers the true spirit of university life in America. Why mislead and misinform the coming classes? Why cause undergraduates to snicker

while they smile and read? And why cause the great legion of alumni to mutter "Rats!" I recently made this statement in print: "High school boys need disillusioning. Many of the half million of them in this country get their conceptions of what college men are and what college life is from the humorous posters they have seen presenting a loafing individual with trousers turned up six inches from the ankle, exposing Fourth of July socks, and with a mouth containing an elephantine bulldog pipe. Of course, the poster is, colloquially speaking, 'a horse,' but the boy does not see the humour of it. To him it is serious, and immediately he begins to do what his imagination leads him to believe his hero does." Frequently, I believe, the alleged "college" story works a like harm. The loafing, overdressed fellow of the poster is by no means an absent quantity in college fiction.

Ralph Paine seems to have the right idea in most of his college stories. *The Stroke Oar* and other stories from his pen are not only interesting narratives, but they hold pretty close to college life as it really is. And the purpose is unmistakably there in every one of them. In one novel, Mr. Paine will instil in his youthful readers' minds the advantage of fair play in athletics; in another, he will warn his readers of the dangers of excess, whether in sport or other college "activities"; and so on. George Ade, although frankly a burlesquer of college life, got deep under the characterisation skin in his two plays, *The College Widow* and *Just Out of College*. In fact, there are no two college novels boasting a relatively similar accuracy of college character delineation. There was no pretence at "purpose" in Ade's works, but there was no anti-purpose, if I may coin the word. That is, they amused honestly without deliberately falsifying college



traits and actions. A story by Jesse Lynch Williams, printed in one of the popular periodicals several years ago and narrating the difficulty experienced by a young college graduate in getting into the world's humdrum working harness, was veritably a college masterpiece. I never have forgotten that story, although I have forgotten its title. *The Captain of the Eleven*, by Alden Arthur Knipe, recently issued by the Harpers, is a fairly good example of a typical American "prep" school story, ably handled in its gridiron details by the ex-football player-author. But the perfect insight of Owen Johnson is entirely absent, the insight into the "prep" school mind, heart, stomach and imagination that have made Johnson's Lawrenceville stories the gems they are. *The Varmint*, indeed, is probably the best preparatory school fiction we have. No one who has read it can fail to hope that a college novel will soon be forthcoming from the hands of its author. *Bill Bruce of Harvard*, by Gilbert Patten, and published by Dodd, Mead and Company, is worthy of Ralph Paine. Not only is it a very good college "yarn," but it possesses the additional value of including a purpose, even though that purpose is written wholly between the lines. Such stories as this, which inspire a hatred of professionalism in athletics in the young reader's mind, which contain a fair and direct "uplift," and which present a consistently honest picture of the much misrepresented "working one's way through college," are prime desiderata in college fiction.

Ralph Henry Barbour's novel, *Winning His Y.*, is a good, readable story, but it is typically relentless in its athletic one-sidedness. James Gardner Sanderson's *Cornell Stories* are to be criticised from an "inside" view because of the over-colouring of trivial incidents in the university's life, with a careless disregard for the bigger and undoubtedly more interesting phases. *The Fugitive Freshman*, by Paine, while not really a college story in the strict sense of the term, is a breezy sketch of a college fledgling's mental operations, while Christina Cabrevas's novel, *That Freshman*, is presumably the same sort of thing from the women's college standpoint. *The Law of Life*, by

Anna McClure Sholl, is a story of episodes in the faculty life at Cornell, intended for other than youthful readers, and is said to be based on fact. But whether this be true or not, the novel is to be best described as of the college sort that must delight such grown-up, non-college readers, as, for instance, Elbert Hubbard. The latter, in an article published a few months ago, painted a picture of college life as he believed it to be, a picture with all the good left out and all the bad put in in double portions. Unwittingly, any number of college fiction writers are doing the same thing. They are over-painting to such a marked degree that they are covering up truth—even though they are doing it unintentionally. College life, as I know it and have found it, is not all football, chorus girls, horse-play and beer. Body building, brain building and aspiration actually have a place in it, unbelievable as it may seem. Even the undergraduate sometimes senses this. I recall a bit of verse that appeared in one of the undergraduate funny papers some six or seven years ago that indicates the way that even the student body's jocose mental wind often blows. It was called "College Life—From the *Outside*." It went like this:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hello, old man!  
Got a bully coat of tan!  
Had a fine vacation, huh?  
Rah! Come have a drink with muh!

Five hundred on our team, hooray!  
Those fellows don't know how to play;  
Let's to the show and see the whirl,  
Then dine, rah, rah, with a chorus girl!

Let's order, rah, a dozen suits,  
Hooray, and get some shoes, "real beauts"—  
Another cocktail! Rah, rah, rah!

P. S. Do you believe this rubbish? Bah!

An "inside" view of college fiction discloses an allopathic dose of the rah-rah. Rah-rahing and extravagance go hand in hand in the fiction and the influence of such narrative on the young going-to-college mind must work injury.

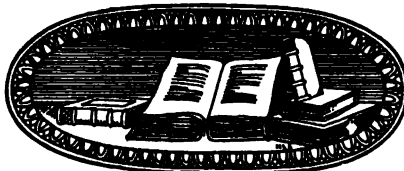
Elsie Singmaster's stories of college life from a girl's point of view are said to satisfy the feminine "inside" viewers. I cannot, obviously, speak authoritatively

on this angle. For boy readers, however, such stories as Barbour's *Kingsford, Quarter*, and *The Crimson Sweater* may be said to serve the purpose in not being grossly misleading. Another inspiration story for young readers is Norman Brainerd's *Winning the Eagle Prize*, which details the manner in which a plucky youth works for a college scholarship after his father's business failure has imperilled his chances for a college career. A novel like this is precisely the sort I would recommend. It not only tells a story, but helps into the bargain. Ellery H. Clark's fiction is exaggerated, but in the right vein. It is to be commended because it preaches physical care. His novel, *The Young Athlete*, can do no one any harm.

The majority of college stories seem to concern the captains and star players of the various athletic teams. *The Captain of the School Team*, by John P. Earl, is a sample. George Hart Rand's *Sherman Hale, the Harvard Halfback*, is another. One and all, they are the same. A well-known publisher remarked not long ago that he would give a handsome reward to any author who could and would fashion him a fresh, brisk, readable college story in which athletics did not figure in one way or another. Athletics, however, are not to be entirely frowned on as a basis of college fiction. Athletics bring out the picturesque side of university life possibly more brilliantly than any other phase of student activity. The only trouble lies in the fact that the writers of college fiction rely on athletics to such a great extent that their readers become nauseated. And yet, as I have inferred, it must be confessed by an "insider" that the general current of our university life can be mirrored in no better fiction manner than through a treatment of the

muscular themes. Rupert Hughes has tried his hand with considerable success in putting into bright fiction form some of the social phases of college life. But most of the other fiction creators who choose the campus for their novel locale, when they desert athletics, become preachers. Such stories as *The Road to Damascus* and *The Torch*, undeniably effective in certain minds, are less college stories than world stories with elm-tree backgrounds and may not, therefore, be analysed in the present consideration.

Let us now sum up our "inside" analysis. Firstly, the chief fault of the college fiction in general is its misleading, exaggerated tone. Secondly, college fiction as we have found it is, to a predominating extent, rut fiction—all in the same vein. Thirdly, despite the admitted importance of athletics in our university circle, numerous other valid college themes are being sadly neglected by the novelists—college politics, college societies, college dramatics, for instance. Fourthly, the eternally ubiquitous hurrah should be eliminated at least in part from the fiction. Fifth, as college fiction is intended primarily for young readers, it should at least have as its mission the presentation of the aspects of American college life in inspiring form and not entirely, as is too often the case, merely in the form of scoring a touchdown in the last minute of play. There are other goals in college life than those at either end of the gridiron. The captains of the 'varsity teams are not the only spectacular members of the student body. The elimination of the Horatio Alger style is to be desired in our college fiction. And such men as Paine, Williams, Johnson, Barbour and their brother alumni are the novelists to whom we should look for the campaign of college fiction reformation.



# THE BOOK MART

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

### NEW YORK CITY

#### FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The De Bercy Affair. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The Durable. Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

#### JUVENILES

No report.

### ALBANY, N. Y.

#### FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

1. Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

#### JUVENILES

No report.

### ATLANTA, GA.

#### FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little-Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Girl who Lived in Woods. Cooke. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.50.
3. Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches. Bagby. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

### JUVENILES

1. Uncle Remus Stories. Harris. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Diddie, Dumps and Tot. Pynelle. (Harper.) 60c.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

#### FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

#### NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. The Durable. Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. Mind, Power and Privilege. Olston. (Crowell.) \$1.50.

### JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

### BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

#### FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

#### NON-FICTION

No report.

### JUVENILES

No report.

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

#### FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

## FICTION

1. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
3. The Conservation of Natural Resources of the United States. Van Hise. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Cliff Stirling, Captain of the Nine. Patten. (David McKay.) \$1.25.
2. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) \$1.18.
4. The Flaw in the Sapphire. Snyder. (Metropolitan Press.) \$1.00.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$1.50.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venable. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Story of the Grail and Passing of King Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

## CLEVELAND, OHIO

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## DALLAS, TEXAS

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altamus.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## DETROIT, MICH.

## FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. My Brother's Keeper. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

2. Study of the Drama. Matthews. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Victorian Prose Masters. Brownell. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$1.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley Says. Dunne. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. History of Japanese Water Prints. Von Seidlitz. (Lippincott.) \$6.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

2. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Conservation of the Natural Resources of the United States. Van Hise. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. In the Catskills. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25 each.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.20.

## JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. A Dixie Rose. Kortrecht. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Janet at Odds. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

## NORFOLK, VA.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

1. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

## OMAHA, NEB.

## FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Madame X. Bisson. (Fly.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

2. The Journey Book. Falls. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday.) \$1.50.
4. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
5. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Socialism and Superior Brains. Shaw. (Lane.) 75c.
3. My Memoirs. Murat. (Putnam.) \$3.75.
4. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
4. In the Catskills. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

## FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Lovely Woman. Fisher and others. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.50.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Eternal Values. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Boy Ranchers of Puget Sound. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

## PORTLAND, ME.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.

## JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. Hero Tales of the Far North. Riis. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Caravaners. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century.) \$1.00.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century.) \$2.40.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) 4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Methods of Attracting Birds. Trafton. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## RICHMOND, VA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Ann Kempburn, Truthseeker. Bryant. (Duffield.) \$1.30.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Down to the Sea. Grenfell. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.

## JUVENILES

1. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Light Horse Harry's Legion. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Whirligigs. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
2. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
3. The Vanished Ruin Era. Stettmann. (Elder.) \$2.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

## SEATTLE, WASH.

## FICTION

1. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Whirligigs. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Betty's Happy Year. Wells. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

## TOLEDO, OHIO

## FICTION

1. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## TORONTO, CANADA

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) \$1.25.
2. One Braver Thing. (The Dop Doctor.) Dehan. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

## JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Animal Why Book. Pycraft. (Stokes.) \$2.00.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Steering Wheel. Wason. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The History of Worcester. O'Flynn. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) \$1.25.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.

## JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Tale of Mrs. Tittle-Mouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	8
"	"	3d	7
"	"	4th	6
"	"	5th	5
"	"	6th	4

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.)..... 189
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper)..... 185
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead)..... 117
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam)..... 115
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill)..... 83
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.)..... 80

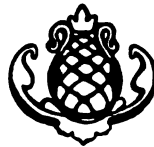


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By the Dramatic Editor of The Bookman

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\$1.50 net; by mail \$1.62.

The contents cover: Audiences.—The Actor and the Dramatist.—Stage Conventions in Modern Times.—The Public and the Dramatist.—Dramatic Art and the Theatre Business.—The Happy Endings in the Theatre.—Dramatic Literature and Theatrical Journalism.—The effect of Plays Upon the Public, etc., etc.

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"I own to a keen individual interest and a warm critical approval. He is eminently worth listening to."—J. B. KERFOOT, in *Life*.

# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

VOL. XXXII

JANUARY, 1911

No. 5

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Last month we quoted an account of a panic in 33 A. D. from William Stearns Davis's *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome*. The same book calls our attention to the fact that the Romans suffered not only from panics but also from "spelling reform" enthusiasts. The Emperor Claudius was one. He undertook to introduce three new letters into the alphabet for the purpose of making spelling more scientific, but, as might have been imagined, this "improvement," though used in some inscriptions in his reign, did not survive its author.

The January issue of *Short Stories* contains "Stickney and the Necktie," the unfinished fragment of the last tale written by the late Sidney Porter. As a general rule we do not care much for fragments of this kind, but this is an exception. True, it is just a little exasperating not to know what happened to Stickney. But if we do not have the tale we at least have the introduction, and it is an introduction very typical of the talented man who wrote it. The conventional advice to persons engaged in the work of writing short stories is to make introductions as brief as possible and allow nothing to interfere with the narrative; but there are exceptions and O. Henry was one. Rudyard Kipling is another. We should analyse the best story that he ever wrote, "The Man Who Would be King," as ninety per cent. introduction and ten per cent. tale.

Mlle. Marcel Tinayre was recently in London for the purpose of lecturing on the subject of the Parisian woman of to-day. During her visit she met Miss Christabel Pankhurst, and the French woman asked the English suffragette if she did not think that clever women were all the better for being pretty and charming. Miss Pankhurst said that she did. "But," commented Mlle. Tinayre afterward, "I am



FLORENCE BARCLAY

Miss Barclay's "The Rosary" has unquestionably been the surprise book of the year. As will be seen from the compilation of the lists on later pages, it has far surpassed all other books in consecutive appearances among the "Six best sellers."



THOMAS DIXON AS HIS OWN LEADING MAN

afraid she agreed so readily partly because she did not understand French very well."

Perhaps it is because we have so much respect for Mr. Jack London as a novelist that Mr. London as a playwright,—or perhaps **Mr. London's** playwright,—or perhaps **"Theft"** it would be more exact to say Mr. London as the author of the published play *Theft*—so thoroughly exasperates us. For, taken all in all, *Theft* is about as poor a piece of work as a man of talent could be guilty of perpetrating. With Mr. London's ideas of political economy we have no quarrel. They are the ideas probably held by most of the reasoning men of the country to-day. But for his exposition of them in the wooden characters, and the ridiculous situations of *Theft*, we have nothing but the most outspoken criticism. The purpose play is very much needed in this country, but first of all it must be a good play, which *Theft* is not. We suggest to Mr. London that before he attempts to give *Theft* a successor he re-

read the purpose plays of the younger Dumas.

Last year we printed a picture of Mr. Hall Caine showing the Manx novelist as understudy in a part in one of his own plays. **Mr. Dixon on the Stage** Mr. Thomas Dixon has recently been playing a similar rôle. A few weeks ago the leading man in Mr. Dixon's play *The Sins of the Father* was drowned at Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina. There was no understudy for the part, and rather than have any of the dates for which the company was booked cancelled, Mr. Dixon, on the day following the tragedy, went on the stage himself. Newspaper clippings from various Southern cities in which *The Sins of the Father* has appeared seem to indicate that Mr. Dixon is far from being a poor actor.

Poets, nowadays, may be practical men, and their poetry is likely to be the result of determined **An Anachronism in Bohemia** morality, of an intense will to do their work well. Where is the old, Bohemian spirit of Henry Murger, the



RICCARDO CORDIFERRO



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time-honoured belief that the poet must be more careless, more improvident, more unaccountable and more unexpected than other men? Although the spirit of Murger may have become relatively extinct in our American world, yet it has lived very vividly among certain groups of foreigners in New York. Even there, however, it shows signs of partial decay, as it did even in the last pages of Murger's book, when the then successful artists and poets would no longer dine at cheap table d'hôtes.

The recent appearance of a volume of verses, in pure Italian, called *Singhiozzi E Sogghigni*, by Riccardo Cordiferro, published by the *Araldo Italiano*, covers a wide range of Bohemian, poetical creations, stretching back to 1893 and continuing to the present time. In 1893 was founded *La Follia*, an Italian weekly journal. Two brothers, recently arrived from the vicinity of Naples, were the editors, publishers and contributors. The paper consisted of two pages, mainly poetry, suggesting the spontaneous passion of the lower part of the Italian peninsula. Riccardo Cordiferro was the poet and his brother Marziale was the "practical" man. Speech was free, and after a while, Riccardo Cordiferro sometimes wrote his poems for the next issue of the paper from the interior of a jail where he had been unkindly imprisoned for criminal libel. Both brothers ate when they had the chance, and the appearance of the paper was in the hands of Providence, and, therefore, irregular. Gradually quite a little band of orthodox Bohemians gathered about the devoted pair, and the paper grew, Cordiferro pouring in his verses every day

and the prose-writers increasing in numbers and "news" sense.

After a while, the practical Marziale actually married and, with a rapidly increasing family, began to lean toward the charm of the strictly bourgeois life. Also he made political connections and the Italian quarter grew. Now he has a house, servants, and is a prosperous person and is not often seen in the lowly cafés of the Italian quarter. He is a "solid" man. His brother, Riccardo Cordiferro, however, keeps the old traditions relatively intact. He is better dressed than of old and a little more regular, and the paper now has ten or twelve pages and many advertisements, and the temptation for a poet to see the eloquence of American ideas is very strong. Yet Cordiferro still nurses the Muse, and the present volume, which is a collection of poetry largely published in *La Follia* during this entire historical period, shows in the latter pages almost as much fiery spontaneity as in the earlier. And Cordiferro proudly maintains that, in spite of his clothes and the money he can borrow from his brother, he is still a poet at heart—a contention with a good deal of basis when one examines this book, so full of tumultuous feeling and lyric emotion.

The fact that before her marriage to George Haven Putnam, the publisher, Emily James Putnam, author of *The Lady*, was dean of Barnard College, lends an element of peculiar personal interest to her treatment of woman's social and economic status

Emily  
Putnam

in all ages, especially when she touches upon the difficulty of "the female of the favoured social class" in finding a more independent career than is afforded by marriage. Miss Jane Addams, whose book, *Twenty Years at Hull-House*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number, has found such a career as head of the Chicago institution which she established, and where her position is not unlike that of the Lady Abbess of the Dark Ages. Mrs. Putnam devotes a chapter to this type of the lady, and finds in her the most complete freedom of development that woman has ever enjoyed in European society. "The lady abbess is in some sort the descendant of the amazon," she remarks with the neatness of paradox and epigram which characterises her writing throughout. One would have thought that the headship of a prominent and well-endowed college for women would, in our day, provide something of the same opportunity. Evidently Mrs. Putnam does not find it so, or she would not have abandoned a position which, on the face of it, would seem to be so advantageous for the brilliant and ambitious woman. For her, the women's college of to-day



EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



ROMAIN ROLLAND

must be a less successful institution from the feminist point of view than the mediæval convent. Indeed, she says as much, and attributes the inferiority of the latter to the fact that "the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are under a cloud." However this may be, Mrs. Putnam's practical admission of the failure of women's colleges to change the status of the sex, and to achieve independence of man and of marriage, affords a striking vindication of Tennyson's "mid-Victorian" point of view as expressed in "The Princess."

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the English translator of *Jean-Christophe*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is responsible for the following account of its author, Romain Rolland, in his preface to the American edition:

M. Rolland was born in 1866 at Clamercy, in the centre of France, of a French family of pure descent, and educated in Paris and Rome. At Rome, in 1890, he met Malwida von Wey-



senburg, a German lady who had taken refuge in England after the Revolution of 1848, and there knew Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledin, Rollin, and Louis Blanc. Later, in Italy, she counted among her friends Wagner, Liszt, Lenbach, Nietzsche, Garibaldi, and Ibsen. She died in 1903. Rolland came to her with Tolstoyan ideas, and with her wide knowledge of men and movements she helped him to discover his own ideas. In her *Memoires d'une Idealiste* she wrote of him: "In this young Frenchman I discovered the same idealism, the same lofty aspiration, the same profound grasp of every great intellectual manifestation that I had already found in the greatest men of other nationalities." The germ of *Jean-Christophe* was conceived during this period—the "Wanderjahre"—of M. Rolland's life. On his return to Paris he became associated with a movement toward the renaissance of the theatre as a social machine, and wrote several plays. He has since been a musical critic and a lecturer on music and art at the Sorbonne. He has written Lives of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Hugo Wolf. Always his endeavour has been the pursuit of the heroic. To him the great men are the men of absolute truth. Jean-Christophe must have the truth and tell the truth, at all costs, in despite of circumstance, in despite of himself, in despite even of life. It is his law. It is M. Rolland's law.

The other day two men were discussing contemporary French literature in

**France and  
the Woman**

the office of this magazine. Though both were fairly familiar with the field, they were forced to

admit that they could think of not a single new man of promise who had appeared during the last year or two, with the possible exception of Romain Rolland. Rostand, it was agreed, had achieved his best work, and would probably do nothing more of equal importance to his *Cyrano*. It is a singular fact that the one writer whose books are looked forward to with eagerness as real literary events is the veteran Anatole France. As in London, so in Paris this is the age of the literary reprint, and the men who, a few years ago, were displaying exceptional talent, have disappeared, have died, have taken up causes of one kind or another—or have entered the

Academy. Once, not long since, there was a "movement." Now there is none. The Dreyfus affair shattered it, just as the Oscar Wilde case broke up an analogous movement in England. In Paris to-day, whatever vital creative energy there is left seems largely monopolised by the women. Not long ago the Académie Goncourt, which has recently elected Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile



MADAME DE REGNIER

and first wife of the late Catulle Mendès, to full membership, refused to open its prizes to women, and the women, under the auspices of a woman's magazine, founded an academy of their own. The first woman novelist to win the prize of five thousand francs which it offered for the best novel of the year was Colette Yver, with her *Princesses de Science*. She is now one of the few French novelists of high rank. There are, however, many other women who write clever fiction, among whom may be mentioned Marcelle Tinayre, Daniel Lesueur, Myriam Harry, Pierre de Coulevain, Gerard d'Houville (the pen name of Mme. de Regnier, who is also the daughter of the late Heredia), Comtesse Matthieu de



MADAME LUCIE DELARUE-MADRUS

Noailles, and Rachilde of the *Mercur de France*.

If women to-day have annexed the field of French fiction, they have not rested there, but have taken over that of poetry as well. It has been said that one reason for the recent falling off in the number of new poets is the opportunity now afforded for a class of intelligent and artistic young men in the delicate mechanical construction of flying-machines. Whether this is so, or whether it is merely that every considerable poetic movement, like that of the "Pléiade" or of "Symbolisme," is followed by an efflorescence of feminine versification, the fact remains that the new French poets of distinction to-day in France are largely women. M. Jean de Gourmont, in his *Muses d'Aujourd'hui*, gives portraits and studies of eleven of them. Some of the novelists are poets also, as in the case of Mme. de Noailles and Gerard d'Houville, who are the most distinguished members of this group. The former, particularly, though of mingled Greek and Roumanian blood, is a type of the French "grande dame littéraire," and holds an eminent place in the social as well as in the literary life of the capital. The masculine critics take her work quite seriously, though a few have poked some fun at the excesses of her sentimental nature-worship, and have represented her as swooning with emo-

tion at the sight of a kitchen garden. All these women are sentimental, bizarre, and ill-restrained, and seem possessed to express the inmost secrets of their woman's natures. Perhaps the most extreme from this point of view is Lucie Delarue-Madrus, wife of the Dr. Madrus who has translated the whole of the *Arabian Nights* into literal French. She is represented by M. de Gourmont as carrying on the tastes of her Norman ancestors in her love of adventures and voyages. At one time she lived much in Algiers, and published many poems in the *Akhbar*, interpreting the delights of the desert. Renée Vivien (the pen-name of Pauline Tarn) is a French woman poet who has died recently. She was of mixed race, as of cosmopolitan culture, drawing her inspiration about equally from Swinburne, Sappho, and the Norwegian. Her poetry expressed a curiously perverse and complicated spirit, and revived strangely exotic moods of feminism. More, perhaps, than any of the others, she was known to Americans, both personally and in her books, and she once visited this country. Then there is also Jane Catulle Mendès, the widow of the dead poet, who seemed to have an



JANE CATULLE MENDÈS



affinity for literary ladies, since both of his wives wrote, and wrote well. A young American once called on Madame Mendès. He could speak no word of French, she could speak no word of English. But he presented her with his book of verse, and she presented him with hers, so the interview was, no doubt, thoroughly satisfactory to both of them.

We have received from Paris, from the publishing house of Bernard Grasset, a book entitled *à la Manière de*, by Paul Reboux and Charles Muller. It does not impress us as having any extraordinary cleverness, but it is a book that should be called to the attention of every one who has an interest in the curiosities of literature. A former volume of the same nature and with the same title was published in 1908, and according to the publishers twenty editions were needed to supply the demand. It must be borne in mind, however, that in France an edition usually consists of five hundred copies.

In *After the Manner Of* the authors attempt to imitate the works of a number of well-known writers, most of whom belong to the present generation. These imitations are in no sense parodies, like Thackeray's *Prize Novelists* or Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*. For example, when, in "The Man With the Wax Ear," Messieurs Reboux and Muller attempt to reproduce the style of Conan Doyle and the methods of Sherlock Holmes they are sincerely endeavouring to keep as close as possible to the original model. Frankly speaking, "The Man With the Wax Ear" is not a success. The most curious feature of the volume is by all means "La Parure," by Charles Dickens, Edmond de Goncourt, Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet. "The Necklace" is simply the old story by Guy de Maupassant which has been translated so often, incorporated in so many collections of tales, and so often referred to as summing up the absolute perfection of short-story telling. Here is the plan and the divisions.

I. A small clerk (Loisel). His wife wishes to go to the ball. She has no jewels. A friend (Mme. Forestier), very rich, will lend them to her.

II. The toilet. The ball. The hidden orchestra (as at the Countess de G.). The wife's success. Departure at dawn.



RENÉE VIVIEN

III. Return to the home. The necklace is lost. How return it? They buy one like it (40,000 francs); and naturally bills, debts, progressive ruin. The existence of paupers.

IV. Ten years later. Meeting with Mme. Forestier. (They have not seen each other since. Astonishment: "How you have changed!" etc.) Mme. Loisel tells all. Emotion of Mme. Forestier. "But my poor



BRAM STOKER

Mathilde, the necklace was paste! It was worth at most 500 francs." (Conclusion.)

Each of the authors named takes one of these divisions. Part one is in the manner of Dickens, Part II in that of De Goncourt; Part III in the realistic tone of Zola; and Part IV in the style of Alphonse Daudet. The last named contributes an addition to the tale that should thoroughly satisfy all those persons who hold out for the happy ending. After Mme. Forestier has told of the small value of the original necklace Mme. Loisel rushes to her husband with the joyful news that they are rich. Madame Forestier returns the 39,500 francs that was not due her, and the Loisels buy

a pretty little home in the country which they name after the necklace, and in which they live happy ever after.

Mr. Bram Stoker, in his *Famous Impostors*, recalls the fact, which we think most persons have forgotten, that the inspiration of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was a real person, whose life, if less coloured by romance, was quite as adventurous as that of the heroine of Théophile Gautier's strange novel. The *Mademoiselle de Maupin* of real life was a singer in the Paris Opera at the end of the seventeenth century. When very young she was married to a man named Maupin, but soon

#### The Real Mlle. de Maupin

gotten, that the inspiration of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was a real person,

ran away with a fencing master named Serane, who taught her all his tricks with the foils, and made her an extraordinary swordswoman in an age when swordsmanship had an important place in social life. Possibly with the desire of giving this accomplishment a freer rein, the young woman adopted the garb and mannerisms of a man. In this disguise she made love to and ran away with the daughter of a Marseilles merchant. They were pursued, and sought refuge in a convent. Once inside, however, it was not so easy to get out, until La Maupin hit upon the device of hiding her companion in the coffin that had been prepared for a nun who had just died. Once outside, she set fire to the building to cover up her tracks, and they escaped to a neighbouring village.

There they remained hidden for some weeks, but finally an attempt was made to arrest the ostensible man. La Maupin's superb swordsmanship enabled her to kill one of the would-be captors and dangerously wound two others. Eventually she was apprehended, cast into prison, and condemned to be burned. But fate had other adventures in store for her, and soon she was back in Paris again, and a favourite at the Opera. Her life as a man had developed her truculent tendencies, and one day, being displeased at one of the comedians, she soundly caned him in the presence of the audience. Her violence grew with the years. On one occasion she went to a ball given by a prince of the blood attired as a man. As a result of a quarrel about a woman she was challenged by three different men—each of whom, when the consequent fight came on, she ran through the body, after which she returned to the ball. After another duel, in which she wounded her man, she went to Brussels, and lived under the protection of Count Albert of Bavaria, the Elector. When the Elector attempted to dismiss her, and sent her a sum of money by the servile hand of the husband of the woman who had supplanted her in his affections, she flung the money at the bearer's head and then kicked him downstairs. It is pleasant to learn that she finally got absolution

for her sins, and died in all the odour of sanctity.

Perhaps the strangest and least familiar of all the tales which Mr. Stoker retells in *Famous Impostors* is that which he entitles "The Bisley Boy." It is founded on the curious tradition that Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England, was in reality a man, and that this explains all her eccentricities and her unwillingness to entertain any project for her marriage. According to the tradition, when the little Princess Elizabeth was a child, and her chances of succession to the throne were the slightest, she was living in seclusion at Bisley. Her father, Henry the Eighth, announced his intention of visiting her, but a few hours before his arrival Elizabeth was taken suddenly ill, and died. Those to whom the child had been entrusted were panic-stricken, and did not dare to break the news to the king. As it was impossible to find a little girl of suitable age and resemblance, a boy was dressed up in the princess's clothes, and accepted by the royal father, who had seen his daughter only two or three times during her infancy. The first step taken, retreat was impossible, and the Bisley Boy grew up to reign for many years as Elizabeth, Queen of England. Mr. Stoker professes to believe that the theory is really worth some consideration.

Some weeks ago a New York newspaper whose chief assets seem to be a good cartoonist and a fairly entertaining humorous department, printed an editorial on the BOOKMAN's list of "best sellers." It was couched in a fine "the time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things" tone, and went on to say that the BOOKMAN was all wrong in calling attention to books that were in most cases ephemeral and sensational, and that if any books should be exploited they should be the "best" books and not the best selling. We have no fault to find with the editorial beyond the fact that it impressed us as being rather trite and dull. The contentions were as sound and as time-



Barr McCutcheon's *Truxton King*. Then came William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man*, Harold MacGrath's *The Goose Girl*, Robert W. Chambers's *The Danger Mark*, and Robert Hichens's *Bella Donna*. Entirely a man's list. But the January list was a little more chivalrous. Thomas Nelson Page's *John Marvel, Assistant* was first with 195 points, and the books by Mr. Hichens, Mr. McCutcheon and Mr. Beach respectively second, third and fourth, and fifth, with Mr. De Morgan's *It Never Can Happen Again* sixth, but *Little Sister Snow* was third, and Mrs. Rinehart's *When a Man Marries* fifth. In the lists of the February number, Ralph Connor's *The Foreigner* held first place with 223 points, followed by *Little Sister Snow*, *John Marvel*, *When a Man Marries*, *Truxton King* and *The Silver Horde*.

The March list brought some decided changes. Mrs. Rinehart's *When a Man Marries* held first place by a lead of 42 points. *The Foreigner*, the leader of the previous month, was second and *John Marvel, Assistant*, third. Two new books, *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, by the Williamsons, and *Passers-By*, by Partridge, were fourth and fifth. Tied for sixth place, with 100 points each, were *The Silver Horde* and *Truxton King*. The contenders in the February lists were well eliminated by the time the April lists were printed. Only *When a Man Marries*, which occupied third place, remained. In the lead was *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*, followed by *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. *The Man Outside* was fourth, *Passers-By* fifth, and *The Calling of Dan Matthews* sixth. Although *The Kingdom of Slender Swords* was still the leader in May the lists showed some radical changes. Gertrude Atherton's *Tower of Ivory* was second, and *The House of the Whispering Pines* third. In fourth place was Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*, a book destined to enjoy a rather enduring popularity. Fifth was *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, and sixth David Graham Phillips's *White Magic*.

A new book by Winston Churchill had appeared, and in the June list it was not

surprising to find *A Modern Chronicle* the leader with a total of 382 points. To indicate the immense advantage Mr. Churchill's book had over its competitors it is necessary only to say that the point total of the second book, *White Magic*, was 95. *The Rosary* was third, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Merton, Colonist*, fourth. Tied for fifth and sixth places were Octave Thanet's *By Inheritance* and *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*. In July *A Modern Chronicle* was again first with 303 points. The success of *The Inner Shrine* the previous year had apparently not been forgotten, for *The Wild Olive*, by the same anonymous author, was second with 176 points. *The Rosary* was third, E. Phillips Oppenheim's *The Illustrious Prince* fourth, *Lady Merton, Colonist*, fifth, and *The Man Higher Up* sixth. The July order was reversed in August, for *The Wild Olive* had passed *A Modern Chronicle*, and held the lead with 274 points as against 232 points for the Churchill book. For the third successive month *The Rosary* was in third place. The other positions on the list were held by new books: MacGrath's *A Splendid Hazard*, Locke's *Simon the Jester*, and Watt's *Nathan Burke*.

In the September lists *The Wild Olive* was again first. *The Rosary*, which had been growing steadily stronger, was second, and *Simon the Jester* third. *A Modern Chronicle* had dropped to fourth place. Fifth and sixth were *A Splendid Hazard* and *Nathan Burke*. In October *The Rosary* appeared for the sixth consecutive time in the list, and this time it occupied first place with 281 points. Second was *The Wild Olive*, third *Simon the Jester*, fourth *The Window at the White Cat*, fifth *Nathan Burke*, and sixth *A Modern Chronicle*, which seemed to have run its course. In November, it was again *The Rosary*, first, followed by Mrs. Rinehart's *The Window at the White Cat*. New books by Robert W. Chambers and George Barr McCutcheon, *Ailsa Paige* and *The Rose in the Ring*, held third and fourth places respectively. Mrs. Thurston's *Max* was fifth and *The Wild Olive* sixth. The last month of 1910 showed *The Rosary* again in the

lead, closely followed by *Max*. Mr. McCutcheon's *The Rose in the Ring* was third, and another book by Florence Barclay, *The Mistress of Shenstone*, fourth. In fifth and six places respectively were *The Window at the White Cat* and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe*.

## JANUARY

1. John Marvel, Assistant.....	195
2. Bella Donna.....	149
3. Little Sister Snow.....	133
4. Truxton King.....	125
5. The Silver Horde.....	118
6. <del>When a Man Marries</del> It Never Can Happen Again.....	78

## FEBRUARY

1. The Foreigner.....	223
2. Little Sister Snow.....	180
3. John Marvel, Assistant.....	162
4. When a Man Marries.....	156
5. Truxton King.....	119
6. The Silver Horde.....	116

## MARCH

1. When a Man Marries.....	182
2. The Foreigner.....	140
3. John Marvel, Assistant.....	128
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America....	127
5. Passers-By .....	125
6. {The Silver Horde.....	100
{Truxton King.....	100

## APRIL

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords....	229
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America....	177
3. When a Man Marries.....	92
4. The Man Outside.....	78
5. Passers-By .....	58
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews.....	57

## MAY

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords... ..	193
2. Tower of Ivory.....	145
3. The House of the Whispering Pines..	120
4. The Rosary.....	98
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America....	90
6. White Magic.....	79

## JUNE

1. A Modern Chronicle.....	382
2. White Magic.....	95
3. The Rosary.....	89
4. Lady Merton, Colonist.....	80
5. By Inheritance.....	66
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords.....	66

## JULY

1. A Modern Chronicle.....	303
2. The Wild Olive.....	176

3. The Rosary.....	147
4. The Illustrious Prince.....	75
5. Lady Merton, Colonist.....	72
6. The Man Higher Up.....	47

## AUGUST

1. The Wild Olive.....	274
2. A Modern Chronicle.....	232
3. The Rosary.....	201
4. A Splendid Hazard.....	156
5. Simon the Jester.....	146
6. Nathan Burke.....	87

## SEPTEMBER

1. The Wild Olive.....	240
2. The Rosary.....	212
3. Simon the Jester.....	186
4. A Modern Chronicle.....	139
5. A Splendid Hazard.....	117
6. Nathan Burke.....	71

## OCTOBER

1. The Rosary .....	281
2. The Wild Olive.....	202
3. Simon the Jester.....	140
4. The Window at the White Cat.....	110
5. Nathan Burke .....	88
6. A Modern Chronicle.....	69

## NOVEMBER

1. The Rosary .....	266
2. The Window at the White Cat.....	162
3. Ailsa Paige .....	162
4. The Rose in the Ring.....	144
5. Max .....	87
6. The Wild Olive.....	65

## DECEMBER

1. The Rosary .....	189
2. Max .....	185
3. The Rose in the Ring.....	117
4. The Mistress of Shenstone.....	115
5. The Window at the White Cat.....	83
6. Molly Make-Believe .....	80

This is one way of estimating the relative popularity of the books of 1910.

## EIGHT TIMES MENTIONED

The Rosary.

## FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

A Modern Chronicle, The Wild Olive.

## FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

When a Man Marries.

## THREE TIMES MENTIONED

John Marvel, Assistant, Truxton King, The Silver Horde, Lord Loveland Discovers America, The Kingdom of Slender Swords, Simon the Jester, Nathan Burke, The Window at the White Cat.

## TWICE MENTIONED

Little Sister Snow, The Foreigner, Passers-

By, White Magic, Lady Merton, Colonist, A Splendid Hazard, The Rose in the Ring, Max.

ONCE MENTIONED

Bella Donna, It Never Can Happen Again, The Man Outside, The Calling of Dan Matthews, Tower of Ivory, The House of the

thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1902, twenty-nine in 1901 and twenty-nine in 1900. Of the thirty-two books of 1910 one, *The Wild Olive*, was published anonymously, and one, *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, was



JOHNSON BRIGHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER IN LITERATURE"

Whispering Pines, By Inheritance, The Illustrious Prince, The Man Higher Up, Ailsa Paige, The Mistress of Shenstone, Molly Make-Believe.

In the lists for 1910 thirty-two books were represented as against twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six in 1908, thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905,

the result of a collaboration. Of the thirty-two known authors thus represented (including Mr. and Mrs. Williamson) eighteen were men and fourteen women. Eight and a half of the books are of foreign authorship, the half representing the English part of the Williamson collaboration.



ALFRED DE MUSSET AND HONORÉ DE BALZAC  
Caricature attributed to Théophile Gautier (1835)  
(Collection of M. Adolphe Jullien)

Mr. Johnson Brigham, the State Librarian of Iowa, has written a book, *The Banker in Literature*, which is issued by The Bankers Publishing Company of New York. It impresses us as being a serious, conscientious, and comparatively valuable compilation. The third part of the volume is devoted to "Some Notable Bankers in Fiction," and in reading it we are forced to the conclusion that the banker, as such, has been subjected to some rather hard knocks at the hands of the novelist. It is not surprising that the two professions should have had little sympathy for each other. Men of genius, comments Mr. Brigham, cannot quite comprehend the importance given the word "collateral" by professional lenders of money. Balzac, always in financial difficulties through his extraordinary business ideas, naturally regarded the banker with no very favourable eye. For example, there was his Baron de Nucingen, who was the husband of one of the daughters of Père Goriot, who forced his way into society with his money, and was not very scrupulous as to how he made it. Another Balzacian banker is Turcaret, of whom it is said that "he bargains over art, beneficence, and love; he would bargain with the Pope for a dispensation." A more amiable banker of Balzac's novels is Monsieur Des

Grassins, who plays a considerable part in *Eugénie Grandet*.

The bankers whom Thackeray describes are not quite so unpleasant as those of whom Balzac writes, but they are far from being of heroic mould. Indeed, in the person of the banker Sir Barnes Newcome, we have one of the most repellent little sneaks in all fiction. Brian and Hobson Newcome are respectable British citizens, and for all we know, men perfectly fair dealing in their transactions; but with the memory of their exceedingly chilly reception of Colonel Thomas Newcome no one will be inclined to think of them very warmly. In referring to Major Arthur Pendennis's advice to his nephew Mr. Brigham is guilty of an unimportant but curious little blunder. It is one of those odd little mistakes that somehow help a book rather than mar it, because it gives the reader the impression that the author is writing from his reading and not from his research. Four bankers are picked out from Dickens's characters—each one in a class by himself. First, there is the unpractical and entirely amiable Mr. Meagles of *Little Dorrit*. In the same book we meet Mr. Merdle, the forerunner of the modern captain of industry, who brings hundreds to ruin, and finally commits suicide by opening his veins in a public bath. In *Hard Times* there is Joe Bounderby, the banker who at the



THE EAGLES OF THOUGHT AND STYLE  
Eugène Sue                      Alexandre Dumas  
Victor Hugo                      H. de Balzac  
From a Comic Drawing by Tony Johannot



age of fifty marries the twenty-year-old Louise Gradgrind. Finally, there is Mr. Lorry of *A Tale of Two Cities*, a man of deep feeling, encased in the formalities of his calling and held to strict service by respect entertained for a great house.



BALZAC'S FAMOUS STICK

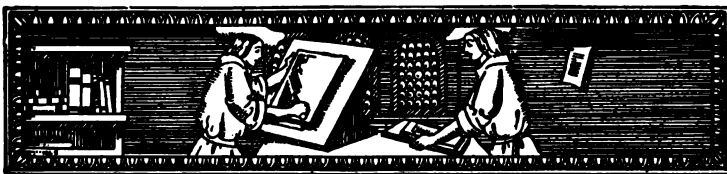
The most prominent banker in the pages of Alexander Dumas is the Baron Danglars, of whom the less said the better, for certainly a more consummate rascal never forged a lying accusation. Another melodramatic villain is Crawford of Bulwer Lytton's *The Disowned*, who was said to have been drawn from

the notorious banker Fauntleroy, who was executed for forgery in 1824. The Rothschilds, the modern Medici, play a conspicuous part in the novels of Disraeli. In *Coningsby*, which Thackeray parodied so cruelly, the family is represented by the extraordinary Sidonia. In *Endymion*, the Rothschilds are known as the Neuchatels. The banker Torvald Helmer, the husband of Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, is an eminently respectable representative of a class. Some bankers in American fiction are J. Wetherby Stull of Frank R. Stockton's *The Hundredth Man*; Foster P. Blodgett of Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love*; Norman Wentworth of Thomas Nelson Page's *Gordon Keith*; F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter* and Westcott's inimitable *David Harum*.

While there have been a number of books about Balzac published in the last ten or twelve years, one

**A New Balzac** cannot in reason resent a new one if it possesses any degree of merit.

The latest one is from the pen of Mr. Frederick Lawton, who wrote *The Third French Republic*. It impresses us as being more an entertaining book than a profound study. Balzac is one of those men who is best understood after one has heard the ninety and nine more or less important anecdotes concerning him. His impetuosity, his enthusiasms, his extravagances, his avarices, his social and political ambitions, and the manifestations of these traits, all serve to throw light on the pages of his wonderful *Human Comedy*. Mr. Lawton's is filled with anecdotes and some of them appear almost new. The illustration of the book is really admirable. It shows discrimination, and a knowledge of what we think the kind of person who will best appreciate such a volume wants.



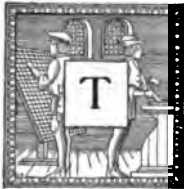


"THE THUNDERBOLT." ACT III

The thunderbolt falls upon the family council of the Mortimores.

## PINERO'S "THE THUNDERBOLT"

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



HERE can be no finer pleasure than to watch with understanding the doing of a worthy work that is done supremely well. This fine pleasure, which may be derived only rarely from the contemporary drama, is now afforded by the production at the New Theatre of *The Thunderbolt: An Episode in the History of a Provincial Family*, by Sir Arthur Pinero. This play was written before *Mid-Chanel*. When it was produced in London during the spring of 1908, it was not rewarded with a popular success. The majority of theatre-goers judge a play not by its art but by its subject-matter; and in London the majority dismissed the story of *The Thunderbolt* as "unpleasant." The commercial managers who had acquired the American rights deemed discretion the better part of valour, and the piece, with us, had to wait for a production at an uncommercial theatre.

During its brief career, the New Theatre has never done anything that more emphatically justifies its existence as an institution than to set this great work by our most eminent living dramatist before that minority of the general mass of theatre-goers who know enough about life to appreciate its penetrant veracity and who know enough about art to appreciate its technical perfection. In order to derive the fullest satisfaction from a great work of art, it is necessary, in the words of Edgar Allan Poe, to "contemplate it with a kindred art." Sir Arthur Pinero pays his auditors the compliment of asking from them an activity of mind that is answerable to his own. To call *The Thunderbolt* "unpleasant" is to confess an incapacity for those finer pleasures that are based upon experience and education, the pleasure of recognising truth in a wise delineation of life and the pleasure of following point by point the unfaltering development of a faultless pattern.

There can be no safer formula for making a great play than to start out with a conventional plot and, while retaining most of its familiar incidents, to make the old fabric look strange and new by telling the truth about it. To populate such a plot with living characters so real that they assume dominion over it, and thus to shift the emphasis from the element of incident to the element of character, to reject at crucial moments the expected in favour of the true—in other words, to pluck out the heart of the mystery that has hitherto lain latent in the story—this is the surest way to achieve in the drama a work of original imagination. *The Thunderbolt* tells anew the old story of the lost and stolen will, and two of its four acts come to a climax in scenes of confession and cross-examination; but in Sir Arthur's drama this familiar plot is set forth no longer for its own sake, but rather for the sake of laying bare the inmost nature of the various members of a provincial British family.

The Mortimores—James, Stephen, Thaddeus, and their wives, Rose, and her husband, Colonel Ponting—are all (excepting Mrs. Thaddeus) well along in their forties and fifties. They are middle-class people, devoid of breeding and of education; but they are respectable and sturdy, and are generally esteemed in the small town of Singlehampton, where they live. They have been, in the worldly sense, only moderately successful—James, as a contractor and builder, Stephen as a local editor, Rose as a climber in London society, and Thaddeus (the most likable of the lot) as a professor of music. Their comparative eminence in their little town has given them a habit of assumption which they have found it difficult to maintain upon their slender means. The men have become brawling and embittered, the women incisive and acidulous. They had an elder brother, Edward, who ran away from Singlehampton at an early age and subsequently amassed a very large fortune as a brewer. They have always chosen to look upon Edward as the black sheep of the family; but when, in his last illness, he is persuaded by his solicitor to send for them to say a final farewell, they all rush pell-mell to his house

in the city of Linchpool in the hope of inheriting some of the wealth that he has earned by the (to them) disreputable business of brewing beer. In the first act they are exhibited at a conference with their lawyers in a room immediately below that in which the dead body of their brother is lying. They have learned, with surprise and trepidation, that Edward has left an illegitimate daughter, named Helen Thornhill, a girl of twenty-four, now an art student in Paris, of whom their dead brother was always very fond. They have been instructed also that unless Edward has made a will in Helen's favour, all of his vast estate will fall in equal shares to them, the next of kin. A diligent search has not revealed the existence of a will. The situation calls forth all of the cupidity that is latent in their various temperaments. They argue, quarrel, agree, dissent, and reconcile themselves as they severally grasp at the money that an unexpected chance has dropped among them. When Helen arrives, they grudgingly offer her a curtailed allowance; and this she proudly and somewhat bitterly refuses. She, the only one among them all who knew and loved the dead man, will not accept any of his money as a charity from the harpies who are preying upon him.

A month passes, during which the solicitors advertise without result for information concerning a possible will. Helen is visiting Thaddeus and his wife, whom she dislikes much less than the other members of the family. She has grown very fond of their children. Mrs. Thaddeus is by far the best wife and mother among the Mortimores; but she has always been despised and insulted by her sisters-in-law because her father kept a grocery shop. This attitude on the part of her relatives by marriage has won Helen's sympathy for Mrs. Thaddeus. Furthermore, Mrs. Thaddeus has been very nervous for some time and has not been sleeping well. On the eve of a family conference to settle the estate, Mrs. Thaddeus breaks down and confesses to her husband that just before Edward's death she discovered in his safe a will in which he left all his wealth to a young woman in Paris—who was at

that time unknown to her, but who was in fact his daughter, Helen Thornhill—and that she destroyed this will and cast the pieces into the river Linch. Her husband goes to the family conference, and, substituting himself for his wife in the story that he has to tell, flings this thunderbolt into the midst of the clawing, cackling harpies. They are completely stunned, until somebody discovers a slight inconsistency in the story that has been told to them. They then ply Thaddeus with questions which become more and more embarrassing, until at last he is broken down and forced to confess that his wife and not himself destroyed the will. Then everybody rushes to the house of Thaddeus to see if anything may yet be saved from the ruin of their hopes.

Helen, facing the alternative of sending Mrs. Thaddeus to prison, chooses to compromise and to divide the estate with the relatives of her father. Thaddeus and his wife renounce their share, but Helen insists that it shall be settled on their children. Much to the general disgust, she insists also that a share shall be given to a hospital in Linchpool in memory of her father. Her attitude, in this last act, is not magnanimous nor sentimental; it is merely generous and right. The play closes with a suggestion that she may ultimately find a life companion in a young curate, named Trist, who has been lodging with Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus.

This framework is decorated with a scathing satire of that sordidness which seethes to the surface of shallow natures when they are suddenly stirred by the prospect of a great wealth which they have never done anything to deserve. All that is mean and nasty in the natures of the Mortimores is called forth by the situation into which they are cast. Assuredly—to use the language of Macbeth—they make a sorry sight. Helen depicts them truly in the second act when she says, "But I'm sure it isn't good, morally, for me to be here. . . . If I remained here, all that's bad in my nature would come out on top." Yet, on the other hand, it is likely that most of the people in the audience who dare to call these characters "unpleasant" would

behave in much the same way if they were flung suddenly into a similar situation. As Trist says, in the play, "Their faults of manner and breeding are precisely the faults a reasonable, dispassionate person would have no difficulty in excusing." And, as Thaddeus says, even more justly, in his final defence of his wife, "You've seen her at a disadvantage—a terrible disadvantage. Few—few pass through life without being seen—once—or oftener—at a disadvantage." The Mortimores are sordid and despicable people, if you will; but few people would show themselves otherwise than sordid and despicable if they saw two hundred thousand dollars hovering nearly within their grasp.

Technically, this play is notable in so many points that we can call attention to only a small proportion of them in the brief space of a review. In the first act no fewer than twelve people are introduced upon the stage, and scarcely for a moment are less than eight people gathered upon the scene. Yet not only is an intricate story completely expounded in this initial act, but also the characters of all these dozen people are intimately drawn, in a dialogue that flutters all around the stage in crisp sentences and phrases that reveal entirely the individual natures of the speakers. Only a playwright can fully realise the difficulty of this technical task and the grace of its accomplishment.—In the third act, Thaddeus tells over again, almost word for word, the story which he has wrung from his wife at the climax of the preceding act; and yet this second hurling of the thunderbolt does not strike the audience as a repetition. Indeed, the second telling of the story is, in the theatre, more effective than the first. This fact indicates conclusively that what is of chief importance in this drama is not the incidents themselves but the effect of the incidents upon the characters assembled. The audience listens breathlessly to the retelling of an already familiar story in order to watch the effect that it produces on the listeners upon the stage.—Whereas a lesser dramatist would have rung down his third curtain on the collapse of Thaddeus at the conclusion of his confession, Pinero appends a scene which is terribly

comic, in order to work out to the last hateful and laughable detail the effect of the confession on the other members of the family.—Whereas almost any other author would have succumbed to the temptation to sentimentalise over Helen's generosity in the last act, Pinero carries off the situation in a mood that is serenely stern. When Mrs. Thaddeus sinks weeping at the feet of Helen, the latter, in the very moment of forgiving her, walks away from her instead of helping her to rise. And, at the end, Helen suggests that no word should pass between the woman who has wronged her and herself for the next six months; after which—and here is the human point—she hopes that Mrs. Thaddeus will again invite her for a visit.

Humanly, *The Thunderbolt* is unique in many ways. It is one of the few great plays of history in which there is no love story. It is merely suggested that, at some time subsequent to the play, Helen may possibly fall in love with Trist. Not for a single moment is attention called to the fact that any of the other characters is, in the sexual sense, a man or a woman. This is, in modern art, and especially in the art of Pinero, a remarkable departure from the usual. Pinero's later plays have dealt nearly always with some intricacy of relation between the sexes; and all contemporary

art is drenched with what—to use a German-sounding word—we may call sex-consciousness. In this, our modern art belies the modesty of nature; for in actual life it is only now and then that we are conscious of our sex. Most of the time we are not males or females, but merely human beings. And it is gratifying to observe a play in which all the people are exhibited upon the common ground of human nature, without awareness of diversity of sex.—It is especially notable, in *The Thunderbolt*, that the crime of destroying the will and the consequent crime of lying about the circumstances of its destruction, are committed impulsively by the two people in the Mortimore family who are, from first to last, the most likable of the lot. This is a very subtle point in the psychology of personal obliquity. Mrs. Thaddeus, who destroys the will, is a better person than the other women who merely profit by her crime; and Thaddeus, who tells an elaborate lie, has a truer nature than the brothers who detect him in his falsity. This great ethical principle, that people must be judged not by their unpremeditated deeds but by their abiding and essential personality, was clearly expounded by the wisest of all men, Dante Alighieri; but it is often lost sight of in modern art by men whose vision is less clear than that of Sir Arthur Pinero.

## TOLSTOY AT SIXTY

BY NADINE HELBIG



Y love for Tolstoy is nearly half a century old. As a young woman I read *War and Peace*, later *Anna Karenina*, and in a decisive moment of my life, in the spring of 1887, two books made a very powerful impression upon me: Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilitsch* and Thoreau's *Walden*, in which Emerson's friend so charmingly and so simply describes

his hermit life in the beautiful woods beside the clear lake. I was overwhelmed by a longing to make Tolstoy's acquaintance, to enter into personal relations with him, and with inexpressible pleasure I availed myself of the opportunity that soon presented itself unsought. A young friend and neighbour of Tolstoy, Prince Simon Abamelek Lazareff, visited us, and promised my daughter and me to introduce us to him. In order not to come as an entire stranger, I sent to Count Leo

Nicolaievitch Tolstoy, by the prince, Thoreau's book.

Scarcely had I reached Moscow, when I reminded the prince of his promise, and early in July my daughter Lili and I left my "white-stoned, golden domed native city of Moscow." I had often made the same journey when a child in a roomy travelling carriage drawn by six horses,

and the rapid railway ride seemed a swift recapitulation of old impressions. At the end of seven hours we reached Tula, dined, and early the next morning were ready for the joyous drive, which was at last to lead us to the long desired goal, like pilgrims to the Kaaba.

Our troika fairly flew over the highway. At the end of three hours the



THE LAST DEPARTURE—TOLSTOY LEAVING HIS HOME

horses turned to the right, and we were soon in Yasnaya Poliana, where an extremely cordial reception awaited us. I was taken at once to the Count, who greeted me like an old acquaintance. This I owed to my dear Thoreau, whose book *Leo Nicolaievitch* at once took out of his pocket. He spoke with genuine love and reverence of this glorious man, who led so beautiful a life in his beloved woods, in the little hut built with his own hands from the trees he had himself felled, alone with his Homer, sustaining himself with the vegetables he planted and tended, the strawberries and blackberries the forest so lavishly offered him, bathing in the cool pond at sunrise and, when his work was finished, thinking kindly of mankind, whose life greeted him through the distant whistle of the locomotives. Perfectly happy in his absence of wants, he gradually learned to distinguish the notes and songs of the various birds. Rabbits and squirrels were his beloved companions, who had the same rights as himself. "I have the bad habit," said Tolstoy, "of marking with coloured pencils the passages in books which particularly please me, and it is not my fault if your little volume bears on almost every page red, blue, and green crosses and lines; to be frank, I should be very happy if you would give it to me." And I was still more happy to lay Thoreau's book and my own heart, at the same time, at Tolstoy's feet.

Merry voices from the garden lured us to the balcony. My daughter had not lost her time. She had made the acquaintance of the Countess, her three daughters, and half a dozen of the latter's girl friends, and in a few minutes she was on intimate terms with them all. Tolstoy heard her gay, joyous laugh and said: "Whoever laughs in that way will always be happy!" The little party soon disappeared in the direction of the woods, where, after the dusty drive, a bath in the clear stream was doubly welcome; and the Count took me into the wild and therefore doubly poetic garden, to the wide avenue, where the gigantic smooth trunks of the old lindens stood under the protecting roof of their dark foliage like the pillars of an ancient temple. To me it was as solemn as a temple.

In the house a meal awaited us that seemed better suited to Homeric heroes than to Tolstoy's æsthetic theories. There was a large party at table: the Count and Countess, their three daughters, Tania, Mascha, Sacha; three sons, Leon, Michel, André, Madame Kaminsky, the sister of Countess Sophia Andreievna, and her daughter, several young girl friends, teachers, governesses, artists, a General who had arrived in a comfortable travelling carriage, and a student who had come from Moscow on foot. All did full justice to the meal, all felt at home, and in a happy, social mood.

The image of Count Tolstoy, as he sat there, happy among his joyous, rising family, his friends, his followers, remains in my memory. He joked with the children, he teased the young girls, he was charming to all. His conversation was stimulating and intellectual, but he soon glided on to his crotchets. He stamped every science, every art as not only useless, but positively harmful. Then my pert daughter could not help asking why, under such circumstances, he could endure to have pianos, sheet-music, violin-cases in the dining-room. He now confessed that, though art, was harmful, he enjoyed nothing more than occasionally playing one of Mozart's sonatas with violin accompaniment, and should like to have all his children play upon some instrument. Therefore he had in the country a very excellent young Polish violinist, whom he immediately presented to me. Meanwhile my daughter had already taken possession of the violin, tuned it, and begged the Count to do her the honour of playing a sonata by Mozart with her.

It went very well. The Count played simply, yet with feeling, in spite of his work-stiffened fingers; my daughter did her very best, both players were satisfied with themselves and each other (and this is the main point). Amid gay and stimulating talk, the hour grew late; the full moon had risen; it was time to say farewell, and this farewell was as hard for Lili as for me. Then a chorus of entreaties arose, old and young, large and small, all begged us to stay, there was always room in Yasnaya Poliana. Tempting indeed! But we had left our baggage at

the hotel in Tula, and were obliged to go back there, but we were compelled to promise to return to Yasnaya early the next morning.

The joyous thought of the cordial invitation gave us only brief repose, we waked very early and drove merrily over the now familiar road to Yasnaya Poliana. It was Monday, and haying time; all who could work were in the fields and meadows; only a few half naked children were playing among the pigs in the deserted village streets. Scarcely twenty hours before we had passed over the road with Prince Abamelek as strangers, now we came as friends, almost like members of the family, sure that Tolstoy's heart and house would be open to us. And how cordially we were received by parents and children, old and young! The young people took my daughter at once to the great meadow to turn the hay, the Count was at work in his study, Countess Sophia Andreievna devoted herself to me.

She is an extremely remarkable woman, and it is rarely that Heaven, with the aid of Cupid, bestows upon a great genius a life-companion so perfectly suited to him. If it is not usually easy to live peaceably with husbands, the geniuses and saints (next to the absolute fools and scoundrels) are the most difficult to manage. Now Sophia Andreievna's husband was both genius and saint. So her task was doubly hard—and she thanks God for it! And she toiled more than any other woman for husband and children. Her life has been no easy one. A physician's daughter, she married very early. It was a genuine love-match. The young couple moved into the country, where most of her children were born. Many died little beyond infancy, and she had great trouble in rearing the others. They lived comfortably, free from care, until one day, shortly before our arrival, Tolstoy surprised her with the information that he had given his land and money to his peasants, that the life of leisure was now over; it was sinful to live otherwise than by the labour of the hands, the sweat of the brow!

This was a hard blow for the careful housewife, the delicate mother of nine

children. Six sons and three daughters to educate and provide for. Fortunately her courage and wisdom are as great as her maternal love. Though he had given away all his property, an inexhaustible source of wealth still remained: his literary work. This she stipulated for from her husband, and took charge of its publication. With inflexible energy she attends to everything, down to the smallest detail; she deals with printing offices and booksellers, decides upon paper and type, arranges for new editions of the older works, translations into all languages, keeps accounts of the sales in all quarters of the world. Thanks to her untiring energy, her practical mind, there had been no external change in the family life, they lived in the utmost comfort; Yasnaya Poliana and their house in Moscow still afforded, as before, the widest hospitality to all relatives, friends, acquaintances, unknown admirers and worshippers of Tolstoy, men and women from every country.

The Countess has always worked busily with her husband, and she told me much that was interesting about his methods. He threw his ideas upon paper just as they happened to come to him, and gave her the loose sheets. She copied them, leaving wide margins on the paper. The Count read the copy and revised the whole, after which he again handed it to her to copy. This second sketch was once more revised by him, copied by her and her daughters, and so it often went on *ad infinitum*. At the same time he had a very high opinion of his wife's talents. The declaration of love in *Anna Karénina* may serve as an instance: "Write what I said when I asked for your hand, you probably remember," he said to her. What he wrote was usually something that he had himself experienced or which had happened in the immediate vicinity. Anna Karénina was the mistress of a neighbouring estate, the terrible final tragedy occurred at the nearest railway station, he saw the dead body with his own eyes. Everything stimulated him—trivial events awoke slumbering ideas which he worked up into masterpieces.

New guests had come from Moscow. Old friends, new acquaintances, the genuine *Laterna magica*. After dinner



we visited in the great orchard the Kirghiz, who had come from Samara to prepare the kumiss prescribed for the Count by the physician. Count Leo had great sympathy for these worthy folk who set up housekeeping everywhere. The mare whose milk, prepared in a special way, becomes kumiss is their most valuable possession. On the journey she carries the whole property of her owners, the blankets laid together for the quickly erected tents, the primitive loom, a few coverlets, a few cooking utensils. "We need nothing more," Tolstoy said. Perhaps he was right!

"And the morning and evening were the second day!" And the second evening again brought farewell, and this departure was infinitely more sorrowful than the previous one. Tolstoy and the whole family earnestly entreated us to stay with them, but we had promised to go the next day to visit an old aunt and her three daughters near Serpuchov, and we thought the fulfilment of this promise a duty. In shaking hands for the last time, we could not help asking the Count whether we might come again some time in the future. His answer was touching: "Come after ten hours, or after ten days, after ten months, after ten years, you will always be welcome, but it would be best if you would simply remain here with us." We parted with heavy hearts and drove back to Tula in silence.

A Russian proverb says: "The morning is wiser than the evening." The next morning the clever and simple thought came to me that we might telegraph to our relatives and defer the visit for a few days. A telegram was sent to the aunt, the troika was ordered again, and away flew the three horses. The sky seemed bluer, our joy idealised the landscape, never had the bells on the horses sounded so merry, our impatience prolonged the way. Just before the end of the trip, we ordered the bells to be muffled in order to drive noiselessly into the grounds, where everything was still silent. Our baggage was placed under a tree, we sat down on our trunks, and waited as still as mice for whatever might come.

What did come was Count Leo Tolstoy in his own person, barefoot, in his linen blouse, with his scythe on his

shoulder. He had made his round through the village and, on his way home, mowed a piece of meadowland that he had not finished the day before. His pleasure, when he discovered us sitting upon our trunks, was touching, and I need not add that it was mutual. Tania, Tolstoy's oldest daughter, joyously gave up her chamber to us, and we settled ourselves for a longer stay. We passed ten happy, never-to-be-forgotten days under that hospitable roof. We were permitted to share the life of the beloved great man, helping in the merry work, learning, and often also teaching.

The hour of rising in the morning was not too early. The Count went down into the village, and helped there, wherever help was needed, with counsel and deed. Meanwhile, people who wanted to see and talk with him came from all directions. In the garden under the big pine tree a motley throng daily awaited him—students, peasants from far and near, pilgrims, of whom countless numbers, men, women, and children, year in and year out, are passing through holy Russia, and beyond her frontiers. After the many tombs and relics of dead saints they now wished to see and talk with a living one. Though many cherished doubts whether he was a saint of the right kind, every one found in him comfort for his troubles, and good, vigorous counsel, that stimulated to action. For all he had earnest words bubbling from the living, inexhaustible spring of his intellect, his heart, his faith. He, on his part, learned much from the pilgrims. They gave him the material for two of his most beautiful tales: *Three Old Men* and *Two Old Men*.

Many sick people also came, on whom the Count and Countess gladly bestowed good advice and medicine. As my mother had trained me from childhood in this kind of activity, I took special interest in these seekers for aid. A poor gipsy woman brought her beautiful, half naked brown boy with severe burns. Salve was given to her, with linen rags, which she was to spread with the salve and lay upon the burns, and she was told to wash the rags clean after each use of them. Remembering old experiences, I advised her, on the contrary, to put the salve on the fresh leaves of the plantago.

which grew luxuriantly by every stream. The simplicity of this treatment made a great impression upon the Count, and I was at once installed as medical adviser. But my fame rose sky-high, when I had given the Count himself a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and, by this very simple remedy, relieved him of severe heart-burn, from which he had suffered for years. After the consultation, tea was usually taken in the garden; at half past ten the Count entered his study, and the house became quiet. Every one could do whatever he chose, but there must be no noise. One day I had a pot of paste made, and took possession of a pile of torn sheets of music which lay in confused but by no means picturesque disorder in a corner. I stuck together many which had long been considered hopelessly lost, among them several of the Count's favourite pieces, which I played to him that evening to his own and the general pleasure.

While thus usefully occupied, the Count's second son sat down at the piano, and asked me questions which, on so short an acquaintance, seemed to me strange: What was he to become, what should he do? He did not like study; from a child it had always been his dream to become a gay officer, and now his father's principles did not allow him to take up the military career, the only one to which he felt attracted. The answer was so difficult, that I have made none up to the present hour. Meanwhile he has become an author, to be sure without ever being in danger of obscuring his father's fame.

At luncheon the whole family and the guests met. All related the events of the morning; the Count listened, praised or censured where praise and blame were needed, and in all cases gave good, practical counsel. He praised my patient mending of the music, and when all had again returned to their various employments, he came to me with a garment over his arm, and asked if I could mend clothing also. It was an old overcoat, which he had worn and loved many years, and which the Countess had condemned to be given away as hopelessly used up. I understand full well this affection for old garments around which

cling associations both pleasant and painful; so I was the very best person to whom the great man could have turned. We laid the patient on the table and subjected it to a conscientious examination. The Count knew the bad places (they were numerous), but it was purely a surgical case: ripped sewing, several rents, buttons "conspicuous by their absence." But the article so delightfully suggested the open air, the woods and the fields that, besides my knowledge as a good housekeeper and mother, old hunting instincts of a long previous existence woke within me, and I willingly seized the needle. That very evening I had the pleasure of seeing the Count return from his work in the fields in his beloved old overcoat, without holes and with almost as many buttons as Hoffmann's Little Zach needed to wear the order of the green-spotted tiger. In her husband's delight Countess Sophia Andrievna readily forgave me for this intrusion into her province.

Charming pictures hover before my eyes: a young forest with a group of pretty girls in gay clothes. They are looking for mushrooms. I see them again on the great meadow beside the little stream, like large bright flowers in the grass. They toss the hay, pile it into high cocks, then play merry pranks, sing ringing songs, and among them I see the Count's tall, powerful figure, I hear his kindly voice, as he encourages them to work and play. One evening especially lingers in my memory, during which Count Leo Nikolaevitch delivered a long speech about his beloved Russian peasants. He praised their ability, their readiness to help one another, their capacity for sacrifice, their unaffected naturalness. Here his daughter Tatiana interrupted: "Papa, don't talk to me about their naturalness! You know better than I how closely they cling to the traditional form, in their daily life, as well as in religion. They have established modes of expression for every important event of their lives, which have been inherited for centuries by generation after generation. Let us suppose that you are a peasant and are telling me, your daughter, that such a young fellow has asked you to give me to him for his wife." She

threw herself at her father's feet (she chanced to be in peasant costume) and began a recitative rising to the utmost vehemence: "Oh! Batuscha, do not give me to the strange man who will take me away from you, to the mother-in-law, who will make me work day and night, who will beat me! Let me stay with you, keep my girlhood in your house, spin and weave for you, nurse you in your old age, close your eyes in death!" The scene was really very touching, and tears filled my eyes. Then came the lamenting after the death of the husband: "Oh! my supporter, why have you abandoned me! Oh! light of my eyes, I am now left alone in the world! Who will feed, and punish, and rear the children? and so forth."—Well, I was beginning to weep too! The Count was compelled to admit, somewhat dejectedly, that Tatiana was right: he had not thought of the traditional formalism.

Never to be forgotten, too, is the evening when the young Polish violinist whom I have previously mentioned asked me to play with him Beethoven's sonata for the piano and violin, his favourite piece, which he had not been able to give for a long time on account of not having a good accompanist on the piano. Tolstoy listened more and more intently—he had the first movement repeated, and went away in silence as soon as the last notes of the sonata were played, without having taken his usual cordial farewell of us, his family, and his guests.

During the night his *Kreutzer-Sonata* originated in all its savage power. He sent it in manuscript to my Roman home soon after. Tolstoy was the best listener to whom I have ever played. He forgot himself and all his surroundings, the expression of his face changed according to the meaning of the piece, tears flowed down his cheeks at many a beautiful adagio, and we then heard him say: "Tania, bring me a clean handkerchief, I have certainly taken cold to-day!" I usually had to play Beethoven and Schumann to him, he had not much appreciation of Bach — on the other hand, with Liszt, and still more with Wagner, one could make him fairly furious.

He cherished the same hatred against everything which dealt in the most distant degree with esoteric knowledge and demonstration. Shortly before my departure we had a vehement argument over magnetism, whose demonstrations he considered pure charlatanism. On my leaving he asked when he might hope to have us visit him again, and I promised to return when magnetism was recognised by the scientific world. "Don't say that," he answered, "for I hope to see you again soon, and magnetism is and will remain an infamous swindle!" A few weeks later, on the journey back to Rome, I had in Berlin the satisfaction of seeing the first volume of Charcot's *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, and sent it to Tolstoy.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF A RUSSIAN BOOKSELLER

BY IVAN NARODNY



HAVING been for many years a bookseller in Russia I have found that to the Russian a book is something sacred and mysterious. To him it is almost a fetish, a thing to be revered. He never regards it as a piece of furniture or a decoration. To

the half educated peasant it is the silent speech of the divine mysteries; to the educated reader it is the message of genius. A Russian never buys an edition de luxe to keep for show. If he has one it probably has been presented to him by some one else on some important occasion. I can hardly think of any sets of a hundred or four hundred dollar edi-

tions or of a prescription for a five-foot book shelf. The Russians would laugh at any prescriptions for a family library, even if such prescriptions had been suggested by men like Tolstoy or Turgéneff.

When the present Czar was the heir-apparent and made a trip in the Orient, Prince Uchtomsky and one of the best Russian artists were invited to accompany the imperial traveller and write the book of his travels. The book was published gorgeously and nothing was spared to make it artistic, interesting and attractive. Brockhaus and Company in Leipzig were subsidised to bring out a German edition at the same time. The Russian edition was of one thousand copies and the price was fifty rubles a copy. It was really a very beautiful work and one would suppose it would have had a big sale. At that time all the higher Russian nobility was favourably disposed to the court and many big retail sellers made a propaganda among their customers, counting on a large sale. I, being at that time the manager of a provincial bookstore, took personally a copy to the governor of the province, feeling sure that he would buy it. But to my surprise he replied:

"I might have been induced to buy a new book by Tchekhoff or Korolenko for such a price, but as to buying that book, I have no interest in it at all. I would not buy it for five rubles, for I do not keep books for their appearance or for the names of their authors. I like to have books which I read and reread with reverence."

Thus the book of the Czarevitche's travels in the Orient was a failure and I believe that hardly more than a hundred copies of it were sold in the bookstores. Finally it was taken out of sale by the Minister of the Court and distributed as a souvenir for the palace employees or as presents for the members of the Imperial family.

About the same time a publisher brought out a collection of essays by Herten, a famous Russian exiled writer. It was a primitive paper-covered edition, and as it was prohibited by the Censor, only a few copies were left with each retail dealer. I procured five or ten copies and covered them with the covers of the orthodox prayer book, so that if a search

were made by the police, the prohibited books would not be discovered in my store. The original price of each copy was five rubles, but I placed it at ten. In less than a week the books were sold, and I had scores of customers who offered me twenty rubles for a copy if I would get it for them. But the fact was I could not get them at any price. It is not unusual for a bookseller to sell prohibited literature for a double price or triple price. I sold *Siberia and the Exile System*, by George Kennan, for five to ten rubles a copy, although it was listed at only one ruble.

This may give a slight idea of the peculiarity of the Russian reader and also illustrate the fact that in Russia one appreciates more the thought and the spirit of the work than the fame of its author or the binding. I am positive that if a Russian Prime-Minister should write something his book would find scarcely a buyer, because of his social prominence. General Kuropatkin wrote a book on the Russo-Japanese War and the expectation was that it would be a great success, yet of the foreign editions ten times more were sold than of the Russian. About ten years ago the Grand Duke Constantine published a volume of his poems and one would think that the people would have bought it out of sheer curiosity. But the publisher told me that not two hundred copies have been sold since the book appeared.

To succeed in Russia a book must have three pronounced qualities. It must first of all have a strong dramatic element, which is based upon true psychological characterisation. Next, it must have a thought and strong emotional appeal; and finally it must have an individual originality, which fascinates the reader either with some temporary social political problem or with the treatment of the momentary moods of society. In America a book must make a hit immediately or it is a failure, but in Russia a good book comes to the surface after several years. Gorky and Andrieff were the only Russian writers who made their reputation in two or three years; but Tolstoy, Turgéneff and Dostoyevsky were able to succeed only in the course of from six to ten years.

Very often books that have but little significance in their native country become the greatest "sellers" abroad. Some of the American authors who are almost forgotten in their own country are still in high demand in Russia. For example, Henry George, Bret Harte, Cooper and Longfellow. I cannot imagine a Russian student of literature or an average reader who does not have the books of these American authors on their shelves. The works of Emerson, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, the biographies of Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are and remain the most popular American books in Russia.

A Russian reader likes to read only such American books as are tinged with the wild adventurous life of the new world, something that smacks of the aboriginal, of the Indians; or which expresses such original elements as are supposed to represent the spirit of the American people. The Russian average reader as a rule imagines America as a country of absolute freedom and happiness of which he dreams as of an idyllic paradise. Nobody likes to read American fiction that sounds like a cheap imitation of the European. They do not like American writers who are occupied with clever plots or with social scandals. The Russian demands that America offer something typical of its soul both in ideas and in conception. Many Russian publishers have tried again and again to bring out such books as have succeeded in America, but nearly all have failed.

*The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair, and *Looking Backward*, by Bellamy, were the only popular books of the American "sellers" that succeeded in Russia. Their success was due to their socialistic qualities and they were published at a time when the spirit of socialism had reached its culmination. But these books both died in their early youth. Nothing is now heard of them, though a few years ago they sold by hundreds of thousands of copies. Few English authors have made in Russia such a success as Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. In the beginning of this century they attracted attention and made a great sensation. But whether they will continue to sell is hard to predict.

At the same time Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche created a furor and their works were published in half a dozen various editions. The Sunday editor of every newspaper had to print something by these literary gods in his Sunday section. Circles and clubs for their propaganda were founded everywhere. Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche were discussed alike by high society and by the literary vagabonds. It was a real fad for a time. Only now under the pressure of new idols they are gradually disappearing and giving place.

For some three or four years Gorky and Walt Whitman were the objects of a literary cult. Their books were to be seen on tables in private houses and in clubs, and their portraits were placed like holy pictures in places of honour in bookstores and in public halls. Just as an orthodox religious peasant crosses himself every time he passes a holy picture, just so a follower of these literary idols bowed reverently before the masterpieces of Walt Whitman and Gorky. Many of the Russian authors that have had a great success abroad are at home almost neglected. Of Turgénéff and Andrieff less is sold in Russia than abroad. Tchekhoff, Dostoyevsky and Korolenko are but little known in America, but they are at present Russia's most popular authors.

Pessimistic realism has for fifty years dominated Russian fiction. Yet in a very different key is the work of a new writer, who has probably made the biggest sensation in modern Russian literature. Arzibasheff is the literary hero of Russia of to-day. Of his *Sanin* over a million copies have been sold in one year, although his recent novels have created less furor. He is a modern Boccaccio, the impressionist of an erotic fiction. His style is vivid and fascinating, but he so reeks with sensualism that he leaves Maupassant far behind.

Russian readers differ not only in their literary tastes, but also, as here, in their point of view. A book of fiction must not only fascinate the intellect but also it must touch the heart. It must be direct, simple and natural as if the author were telling a story verbally. In Russia the writer of fiction has not only to undergo the severe training of the journalist and

the literary critic, but also he has to be a student of psychology, sociology and arts before he attempts to make a career as a novelist. This may be best illustrated by my own experience. I was a journalist for two years, for three years I was a bookseller and then for some years longer a literary critic. I had published many short stories in the periodicals, yet I did not yet dare to write my individual style of fiction, over which I had worked for over ten years, until men like Dr. Tchek-

hoff, Professor Schroeder and Tolstoy found something to appreciate in my stories. However, my first attempts at originality were soon nipped in the bud, when the Russian Government, unable to agree with my efforts, made me a prisoner for four years in St. Petersburg. After my release political persecution forced me to leave my country, probably forever, and thus to become an author in a new country and in the midst of a new life.

## SMOKE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I have watched the smoke ascending from the work-shops of the world,  
Blowing in an endless spiral as it soared,  
Till it seemed to reach high heaven when it valiantly upcurled—  
Labour's incense (whispered Mammon) to the Lord.

*But I saw, as in a vision, the wan profiles of the poor  
In the outline of the smoke against the sky;  
And I saw their anguished bodies that no longer could endure,  
Sweeping upward—and I thought I heard them sigh.*

Yet the mighty lords of labour, they who prosper in the sun  
While the darkness of the engine-room is deep,  
Tell us this is their grey tribute for another day's work done,  
This the token of *their* thanks before they sleep.

*But I know it is the breath of them who labour in the mills,  
I know it is a portion of each soul  
Who has known the stifling, chained-up years, the grind that slowly kills,  
As I watch the velvet columns upward roll.*

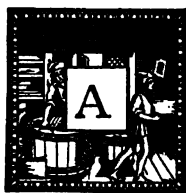
Thick and thicker swings the whirlwind up the ladder of the night,  
Dense and denser sweeps the twilight's punctual cloud;  
If this be Toil's great censor swung with Wealth's tumultuous might,  
Then with shame, O Lord, with shame my head is bowed.

*For Thy children in our keeping lose a little day by day,  
Thin and thinner toward high heaven blows their breath,  
And I know that from the chimneys that are black and tall and grey,  
Each sunset moves an army unto Death!*

# INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

## IX—THE MILITARY NOVEL

(Transcribed from an interview with Lieutenant Torney, U. S. A.)



S a general rule, I believe you will discover that the so-called military novels follow closely the so-called military plays in the matter of militant inaccuracy and snickerable Yankee Doodleism. To be direct, the soldier fiction, year in and year out, is the same old dish of mush. In a recent magazine, a writer stated the facts nicely when he said: "First of all, there must be a court-martial. Folks have read in the newspapers that such things occur in that vague existence known as 'army life.' This court-martial, of course, arose from a 'scandal.' The scandal occurred at a 'post.' We all read the papers and we all know that such scandals are about all that occur at posts. According to our newspaper information and our playwrights, almost all the officers are drunkards, murderers and liars—except the hero—and the bulk of the American army is made up of bums and comic old Irishmen." What "applies" to the "military" plays applies as well to the alleged military novels, at least as I have found them. To be sure, once in a long, long while, a worthy military drama such as *Secret Service* is revealed, but not even in that generous period of time does an entirely worthy military novel put in an appearance.

It is a sorry fact that most of the fiction dealing with the United States Army in one phase or another should have as its plot groundwork the much overworked "post scandal." Your arguing opponents will tell you that the lack of romance and colour about our army life compels this resorting to antique themes as the *only* themes from which to develop a really interesting piece of military fiction. I am speaking, of course, only of the class of fiction usually described by the dubious adjective "popular." To be sure, the United States Army probably is not en-

veloped in the glamorous scarlet and purple and twining gold of the armies of Europe, but simple blue may nevertheless cover many a stirring and even stimulating incident capable of fiction expansion. An actual military incident done into fiction form must make better reading than a spectacular and futile exploitation of a cheap stock theme made to masquerade in army uniform. Ambrose Bierce has succeeded admirably, in his collection of short stories called *In the Midst of Life*, in presenting several vivid little photographs of genuine soldierdom without resorting to the antiquated, clap-trap theme trunks in the military garrets. The late Stephen Crane, wielding a broad brush, painted a stirring campaign picture that must live in the mind of both soldier and civilian—and I have heard it asserted that Crane never smelled the powder of battle! But Crane, alas! was one in a thousand among rifle and sabre imaginations. Captain Charles King, although of considerably less literary skill and despite a predilection toward the cut-and-dried military novel plots, is nevertheless a careful worker and, lack what they may, his stories are seldom inaccurate in their major technical details. I recall a visit Captain King made to my quarters when I was a cadet at West Point. He was gathering material for a novel dealing with cadet life and, by personal communication with the cadets, he gained all the information he desired at first hand. Captain King realised the absolute ineffectuality of military stories written "from a distance." That is precisely the manner in which many of the sales-counter army life stories are written. Speaking of the fiction dealing with cadet life at West Point alone, I venture that in at least half the stories you will find the "love element" of the narrative centred in the officers' quarters. Captain King was never guilty of such an error. He appreciated full well that, save for a

specified period on Saturday afternoons, cadets are not permitted in those quarters. In many other stories I have read, however, I found cadets strolling in and out of the officers' quarters all day long. This is but one flaw. But it indicates with sufficient clarity, I trust, the impossibility of executing a military novel dealing with military facts and details unless the writer knows his ground, whether he be of it or merely on it.

Obviously, an acquaintance with the details of army life is not always necessary in the writing of the fiction freely termed "military." Some such recent novel, for example, as *A Philippine Romance*, from the pen of a woman—Lillian Hathaway Mearns—may or may not be satisfactory according to one's taste for this sort of thing. The story concerns the adventures of an army officer in a warring Philippine province, set against a background of "Philippine life" as interpreted by the author from her own observations in the country of which she writes. But novels like this, while they may be characterised by some persons as "military," are, it seems to me, rather the plain everyday garden species of fiction clothed in army uniform.

There is a certain class of fiction manufacturers who frequently seek to bolster up a weak-kneed story with "clanking sabres" and "glistening bayonets." They know little, if anything, about the life of a soldier in the army, but they make their hero a captain, assign him to a fort somewhere out West, preferably Kansas, and think it enough. In the works of these volunteer writers of fiction, sabres are always "clanking" and bayonets are always "glistening." That is their thorough and entire knowledge. There is no surer way to scent the beginner. Your authentic commander of the pen never betrays himself by such commonplaces. He knows that sabres are not clanking all the time and that even bayonets sometimes do not glisten. Constructively, it may be suggested that the United States Army is fertile with valid and as yet virgin themes. It is not, as the novelists would have us believe, a scandal-doodle army. West Point, Headquarters at Washington, Governor's Island, the various army

posts are each and all replete with effective material. The recruiting stations offer another good field; so, too, do the national guard and the training schools at Sandy Hook and Willett's Point. There is romance in the career of a private in the standing army—often as much as in the career of his officers. Writers, however, insist upon hitting the "high spots" and the "high spots" only. They can see in their pen's eye only "colonels" and "captains" and "captains' wives" and the other stock figures in the melodrama. They can see no romance in anything but battle, no realism in anything but gunpowder.

The recent considerable revival of the military drama may be a forerunner of a deluge of new military novels. The widely read *Ailsa Paige*, although a military novel of the '60's, seemed to point out a path for other novelists and, indeed, even as we speak, venturesome brothers of Mr. Chambers may be deep in their studios putting the final touches on military novels of this later era. Let these, however, remember that it is one thing to write a military novel of a half century ago that will be acceptable and quite another to write one of to-day that will stand the same searchlight of so-termed "inside" criticism. You have heard the story of the small boy at school who, when his teacher said, "Johnny, what did Sherman's men eat on their march to the sea?" replied: "Raw onions!" That was not the answer the teacher expected, to be sure, but she knew she could not flatly contradict Johnny. It was possible the soldiers *had* eaten raw onions as well as horse flesh—the histories did not tell—and Johnny was wise enough to realise it. So it is with the novels. It is pretty hard to contradict things that possibly might have happened, even if we honestly believe they did not happen. But, when we speak of our own times, we *know*. Then must the novelist who would render his details secure have a care. It is a case of horse flesh then, not onions. And the "raw onion fictionist" must suffer. "Navy fiction," I am given to understand, is satisfactory even to the "inside" critic. Why may not army fiction be the same?



# ONKEL TOMS S T U G A AF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



COVER DESIGN OF A SWEDISH EDITION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

## THE BOOK ARTS OF SWEDEN

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

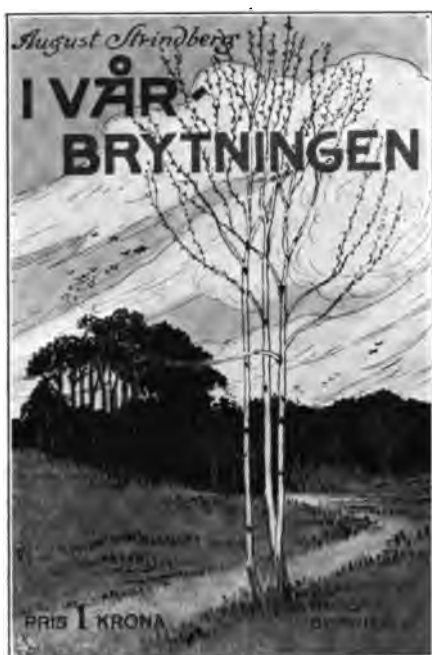


THOUGH Americans have been fairly careful to keep abreast with contemporary north European literature, we have taken comparatively little interest in what northern countries are doing in the arts of printing and book-decoration. The average well-informed book-lover would probably pause in confusion if asked to

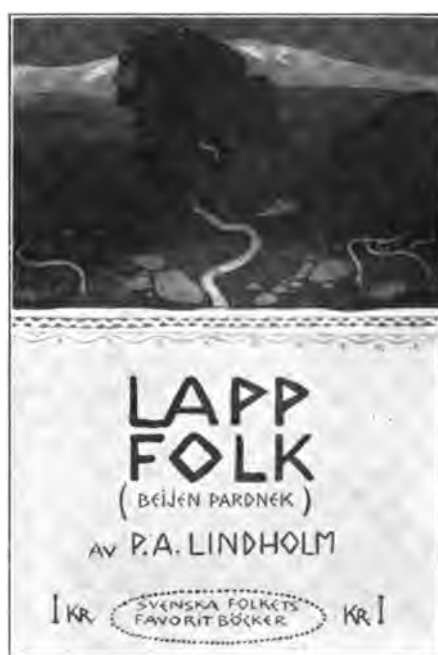
name a celebrated north European publisher, printer or illustrator. This is particularly to be said of a knowledge, or, to be more correct, a lack of knowledge of the book-arts of Scandinavia, particularly of those of Sweden. And yet Swedish publishers are giving encouragement to fine book-making that is, in truth, not only a renaissance of the Swedish book-arts of two centuries ago, but a movement that is taking tremendous strides



EXAMPLES OF SWEDISH BOOK COVER DESIGNS



COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR SJÖRGREN



COVER DESIGN BY JOHN BAUER



COVER DESIGN BY A. TORNEMAN



COVER DESIGN BY A. TORNEMAN



DECORATED PAGE FROM "ETT HEM," DESIGNED BY  
INGABORG UDDÉN, ONE OF THE FOREMOST  
SWEDISH WOMEN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS

in the way of an expression of individuality.

We do know that Swedish painters have developed great originality, and of a sort that seems independent of the teachings of the art-centres of the world—Berlin, Rome, Munich, Paris, London. This is true too of Swedish book illustrators, and of the contemporary Swedish masters of fine printing. Unfortunately we are likely to rest contented with our knowledge of French, of German, with to-day's acquisition of Italian and yesterday's of Spanish, so that we have greatly neglected the Scandinavian languages, and hence, have missed coming in contact with the books whose writings they directly convey to the native or to the initiate. Who, for instance, reads Georg Brandes in Danish, Henrik Ibsen in Norwegian, Topelius in Swedish? The Scandinavians, however, are well up in English, and English books are to be found everywhere in Sweden, as well as the books of other countries. Indeed the literary Swede is polyglot. Moreover, he is somewhat omnivorous, and where we have the works of a dozen Scandi-

navian authors translated into English you will find the Swedish bookseller with several hundred titles from the English in his catalogue of native publications. Wilkie Collins looks baffling to us as *Den hvitklädda kvinnan*, Charles Dickens as *Pickwickklubbens*, Beatrice Harraden as *Skepp som mötas i natten*, and Kipling as *Då ljuset försvann*, but the language is not so formidable as it appears. At any rate the Swedish publishers are now putting forth such beautiful and attractive works, embellished with the finest examples of modern decorative art, that it is to be assumed the dilatory outsiders will be tempted within the magic circle of a now alien language, if only to discover what literary gems repose in such exquisitely conceived caskets. The illustrations which are reproduced here will give the reader some idea of the decorative side of the Swedish book arts. Some idea of what such new masters of pen-and-brush as Arthur Sjörgren, Albert Engström, Hjalmar Enerath, Ingaborg Uddén, A. Torneman, Oscar Hallostrom, John Bauer and others are capable of



BOOK VIGNETTES DESIGNED BY INGABORG UDDÉN

producing, work that has a quality of nationalism all its own, breathing with the imagination of the Norsemen. Indeed one feels instinctively that Sweden is awakening to new birth in the book arts, an awakening that has come just in time for her alertness to keep pace with the Danes and the Russians and, indeed, to catch up, as nearly as possible, to the Germans, though the writer does not believe any country's book-arts will ever be comparable with the best that comes to us from Leipzig, Düsseldorf, Stuttgart, or Munich.

The Swedish printers, it is true, have taken their cue from their German confrères, but the men of Stockholm, Göteborg and elsewhere, are fast learning what other countries have to teach them, until Swedish printing, held in esteem in past centuries, has once again come into its own. The great Scandinavian painter, Carl Larsson, has done as much as any other man to encourage fine printing in the north countries, especially printing in colour. Then such men as Erik Werenskiöld, Otto Sinding, Edvard Munch, Gerhard Munthe, and the Norwegian Thorolf Holmboes have lent great encouragement to the printing art by the technical excellences of their work, so thoroughly fitted and adapted to reproduction as it has proved itself to be. Norway indeed has contributed much to

the development of the book arts in Scandinavia, especially in the way of the decorative printing of poetry. Both Norwegians and Swedes are fond of verse and, marvellous to relate, buy it, so one is told the printing of poetry is profitable in the land of the midnight sun. Sweden's women illustrators are producing excellent work in book decoration, and among the foremost of these artists is Ingaborg Uddén. Probably Arthur Sjörgren is the favourite Scandinavian illustrator, indeed he is the Walter Crane of Sweden. Sjörgren's accomplishments are very expressive of the Swedish advance in the book arts and even greater things may be expected of him. The famous Stockholm publishers, Björk and Börjesson, are said to have given him his first encouragement, something of which they may be proud when one comes to consider such volumes as the *Broderna Grimms Saga* (*Brothers Grimm Fairy Stories*), which Sjörgren illustrated at their suggestion, are produced to delight the eye of child and grown-up alike by reason of the extraordinary excellence of the decorative illustration, type and printed page. And so an eye may as well be kept on the Swedish book arts and on the men who are behind the movement in Sweden to better the art of printing and decorative illustration in the land of Scandinavia.





THE CASTLE OF PETRARCH AND LAURA

Petrarch's home at Vacluse, near Avignon, is associated not only with the poet's own life, but with that Laura who was the theme and inspiration of the "Canzonière." Petrarch and Laura met for the first time in the spring of 1327. Who Laura was remains a matter of controversy, and there has even been advanced the theory that she was merely a figment of the poet's fancy. Byron has written with characteristic cynicism:

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife  
He would have written sonnets all his life?"



THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE



VAUCLUSE, LOOKING FROM THE FOUNTAIN

# SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### "LIFE AND LETTERS OF E. C. STEDMAN"*

The *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman*, by his granddaughter Miss Laura Stedman and his friend Dr. George M. Gould, is something more than the ordinary biography.* It is almost as much of an autobiography as a book of confessedly that character, for there is quite enough of what Stedman has written, in letters and diaries, to tell the story of his life from its early days. He began writing when he was seven or eight years of age, not only prose, but verse, and besides this he wrote copious notes on his own life which are reproduced in these two stout volumes. To me the book is of much more than ordinary interest. Mr. Stedman was one of the first men of letters whom I knew intimately, and from the day that I first met him until the day of his death he was my literary guide, philosopher and friend. When I first met Mr. Stedman he was economising by living on the outskirts or at least not in the densely populated part of Newark, New Jersey. He was in Wall Street at the time, but still doing literary work. He had had great misfortunes in his business, and he gave up New York life to live in the suburbs, where rents were cheaper and where there were fewer distractions. I remember his Newark home well, and what appealed to me the most about it was the books that met you on every hand. In the little library that he used as a work-room, they were piled to the ceiling. Many an evening I have climbed up the hill to Mr. Stedman's house and talked about his writings and my aspirations until he must have wished that I was anywhere but where I was. But never by sign or look did he show that I was encroaching on his time. Now I know that I was, and his time meant money to him, for it was only in the evenings that he could do his literary work.

*The *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman*. Edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Mr. Stedman's life was not only pathetic, it was tragic. It seems incredible that so many unhappy things could have happened to one man. In the first place he was virtually deserted as a small child. His mother, after she had been a short time a widow, married a diplomat, the Hon. William B. Kinney, and went to live with him abroad. Mr. Kinney did not like children, and, according to this book, he made this plain to his new bride, so she left little Edmund and a brother in the hands of relatives in this country while she went to Italy to live. In Mrs. Stedman's defence it may be said that she had a pretty hard struggle to support these two children and an opportunity to make a good marriage tempted her. "My earliest recollections," Mr. Stedman has said, "are of my young mother writing poetry for the magazines with her two half-orphan children sitting at her feet." Even to-day the writing of poetry for the magazines would not be a very paying occupation, and in those days, when there were only the *Knickerbocker*, *Godey's* and *Graham's*, and poetry "a drug in the market," there was not enough for bread—much less butter. Perhaps when she consented to become his wife she thought that Mr. Kinney would allow her to have her children with her, but he would have none of them.

That Mr. Stedman felt the separation from his mother is recorded more than once in his letters. Among some notes that he made about his early life he says: "It is a bad thing to separate a child from his mother and from his natural *habitat*." In these same notes he writes: "From my earliest remembrance I made poetry, all of the Cleveland blood do—bad cess to them! I was a natural writer, an insatiate reader—especially of fiction, adventure and poetry."

Mr. Stedman was only fifteen years of age when he entered Yale College, and he paid more attention to fun and frolic than he did to study. Perhaps if he had had a home and the influence of a mother it might have been different. In the end he was expelled from college, but later



after he had proved himself, he was invited back to Yale, where a degree was conferred upon him. The past was forgotten, and Yale was now proud of the man of letters and affairs who had once been one of her naughty boys. Writing as late as 1907, in answer to an inquiry about his college life, Mr. Stedman said :

I was literally heartbroken. I was an imaginative and excitable boy and became rather reckless; fell off in all my studies; cut prayers, etc., and excelled only in English composition and in reading. . . . My nights were spent with beer, whisky-skin, skittles and howling around town. How I lived through it, I don't know. At the end of sophomore year I was arrested one night with some older men and taken before the local Dogberry. The others gave false names, paid their fines and got away, but I was recognised by my long hair and other eccentricities, and reported to the faculty; was rusticated to Northampton, where I passed a summer under the charge of Professor Dudley, a famous Greek scholar, who had a private seminary there. The institution was full of a wilder crowd than I had met at Yale, and I joined with them in painting the town red, getting in love with the Northampton girls and into trouble generally.

Mr. Stedman's guardian wanted him to become a lawyer, but he decided to be a printer, and before he was twenty he had a printing office of his own at Winsted, Connecticut. Hard times were with him from the start. He was willing to work and did work, but there was little money in a country newspaper. That did not prevent his falling in love with Laura Woodworth, who was the sister of one of the young men in his employ. This young lady's family were in straitened circumstances, and she was to have been apprenticed to a milliner, but instead of this being accomplished, and rather than have her begin her career in a milliner's shop, Mr. Stedman married her; he was twenty years of age and she eighteen. He wrote his mother that the young lady was not quite his intellectual equal, but that associations with him would make it all right, and it did. Mrs. Stedman was a devoted wife and mother, and I know for a fact that he was very glad in later life to have her criticism of his literary work; but in this

letter to his mother he wrote at the time :

I think Laura has all the education of manners which girls brought up luxuriously possess. I know she has more tact and *intuitive* knowledge than one woman in ten. This latter quality renders her conscious that she does not possess those literary, scientific and scribbulatory accomplishments that superficially adorn most ladies. She feels this most keenly, and recognising your superiority in correspondence, etc., is too sensitive to write you—in fact to write any one—preferring you should see her face to face and love her for her *Nature* and not for her *Art*.

Then he adds :

I always went on the theory that I had enough literary education for the family—that I needed in a wife a resting-place, where I could be *nursed, comforted* and *loved*. Laura has been all this—and, like the wife of Schiller, understands me if she does not my books.

This was the writing of a bumptious boy. Later he learned to appreciate his wife's qualities, and realise that while she did nurse, comfort and love, she had a pretty keen insight into things in general, and a natural instinct for what was good and bad in literature.

In 1855 Mr. Stedman came to New York to seek his fortune as a real estate and general office broker. Ill luck pursued him and never let go of him through his entire life. In the first place he was a delicate man and yet he was obliged to work overtime to make enough money to keep his family alive. All his creative work was done at night after a hard day's work in an office. For his "Diamond Wedding," the poem that when printed in the New York *Tribune* made him famous, he received nothing. His salary on that paper, after he became connected with it, was eight or ten dollars a week. As he could not make ends meet with this pay, he accepted an offer of twenty-five dollars a week as editor of the *Evening World*. Finally, he drifted into Wall Street. He was twice bankrupted by his dishonest associates; when he moved into the country to save money, burglars entered his house, chloroformed Mrs. Stedman, and stole everything they had which was of value. At another

time he was bitten by a dog which was supposed to be mad, but for a wonder it was not. In later life, after he had passed his sixtieth year, he was still working hard in Wall Street, and while his fame was great as an American man of letters, his bank account was smaller

than most. His associates in the "Street" used to compliment him on having other means of support besides that of his business as a broker, but what he made out of literature was little or nothing, usually nothing. He bought his seat in the Stock Exchange for eight thousand dollars and



A LITERARY CORNER OF OLD NEW YORK

Mr. Stedman's house in East Tenth Street was one of a row occupied by men of letters.

sold it at least twenty years later for forty thousand dollars, but it was only a few weeks after he sold it for forty thousand dollars that the price went up to seventy thousand dollars. After leaving Wall Street, Mr. Stedman devoted himself to literary work, and making notes for these reminiscences in which he was assisted by his granddaughter, Miss Laura Stedman, who for several years acted as his secretary. The greatest tragedy of Stedman's life was, as recorded in this book, when he found "that his son, whom he had trusted, through mistaken judgment, brought failure upon the firm." He was so shaken by this that his Wall Street days were numbered and I imagine it was more because of this than that he wanted to continue his literary work uninterrupted that he sold his seat in the Stock Exchange.

Not only is this the story of Stedman's life, but it is the history of American letters a generation and more ago, and in this book will be found intimate allusions, in letters and otherwise, to his close friends, the Stoddards, Aldrich, Lowell, Bayard Taylor and others, who were then struggling along with him, whose names are now household words. I want to quote here some lines that Lowell wrote Stedman in a letter criticising a recent poem by Swinburne:

I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—  
but a poem or two from it which I have seen  
shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I  
am too old to have a painted *hetaira* palmed  
off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity  
of mind to be worse than that of body. Why  
should a man by choice go down to live in his  
cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper  
chambers which look toward the sunrise of  
that Easter which shall greet the resurrection  
of the soul from the body of this death?  
*Virginibus puerisque?*

Why, indeed!

In conclusion let me say that Miss Stedman has done her work exceptionally well. She has never obtruded herself, and has let her grandfather tell his own story whenever possible. The book is very frank and some may lament that certain criticisms of his contemporaries were not omitted from Stedman's letters, but, after all, does not their publication make this biography the more valuable?

Jeannette L. Gilder.

## II

### RUDYARD KIPLING'S "REWARDS AND FAIRIES"*

Mr. Kipling's new volume, *Rewards and Fairies*, is hardly a book for children: not that children of any age will find in it anything other than good stories and a clean breath of wonder; yet like its predecessors it contains, without prejudice to sheer story-telling, more than a little matter for wiser eyes. As the *Jungle Books* involved some of the subtlest satire of our time, as the making of empire-builders underlay the frolicsome anarchy of *Stalky and Co.*, and even the *Just-So Stories* dealt quaintly with great verities, so the present volume is concerned beyond the fashioning of adventure with showing by apparently random glimpses of old England how modern England came to be. *Rewards and Fairies* and its forerunner, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, form together an English Epic in the true sense of the term: wherein scenes out of older lives are chosen for their relation to our own, and the spirit of England herself is the real protagonist. In form, these books represent the latest development of historical fiction; and their method is curiously the reverse of the one familiar to us from Scott to Stanley Weyman. The older historical fiction treated of ancient men and scenes with respect to their differences from our own: saying continually to the reader, "Here is something unlike your knowledge; of curious people whose ways were not your ways," and so appealing wholly to the romantic pleasure in strangeness. But this new historical fiction makes its appeal to the realistic pleasure in recognising things already known. Our interest in the Black Knight is that he wore iron clothes, talked in large and marvellous phrases, and with an axe prevailed mightily among his fellows; but our interest in Parnesius the Centurion is that under his shining armour and sonorous words he is most remarkably like ourselves, a very human and comprehensible young officer carrying the white man's burden through ancient

**Rewards and Fairies*. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1910.

Britain as his brethren carry it through modern India. The emphasis is upon those human parts of him which are the same under the shifting veils of time: he compares notes with Dan and Una upon the ways of parents and governesses, reminds them under Latin names of places they all know, and is even a Freemason of some classic sort. The whole method is that of the fairy tale which begins by telling how the great boulder by the brook was once an enchanted castle and ends by reminding you that if you don't believe the story, there is the boulder; and this appeal to recognition is made again and again at every opportunity. Mr. Culpeper, the astrologer, killed the rats because they were unclean beasts under the dominion of unkindly planets, and so drove the plague from the village; Hal o' the Draft discusses trade-unions in the days when they were called guilds; and the little green shoes that Gloriana wore when she danced for an empire have been preserved in a glass case. And as this device of the fairy tale is employed to give vividness and humanity to historical fiction, so the modern children, Dan and Una, and Robin Goodfellow, by whose magic they are brought face to face with the doers of historic deeds, are used merely as a framework and a setting to bring together the stories in luminous relation to ourselves and our own time. They are not fairy stories, but true tales told in the manner and form of fairy stories because that is the simplest and least obtrusive way of bringing them home to us. In *Puck of Pook's Hill*, one element after another that went to the making of modern England—the Roman conquest, the Norman assimilation, the stream of powerful gold guided by the mediæval Jews—is shown operating in its own environment; in *Rewards and Fairies* we are shown less connectedly such casual phases of modernity in the making as escaped the sterner structure of the preceding book; and in both it is borne in upon us with ceaseless insistence how real people and real things are the same to-day, yesterday, and always; how it is only the little things that change, and those merely in their uses. Of ourselves under changed names the fables are related.

This aim and merit in the new volume the average reader will be likely to appreciate unwillingly, as he has done in the case of its immediate predecessors. We have all very naturally felt during the last ten years or so that we would rather have from Mr. Kipling more of those simple and staring pictures of the Orient, of military life, and of the peculiar work of men, by which he won us at first to follow him, than the more varied and delicate artistry of his later period. No natural appetite could ever be satiated with such tales as those first three or four astonishing early volumes comprised. Nevertheless, with respect to the welfare of literature and Mr. Kipling's future place therein, we are quite wrong in demanding more of them; and he is quite right in going on discovering new worlds to conquer instead of pleasing contemporary popularity by doing over again at our desire what he has once thoroughly done. It is always the mark of a second-rate artist to repeat contentedly a first success, to work a single vein beyond the point of diminishing return. Every reader can call to mind a dozen such whom it would be ungracious to mention in this connection, whose first books were a promise and a new delight and whose succeeding work has been no more than successively weakening repetitions of the first idea. There is no gift so great but it must blunt itself upon monotony. But the greater artist will go steadily on saying one thing after another as well as he can and then turning to the next, exhausting one branch of his craft only to discover and develop another. This Mr. Kipling has done, and in the doing has become from year to year a wiser poet and a more skilful craftsman. He could write *The Man Who Would Be King* over again to-morrow if he chose; but at the time when he wrote that he could not possibly have written *An Habitation Enforced* or *They or Mrs. Bathurst* or *The Butterfly that Stamped*. One hears every now and then the superficial complaint that Mr. Kipling has written himself out; it will be time enough to complain of that when he begins repeating himself at our pleasure.

Huntly Murray.

## III

## MISS BISLAND'S "THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN"*

The present volume adds a third to the two volumes of letters of Lafcadio Hearn already published. These are written to three people—Professor B. H. Chamberlain, Mr. W. B. Mason, and Mrs. Hearn. It is difficult to see why the letters to his wife—fortunately only a few—should be expected to engage attention. They are short diaries of daily doings while Hearn was away on a vacation. They manifest merely that he considered his wife a simple and endearing woman, that he thought she would be most interested in the little events of his day, and that he could write to her in the usual strain of tender familiarity. Well, why not? "I feel lonely sometimes; I wish I could see your sweet face. It is difficult to sleep on account of the thick fleas. But as I have a delightful swim in the morning, I usually forget the misery of the night." One wonders why such letters should be judged significant of anything, or worth preserving in any book—least of all in one the introduction of which maintains that Hearn belongs in the foremost rank of the world's great letter-writers.

The letters to Mr. Mason deal chiefly with Japanese impressions and those to Professor Chamberlain with literary impressions. Both are of course interesting, although their interest is not by any means widely human. Nor is there much variety in them, either of kind or mood. The reader finds himself listless after so much of the same sort of thing. Only occasionally is there any humour or archness, and there is little personal charm. The earlier volumes (which the reviewer has not read) may reveal one of the great human portraits of literature, as Miss Bisland says; certainly this one does not. "Every quality of his mind, his character, his mode of thought, opinions, interests, affections, and convictions," she says are here. If this is so, one is forced to Dr. Gould's conclusion that the man had few qualities—for one gets little sense of a

personality, only of a person's mind and tastes.

Exceedingly interesting, both subjectively and objectively, are his literary impressions; and they would be well worth quoting if space allowed. Naturally, the most vital material, however, is that which concerns his reaction on Japan, the renewal of Western associations, his outlook on life, and his method of work.

His earlier letters are full of the charm and the loveliness of the Japanese. He found their nature unspeculative and that they could not take pleasure in the suggestions of philosophy. The absence of individuality was one of the delightful qualities of their social life. He thought the educated, modernised Japanese was like a soft reflection of Latin types without the Latin force and brilliancy and passion—somewhat as in dreams the memory of people we have known becomes smilingly aerial and imponderable. Later he discovered that the so-called impersonality of the people signifies the ancient moral tendency to self-sacrifice for duty's sake. But after three years he wrote that illusions were gone forever, though the memory of many pleasant things remained. "Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a lovable way. However intolerable anything else is, at home I enter into my little smiling world of old ways and thoughts and courtesies, where all is soft and gentle as something seen in sleep." He couldn't imagine anybody, his first experiences over, having in Japan either an inspiration or a strong emotion. "To-day I spent an hour reading over notes taken on my first arrival. I asked myself: How came you to go mad—absolutely mad? I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise and horrid people as angels and divinities. Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to truth at once—though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake." By the time he had discovered that the Japanese have as extraordinary individuality as occidentals, only it shows less quickly on the surface, he was a disillusioned enthusiast. This was especially true of his teaching; he felt it was impossible even to continue his con-

*The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited, with an Introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

tract. How could one teach English literature to a class totally insensible to European imagination? Government education was a humbug and the atmosphere of officialdom was stifling. He left it as a prisoner released from five years' servitude. Then suddenly he saw his home—his boy reaching out to him, and all the simple charm and love of old Japan; and the fairy world seized his soul again, very softly and very sweetly. But with a gush of equal sweetness and admiration rushed to him the exiled Western life. He saw warm human realities; he felt that he had been guilty of blasphemy in condemning it. He saw that numbers had given their whole lives and brains and means not merely to do what was right and good, but what was extraordinary and generous to the uttermost limit of their human capacity.

The Latin races seemed to him essentially materialistic, their emotional life is in the nerves. The French seem unable to become philosophical without becoming grossly materialistic—an extreme sensual refinement is their nearest approach to soul. Western civilisation is steeped in an atmosphere artificially created—passionalism; and everything is shapen with a view to the stimulation of sexual idealism. He thought it desirable that Europe should become Cossack, since the best novelists are Slavs. But he doubted if civilisation was a human benefit. He couldn't escape the conviction that an enormous part of what we now imagine to be education must be pitched overboard to lighten ship, and even then we should never have any more time to enjoy the world. As well talk of turning a river with a pebble as of transmuting a character by education. Regarding the utility of superstition as compared with the utility of religion, he thought the former served its purpose infinitely better in explaining eternal and valuable things. "I used to think," he writes, "I had no soul, but since coming here I think I have. Converted from various nihilisms I have become." He could not disassociate the thing called Christianity from all his life's experience of hypocrisy and cruelty and villainy, from dirty austerities and long faces and Jesuitry and infamous distortion of children's brains. "I know I am

rabid, but I try to control it in my writings." What is morality? he asks. Nature's law is struggle, cruelty, pain, everything religion declares essentially immoral; we are only what we can't help being. To give pain knowingly, even to one I dislike, gives more pain to myself. Such dispositions are counted worthless and weak, yet all religions teach the cultivation of the very qualities that ruin us. Out of all this enormous and unspeakably cruel contradiction, what is to come?

In his literary work, he rewrote four or five times, changing the style mechanically but letting the thought grow and shape itself. To disengage perfectly an emotion, develop it, discover its whole meaning, was for him killing work. "I am talking now as if I were a big instead of a very small writer, but the truth is, the cost is greater in proportion to the smallness of the original power." His own mistakes taught him finally that the great point was to touch with simple words, and he gave up attempting his utmost at ornamentation. Every important word seemed to him to have form, sound, and colour (this last appearing only in print, never in MS.). For him words had characters, faces, parts, manners, gesticulations; they had moods, humours, eccentricities, tints, tones, personalities—that they were unintelligible made no difference at all. His delicious disquisition on their qualities is one of the few gayeties of the letters. In speaking of Mrs. Deland, he writes, "How fine and terribly perceptive is her analysis! The gods have denied all such faculties of perception to me—that is, *creatively*. I know them only when I see them." He asks Professor Chamberlain to give him a sample-fact—one that will whiz through the imagination like a splendid mad wasp. He asks Mr. Mason to write him a few lines about anything touching or noble in common every-day life. "I collect all the 'heart-things' I can and write them and put them in drawers. In time they work themselves out. For instance, I have a servant's death written, but I want a good beginning for it. A line or two from you might inspire me with a whole sketch."

To the letters Miss Bisland writes an interesting introduction. She announces

it is for the purpose of analysing Hearn's personality, naively forgetting that she has said the correspondence entirely reveals it. She takes exception to many things written of Hearn by other people who knew him, and is unwilling to admit knowledge of him to any one who feels differently. Because some friends were not willing to overlook as much as she is, they prove their faultiness of perception. It is quite open to her to accuse Dr. Gould of writing as a puritan; he might equally return that she is writing as a sentimentalist. Substantial estimates of people are not furnished by those who feel "there is a sort of gross curiosity in raking among the details of a man's life which he himself would wish ignored." Even to one who cares not at all to emphasise the importance of the fact, it would seem that her explanation of Hearn's attitude toward women is fantastic. "It had its origin," she says, "in his mystic sense of her being the channel of heredity." Dr. Gould states that except in the pursuit of literary excellence Hearn had no character whatever and that he was always the slave of circumstance. He was without creative ability; mentally and spiritually he was most perfectly an echo; and the only originality he brought to the echo was colour. This last, he thinks, was necessarily so; because—crippled in the most important of his senses—the world a few feet away from him was formless and flat and almost without perspective. Colour, therefore, was the only thing he could perceive, and he coloured everything that was brought before his echoing and reflecting nature; and that in addition to this he had a marvellous literary and psychologic sympathy with whatever was presented to him which made it possible for him to speak understandingly of things and ideas he had no personal sympathy with whatever. Beyond this difference, the conclusions of Dr. Gould and Miss Bisland are so precisely the same (and often expressed by her in the same words) that one wonders why she thinks it worth while to accuse him of lacking her breadth and leniency. "There are as many possible biographies of a man as there are possible biographers," says Dr. Gould, and one might add there is room

for both puritans and sentimentalists as long as what they have to say is new and sincere.

*Algernon Tassin.*

#### IV

#### JANE ADDAMS'S "TWENTY YEARS AT HULL-HOUSE"*

Miss Addams's book starts out as an autobiography, but as it proceeds the thread of personal narrative loses itself in a topical discussion of the activities of Hull-House. The author herself, conscious of this break in her method, presents her apologies for it in her preface, and renders the following explanation: "It has unfortunately been necessary," she says, "to abandon the chronological order in favour of the topical, for during the early years at Hull-House, time seemed to afford a mere framework for certain lines of activity and I have found in writing this book, that after these activities have been recorded I can scarcely recall the scaffolding." Of course the story of Hull-House is the story of Miss Addams, and it is given to very few to accomplish a piece of work that is so complete a realisation of their most intimate dreams and aspirations. Her personality merges absolutely in that of the institution which she founded and finds therein its best expression. But the fact remains that for those curious concerning the phenomena of spiritual experience, the opening chapters of Miss Addams's book, in which she recounts the crises of her moral and intellectual development, will prove of a superior interest to the others in which, the right path of conduct having been discovered, she steadfastly pursues her purpose and encounters no further difficulties and problems than those of a purely practical order.

The story is one of singular interest and has a strange affinity with the stories of other great moral and spiritual leaders of humanity. Her instinct has been sure in showing her that, in order to explain the personality so reacted upon by the sight of suffering and the problem of

*Twenty Years at Hull-House. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

poverty as to produce a Hull-House, it was necessary to begin at the beginning and to afford those glimpses of a little girl, already of a strangely awakened moral seriousness and of a dreaming temperament, with which the book begins. Her "dog-like" affection for her father, the morbidly imaginative sensitiveness which made her feel her "plainness" as in some obscure way a reflection upon this handsome parent, her precocious preoccupation with the perplexities of theological doctrines, and, above all, her childish admiration for Lincoln, who came to embody for her the ideal element in democracy, and to make this the core of a religious cult of humanity,—all these things give the key to the fundamental traits of her nature, and reveal the springs of that spiritual vitality, the sources of that sense of personal responsibility which prompted and sustained her in her search for an adequate outlet of moral expression.

In the same way the almost feverish intensity of the intellectual atmosphere at the Rockford Seminary, where she received her advanced education, accounts for the pronounced deepening of the seriousness with which she already accepted life, and for the first conscious shaping of her ideals and purposes. These reflected the intellectual currents of the time. She strove for literary culture, she read everything, discussed everything, opposed to formal religious orthodoxy a rationalism derived from Emerson, espoused and advocated the cause of women, and felt the fascination of the scientific spirit. A ferment of humanitarian sentiment was always stirring in her, but she had not as yet begun to respond actively to it. Even after her first trips abroad and her first glimpses of the London slums and the settlement work carried on there, she for some time continued to entertain rather a general than a specific idea of her life-work, and to carry on those cultural pursuits which she conceived as constituting a "preparation." The confessions of her state of this moment are of a peculiarly profound interest and significance, since they echo the experience of all sensitive spirits who, in love with beauty in every form, are confronted with the ugliness and

misery of life in its actual manifestations. The synthesis eluded Miss Addams. Having heard Frederic Harrison, she became intensely interested in the Positivists; "I imagined that their philosophical conception of man's religious development might include all expressions of that for which so many ages of men have struggled and aspired. I vaguely hoped for this universal comity when I stood in Stonehenge, on the Acropolis in Athens, or in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. But never did I so desire it as in the cathedrals of Winchester, Notre Dame, Amiens. One winter's day I travelled from Munich to Ulm because I imagined from what the art books said that the cathedral hoarded a mediæval statement of the Positivists' final synthesis, prefiguring their conception of a 'Supreme Humanity.'"

The conclusion of all this quest is as simple and dramatic as if it were the account of the cataclysmic conversion in the story of some Italian saint or mystic. Instinctively one thinks of Saint Francis, or of Jacopone da Todi. The decision to found Hull-House came as the result of a bull-fight in Madrid, "where greatly to my surprise and horror, I found that I had seen, with comparative indifference, five bulls and many more horses killed. The sense that this was the last survival of all the glories of the amphitheatre, the illusion that the riders on the caparisoned horses might have been knights of a tournament, or the matadore a slightly armed gladiator facing his martyrdom, and all the rest of the obscure yet vivid associations of an historic survival, had carried me beyond the endurance of any of the rest of the party. I finally met them in the foyer, stern and pale with disapproval of my brutal endurance, and but partially recovered from the faintness and disgust which the spectacle itself had produced in them. I had no defence to offer to their reproaches save that I had not thought much about the bloodshed; but in the evening the natural and inevitable reaction came, and in deep chagrin I felt myself tried and condemned, not only by this disgusting experience but by the entire moral situation which it revealed. It was suddenly made quite clear to me that I was lulling



my conscience by a dreamer's scheme, that a mere paper reform had become a defence for continued idleness, and that I was making it a *raison d'être* for going on indefinitely with study and travel. . . . Nothing less than the moral reaction following the experience at a bull-fight had been able to reveal to me that so far from following in the wake of a chariot of philanthropic fire, I had been tied to the tail of the veriest ox-cart of self-seeking." The next day she took her determination, as in another age she might have taken her vow of poverty and the veil. . . . For other times and other men, this book, with its explicit statements of spiritual fervours and tense moral crises leading on to a career of singularly self-effacing effort to lead the life dictated by the impulses and convictions of a profound personal religion, will constitute a document of extraordinary interest and value as a clue to the recrudescence of mediæval idealism in modern life.

W. A. Bradley.

## V

### ROMAIN ROLLAND'S "JEAN-CHRISTOPHE"

A perusal of parts of this colossal and much-heralded work of fiction, in the French, did not produce a very favourable impression upon the present reviewer, and it was difficult to understand the unstinted praise that had been poured out upon it by Mr. George Moore, Mr. Edmund Gosse and others of the critical confraternity. This was partly due to the fact that, having no external events of importance, and depending for its interest altogether upon the progressive development of a single character, *Jean-Christophe* must be read consecutively from the start. It is decidedly a book not to be dipped into. Readers must be warned, in view of its formidable length, that here it is a case of all or nothing. Also, the original seems to suffer from the utter slovenliness and lack of distinction of its style. Any one who has come to seek in French a certain precision, elegance and clarity of expression,

**Jean-Christophe*. Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

as well as a feeling for artistic restraint, for form and for structure, cannot but be offended by the chaotic shapeliness and by the enormous volubility of the present work. To tell the whole story of the life of a man, omitting nothing, is a tempting experiment for the modern novelist trained in the school of naturalism. But in throwing over so many aids to the arousing and holding of attention, in seeking to make art imitate life in the most literal sense, is to run a great risk of producing that impression of boredom and disgust which life itself so often produces. It requires a great artist to court such a danger successfully. On a relatively small scale, Flaubert did this in *Une Vie*. But not even that writer would have dared to attempt a *Jean-Christophe*.

That M. Romain Rolland should deliberately plan to tell the story of his hero in ten volumes would argue, on the face of it, either sublime conviction or fatuous self-confidence. He has none of the literary skill and power of a Flaubert, or even of a Zola. That he writes a bastard French style is perhaps nothing, since Stendhal's style has also been loudly and universally decried. But Stendhal at least registered his ideas and impressions concisely and with pungent precision. M. Rolland, on the other hand, is rhetorical and redundant, he conceals none of the tentative steps by which he strives after—and sometimes attains—the right word or phrase, and he indulges in passages of heightened and ejaculatory prose that represent a return to the most turgid type of the *roman lyrique* of the early nineteenth century. He moralises, rhapsodises, digresses, proceeds from the psychological analysis of the individual to that of the race, discusses poetry and music in their national manifestations, and, in short, makes of the novel a medium for the expression of the whole of modern life and the modern spirit.

Yet the fact remains that, in spite of all these antecedent grounds for probable failure, *Jean-Christophe* is an impressive, and often an extraordinarily interesting piece of fiction. Translation into English, usually so fatal to a French masterpiece, here seems to have exactly the opposite result. This is not due altogether

to Mr. Cannan, whose work, while faithful, is not free from faults, but rather to the fact that the style of the original is an English or German, rather than a French style, and the author's excesses are but such as we are quite familiar with in the work of our greatest masters. As for the story itself, if M. Rolland has, in a measure, succeeded where even Flaubert would have failed, the reason is that the former has chosen a subject quite different from that which would have attracted the latter. Like Stendhal in his *Julien Sorel*, M. Rolland has set out to depict, not a commonplace character, but a type of the *homme superieur*. The comparison is misleading, for if Julien was superior through intelligence, Jean-Christophe is superior rather through his soul. He is, indeed, a musical genius, as well as a man of heroic cast and proportions, morally and spiritually. He performs many acts that are unheroic enough, his natural kindliness is frequently eclipsed by the cruelty of youth or the egoism of genius. But he remains sympathetic and even noble because he is passionately and vividly alive, because he feels remorse for what he does that is wrong, because he himself suffers, and because he is impatient with lies and seeks unremittingly the truth. He is no charlatan, he is sincere. He is even a little god-like, and this is intentional on the part of his creator, for M. Rolland regards life as spiritual energy, and its manifestation in man as true divinity. He glorifies life, and sings pæans in its praise. It is not life that is bad. It is the things that obstruct the flow of its forces. Men go down because they cling to these obstructions. Jean-Christophe survives, and even triumphs, because he detaches himself from them, one by one, in his search for truth.

Naturally, as this is a novel with a musical hero, the criticism of conservatism and the classical spirit is carried out largely in the field of music. And as the hero is also a German, the specific object of the attack is the German national character as divined in its musical expression. It is the German lie that Jean-Christophe first detects and exposes—to his own sorrow—the lie of the shallow German idealism and "terrible tender-

ness." Later on, we are told, Jean-Christophe, who leaves his little Rhenish town for Paris at the end of the present volume, discovers the French lie. Whether we are to have the rest of this story in English—only seven of the projected ten parts have yet appeared in French—depends, the translator remarks in his preface, upon the reception accorded to the present volume. It will be interesting to see what this reception will be like. It is no longer necessary to take the apologetic tone for the psychological novel that Taine took in his article on *Rouge-et-Noir* in the '60's. The fact that *Jean-Christophe* is a musical novel should help it to reach a certain class of readers, but a stronger and wider appeal lies in the breath and sympathy with which the emotional experiences of the hero are handled.

M. Rolland is a biographer of Beethoven, and his study of the various phases of the character of that composer has given him an insight into the operations of genius from its earliest manifestations. The boyhood part of the book is particularly well done. The child of six is trained by a drunken father for the part of the infant prodigy. Drilled at the piano, forced, at dictation, to pen an obsequious dedicatory letter to the local Duke, he is finally presented upon the stage in a paroxysm of shyness and awakened resentment at the indignity of the whole proceeding. The episode has a pathos that is almost painful. But there is charm, too, in these early pages, as when pride and affection prompt the grandfather to take down the notes of the airs the little boy hums in his play, and to draw up "Op. 1" of Jean-Christophe's musical compositions: "The Pleasures of Childhood." The old man is a musician and an unsuccessful composer, and he cannot resist adding a trio of his own to his grandson's minuet, so that something of himself will not altogether perish. For one who makes almost a gospel of the insolent glory of youth, M. Rolland has a profound and sympathetic insight into the secrets of broken old age. Louisa, Jean-Christophe's peasant mother, inarticulate in her sorrow of living, is a portrait filled out with tender and understanding touches. But the book is a per-

fect gallery of portraits. One would say that all the types of contemporary German life were contained in this gallery, and though they are introduced in the most casual fashion—scarcely delineated before they are dismissed to make way for others—they remain in the memory with sharpness and clearness of detail. For they are, in the majority of instances, human types, as well as German, and if they are interesting and memorable, it is because they are immediately recognised as universally true. Take, for example, another of the old men, Justus Euler, who illustrates the author's paradox that most men die at twenty or thirty, and thereafter are but pale and mechanical reflections of what they were when they were alive:

On every subject he had ideas ready-made, dating from his youth. He pretended to some knowledge of the arts, but he clung to certain hallowed names of men, about whom he was forever reiterating his emphatic formulæ: everything else was naught and had never been. When modern interests were mentioned he would not listen and talked of something else. He declared that he loved music passionately, and he would ask Christophe to play. But as soon as Christophe . . . began to play, the old fellow would begin to talk loudly to his daughter, as though the music only increased his interest in everything but music. . . . There were only a few airs—three or four—some very beautiful, others very ugly, but all equally sacred, which were privileged to gain comparative silence and absolute approval. With the very first notes the old man would go into ecstasies, tears would come into his eyes, not so much for the pleasure he was enjoying as for the pleasure he once had enjoyed.

It is this intimate knowledge of the human heart that gives the work of M. Romain Rolland its true distinction. His sympathetic understanding of vague impulses and promptings enables him to carry his hero without indignity through the rather undignified and ridiculous adventures of adolescence, and to gild even a vulgar love with a kind of glory. Perhaps his chief danger lies in this direction, and another age or generation, less in love with youth, may spurn much of his work as of a spurious sentimentality.

Certainly his art, so solidly based upon observation and insight, would gain with greater restraint in expression. But M. Rolland shares in that spirit of revolt of which he makes his hero the embodiment. Jean-Christophe's onslaught upon the composers and virtuosi of Germany, and the petty personalities of his native town, is not more fierce than that which his creator makes by implication against the conventions of French fiction. And while it is not always possible to praise, it is impossible to deny that he has brought back the spirit of youth, or some semblance of it, into the desiccated French novel of to-day.

*Cleveland Palmer.*

## VI

### STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S "THE RULES OF THE GAME"*

When a novelist turns propagandist there is always ground for some doubt as to the outcome. To write a novel worth the name is not so simple as it looks to some thousands of scribblers; to write a good novel and at the same time serve a great moral cause is next door to the impossible. When it was noised abroad that Mr. White had written a novel with Conservation for its theme, a few thoughtless ones applauded his cleverness in appropriating a subject so dear just now to the public heart; the judicious knew that he invited disaster. No one, to be sure, could apparently be better fitted for the task. Mr. White has known the woods from a boy, and has long since given us transcripts from the life of the lumberman and plainsman, so faithful to the letter of the fact that they have at times almost missed the flavour of fiction by reason of their very literalness. Of recent years he has turned from his early Michigan studies to learn the special conditions that exist in the Far West, where the problem of conserving the country's natural resources is now at an acute stage. But specialised knowledge of the Burning Question does not argue the special skill required to turn it into a readable novel. It might even be con-

*The Rules of the Game. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

ceived that too much knowledge would be a handicap, particularly if conjoined with definite convictions. And Mr. White has made no secret of his allegiance to the Great Conserver and his chief prophet of the Forestry Bureau.

If, then, in spite of knowledge and conviction vigorously applied, Mr. White has made a real novel, to be read for the story's sake alone, it may fairly be accounted to him for a triumph. This he has done. The further assertion may be ventured, that it is, if not the best, at least as good as the best, of all his books. It has more coherence, more plot, more actual drama, than *The Blazed Trail*, hitherto accounted the most successful work he has done. Finicking persons who quibble over definitions have denied to that bracing, vigorous book the title of novel; they will not presume to withhold the designation from *The Rules of the Game*. It is not a story of distinguished plot. Mr. White has never excelled in this kind of inventiveness. Here are the familiar outlines: Young Jack Orde, emerging from college a football hero and otherwise a rather inefficient youngster, is sent into the Wisconsin woods to get his real education. There he learns to be a lumberman, before transferring his activities to California and the new kind of lumbering that new conditions have compelled. Through the influence of an enthusiastic Forest Reserve supervisor, he becomes so interested in the work of the Reserve that he turns his back on an exceptional business opportunity to "enlist" as a ranger. The rest is the familiar tale of enmities incurred, of the devious ways of powerful "interests" and their thwarting at the hands of the hero, of kidnappings and attempted murders and hairbreadth escapes, and finally the violent and deserved death of the villain. But though the pattern is old, the details are endlessly fresh and ingenious, and they go to the making of a total impression of reality. It is only in the review that the plot shows the face of an old friend. In the actual reading events succeed one another naturally, inevitably.

Yet this is the least of the merits of *The Rules of the Game*. Once more Mr. White has got out into the light of day a

group of characters who have the substance, the shape and dimensions of life. Jack Orde is the centre of the book, but he is by no means the only person to attach himself to the reader's sympathies. Welton, the old Michigan lumberman, is drawn straight from the model, and Baker, the breezy corporation head, and Thorne, the Forestry enthusiast; but the best of them all is old California John, an ancient ranger who had stuck to the Reserve through the years of its incompetency out of sheer love for the work, and who enters into his reward at last when the new Bureau takes up the work. Even the inevitable heroine, Thorne's sister, is a flesh and blood girl—a person of distinct character, though she plays but a minor part in the drama. Her position is fitting, for the Game is a man's game, played according to rules that only a man is supposed to understand. It is not altogether a defect that there is no love making until after six hundred pages have been passed—for this is a generous, full-grown book, of physical magnitude to match its big theme.

So Mr. White has made a real novel. Nor has he done it by shirking the problem which the subject poses. He believes in conservation, with all that it means. Further, he believes in a certain ex-President and the methods of conservation denoted thereby. The fable at times wears a thin disguise. There is downright, plainspoken criticism of the management of affairs before the reign of President Roosevelt and Forester Pinchot, there is vigorous denunciation of the enemies of these men. Doubtless the reader's assent to Mr. White's attitude with regard to the personal issue will be coloured by his convictions on a question on which every respectable citizen must take sides. He must, however, be a stiff-necked and perverse reactionary, or else a malefactor and crook, who can remain impervious to the argument for conservation which the book sets forth. Mr. White has a clear view of the difficulties involved in the transition from the old ways of thinking, and he appreciates the occasional injustice to the individual involved in so radical a change. But to the principle that has necessitated the altered way of thinking he professes a righteous

and enthusiastic adherence that must carry many a reader with him. And for the numerous unenlightened who hear daily talk of conservation and have still but the vaguest idea of what it really means, a better book cannot be recommended. Nowhere will they learn the merits of the argument more safely—or more pleasantly.

*Ward Clark.*

## VII

### EMERSON HOUGH'S "THE PURCHASE PRICE"*

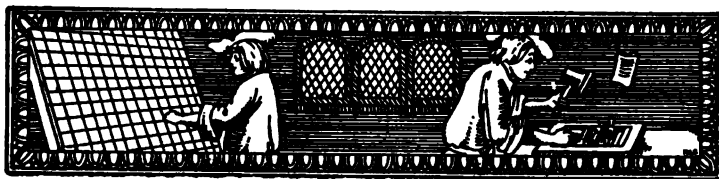
One has learned to expect of Emerson Hough an aggressive virility expressed in a vulcanised vocabulary. His characters are always projected in high lights and find their best expression in turbulence. Backgrounds of stress and colour induce his men to gamble for their women and encourage a primitive female acquiescence to the resentfully welcome masculine domination. *The Purchase Price* contains no striking deviation from the author's general mode of treatment, though it does afford him an opportunity to present some historical scenes of vivid interest. Once again Mr. Hough has turned to our own American soil in which to plant his plot and, following, no doubt, a well-defined scheme of treating successively certain epochs in our history, he has advanced sequentially from *54-40 or Fight* and *The Mississippi Bubble* to the chaotic days just preceding the Civil War. Here amid Free Soilers, abolitionists, fugitive slaves and Cabinet ministers of varying tendencies, to say nothing of "underground" agents and pettifogging politicians he places a woman of alluring mystery, who, besides having a secret mission and a sad past, has also the rare quality of getting men

in amorous difficulties. Filled with the desire of bringing about the transportation and colonisation of the blacks and also being an agent of Hungary, it is quite natural she should cause a political rum-pus in Washington when compromise was the temper of statesmanship and the lack of spoken opinion a tactful necessity. She is consequently spirited away under orders and a young officer is told to lose her in the West. The author provides a dramatic game of cards, however, in which she is the stakes, and her guardian loses her to a rabid Missourian, who carries her off *à la* Petruchio, minus his humour, to an isolated house of weird sounds somewhat familiar to readers of recent fiction. The author adds thrills and excitement to the many odd adventures which follow, and it is not surprising that after a strenuous wooing and being battered by fate the woman should let her pity for his broken leg and heart grow into love.

Aside from the story itself the main interest to more than the casual reader rests in a series of clear-cut pictures of the great personalities of the time, who, though unnamed by the author for reasons of questionable artistry, are yet easily recognisable. Several amazing interviews are recorded and a successful attempt to catch the spirit and the diverging points of view has been made; in fact, one feels Mr. Hough's sincere desire to portray accurately the *sturm und drang* of the negro question and its contiguous complications. His reading and knowledge of the period are ample and his narrative style convincing to those who enjoy this sort of story. But one cannot help feeling how far its problems are from us to-day and how little real interest we Americans have in anything that has passed. Considering the author's aim, however, his ammunition is effective.

*Geoffrey Monmouth.*

*The Purchase Price. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.



# TRAVEL BOOKS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE*

BY CALVIN WINTER



THE book of travel might not unjustly be called the butterfly of the world of letters. It is at once so prolific and so ephemeral. It issues in all variety of size and colouring, from humble moth-like browns and drabs to gorgeous, gold and purple-winged splendour, suited to the holiday season. Metaphors aside, the modern book of scenes and adventures in foreign lands is a most tempting volume, awakening a covetous glance in the eye and a vague nostalgia in the heart. And yet we all know there is a smaller chance for a book of travel to outlive a decade than there is for that still more prolific class, the modern novel. Think for a moment how few books of voyages and discoveries have passed into the list of recognised classics. The *Descriptio Græciæ* of Pausanias has an antiquarian value; and then, of course, some one will call to mind Marco Polo and Hakluyt and a few other pioneer globe-trotters, truthful and otherwise. And we all of us can remember just two

*Florence as Described by Great Writers. Compiled by Esther Singleton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

In and Out of Florence. By Max Vernon. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Sienna and Southern Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Italian Fantasies. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Doge's Palace of Venice. By Edgumbe Staley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Romance of Imperial Rome. By Elizabeth W. Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Heroic Spain. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Duffield and Company.

Royal Palaces and Parks of France. By Francis Miltoun. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

English Episcopal Palaces. Edited by R. S. Rait. New York: James Pott and Company.

Ways and Days Out of London. By Aida Rodman DeMilt. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

or three volumes, read during impressionable years, to which we attached an utterly disproportionate value. The present writer remembers quite distinctly an illogical fondness for musty and battered copies of Kane's *Arctic Adventures*, and Seward's *Travels Around the World*, neither of which books is likely to be known to the present generation. The type represented by Thackeray's *Paris Sketch-Book* and Dickens's *Italian Notes* survives of course for a different reason, the personal equation. It seems, then, worth while to ask: Why are so many charming books, dealing with so many charming places, destined from their birth to be creatures of a day? What, after all, is the philosophy of the book of travel, and what does it need to give it some degree of permanence?

The answer is not difficult to find. The book of travel, in its widest sense, seems at first sight to be of almost infinite variety. It ranges all the way from such works of pioneer daring as Stanley's *How I Found Livingstone*, and Lieutenant Shackleton's record of his nearest approach to the South Pole; and on the other, to the modest but necessary Baedeker and the railway time-table. Yet, if you stop to analyse them, you will find that they one and all can be subdivided into just two classes: the books that interest you because they put you for an hour in touch with strange, remote corners of the world that are quite outside your circle of ambitions; and the books that give you valuable information regarding places which you hope more or less definitely to visit. Now the only weakness with this division is that it is relative, not absolute; it varies more or less with every individual reader. Constantinople may be to one person a fabled spot, forever beyond his dreams; and to another, merely a convenient gateway to the Orient. Yet, even with allowance for individual differences, there are a large proportion of these books which most of

us will agree to place either among the books that we read as we would a modern *Odyssey*, or else among those of which we ask: "Shall we take that with us on our next trip, or not?"

Now, having got this distinction firmly in mind, we are ready for the next question: What is the distinctive stamp, the hall-mark, as it were, of each of these classes? And the answer, of course, is, that in order to make a wide appeal, a book of the first type should place its main stress upon narrative, and that of the second type upon description. A record of exploration in Central Asia or Darkest Africa which confined itself to topographical details, and made no mention of hardships and dangers, might be of value to the world's geographical societies, but would not make popular reading; and conversely, no one wants his Bradshaw written in Dolly Dialogues. It has not yet occurred to any railway to issue a time-table after the following sprightly fashion:

"The first Shore Line express for Boston," announced Clarice, after a few moments' study, "starts at ten A.M., stopping at Stamford, Bridgeport, New Haven, New London and Providence."

"Yes," added John, looking over her shoulder, "and there are others at one, three and five P.M."

"What do you suppose that funny little double cross means?" asked Clarice meditatively.

"That," answered John, with masculine superiority, after a surreptitious glance at the marginal note, "that, my dear, means that there is a buffet-car all the way, and a dining-car between Bridgeport and New London."

Now, although this particular form of absurdity has never been perpetrated, yet it represents a tendency that every year operates to spoil what would otherwise have been quite readable volumes. There is one simple rule to remember: that the great mass of mankind do not care keenly about the geological formation of Mount Erebus, which they will never visit; but there are thousands who are grateful for the same information about the humbler Riffel Alp, up which they expect to toil next summer. And equally important is this second distinction: A book

of the first, or adventure, class may be written in what mood the author chooses; he may come in peace or in war, or to dance at the wedding, like young Lochinvar; he may show us the people among whom he moves to be a race of knaves and cut-throats—and so much the better for the narrative thrill. But a book of the second class, to be acceptable, must be written genially; we want no book as a travelling companion which approaches the scenes of our journey in a hostile or a grouchy spirit. Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* lives as a masterpiece of caustic humour; but we want none of it upon our travels. And even Ruskin, with all his bursts of enthusiasm, almost spoils our pleasure by his intolerance of the things which do not happen to suit him. It is only the born traveller who has the qualifications essential to the writing of a really good, sympathetic book of travel. And Gibbon, the historian, who happened to be a born traveller himself, once gave the following definition:

He should be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can seize every mode of conveyance, and support with a careless smile every hardship of the road, the weather or the inn.

It is the critical, carping, discontented note, the tendency to magnify racial defects and climatic changes, that goes far toward explaining the high rate of infant mortality among otherwise quite admirable books.

All good rules are expected to have exceptions; and an apparent exception is offered, on the one hand, by volumes dealing with the romance of history; and, on the other, by novels the scenes of which are laid in a foreign setting. Both of these classes are frankly narrative in form; yet we can any of us name offhand quite a long list of those that from time to time have gone as treasured pocket companions to many a city of the old world. Yet after all these are not really exceptions. A book dealing with the romance of history clustering around Holyrood Castle, or Notre Dame, or the Palace of the Cæsars, is, if we take it from the point of view of a traveller's needs, a sort of sugar-coated description of the

buildings in question, a picture of them taken at an angle that shows us a lengthened vista down the vanished centuries. And the same thing applies equally to a limited number of novels, such as *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Romola* and *The Marble Faun*—books in which the characters and incidents have come to be more real than history itself, so that they too cling among the inseparable shadows in the streets and buildings where we like to picture them.

Of all cities in the world there is none that has lent itself more often or with better grace to the purposes of pictorial book making than the city of Florence. This year, as usual, there are several volumes devoted either to the city herself or to the Tuscan towns in her near neighbourhood. A few cordial words deserve to be said about the compact and comprehensive collection of chapters brought together by Miss Esther Singleton under the title *Florence as Described by Great Writers*. One of the necessary privations of those who rove is that of the home library. There is a definite limitation to the pounds avoirdupois of printed paper that may be carried in portmanteau or a gladstone. And it is a natural and frequent wish in travelling that one might have a whole collection of appropriate chapters culled from a score of books and bound conveniently into one. This is precisely what Miss Singleton has undertaken to do for us in regard to Florence; and on the whole she appears to have chosen wisely, her sources ranging all the way from Dickens and Hawthorne to Oscar Browning and John Ruskin, from Taine to Ouida. It would, of course, be easy to make up several alternative schemes for such a volume; and one would naturally be inclined to include at least a chapter from Stendhal and another from George Eliot—and, as a matter of economy of space, it would seem wiser to omit the chapters by Augustus J. C. Hare and by Ruskin because of the practical reason that a visitor to Florence naturally carries with him anyway both *Walks in Florence* and *Mornings in Florence*. But these passing comments do not alter the fact that Miss Singleton

has given us in portable form an exceedingly wide and useful range of matter.

*In and Out of Florence*, by Max Vernon, is frankly intended as a serviceable,

guide-book type of volume, but it is none the less written with a rare sympathy and a pleasant ease of style that lends a certain charm even to its more prosaic details. There is running through it a frankly personal note; the writer assumes in perfect good faith that the fact that he and his wife took a villa in the neighbourhood of the city—a villa and three servants and a dog which went with it, the man-servant receiving the lavish wages of eight dollars a month, because he was a man, and because he had to feed the dog—all this, as we started to say, the writer assumes to be just as vitally important to us as it was to them. And oddly enough he justifies this assumption. We instinctively put ourselves in their places, and find an interest in all their domestic experiences, their successes and blunders, their financial triumphs and disasters, as valuable and enlightening as the carefully bracketed price rates in a Baedeker's list of hotels. The personal equation, however, is not insisted upon; the book does not give one that annoying sense of being a sort of personally conducted tour. It leaves you rather with a sense of having enjoyed the privilege of visiting, as a free and untrammelled guest, at a very charming private house, instead of putting up with the cold comfort of hired lodgings—and furthermore of having profited by the wise advice of a genial host who knows and loves his Florence well and who, without ever being obtrusive, is delighted to feel himself of service. If you happen to have friends sailing for Italy this winter, there is no recent volume to be more heartily commended as a parting gift than this.

*Sienna and Southern Tuscany*, by Edward Hutton, forms a worthy companion

volume to the same author's *Cities of Umbria* and is appropriately bound in a warm ochre cloth suggestive of the pigment which takes its name from the Tuscan city. Next to Florence, Venice and Rome,



there is no city in Italy that can rival Sienna as a treasury of art; while round about her on the neighbouring hills are a hundred vistas of quaint slumberous hill towns shimmering in a nebulous haze of colour—towns whose very names are a soft, siren song of allurements—San Gimignano, Sinalunga, Montalcino, Montepulciano—names that set one dreaming of remembered or anticipated joys. As a guide for a lengthy stay in these unbeaten ways, Mr. Hutton's volume is of course most serviceable; it is written by one who obviously belongs by birth to the honourable order of travellers, and it is written in a spirit of sustained appreciation that carries contagion with it.

*Italian Fantasies*, by Israel Zangwill, is not strictly speaking a book of travel at all. It is simply a volume in which Mr. Zangwill is pleased to talk about himself, his tastes, his views, his philosophy of life, apropos of Sicily or Naples, Lucrezia Borgia or St. Francis of Assisi. Surrounded by the most wonderful relics that the world possesses of classicism and the Renaissance, beneath the bluest and sunniest of skies, Mr. Zangwill's Italian fantasies largely run off into the form of irrelevant literary criticisms as, for instance:

To accept Art for Art's sake, to divorce it from life, would be to pigeonhole our souls, as most people put their religion into Sundays. . . . Moreover, it is only by their relation to human realities that imaginative creation like Goethe's Mephistopheles or Swift's Lilliputians, the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Caliban of Shakespeare, or the Jungle-Beasts of Kipling, have power to hold us. It may give us a useful distinction between Imagination and Fancy to connect the one with invention along the lines of life and born of insight into its essence—as in the creation of Hamlet; the other with artificial invention—as in the creation of Alice's Wonderland. Whether Hamlet existed or not, or that Prince Hal did exist, is irrelevant to Art. The transient reality has been replaced by permanent creation.

Now no one can say that observations of this type, of which the present volume is full, are not mentally stimulating. But the point that seems worth making is just

this: Mr. Zangwill deliberately names his volume *Italian Fantasies*; he wishes the world to understand that it is after this fashion that the land and the people, the whole *milieu* reacts upon him. And in doing so, he goes far to prove that, like Dickens and a limited number of other distinguished literary travellers, he moves abroad so thickly surrounded by his own atmosphere that he scarcely comes in contact with the vital things of the foreign environment. Mr. Zangwill's book has much in it that is frankly delightful, but it will be read for a dozen other reasons sooner than for the sake of its Italian atmosphere.

*The Dogarassas of Venice*, by Edgumbe Staley, attractive as the title "The Dogarassas of Venice" sounds, is none the less a book of wider scope than that same title implies. In fact, Mr. Staley seems to have hit upon the one true way of writing a history of Venice which shall be at once comprehensive and popular; covering the essential facts and the dry dates, and yet making us feel the reality of these dead and gone people, the poignant griefs and joys of their private and domestic lives. The book carries its own evidence of being a careful and scholarly work; yet, at the same time, it glows with a wealth of colour as rich as the bygone splendours of Venice herself. It would be difficult to imagine a better preparation for a visit to the city of St. Mark than to sit down with *The Dogarassas of Venice* in front of you, Baedeker's *Northern Italy* and the little handbook, *Venice On Foot*, on your right and left, and plan for yourself a daily itinerary as you read. You would load your mind with fewer facts than you would get from Ruskin or Molmenti, but you would have the advantage of remembering them.

*Sicily in Shadow and in Sun*, by Maud Howe, has the one obvious defect of a misleading title. It is much as though Bulwer had called his familiar novel *Pompeii in Fair and Foul Weather*, because either of these titles would be equally far from conveying a hint of the tragedy with which the volumes specifically deal. The theme of

this latest volume on Sicily is not the scenic beauty of the landscape in clear or cloudy weather, but the horrors of the earthquake that swept over the island and buried the fair city of Messina. The record of the subsequent relief work in which the American Ambassador, Lloyd C. Griscom, and Lieutenant-Commander Belknap played a signal part is given in great detail and is supplemented by a few chapters of vivid description of the city of Taormina, which the author enthusiastically ranks second only to Athens among the world's beautiful cities—and which, strangely enough, is only too apt to be ignored by the average American tourist who visits the island. Yet one has only to read the simple stories in Giovanni Verga's *Vita dei Campi* to conceive a longing for a glimpse not only of the city of Taormina itself but of its neighbouring villages, of Acireale, Aci Tre Case, and a dozen others that refuses to be silenced. Maud Howe has here performed a service in so definitely directing attention to one of the fair garden spots of the world.

It was Anatole France who said that the rest of the world was welcome to all the dry historical facts so long as they would leave him the romance of history. It is the *Romance of Imperial Rome* that Elizabeth W. Champney has chosen to weave into a series of chapters, vividly and artistically cast in the mould of the short story. Now whether Sulpicia is rightly or wrongly identified with the Delia celebrated in the plaintive elegies of Tibullus; whether Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was, as the Italian historian, Ferrero, claims, certainly not the "miserable Bacchante of the scandalous Roman chronicle"; whether, in short, we have enough authority in classic texts to vouch for the substantial accuracy of any one of the tales herein contained, is immaterial. A halo of romance and of tragedy clusters around the spots wherein these events, fictional or otherwise, are supposed to have taken place; and the author has achieved her purpose in so presenting them as to help the average modern reader to visualise with some clearness certain phases of ancient life; to

straighten out once for all the rather complex genealogy of the house of Cæsar; and to people the crumbling ruins of to-day with men and women of flesh and blood, who feared and hoped and suffered much as we do. It is even a question whether she has not in this respect over-reached her mark. The Roman women of these tales are just a trifle too modern, with a little too much of the present day ideas of truth and morality, and too little of the purely pagan standard of ethics. In other words, they come nearer to being sisters of Marion Crawford's Roman heroines than of the equally flesh and blood women that one meets in the pages of Plautus.

Spain does not get her fair share of attention. We get scarcely one volume of Spanish travel to every ten on France or Italy. Yet it is not for the ungracious reason of *faute de mieux* that *Heroic Spain*, by E. Boyle O'Reilly, is welcome. On the principle of *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, if you can get an enthusiastic Irishman to talk of Spain you have the ideal combination. Mr. O'Reilly's volume, in spite of his obvious delight at everything he sees and hears, is on the whole, none the less, a conscientious and serious-minded book, and one that may be safely trusted by the stranger. He does, to be sure, indulge in a certain amount of frankly hyperbolic comparison, as for instance when he says "Toledo has been compared to Durham, but it is the similarity between a splendid, lean, old leopard and a beautiful domestic cat;" nevertheless, he knows whereof he writes, he is saturated with the Spain of yesterday and of to-day—with her traditions, with her poetry, with the essential spirit of her people. It is pleasant now and then to come across a volume at once so substantial and so entertaining.

*Royal Palaces and Parks of France* is the latest volume in the long series of travel work by Francis Miltoun, that began with *Rambles on the Riviera*, and include similar delightful monographs on Normandy and Brittany, on the castles and chateaux of

Touraine, Navarre and Burgundy. The new volume includes, of course, the old Louvre and its history, the Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, Vincennes and Fontainebleau; Malmaison and Saint Cloud; Versailles, Rambouillet and Chantilly; and last, but not least, Compiègne and its forests. To the casual visitor of these once royal homes there is only too apt to come a tantalising sense of ignorance. It is ground haunted by such a multitude of illustrious ghosts, of which the guide book gives only a fragmentary and unserviceable nomenclature. One racks one's brain to recall the vague smattering of French history that still remains from bygone schooling—or was it, to be honest, only from *The Three Mousquetaires*, *The Queen's Necklace*, and the Valois romances?—and wishes for a neat little book that would tell one not too ponderously the things one is expected to know. That is precisely what Mr. Mil-toun seems to have done, and he has been ably seconded in the way of many attractive colour illustrations reproduced from the skilful brush of Blanche McManus.

*English Episcopal Palaces*, comprising the palaces of Lambeth, Lincoln, Norwich and others of historical importance within the province of Canterbury, is the title of a careful and informing volume containing chapters contributed by half a dozen different writers under the general supervision of Mr. R. S. Rait. The book is a good specimen of its kind, substantial and solid; not at all the sort of book for a comfortable lazy evening by the winter fireside, or for the casual tourist in a hurry, but as full of good reliable facts as an article in the *Encyclopædia Brit-*

*annica*. If you are conscientiously "doing" the cathedral towns of England, in a leisurely and thorough manner, then presumably this is one of the books you want.

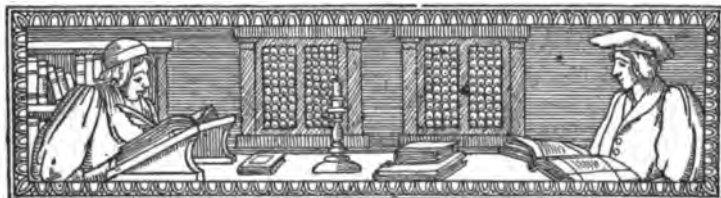
It seems ungracious to speak otherwise than kindly of *Ways and Days Out of London*, by Aida Rodman DeMilt, because the scheme of the book comes pretty near to supplying that threadbare "long-felt want" of the hack reviewer. There are scores of delightful trips to be made by easy day excursions from London; and a book that will gather these excursions together and tell you just how to get to these places and what to see when you get there is of course a desideratum. But to take these trips as the author of this volume insists upon our doing, in company with a certain Diana and Sonia, becomes after a while a trifle tedious. Here, for instance, is a typical extract:

"Rochester and Frindsbury 11:40," read Diana. "We can go directly from here to Rochester—this afternoon."

While we awaited the tram for Rainhan, Sonia busily collected fragments of history which Chatham and Rochester had bestirred in her memory.

"Was it not from Chatham that James II set forth for France when England became an unsafe environment for his royal head?" she asked. "Yes, now I remember. It was here that Elizabeth established the dock-yards before the coming of the Armada."

We rather rashly said above that it had not yet occurred to any one to write a Bradshaw or a Baedeker in *Dolly Dialogue* form, but does not this come perilously near it?



# THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

## VI—THE QUESTION OF STYLE

*In the preceding paper in this series, stress was laid upon the fact that there is no royal road to the craftsmanship of writing; that no amount of inborn talent will ever enable you to dispense with a certain amount of patient drudgery; that no great result can be achieved unless you subscribe to the Doctrine of Infinite Pains, and that this doctrine applies to every successive step in your work from the first conception of your central idea down to the last corrections on your page proofs. The present paper discusses the relationship between the Gospel of Infinite Pains and the question of forming a Style.*



HERE is, I think, a good deal of unnecessary heartburn experienced by young writers regarding the question whether or not they are beginning to form a style. It indicates a condition of mind akin to that hypochondriacal tendency to believe that one is suffering from various purely imaginary diseases. A sound mind in a sound body is too busy in performing the various activities belonging to each day's work to stop to count the heart beats or rate of respiration. The young writer, with something really worth saying, and a certain driving energy that makes him bent upon saying it in the clearest way possible, ought to be too busy upon the task at hand to be worrying about whether he is forming a style—whether, that is to say, his brave beginnings of to-day are cornerstones in the arch of future fame. We have seen

### Definition of "Style"

that what every young writer should strive to acquire is first a clear-cut idea of what he is trying to accomplish; secondly, a technical skill that will enable him to build the framework of his creation, whatever its form may be, solidly and with the proportions demanded by good art; and thirdly that he must cultivate that infinite patience which will strive to make all parts and all aspects of his work tend toward a unity of effect in subject and structure and language. And when a writer has learned thoroughly to do these things, he need no longer worry about style, for style is nothing else than

the ability to express one's thoughts in the best possible way. Or, as James Russell Lowell has defined it: "Style is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material." And Walter Pater expresses very nearly the same thought in somewhat different terms when he writes: "To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself:—style is in the right way when it tends toward that."

My advice, then, to the beginner in writing is: Do not worry too much about your style. Try to write

### The Method of Imitation

as simply and clearly as you can and without self-consciousness. In learning the rudiments of your art you are like the novice in archery learning to hit a target; concentrate yourself upon the task of making your verbal shafts reach their mark. And if you do this faithfully, ease and grace will follow in their own due time. Certain writers have deliberately set themselves as part of their apprenticeship the task of practising the particular mannerisms of a few recognised models of English style. Stevenson, for instance, is a conspicuous example of this practice, and the rare quality of his own prose is admittedly due to such self-training. Yet where this method succeeds with one man out of ten, it is quite likely to mar the style of the nine others, making them mere copyists—like the young painter who spends his days reproducing a Raphael or a Rubens, instead of remaining under the open sky

learning to express his own thoughts in his own way. To ask one's self continually: "Am I acquiring style?" is like the novice in painting similarly asking: "Am I learning how to mix colours?" A painter does not need to distress himself about the beauty and harmony of all the colours he mixes—the real thing is to be able to obtain the particular colour that he needs for the moment: the whole trick lies there. Be content to have ideas and to develop them to the best of your ability, studying above all things simplicity, the economy of words. Be sure that, for the beginner at all events, the least style is the best style. Do not polish excessively, and always be sure that you have something that is worthy of being polished. It is well to put a lustre on mahogany, but it is foolish to waste energy upon soft pine.

Of course, if you want to go somewhat deeply into the whole question, you might begin by reading what various recognised stylists have had to say upon the subject; you might make yourself familiar with De Quincey's *Essay on Style* and Pater's; and what Lowell has to say, and Stevenson too and half a dozen more besides to whom they will readily guide you. And the chances are that after a few hours, or days, of diligent reading you will come away with a considerable sense of discouragement and confusion; because, while they all fairly agree that style is a question of fitting the method to the material; and that there is not one style but there are many styles, just as there may be many forms of dress to suit different occupations; yet after all they do not lay down rules that are really helpful. Some comfort is to be gained out of Pater, if read understandingly, for he has a broad sanity of outlook that recognises merit in a great diversity of methods. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which embodies the essence of all he has to say on this subject and is well worth pondering upon:

In the highest, as in the lowliest literature, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth:—truth to bare facts in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact; diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former: truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of

truth, the *vraie vérité*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! Employing for its one sole purpose—that absolute accordance of expression to idea—all other literary beauties and excellencies whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies and, at the same time, safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase" are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage: there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament; here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. . . . The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Misérables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty,—the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter.

Literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

It is Pater who says of the author of *Madame Bovary*, "If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style"; and in support of this opinion he proceeds to quote the following summary of Flaubert's literary creed:

Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony, still went on seeking another, with invincible pains, certain that he had not yet got hold of the word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Amongst all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one*

—one form, one mode,—to express what I want to say.

Now, with this creed of Flaubert's in mind, let us proceed to consider in a practical sort of way just what this particular branch in the craft of writing which we speak

**The Inevitable Word**

of as style really means. Of course, a writer is a craftsman who builds with words of assorted sizes, just as another kind of craftsman builds with bricks and stones. And what we call style comes down in last analysis to a choice between two or more different arrangements of words,—a choice between saying a thing in one way rather than saying it in some other. Now, theoretically Flaubert is right: there are no perfectly equivalent synonyms either of words or phrases,—and even the same phrase will take on shades of meaning when spoken by different lips. Whenever you utter a sentence you have expressed a thought in the only way in which that particular thought down to the last hair-splitting shade of meaning can be expressed. Change a syllable and you change the meaning—that was Flaubert's doctrine and it meant torture to him. And the trouble, of course, was that he tried to practise what can never be more than theoretical. If a writer could really know down to the ultimate shade of thought exactly what he wanted to say and in exactly the tone in which he wanted to say it, and if his brain was so equipped that it had at command the entire contents of the unabridged dictionary then, theoretically, the one inevitable word-sequence ought forthwith to present itself to him. In practice, however, there are a hundred different ways that occur to us for saying even some quite simple thing, each of them not precisely what we want to say, but representing a compromise, a sacrifice, on the side of meaning, or of euphony, or of rhythm. The one perfect way is the dream of a visionary, a forever unattainable ideal. We may come more or less near to it in proportion to our ten talents or our two talents or our one, but it always eludes us. And the finer the artist, the more he is apt to suffer because he sees so clearly how far short he has fallen. Style, then, practically means the ability to

choose the words that will give us just the right meaning, just the right harmony, just the right cadence. And if this is to be done worthily we must attain our results so far as possible without straying far afield for queer, exotic words and phrases. It is, says Lowell, "the secondary intellect which asks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerisms, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation." And Maupassant, in this well-known preface to *Pierre et Jean*, wrote in similar strain:

There is no need of the bizarre, complicated, extensive and Chinese vocabulary that they force upon us to-day under the name of artistic writing to catch all the shades of thought; but it is necessary to discern with extreme lucidity all the modifications in the value of a word according to the place it occupies. Let us have fewer nouns, verbs and adjectives with meanings almost incomprehensible, but let us have more different phrases.

In regard to vocabulary no better rule has been formulated down to the present day than that old dictum of Quintilian: "Use only the newest of the old and the oldest of the new."

**The Safe Norm in Vocabulary**  
We may, of course, assume in theory that no word is so obsolete that it may not under some special conditions be revived; no slang so recent as to be wholly barred out of print. D'Annunzio, the recognised master of modern Italian style, has ransacked the early writers for so many out-of-the-way words that some of his later prose can be more easily read by a well-educated Anglo-Saxon with a fair knowledge of the language than by an equally intelligent Italian who does not happen to be well grounded in Latin and Greek. And at the opposite scale, we have Mr. Kipling, who fearlessly enriches our language with such words as he thinks it needs. Nevertheless, the safe norm lies in the simple, every-day vocabulary. A good craftsman can accomplish wonderful things with a limited number of tools: an eminent surgeon in this city has been known to perform successfully an operation for appendicitis with no instrument but a simple pair of scissors. One trouble with many of us is that we overwork

just a few words and combinations of words, and neglect equally good combinations; we have the vice of the hackneyed phrase. A well-known American critic once said in conversation that he would rather be caught stealing a watch than saying that a book "filled a long-felt want"—and unquestionably the two offences differ in kind rather than degree. It was Daudet who expressed the philosophy of the hackneyed phrase perhaps rather more felicitously than any other:

What profound disgust must those epithets feel which have lived for centuries with the same nouns! Bad writers cannot be made to comprehend this. They think divorce is not permitted to words. There are people who write without blushing: *venerable trees, melodious accents*. *Venerable* is not an ugly word; put it with another substantive—"your venerable burden," "most venerable worth," etc.—you see the union is good. In short, the epithet should be the mistress of the substantive, never its lawful wife. Between words there must be passing liaisons, but no eternal marriages. It is that which distinguishes the original writer from others.

It is that, an Anglo-Saxon critic finds himself instinctively adding, that distinguishes just a few of the more prominent British writers of the younger school; writers otherwise very wide apart indeed—Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad and Alfred Ollivant and J. C. Snaith—to mention only a few striking examples. Each of these has a style of his own; some of them, indeed, have a number of styles, to be donned and doffed upon occasion; but the one trait that they all have in common is a frank audacity of new combination, a tendency to take liberties with noun and adjective, and pair them off with as little ceremony as a hostess pairs off her guests for a cotillon—and with as little malice. De Quincey wrote, not without a grain of literary snobbishness:

Like boys who are throwing the sun's rays in the eyes of a mob by means of a mirror, you must shift your lights and vibrate your reflections at every possible angle, if you would agitate the popular mind extensively.

De Quincey, of course, had a certain

ingrained scorn of the popular mind. It was quite unconsciously, while here intending to stigmatise a type of bad rhetoric, that he actually gave us a rather vivid metaphor of the principle upon which language tends constantly to renew itself.

And this brings us to a vital point in the whole question of acquiring style. If

**The Study of Foreign Languages** you are proposing to learn the craft of building, or pottery making, or carpet weaving, will you be satisfied to know nothing beyond what has been done by England or America? Or will you, just as a matter of business shrewdness, study what has been done in the past in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and Turkey and India? The business man and the scientist always keep a keen eye on the whole world. And the man of letters cannot afford to do less. If you run over the list of the world's great stylists, you will find that they were, relatively speaking, linguists. I use the term, *relatively speaking*, advisedly; because in some countries and at certain epochs, a man who knew one language besides his own passed as a person of learning; while in another, two or three extra tongues carried slight distinction. One of our professional humourists once said that he knew a man who spoke seventeen languages, and never said anything of importance in any of them. There was no wit in the remark, because it was probably quite true. There is a point at which the brain becomes merely acquisitive. But the possession of two or three languages besides one's own is the best of all aids to a distinctive style. It was James Russell Lowell who said: "The practice of translation, by making us deliberate in the choice of the best equivalent of the foreign word in our own language, has likewise the advantage of continually schooling us in one of the main elements of a good style—precision; and precision of thought is not only exemplified by precision of language, but is largely dependent on the habit of it."

The above quotation is useful for two reasons: first, for the emphasis it lays upon the value of the right word; and, secondly, on account of Lowell's obvious

underrating of the value of translation. Because translation, whether from modern languages, or from the classics, is one of the most valuable aids that we possess to an appreciation, not merely of a precision of words, but of new rhythms, new possibilities of linguistic effects—which, after all, is a more important issue. A trained translator of sterling authors soon learns that if he is to preserve

anything of importance  
**The Practice of the original author's**  
**of Translating** quality, he must convey  
 over into his own lan-

guage something of the linguistic harmony and the phrase cadence. The present writer knows by experience how hard a task this is, and what hours of labour it sometimes takes, to reproduce in English a single paragraph of French or Italian or Spanish, with even an approximate retention of the original consonant pattern and the original number of syllables. Your professional translator seldom bothers himself about such things; but the craftsman may well waste many a day and week after this fashion, because he will learn a surprising amount of sheer linguistic gymnastics. Translation, whether from Greek, Latin, or some modern tongue, is to the literary writer by profession like chest weights and Indian clubs to the college athlete: it gets his mental muscles into training.

There are, besides, certain advantages to be gained from seeing the purely technical difficulties of language managed with masterly skill in a different medium from our own. We may struggle for years to acquire facility in avoiding harsh combinations of final and initial letters, the exasperating recurrence of some cacophonous but necessary relative pronoun, the jerk and jolt of an awkward rhythm—and at the end of that time we shall not know as much of the philosophy of a fluent and melodious style as could have been learned by one quarter of the effort through examining what can be done in a naturally musical language like Greek; a language in which harsh final mutes have no existence and in which one difficulty of a good prose style was not that of interweaving poetic rhythms, but rather of avoiding them. And similarly we can learn to correct our own

tendencies to carry certain principles of prose writing to excess by seeing these same principles carried to a *reductio ad absurdum*. A good illustration of this point is contained in Zola's account of Turgéneff's amazement as he listened to a discussion between Flaubert and his friends regarding that very point already referred to, the pursuit of the one inevitable word:

Turgéneff opened enormous eyes. He evidently did not understand; he declared that no writer, in any language, had ever refined his style to such an extent. At home, in Russia, nothing of the kind existed. From that day forth, every time that he heard us cursing the *who's* and the *which's*, I often saw him smile; and he said that we were quite wrong not to make a franker use of our language, which is one of the clearest and simplest there are. I am of his opinion, I have always been struck with the justice of his judgment; it is perhaps because, being a stranger, he sees us from the necessary distance and detachment (aloofness).

But whether you accept Turgéneff's view and choose to cultivate the franker use of language; or on the other hand are pleased to pursue endlessly the elusive will-o'-the-wisp of perfection, remember always that style ceases to be good the moment that it is cultivated for its own sake and not simply as an integral part of the whole unified structure. They teach a great deal about the importance of onomatopœia as practised by Homer and Vergil; and I think that a great many young students gather the idea that it is a quality which ought to flaunt itself before the eye and ear so that as one scans certain lines of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* one's predominating thought should be: How wonderfully the rhythm and the consonant pattern here suggests the poet's meaning. Now this, of course, is a fallacy, and there is no better way of showing that fallacy than by quoting Daudet's delicious little anecdote:

I shall never forget the famous: *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit*. . . . It was always cited to us as an example of onomatopœia, and my teacher had persuaded me that one might mistake it for the gallop of a horse.

One day, wishing to frighten my little sister, who had a great fear of horses, I came up be-



hind her and cried, "*Quadrupedante putrem*," and so forth. Well, the little thing wasn't frightened!

Onomatopœia, like everything else pertaining to style, is used properly when it does not obtrude itself, when it helps us to form a mental picture without our being aware by what agency the author has attained his result. Take, for instance, one of the most extreme instances in modern writing of an attempt to fit sound to meaning—the libretti to Wagner's *Ring*. When you read the text quietly by yourself you feel that the whole thing has been overdone; the various tricks of alliteration stick out like so many bristles. But when this same text is applied to the pur-

pose for which it was intended, you notice none of this, because the sound and the meaning blend so perfectly with the rhythm of the music.

And in all elements affecting style this same principle applies. Any ornament which is used simply because it is ornament, simply because the author wishes to use his subject to call attention to his manner rather than make his manner do obeisance to his theme, is vulgar ornament, as offensive to good taste as overdress in women. In style, as in everything else pertaining to the craftsmanship of writing, learn to practise "that fine art which so artfully all things conceals."

## THE SEAMSTRESS

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN

How dark the night is, dark and damp!  
It gets my bones—this cold fall air.  
And yet—I just can't light the lamp,  
The room—it is so bare.

And down below there—oh, far down—  
I see the people, two by two,  
Top hat an' stick an' flimsy gown,  
Go laughing when the play is through.

I get my points from what they wear,  
An' think of life an' men an' love.  
They never guess there's some one there  
A-watching from above.

Sometimes they kiss—between the lights  
Where it's so dark I scarce can see;  
An' yet I look,—it somehow rights  
The jumbled things in me.

I know that half of them are bad  
And that they'll rue it all some day—  
An' yet—it seems to make me glad  
To know some one is gay;

An' gives me things to dream about  
Besides my needles, cold an' white,  
A-stitching, stitching in an' out  
My heart, the livelong night.

# THE ART OF THE MOVING-PICTURE PLAY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



THE inventions of science serve frequently to broaden the domains of art by offering the artist new media of expression. The development of skeleton steel construction has given our architects an opportunity to imagine that new type of beauty in the art of building which has obtained consummate embodiment in the Metropolitan Tower. Photography, which began merely as a mechanical process, has developed into an art more subtle for handling elusive effects of light and shadow than even the major art of painting. The introduction of electrical illumination has revolutionised the art of stage-direction in our theatres. As new avenues of opportunity are opened to the artist by the march of science, the processes of the traditional arts are required to readjust themselves to meet the new conditions. The scientific invention of the kinematograph suggested the artistic invention of the moving-picture play—a novel type of narrative, wherein a fictitious story is represented in pantomime by actors and reproduced by the kinetoscope; and the new art sprang at once into competition with certain of the previously established types of drama.

The domain of criticism is co-extensive with the domain of art, and should naturally be broadened to include those new provinces which the inventions of science and the consequent inventions of art have recently discovered and annexed. It will not do for the critic to ignore a new art because it is new or because its basis is mechanical. All art arises from the application of a mechanism; and the hoariest of the traditional arts was new at some time in the history of mankind. The critic of architecture must accept the skyscraper; the critic of painting must consider the new art of photography; and it is surely not logical that the moving-picture play should be ig-

nored by our critics of the novel and the drama. A new type of narrative that has achieved such immediate and such widespread popularity as the moving-picture play must certainly be worthy of serious criticism. If we should learn nothing else from a study of its materials and methods, we should at least succeed in clarifying our ideas concerning those pre-existent types of narrative from which it has derived its processes.

## THE FILMS AND SOME CLASSICS

Even a casual study of the moving-picture play will convince us of the soundness of that principle of contemporary criticism that nearly every good play has for its basis a good pantomime, and that dialogue—the purely literary element—while not the least important, is at any rate the least indispensable, of the many elements which are compounded in that complex work of art, the acted drama. The kinematograph bereaves the drama of the spoken word; and it must be surprising to the literary theorists to learn how much is left—how vividly the essential elements of action, character, and setting may convey themselves by visual means alone. Pantomime has been recognised for many centuries as a legitimate type of drama; but it is safe to say that the variety and the extent of its adaptability as a means of story-telling were never fully understood until the invention of the kinematograph demanded of it an unprecedented exercise. The familiar French one-act pantomime entitled *La Main* has been reproduced by the flittering film, and is fully as effective on the screen as on the stage. Such a classic of the art of pantomime as that wordless drama in three acts, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, devised by Michel Carré, which was revived this autumn at the Carnegie Lyceum by Mme. Pilar Morin, could be reproduced by the kinetoscope without any loss of dramatic effect and would furnish an interesting evening's

entertainment. But even the spoken drama might, in many of its classic manifestations, be kinematographed without irremediable loss. Several of the melodramas of Sardou have already been successfully submitted to the process; and it is not impossible to imagine a wordless reproduction of even more eminent types of drama. Such a farce, for example, as *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* of Molière could easily tell itself through the medium of the moving picture and would still awaken laughter. Molière's humour always expresses itself through the situation or the character and never through the mere language of the dialogue; in all his plays there is not a single witty line; and humour which is thus visual, instead of auditory, in its appeal may be conveyed in pantomime. The screen scene of *The School for Scandal*—to choose an instance from high comedy—would remain clearly intelligible in all its necessary implications if it were acted without words; and if we desire an example from poetic tragedy, we need only consider that the final scene of *Hamlet* would still be thrillingly appealing if it were projected on the silent but animated screen. The only type of drama which is absolutely unavailable for the kinoscope is that in which the element of action is entirely subordinated to the element of character and in which incidents are imagined off the stage for the sake of their subsequent psychologic effect on the people present to the eye—the type that is represented by the tragedies of Corneille and Racine and some of the social dramas of Ibsen and his imitators. But since the preponderant proportion of the existing drama conveys its message more by visual than by auditory means, it seems strange that more of our standard plays have not been reproduced in moving pictures. For some time we have utilised the phonograph to record the voices of our greatest opera singers. Why should we not also utilise the kinematograph to record the visual aspects of the acting of our greatest histrionic artists? This available invention should surely be applied to make a permanent record of such bits of acting, for example, as Mr. Forbes-Robertson's death scene in *Hamlet*. That moment

when his half-uplifted hands wave and flutter in the air, and his face is for the last time suffused with the ineffable smile that dawned over it in the first act at the phrase, "Methinks I see my father," and then the head sinks forward in sign that for all eternity the rest is silence—surely this, and many moments like it, should be recorded, like Caruso's voice, before the living artist is stolen from the world.

#### FREEDOM OF NARRATIVE

But, on the other hand, there is a sound critical reason why the moving-picture play should not confine itself to the reproduction of the ordinary spoken drama. In several important respects the moving picture is a more serviceable medium for story-telling than the regular drama; and it can achieve its most interesting effects by flinging emphasis upon such expedients of narrative as lie beyond the reach of the actual theatre. The main advantage of the moving-picture play over the traditional types of drama is that the author is granted an immeasurably greater freedom in handling the categories of place and time. The modern play must confine itself to not more than three or four definite localisations; but a story told by moving pictures may change its place as frequently as the author may desire. He may arrange his tale in fifty scenes instead of four; and this is, technically, an immeasurable advantage. Instead of constraining his characters to meet at a certain place at a certain moment, he may visit them at different moments in the various places where they choose to be. In this freedom, the moving-picture play resembles those earlier types of drama which flourished before the stage restricted its range of narrative by adopting a definite scenic setting. Students of the history of the theatre will discern a close analogy between the moving-picture play and that type of chronicle history which was developed in the early Elizabethan period and was utilised repeatedly by Shakespeare. The battle episodes of Shakespeare's histories, vivid with alarms and excursions, wherein the scene shifts momentarily from one part of the field of conflict to another, and the characters make a rapid transit before the eye,

launching hasty, incoherent lines in passing, could be suggested more emphatically by the kinematograph than on the modern scenery-encumbered stage. Furthermore, the moving picture possesses a notable advantage over the contemporary regular drama in its ability to alter, in the fraction of a second, the point of view from which the story shall be looked upon. As soon as a character has passed through a certain door, the scene may be shifted from the room that he has left to the room that he has entered; and the eye may follow him all through a house from cellar to attic without any loss of time. The new art of the moving-picture play is the only one of all the many arts of narrative which makes it possible for the observer to follow with the actual eye the passage of a character through a mile or more of space. In this new form of artistic presentation, a person may walk, run, ride, drive, sail, swim, or fly for any distance, and yet be accompanied through his entire transit by the actual eye of the observer. This fact offers to the artist who devises a scenario for the kinematograph many possibilities of narrative which lie far beyond the range of the ordinary drama.

#### TREASURE ISLAND AND THE FOREST OF ARDEN

In this freedom in handling place and time and in shifting the point of view, the moving-picture play resembles the novel much more nearly than it resembles the regular drama. The solitary horseman, dear to Scott and Cooper, could not be shown upon the stage; but he might easily be represented on the screen. If we draw on our imagination, we may readily adduce a more emphatic illustration of this point. *Treasure Island*, for example, could not possibly be dramatised for presentation in the regular theatre, because the interest of the action is dependent on its rapid change of place from hour to hour; but the entire story, from the outset to the end, could be told in moving pictures; and many of the scenes, since their appeal to the imagination is mainly visual, would be even more effective on the screen than on the printed page.

In handling the element of action, the moving-picture play is more successful than the novel, since its appeal is made directly to the eye instead of to the imagination, and it is scarcely less successful than the drama. In handling the element of setting, it is overwhelmingly superior, not only to the novel but to the drama as well. In dealing with interiors, the moving-picture play remains on a par with the regular drama; but in dealing with scenes set out of doors, it passes far beyond the reach of the roofed and stationary stage. In the modern theatre the Forest of Arden is nothing but a huddled conglomeration of canvas trees; but in the moving-picture play, scenes like those between Shakespeare's idyllic lovers may be performed in an actual forest, drifting from place to place among trees that sift the sunlight and flutter their leafy branches in the breeze. The kinematograph is especially successful in rendering effects of moving air and water. On the stage, the sea can be suggested only by a crude and bungling mechanism; but in the moving-picture play a scene may pass upon an actual sandy beach, with league-long round-backed breakers creaming on the shore. Boats always look silly on the stage; but the kinematograph may fluently represent the paddling of a canoe past bend after bend of a rippling river. Animals, also, which can never be trusted to behave naturally in the theatre, may be used as important agents in the plot when the scene is conducted actually out of doors. To the mind of most contemporary artists the element of setting is not the least significant of the three necessary elements of narrative; and it is therefore an exceedingly important point that criticism is forced to concede that the local environment of a story may be exhibited more directly and more vividly in the moving-picture play than in any of the older types of narrative. It is only in handling the element of character that the new art is at a disadvantage in competing with the novel and the drama. The many expedients that the dramatist and the novelist may use for delineating character are reduced, in the moving-picture play, to one. What people are may be suggested only by what they do: by their deeds, and only by their deeds,

we know them. In drawing character, the moving-picture play suffers a strict confinement of range in consequence of its inability to use the spoken word. Only a small minority of those innumerable characteristics which are compounded into any individual human temperament express themselves naturally in action which is obvious to the eye. Here then—in handling the element of character—lies the weakness of the moving-picture play considered technically as a type of narrative—just as, in handling that other element of setting, lies its strength.

#### STEVENSON AND THE STORY

This analysis makes it possible for us to define the type of story which may be most competently represented by the kinematograph. Obviously the most desirable narrative material for a moving-picture play is material in which the elements of action and setting are paramount and the element of character subsidiary—in other words, a story in which incident treads upon the heels of incident and the action rushes headlong through a hurried succession of objective events, set preferably out of doors. It will be noticed at once that, whereas this definition utterly fails to fit the modern regular drama, it almost exactly fits the traditional romantic novel of adventure. If we revert to an illustration that has already been adduced, we shall observe that this definition of what is necessary in a moving-picture play points directly to that traditional type of narrative that Stevenson revived in *Treasure Island*.

In fact, a re-reading of Stevenson's *Gossip on Romance* will give us a very vivid sense of the sources of the interest and charm of which the moving-picture play is particularly capable. What Stevenson says in praise of the romantic novel of adventure may be applied with equal justice to that new art which did not spring into existence till after he was dead. "The story," he says, "should repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were

but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn, where, 'toward the close of the year 17—,' several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. . . . One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. . . . Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life . . . where the interest turns . . . not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, . . . the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales."

Here, in the words of a great artist in narrative, we have a clear and comprehensive statement of the possibilities that lie open to the maker of the moving-picture play. He cannot contend with the dramatist in working out those problems of conscience which confront the will; he cannot compete with the novelist in analysing characters; but he may tell, with a vividness beyond the reach of their less visual expedients of appeal, "the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales," in which the interest is centred not in "eloquence or character or thought" but in "some quality of the brute incident."

It is evident, therefore, that the art of the moving-picture play is not an art to be despised or ignored by serious criticism. It represents, in fact—to look upon it from the historical point of view—a reversion to an earlier and more perennially refreshing mood of narrative than that which latterly has assumed dominion over the novel and the drama.

The moving-picture play carries us back to the boyish age of the great art of telling tales, when stories were narrated nakedly as stories instead of being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. One can hardly imagine Mr. Henry James devising a successful scenario for the kinematograph; but the Shakespeare who wrote *Richard III* and the Homer who wrote the *Odyssey* would experience no difficulty in fulfilling the requirements. It is only very recently that the masters of the art of fiction have made war upon the optic nerve and exalted the subjective over the objective. Our modern interest in those intimate phases of character which refuse to reveal themselves in action is, certainly, sophisticated and excessive. It is therefore with a feeling somewhat of relief that we notice that the newest of all the arts of narrative—the moving-picture play—disembarrasses its stories of *psychologising*, and tells them in the free and boyish spirit that vivified the epic, the drama, and the novel throughout the centuries before the world grew old.

It is not at all surprising that the moving-picture play has driven out of existence the cheap type of popular melodrama. The reason is not merely that the moving-picture show could undersell the regular theatre and offer a performance for five cents instead of for ten, twenty, and thirty. In the whole history of the world, no art, however cheap, has ever annihilated a more expensive art which was basically better than itself. The real reason for the triumph of the moving-picture play is the purely critical

reason that it offered a more artistic type of narrative than the old popular melodrama. In cheap melodrama, all that was worth while was the vividness and the variety of the incidents; the characters did not count, except as puppets in the plot; and the dialogue, crude and frequently absurd, was more a bother than a help. In abolishing dialogue the moving-picture show relieved the cheap drama of its weakest element; it could suggest character with less obvious falsification than the actual popular drama; and it could easily excel it in the projection of incidents, both on the score of variety and on the score of vividness.

The thing that is surprising is that, except in France, the moving-picture play has not more fully availed itself of those artistic opportunities which are open to it, and thereby raised itself to competition with more refined and more expensive types of drama than were set forth in the old ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres. Many of the moving-picture plays which may now be seen are good; but only a little imagination is needed to see that they might easily be made better. Certain reports in the newspapers have indicated recently that the popular interest in moving pictures throughout the country is declining. If this be true, the new art must bestir itself to fulfil more completely than heretofore the high artistic aims of which it is indubitably capable. It is too good an art for the public to lose; and it can retain its popularity if it labours to deserve it.



# STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

## I—STRANGE STORIES OF THE POSTAL SERVICE



WHEN Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, effected the capture and execution of the notorious Blackbeard and his pirate crew, Benjamin Franklin, then a printer in Philadelphia, celebrated the event in a ballad. Spottswood appreciated the poem, and when he became postmaster-general of the colonies, appointed Franklin his deputy, from which office Franklin rose to that of postmaster-general of the colonies, serving in that capacity over twenty years.

Could these pirate-hating postmasters return to this country, and listen to the stories which Postmaster-General Hitchcock might tell, they would probably bless their stars that they held office in an age when thieves were fairly easy to catch, and could be strung to the nearest tree without benefit of court or clergy. The pirates and highway robbers of the eighteenth century were petty thieves, bunglers, compared to the long-distance ones of to-day, who use the United States mails to carry out their schemes, which, —as in the Burr Brothers swindle, recently exposed in New York,—yield booty amounting to thousands of dollars a day, contributed by the credulous in every walk of life. The “get-rich-quick” schemes, while numerous, form only a small percentage of the fraudulent uses to which the postal service is put. Promises to give profitable work at home, university courses, lessons in beauty culture, make a Shakespeare in six lessons, and give absent treatment,—on receipt of a certain sum down and so much to follow,—are as common as the art of advertising. Superstition is also appealed to, and magic rods which are warranted to locate treasures, water and oil, bring ready purchasers, who may later yearn to apply the rods to the backs of the swindlers. Fake florists, too, make thousands of dol-

lars by selling seeds which they promise will produce fruit, or flowers, more wonderful than any grown in the Garden of Eden. A few years ago, the scheme of one concern which found thousands of eager purchasers of pulverised palm leaves,—purporting to be a marvellous powder that would germinate and produce a plant rarer than the rarest orchid,—was exposed by a woman buyer, who had paid a dollar for a package. She used part of it, and, not obtaining results, took the remainder to a seed expert who told her the truth. She then promptly notified the postal authorities, who meted out justice to the thieves.

The postal inspectors detailed to trap those who rob the United States mail, either on the road or in the offices, are kept pretty busy apprehending thieves. In the train robberies, they usually have the co-operation of the railroads; but in burglaries and petty thieving in the offices, they have to depend on their own wits. Much of their work is done quietly, patiently, often taking months, years to unravel. Decoy letters, commonly used, often fail; and in some cases strictly original traps are constructed by the detectives.

### THE DRUGGED MUCILAGE

Several years ago, letters and packages containing drafts, cheques, money, and other valuables were being stolen constantly on one of the star routes of New Mexico. Learning they were watched, the thieves adopted the tactics of opening the letters, securing the valuables, resealing the envelopes, and sending them along. These letters passed through so many hands that the inspectors could not even guess where the robberies took place along the line. Then one clever inspector secured a quantity of drugs, labelled them, put them in his grip, and started on a fake inspection trip of the offices along the robbery route. Pretending to ex-

amine the books, he deftly dropped a little of each drug in the mucilage bottles on the desks of the several offices, making notes of the different offices with their special drugs, for future use. When the trip was finished, he received a letter from a New York business man, containing an envelope which was evidently opened on that particular route, and rifled of money. The inspector smelled the mucilage on the flap, looked up the office designated by the drug he scented, and caught his game in less than a week.

Countless bonds of love, friendship, and business are frayed, if not hopelessly severed, on account of the delay or non-delivery of mail. The officials declare that the percentage of errors made by its force is very small compared to the wonderful feats it performs in transmitting, correctly, misdirected and cypher matter. But that does not help the grievances of those who suffer, because correctly addressed letters are never received by the parties for whom they are intended, or received too late to do anything but emphasise a tragedy, directly due to the failure of the letter to arrive on time. It is not unusual to read, or hear, of cases of death by starvation, or suicide, of men and women who waited from post to post, from day to day, for promised remittances of money, only to be disappointed until they could hold out no longer, and surrendered, when—did they but know it—relief was at their very door.

There is the story of the young man from the Middle West who went to New York to study art, hoping to make a modest income by illustrating for newspapers and magazines while he was aiming for higher rewards. His people were of the great middle-class, comfortably fixed, but not sufficiently endowed with money to give their artist member a steady allowance. Indeed, every member of that family, with true American grit, felt that each man should fight his own way in the world, without whining or asking assistance of the others. This being the case, the artist was too proud to appeal to his relatives when he found, by dear experience, that frosts are more common than sun to budding artists, and soon his funds were exhausted. Only when on the verge of prostration from

lack of food, worry and overwork, did he write home for help. The fate that leads letters astray presided over the destiny of the missive, with funds, which his parents quickly sent him; and when the postman went to deliver the delayed letter to the tenant of the bleak studio, he found him dead from starvation. There was no redress for the grief-stricken parents—the letter had not been registered; and it had simply gone astray.

A funny story is told by a Washington man who always prided himself on paying his office rent promptly on the appointed hour. On one rent day he was unable to find his old landlord—who attended to the rentals personally—and, determined that he would not give it to the landlord to say he was not always on time, thought it would be a good joke to send the letter by special delivery to his home, which was at *Langdon, D. C.*, a suburb of Washington. Instead of going over the city line, that letter went to *London, England*, and before it was returned to the writer, he was ready to pay another month's rent, not knowing he was still in debt to his landlord, who had refrained from pressing so good a tenant.

#### A ROMANCE OF 1899

Last spring, a letter bearing postmarks of many nations reached the Dead Letter Office at Washington. They deciphered the original address, written eleven years previously, and forwarded it to Winchester, Texas, requesting, if received by the proper person, that he return the envelope to them to place in their collection of curiosities, many of which find their place in the Post Office museum. The letter did reach the right man; but it only added to the bitterness which his bachelor heart had been storing up for eleven years. In the year 1899, while attending Austin College, at Sherman, Texas, Cupid played havoc with his heart when he introduced him to a pretty girl student in the class; and so emphatically did the little god present his claims that the young students plighted their troth and the young man left school in order to go to work and secure a home for his promised bride. Of course, they promised to correspond regularly, which they did, until the break came when the



girl, after writing her usual letter, waited days for a reply. The young man also waited; because he had failed to get a reply to his latest letter. Then the girl, unable to control herself longer, wrote him a bitter, reproachful letter, accusing him of unfaithfulness. He returned spark for spark, and after several such letters passed between them they ended in stubborn silence. The girl recovered from the affair, it would appear, when she married another man; but the student lover, either because he loved her still, or because he had no faith in women, never married. They say he wept when he received the dear letter she had written him, and which was the cause of their quarrel. As for the woman in the case, three children call her mother, and it is doubtful if she allowed herself one regretful tear.

On May 31, 1867, J. B. Turner mailed at Olena, California, a letter addressed to a friend who belonged to the firm of Wilson and Evans, manufacturers of firearms. He requested the loan of one hundred dollars for a pressing need. That letter, postmarked by many lands, worn with age, turned up at the Dead Letter Office *thirty-eight years* after it was written. The office thought it too good to burn, and started on a search for the writer. They located him in Oregon, and, while he wrote acknowledgment of having penned that ancient missive, he had totally forgotten for what he wanted that hundred dollars!

#### THE POST OFFICE MUSEUM

The Post Office museum in the big granite building on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, contains many interesting relics which might have been destroyed or turned into the annual auction of the Dead Letter Office, did they not appeal to the interest of those who are building this museum, which may grow into a large institution some day. The history of some of its exhibits is plainly written, while others may never be known. For instance, who were the originals of those fine old daguerreotypes, many of which found their way to the Dead Letter Office during the Civil War, when pictures of wives and sweethearts passed over the lines to be carried on fields and

marches, and when the soldiers sent home portraits in return.

In one case is a "gentleman's shaving set,"—consisting of a broken comb, box of lye; lime, for powder; a razor blade nicked like a saw, and a unique shaving brush manufactured from twigs, bound to a handle formed of a beer-bottle opener, and scissors too dull to "cut friendship," if this mock toilet set failed to do so. It was evidently sent to pay a bet; and the addressee, getting a peep at the contents of the package, refused it; whereupon, it went to the Dead Letter Office, from where it passed to the museum, no doubt, to inspire humorous imitators.

"If that stuffed dog could talk!" "Hello, old tramp!" "Good boy—just trot out, won't you!" are a few of the remarks one may hear before the glass case which contains "Owney,—the tramp postal dog."

#### OWNEY AND OTHER DOGS

Perhaps, some day, Jack London will stroll into the museum, and by some occult force known to himself get Owney to relate his story in the canine language which he seems to understand so well. But until then we must be content with the fragments of biography of this Irish-Scotch terrier, without pedigree or good looks, his coat patched and dull grey, but decorated with medals bestowed upon him by postal and other government officials in all quarters of the globe; for like many Americans, born in obscurity, Owney was bound to rise and move among the high and mighty, though he loved humble mail clerks much better than royalty.

As sorry a pup as was ever harried by cruel boys, he crept into the Albany post-office for shelter one morning. He translated the kind words of the clerks into an appointment, and joined the force, guarding mail bags on the cars,—for he voiced preference for the railway mail service. One set of clerks passed him on to another, on lines which he selected with the air of an experienced traveller. At first he stuck to his own country, then he travelled into Mexico, and the postal officials suspended one of their dollars to his collar. When Owney

reached Washington, Postmaster-General Wanamaker gave him a pat of approval, and supplied him with a harness to hold future rewards of merit. Owney liked his jaunt into foreign parts so well that he decided to travel on the mail steamers. While in Japan, he was received by the Mikado, who presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Emperor. Owney became almost untouchable after that. It is told that he resented the caresses of the gentle ladies of the Japanese court; and on his way back to his own country tried to whip every dog he ran across. He received not a few scars from his opponents, and these, with the loss of an eye by being hit by a hot cinder from one of the locomotives, did not add to his beauty. Perhaps that was the reason he resented attempts to photograph him; and when a Toledo, Ohio, postal clerk attempted to chain Owney for a pose, the proud dog attacked him. That settled Owney, for the postmaster, having more fear of hydrophobia than faith in decorated dogs, had poor Owney shot. Grief and indignation stirred many of Owney's postal friends when they heard of his death, and they talked of a monument to the famous postal dog. But they were more than satisfied when the authorities promised to have him preserved in the flesh, and installed in a glass case where the thousands who visit the capital of the nation would gaze on this—our most famous postal dog.

Owney was a dude dog compared to the dogs which pull the sleds along the most man-forsaken, dreariest, and dangerous mail route on the globe—that established by our Government in the Yukon territory. It covers two thousand miles, six hundred miles of which has to be travelled by the carriers on foot. At one time a single postman was assigned to a route of eight hundred miles; much of it along the river jammed with ice as solid as the boulders of the mountains. Now and then the carrier may find a smooth track of ice on the river, but frequently when mild weather is near, it proves treacherously thin, and he and his sled and dogs are submerged. If they manage to get out, they are in danger of being frozen to death, and the sagacious dogs seem to know this, for they strain

every muscle to make the next "rest house" with all possible speed.

Ben Downing, the most famous of the carriers in the land of snow and gold, was saved from certain death about seven years ago by his faithful dogs, which seemed to know his every thought and need. He was going at a clip, one spring morning, when he felt the ice cracking beneath the team, and the next minute he was in the water, choked beyond giving command to his dogs. But they understood. They had been in this predicament before, so they struggled back to the shore, and then started on the run as fast as their feet could carry them, their toes and those of their master freezing fast and soon beginning to drip blood. After twenty miles of this red-tracked flight, they drew up at one of the stations. Ben staggered in; stripped off his freezing clothes; wrapped himself in a blanket; and then made a fire to dispel the sixty-below zero temperature of the hut. Undaunted by his awful experience, he set forth the next morning, and made the fifty miles to Dawson by night. After distributing the mail, he tumbled into his bunk, possessed of a raging fever. He was taken to the hospital; his frozen toes were amputated; and it was two months before he was around again. He could not get back on the mail route quick enough—declaring that, despite its hardships, he enjoyed it better than he used to relish a stiff encounter with the Indians of Arizona.

#### HEROINES OF THE SERVICE

The rural delivery service of the United States, in the fourteen years of its existence, has grown a crop of heroines, as well as heroes. The women seem anxious to prove to the department that they are worthy of their hire, and the fourth assistant postmaster, at Washington, receives many gossiping epistles from them, telling, with pardonable pride, of how they have performed their duty in the face of all obstacles; through blizzards or under blazing sun; forest fires and floods—and travelling alone by night.

Several years ago Mrs. Gillespie, who had a star route in Kansas, waited until three o'clock one stormy November night for her driver to appear with the incom-

ing mail. Then she mounted her horse, took the pouch with the outgoing mail, and started to search for him along the lonely road, relying on her loaded pistol to protect her in case of attack. Six miles from her starting point, she came across one of the mail horses, with dangling harness, betraying that he had run away. She captured him, and then proceeded with her search. Miles farther she found the injured driver under the overturned mail wagon. She extricated him from the wreck, helped him mount one of the horses, and then throwing the mail pouches over the back of the other one, she walked between the two all the way to her goal. The fact that by her efforts she prevented a "lost trip" being recorded was her best reward.

A carrier near Curtis, Okla., told this tale of woe: While on his twenty-three-mile route, a violent storm overturned his wagon. He no sooner set it up when it was blown over again; and the vicious winds scattered the mail like flying leaves. While chasing this, over what seemed to him half of Oklahoma, a prairie fire roared toward him. He sped toward a ploughed field, but before getting on it he tore his hands and clothes against its barbed-wire fence. His horse ran away, and he was obliged to walk back to his station when wind and fire subsided.

#### THE ARRESTED EXECUTION

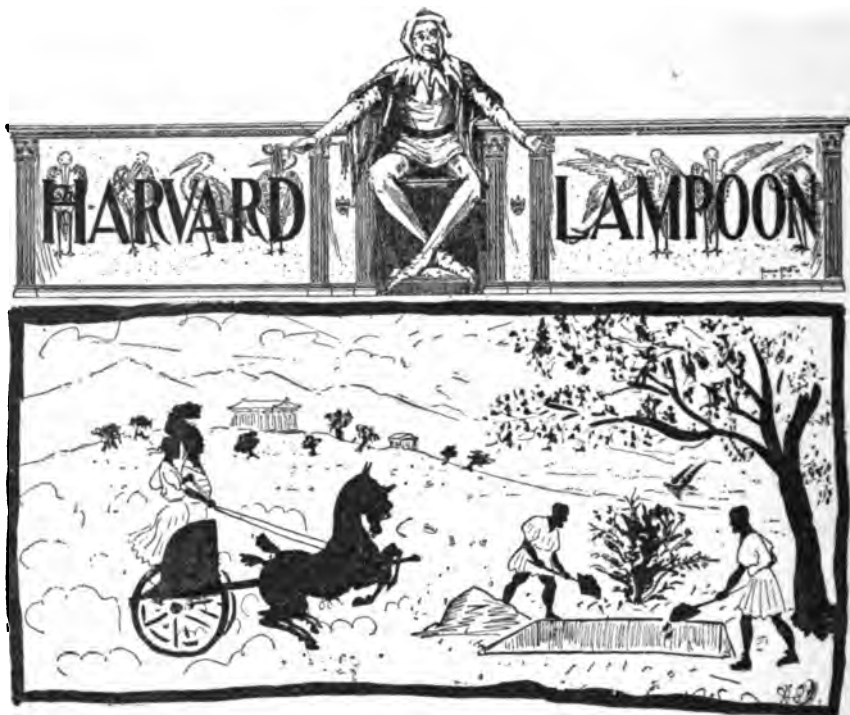
A rural carrier whose route embraced "Irish Cross Roads" lost a packet of registered mail; and retracing his trail came upon a large goat in the act of gulping down what looked like a greenback to the excited carrier, who knew money was in one of the letters. He had heard of money being recovered from goat banks and redeemed at the United States Treasury, so he wildly insisted on the execution of the goat. The weeping Irish owner consented; for she was afraid of

Uncle Sam's wrath against mail robbers. Billy was tied to the stake, ready for slaughter, when a lad ran down the road, waving the missing packet. The Irish woman and other attendants at the pending execution laughed hysterically; and Billy was released to resume his interrupted meal of cabbage leaves.

The dead-letter auction which takes place in Washington every December is a rich field for stories of humour, tragedy and romance. Rumours of riches purchased there for a few dimes are as numerous as the locations of Captain Kidd's treasures. Infants' red stockings have concealed gold pieces; banknotes have been found in Bibles; and tarnished jewelry has turned out to be valuable antique treasure—according to the fairy stories gleaned at these auctions. A few years ago, a lady ran the bids on an ugly little vase up to eighty cents, and the bystanders wondered why she seemed determined to "get that junk." It developed that in it she recognised the twin to a rare vase presented to a United States naval officer by a Japanese nobleman—its value three hundred dollars!

Once the thousands of letters addressed to Santa Claus were consigned to the letter crematory—on the ground that there is no such person as Santa Claus; nor yet post-offices named "North Pole," "Heaven," "At God's Door," or "Reindeer Land." But, of recent years, the department has turned over the most genuine of these appealing letters to philanthropic proxies of good St. Nicholas. These people sift to the bottom the most pathetic stories which may be read between the lines of the childish scrawls, and if the faith of the little ones who have asked is not rewarded it is not the fault of the proxies of Santa Claus; nor of the United States Postal Service, which hopes that it may yet have a postal station at "The North Pole."





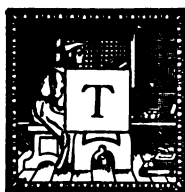
*THERE was a young man of Laconia  
Whose mother-in-law had Pneumonia.*

*He hoped for the worst, And on May 21st  
He buried her, 'neath the Begonia.*

## THE UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN HUMOUR

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.



THE difficulty in presenting college humour effectively to that enormous majority of us who are living outside of the college atmosphere is of course that much of the best of it, both in matter and in spirit, makes a characteristically local appeal. It is hard for one who has never been a Freshman to feel the full comedy of that lonely and magnificent being; and it is nearly as hard for the graduate of a few years' standing to put himself back into innocent rapture which felt college fun to be the funniest fun in the world.

You may explain the point of some esoteric jest, but every one knows that explaining a joke is like telling the price of a present—it depreciates by valuation; and no rhapsody of reminiscence will quite make the alumnus an undergraduate at heart, however brightly the old scenes may rise before his sight. Time, which antiquates antiquities, has mellowed the colours of his cravat and modified the cut of his trousers; and whether he has framed or forgotten his diploma, the sheepskin has entered into his soul. He is probably much younger than in the pensive dignity of his adolescence; but the taste of things has changed. And

the outsider, whose vision of college life is based upon caricature, a kaleidoscope of athletics and alcoholics, will enjoy its comedy as well as he. Nevertheless, though the localities be passed over and the wilder efflorescences of inconsiderate youth culled with a cautious hand, there remains plenty of material deserving and admitting of general appreciation. It needs no special training to enjoy the quaint thought that, while a married man may have a better half, a bachelor has better quarters, or the retorts of Johnny and Nellie to the admonitions of their elders. Johnny was asked what he must do first of all to have his sins forgiven, and answered: "Commit the sins." And Nellie, being reminded by her grandmother that *she* had always washed *her* face when *she* was a little girl, responded crushingly: "Yes, and look at it now." Equally full of philosophic suggestion is this musing of a Western poet:

I'd rather be a Could Be  
If I could not be an Are,  
For a Could Be is a May Be  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been, by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has was once an Are.

But the fun of these things is entirely intrinsic, and such as might have sprung up anywhere. There is no distinctively collegiate quality about them—unless the family troubles of the young man from Laconia be taken as reflecting the spirit of a classic education. But it is very characteristic of the college wit to find his material in the very peculiarities of his environment. He has a keen eye for the humorous side of his own doings, and loves no joke more than a good joke upon himself. Here, for instance, is how he prepares his European History:

JACK (*looking up as the door opens*): "Did you get the question?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Second Coalition."

"What about it?"

"Well, who was in it, why they went into it, and why it didn't work, I suppose," said Tom, falling into a Morris chair and opening a volume of Fyffe.

"Wouldn't that hesitate you?" said a voice from the bedroom.

"Well, what are you going to say?" asked Jack, after a moment's study.

"Don't know yet."

"Say," said the voice from the bedroom meditatively, "we might get the life horsed out of us by just studying that question. Supposing he asks us something else?"

"He's only missed once," said Jack cheerfully.

"Well," said Tom presently, "the members were England, Austria, Russia, Naples, and Turkey."

"Turkey? Is that the same as the Ottoman Empire?"

"Yes."

"Well, who dealt *them* a hand?"

"I don't know; unless they went into it because Bonaparte invaded Egypt."

"Did Egypt belong to them?"

"I don't know. Did it, Bob?" asked Tom, raising his voice.

"Search me," said Bob, emerging from the bedroom, "but you don't have to commit yourself. Just say it affected their interests."

"Why did Russia go into it?" asked Jack.

"Paul was sort of nutty, wasn't he?" suggested Tom.

"Yes, I guess he was," responded Bob, "and then, he was as sore as a pup on the revolution, too."

"You fellows are all right," said Jack admiringly. "Now what about Naples?"

"Oh, Naples was the farce before the real tragedy," said Tom. "That's an awfully good point. You want to bring that in."

"Why did the coalition break up?" asked Bob.

"From lack of a common interest. There is an awfully good point there: that the Pope and the Czar and the Sultan were all in it, and they were heads of different religions. Dick told me that."

"Say, that is a good point."

"I guess they looked at things from an anthropocentric point of view, didn't they?" ventured Jack.

Bob jumped, and Tom's book fell on the floor.

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know, but it is an awfully good word."

"I'll take that down. Say, fellows, hurry up!" and the next moment the door banged behind them.

That is sheer realism, with hardly a touch of caricature about it; and for its truth, most of us can remember having assisted at similar scenes. So long as our old men dream innocently of their pupils' innocence, and our young men see visions of short cuts to their degrees, so long must the inventive genius of youth seek ways to beat the game where half the labour would suffice for playing it. And after all, though the highways of learning may be easier, its byways are more adventurous and perhaps no less educative. For another bit of local colour, consider this *Diary of a Goody*, which, albeit somewhat more romantic in treatment, smacks even more strongly of the soil. A Goody, be it explained, is one of those ancient and honourable matrons who are hewers of wood and drawers of water to the dormitories of Harvard.

MARCH 2. Bad luck ter this day Mrs. Mulvaney from the north entry swore At me fer fifteen minutes and my cuss words was used up in ten the Proctor must hear Of this and the little crachur can Larn me some new ones.

MARCH 12. I bet the old cat of a mrs Hogan on the top floor a cake of sapolio what would I do with it annyhow that I wud break more truck today than she wud at elivin o'clock I was two teacups shy but I busted a lookin Glass and a Morrissey chair and a whatsisname and Won out the score was fifteen to fourteen a little closteter and I wud busted her homely face and won Annyway.

MARCH 14. Number 6 stayed in bed so long wid a hang-over I sent fer the doctor accordin to regelashuns number 6 made believe he was sick as hill and now he's quarantened fer measles. I dunno how he made the spots so suddint.

The humour and the sentiment of college days are never very far apart, as one may see symbolised by the prevalence in all the undergraduate comic papers of pictures of pretty girls admitted solely for their prettiness, and of rhymes whose tenderness must be felt quite seriously to be fairly appreciated. Here, for instance, is a delicate pastoral bit which harmonises the two elements very happily:

MY BESS

When the first faint stars come peeping out  
As the summer sun goes down,

I meet my Bess at the pasture bars  
Afar from the busy town.

She stands where the white-fringed daisies  
spring

At the crest of the grassy rise,  
With the golden light on her pretty face,  
And a welcome in her eyes.

She's always waiting to greet me there,  
In fair or stormy weather,  
And side by side in the gathering dusk  
We wander home together.

'Tis only a month since first we met,  
On a dewy morn in May—  
But I'll never sell her while she gives  
Eight quarts of milk a day.

Perhaps no quality of college humour is so thoroughly typical as a certain sheer exuberance, a delight in ultimate and utter absurdity for its own sake. Outside of *The Lark* and a few scattered cases of such merry abandonment, this note exists hardly anywhere but in the college periodicals; and it may be that maturity loses, if not the pleasure of pure nonsense, at least the power of uttering it spontaneously and with intent. All the quotations thus far belong to perfectly common and recognised forms of fun, as familiar in the pages of *Life* as in those of the *Record* or the *Lampoon*; but you will hardly find away from the campus anything with the flavour of this:

#### FROM THE EY-ITALIAN

It was the night of the Flour Carnival. The moon—Loona Bianca—as she rested on the bridge, shone with equal lustre on the palace on the one hand and the chail on the other, seeming to murmur: "Py Jove! It's a dusty night on Rialto St.!" Silver beams plated the roof of the Dog's palace, and from afar the Lions of St Mark could be heard singing the overture to *Rigoletto*. The surface of the canal was dotted with party-coloured carambas and bon-mots, thrown by the ladies during the days of the Festina Lente. From the balconio trailed garlands of mardi-grass, and the plunk of a bandillero mingled with the sob of the swirling thoroughfare. Suddenly a black gondola slid across the moon-path and under a hairy pazooza. At the instant a maiden parted the pampas, and entwined her white arms about the hidalgo's intermezzo. "Laz-

zaroni!" she murmured. "Bagatelle!" said he; and for a moment there was an olla podrida. Then a hand shot out above them, holding a flashing intaglio. A swish, a moan—the lover fell limply into the felucca, and above the senseless maiden peered the leering face of an old Spanish inuendo.

It was the night of the Flour Carnival.

It is difficult to put one's finger on the peculiar quality of this outburst. It is not parody, although the style has a certain wild flavour of the Latin languages; and it is certainly not punning, although "mardi-grass" and "Festina Lente" may be described as punning gone mad, as an assault rather than a play upon words. Mrs. Malaprop might perhaps have uttered the like in a delirium; but the insane fitness of "intermezzo," "intaglio" and "inuendo," the effect as of phrases at once impossible and inevitable, and the absurd way in which the whole thing suggests the romantic and adventurous are beyond analysis. It is so abysmally ridiculous that unless you are in the mood, it does not seem funny at all; and you pass it over with a groan. Then, at another reading, the influence suddenly falls upon you like an overpowering perfume, and you chuckle yourself breathless. Consider now a companion-piece to it, whose absurdity is less verbal and more imaginative.

#### A ROYAL QUARREL

"It shall not be!" said the King sternly. "Ye may not keep hens in the throne room!"

"He loves me not!" cried the Queen. "He was ever thus!"

"I was never thus!" exclaimed the King angrily. "Now hearken unto me: threescore pages had I, and now have not. Why, woman, why? Because these pernicious hens have lined their nests with them. This may not be!"

"Our sweet daughter Blasphemia would have it thus," sobbed the Queen, "and I had not the heart to cross her; for the last time I opposed my will to hers did she not smite me right lustily with the imperial keg?"

"And again I ask ye," roared the King, "why ye do keep a hippopotamus in the pantry? For only last night did I chance on him in my search for a corkscrew, and he did wofully misuse me. By my faith, he is an evil bird."

"It was a gift to our sweet child from the young prince Heublein, of the noble house of Linderniederpruynenhof, who is passing fair and right often, and he begged Blasphemia to wear it for his sake!" cried the Queen, in a voice tense with emotion.

"Now, by the mortgage on my royal automobile, this may not go on!" said the King. "And I do bid ye return the Prince his hippopotamus unopened, C. O. D. Furthermore, ye must know that on my rising from my throne to-day, after a tedious sitting of a fortnight with the imperial council on dams blasting and minor oaths, it was my displeasure to learn that I had newly hatched out a brood of chickens, and did break six eggs of the thirteen on which I was set. And by the stripes on my silken pajamas, this waste of revenue shall be recompensed from our daughter Blasphemia's pocket-money, and not disbursed from the royal treasury!"

"She told me that the only reliable hen in the bunch had inflammatory rheumatism," sobbed the Queen, "and it was you or nothing. We did so need the money!"

The King bowed his head. "So be it," he said mournfully, "I myself then will carry this telegram, offering the hand of our daughter to the Reverend McPhelemyntintenstein, richest of all the brethren of the house of Candelabra. And thus do I seal my forgiveness of our child in humouring her passion for pets, for the Reverend McPhelemyntintenstein is a rare goat."

So a quarrel was averted in the royal kingdom; and once again all was quiet in the imperial throne room, and the hero rose and set over a peaceful landscape.

This note of sheer dithering incongruity, governed by a kind of insane logic, like the logic of a dream, runs very strongly through all college humour, colouring much that is more ordinary in form. It appears, for instance, in the conception of a man whose feet were so large that he was forced to put on his trousers over his head, and in the suggestion that no one's nose can be more than eleven inches long, because if it were twelve it would be a foot. The author of *The Royal Quarrel* (who is not in Matteawan, but a solid and successful railroad man) once defined it as treating kings in terms of cabbages; and the phrase perhaps reflects some influence of Carroll and Edward Lear.

Parody also plays a large part in the undergraduate publications, and is far better done than most of that which appears elsewhere. It is as if the imitation of outside life which is so strong an element in the life of the college world gave rise to an especial pleasure in conscious burlesque; or perhaps it is only that the companionship of books makes for ease in catching and caricaturing a

### Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of His Flock



SHORT while ago I was askt by the Lecture Burro to give a little Preachment to the Faithful in Devil's Den, Ariz. Which I had the felicity to accept. * * *

The population of Devil's Den are not numerous, but their appreciation of Art sticks out all over them in big chunks & leaks out of their ears. They kno the warm artikel in Devil's Den. * I had it nominated in the bong that I was not to be "entertained," for that implies going thru a course of sprouts that would make a * stuffed owl lose his ambish—see? When I arrived they were building seats around the base-ball field & selling tickets for 6 shekels per in the gallery. * *

Balloons were for hire at Weber and Field's prices & opera glasses were quoted at 800 above par. *

When I mounted the platform & shuk out my raven locks, a circle of fainting women formed around me. Men trembled with emoshun & many lost their * pocket books in crowding forward to hear. * * *

I talkt about myself. *

I talkt Perfunk about myself & me, & the way I (* * * *) & when I got thru there was a great gasp of "More! More! Don't let the great man go!" *

It galled their kibe mightily to have me turn off the gas, tho' they finally let me depart in peace, when I condescended to allow the principal citizens to kiss my feet and walkt over the prostrate bodies of the women. *

Devil's Den has the right idea.

### THE LAMPOON INDULGES IN HEART TO HEART TALKS

style. At any rate, there is no current fad either in life or in literature but inspires a train of burlesques in the college magazines. Yet even here the college type is peculiar and distinctive. Ordinary parody is primarily a satire upon the work which is travestied: its subject-matter is irrelevant, and may be anything incongruous; and the point is to ridicule (however good-naturedly) some serious work, by employing its manner in the

presentation of triviality. So it is with the burlesque of "The Philistine," in which the characteristic graces of the prophetaster of East Aurora are heightened into intentional criticism; and so it is with Owen Wister's æsthetic ballad, "The Mildewed Hothouse."

I lay in the shattered flower-pot,  
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)  
And hungered and yearned for the clammy rot,  
And clasped the ooze of each worm-eaten spot,  
Maugre the gloom of the waning day.

I lay in the pot, and "Alack!" I sighed,  
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)  
"Yestreen the rose of the measles died,  
And the tulip committed suicide,  
And the lily has pined and faded away.

"The peach lies in jelly upon the mould,  
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)  
The purple plum is shrivelled and cold,  
The fuchsia has tubercled lungs, I'm told,  
And the grapes are mashed in the slimy clay.

"My cheek is stained with geranium gore,  
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)  
As I press it wildly against the floor,  
And writhe and shriek and moan for more—  
More of the poisoned curds and whey.

"The sun sinks down with a feverish head,  
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)  
The bloodless moon totters up in his stead;  
So among the leaves I'll make me a bed,  
And await the coming of ghastly day."

The *raison d'être* of these, as of most parody, is purely satiric: they are not about anything in particular. But the characteristic college parody is exactly the converse; its subject-matter is all-important, and it is cast in some famous mould only for incidental incongruity. Thus the following dithyramb of the New Year is only as it were accidentally modelled upon "The Night Before Christmas"; it might have been just as funny in some other guise.

'Twas the eve before New Year's, and all through the house not a creature was stirring save Pa with a souse, who stood on the doorstep and clawed through the air in search of a keyhole that used to be there. He found it; we heard him step into the hall, fall into the parlour and snore—that was all. We smiled



with indulgence and sleepward would go, but just for a short fifteen minutes or so; for out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, we sprang from our beds to see what was the matter. 'Twas only dear brother was making the noise, informing the neighbours: "I'm one of the boysh!" We playfully poked him, then bedward were gone, a-leaving dear brother asleep on the lawn. A few minutes later (some twenty, I'd say) we heard heavy footsteps approaching our way, and Grandfather, after an informal talk, hung his clothes on the gate-post and slept on the walk. Then silence . . . As over the hills came the sun, our handsome star boarder arrived with a bun. That was all; but at noon we arose with a grin, made the rounds of the boozers and gathered them in. 'Twas Pa, as we carried him up through the hall, continued to mutter: "Hap' New Year for all!"

The satire, if it be satire at all, is upon the custom of seeing the old year out, not upon the poem whose form is turned to strange uses; and it is the subject, not the model, which is made amusing. So it is with perhaps the best and most characteristic of college parodies, *The Book of the Chronicles of the Elis*. This is a burlesque account of sundry Yale-Princeton football games, written by McCready Sykes and quaintly illustrated by Booth Tarkington, William B. Pell, and Harold Imbrie; and although not an undergraduate work, it is so thoroughly collegiate in tone that the accident of its date merely shows how the Princeton spirit can reach



"HIS NAME WAS HELL-DEVIL SKILLMAN"



YALE'S PARTICULAR LITERARY AVERSION AS PICTURED BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

out along the years. Its form, as the title implies, is Biblical; and so completely is the Scriptural burlesque made incidental to the burlesque of football that the parody is utterly without offence. It begins with some account of what may be called the captivity of Nassau between 1900 and 1903:

Now it came to pass in those days that there was much grief in the land of Nassau.

2. For behold, a whole generation of the house of Nassau had lived in the land, and had seen the football team go forth to do battle against the sons of Eli, yea in three mighty battles;

3. Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.

4. And the sons of Eli had smitten the sons of Nassau hip and thigh, and had mightily prevailed against them,

5. So that in all that generation of the house of Nassau not once had the children of Nassau prevailed against the children of Eli.

* * * * *

11. And the chief men and the scribes and certain of the Faculty consulted the records and looked upon the ancient writings;

12. And they said: "Never before hath this happened in Nassau, that a whole generation should go forth and never behold a victory."

Then, after the choosing of De Witt, "strong and well-favoured, and mighty in stature, and the span of his chest was two cubits," to be king over the children of Nassau, follows an account of how the outcome of that game was prophesied beforehand:

20. Now there abode in the land of Nassau

an ancient prophet; and his name was Hell-Devil Skillman.

21. And he was ancient in vestments and was a mighty seer (for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer).

22. And he looked often upon the wine when it was red.

23. And Hell-Devil Skillman came into the chief places where the children of Nassau were gathered together, and being moved thereto by the spirit of prophecy, he lifted up his voice, saying:

24. "Lo! it shall come to pass that there shall be a mighty fight between the children of Nassau and the children of Eli;

25. "And the children of Nassau shall prevail, and the score shall be eleven to six."

* * * * *

27. And the children of Nassau did mock him, saying: "Go up, thou dreamer."

28. And they said: "He hath a familiar spirit, or peradventure he is drunken with new wine."

Then follows the tale of how the sons of Nassau went forth to see the battle, and of the betting, one shekel against three shekels and the half part of a shekel; and after the assembling of the hosts at the place of conflict, "in carriages and trucks and automobiles also; in trolley-cars and every creeping thing," the epic of the game itself commences.

73. And for a time the sons of Nassau did prevail against the sons of Eli, and did rush the ball even unto Eli's twenty-five yard line.

74. Then the ball was given unto Eli;

75. And Eli waxed fat and kicked;

76. But after that they gat the ball again upon a fumble,

77. And it came to pass that the ball was in the middle of the field.

78. Then the children of Eli strove mightily and they rushed the ball even unto Nassau's fifteen yard line;

79. And there was one Hogan, a mighty warrior among the Elis, and he was a tower of strength unto the sons of Eli that day.

80. The children of Eli took up the ball, and Hogan led them, and they crashed through the line of Nassau;

81. And with a mighty rush they crossed the goal-line, and did make a touch-down,

82. And after they had made a touch-down, they did kick therefrom a goal.



*Reception of the news at the University Club of Waxitucker, Oklahoma.*

FROM THE BOOK OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS"

83. Then was there great rejoicing among the Elis;

84. They lifted up their voices and cried: "Lo! Now we have them on the run."

85. They danced in their joy, and sang,

86. Singing of Boola and of Eli Yale, predicting much increase of work for the undertaker, and certifying that now was all hope banished out of Nassau."

But their rejoicing is short; for presently Mitchell fumbles, and De Witt, coming terribly down upon him, gathers the ball into his bosom. At this point the style rises from sober narrative to the lyricism of the Book of Job, with purple patches from the Song of Songs:

93. For seizing the ball, he began to run with it, and was as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

94. Lo! Now his strength is in his loins, his neck waveth like a cedar,

95. He chaseth over the earth and terrible is his going; like unto a whirlwind, and a tornado also.

96. At his left hand runneth Henry, even Henry the mighty, and he cleaveth the air like a sabre,

97. And when the sons of Eli would fain have come nigh unto De Witt, then did Henry have compassion upon them; for he gave them much godly instruction, and did teach them to walk upon their hands.

98. And the children of Eli pursuing De Witt were like unto a freight-car that followeth a Mauser bullet.

99. And it was so that De Witt's jersey had been torn off in the fight, even the whole of the hindmost part thereof, and there remained not one thread upon another;

100. So that the back of De Witt was naked and bare, and the sun did beat thereon.

101. Now the back of De Witt was wondrous fair to look upon, for the muscles stood out like the billows of the sea;

102. And the children of Eli, pursuing with a shout and looking afar off upon the back of De Witt,

103. "Oh, Lord! how beautiful are thy works!"

104. Then there was mighty shouting from the children of Nassau, and from all the stands round about.

105. The sons of Nassau arose and yelled, invoking the favour of the Lord upon De Witt, and exhorting him to run like hell.

106. He ran, he rushed, he swept over the earth; he ran, he rushed; where he ran, there the air was cloven asunder.

107. He threw back his head and tore mightily over the earth; fierce was the breath of his nostrils, and his lungs were working overtime.

108. He swept over the earth, that ancient earth, yea the very firm earth, and tarried not in his going; terror and majesty were round

about him, and all the host of the Elis followed behind.

109. And when he had gone over all the territory of the Elis, he ran behind their goal-posts,

110. (Now there was much green grass in the place)

111. And he searched about for a piece of ground, that he might put the ball upon the earth;

112. And when he had found it, he touched down the ball.

The whole succeeding story of the game is full of choice passages, the ruling of the Referee, "Render unto Nassau the ball that is Nassau's," and the reply of Metcalf, "What shall it profit a man if he gain twenty-five yards and lose the ball?"; the temptation of Vetterlein to forego his fair catch for a grandstand play; the kicking of the winning goal, and the fulfilment of Hell-Devil Skillman's prophecy. But it is too long to quote, and perhaps enough has been given to show the quality of the work. Its humour is of course local, and must fail of appeal to those who regard football with solemn horror; but the game still remains a national institution, in spite of journalism and the Rules Committee; and there is no danger for some time to come of the *Chronicles of the Elis* becoming generally obscure.



# THE STERLING MARK AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THE more one reads and criticises novels, the more different ways one finds of judging and classifying them; the more different angles from which to get a perspective of them; the more convenient little tests by which one may decide with a certain amount of confidence that such-and-such a story is really a rather better piece of work than such-and-such another story of kindred substance. Yet now and again one comes across a book which does not lend itself to any of these definite rule-made measurements; a book which one feels to be of finer quality than usual without being able to justify such a belief by any of the customary tests. It often happens, for instance, that while the construction of the plot is good it is not notably better than in a dozen other similar stories; while the character drawing is clever, it is not so far ahead of the character drawing of other contemporary writers as to be in itself a distinction; and similarly, while the setting of the story may be vivid and real enough, one feels quite confident that there is nothing really epoch-making about it. And yet, undeniably this particular book in the supposititious case that we have taken has for some elusive reason succeeded in doing what a dozen other books have struggled to do and just failed of success.

Now where a question of artistic quality comes down in the last analysis to a sort of intuition, a vague something that you feel without being able to give this feeling definite expression, it is rather rash to attempt anything like a generalisation or even to give this elusive quality a specific name. And yet it is fairly safe to take it for granted, as between two works of art of any kind which resemble each other fairly closely on the outside that the one which we feel instinctively is superior is genuine all the way through; it is honest and sincere and

solid; it bears the hall-mark of sterling worth.

Now this does not mean that the book which from time to time gives us that impression of something distinctive is necessarily a big book or a very beautiful book or indeed a book that in any way demands a string of superlatives to do it justice. There are many things which come from the hands of the silversmith that are neither large nor showy nor brilliantly novel; the important question is whether the mark upon them shows that they are of the required degree of fineness. They may be nothing more important than a prosaic silver hairpin or collar stud, yet there is a certain intimate satisfaction not easy to analyse in knowing that those unpretentious little articles are of the same substance all the way through. There are some people of whom you can tell by intuition that they would rather wear no jewelry at all than to have a filled-gold watch chain or a reconstructed ruby; that if they could not afford eighteen carat gold they would be content with sterling silver; if they could not afford that, they would stoop to gun metal; but whatever it happened to be, there would be no sham about it; it would be frankly neither more nor less than what it professed to be. In like manner, there are some authors whose work inspires this same confidence. It may not be ambitious work or even work of much importance, but so long as you feel that there is no sham about it, no surface veneer or triple plating likely sooner or later to wear thin and reveal the baser metal underneath, then you may safely conclude that it is a book likely to last rather longer than the average book and that it bears the guarantee of the sterling mark.

Of course there are certain kinds of cheap imitation stuff which flaunt their spuriousness so brazenly that no one is for a moment going to be deceived. From time to time, in literature as well as in feminine adornment, there comes a fad

for a particular kind of imitation that temporarily acquires almost the dignity of a new craft. Such, for instance, is the present vogue of the so-called new art jewelry; and similarly, in fiction, such was the pseudo-Dumas novel of a few years ago. This latter creation, from its best to its worst specimens, from Stanley Weyman downward to almost incredible depths of cheapness, deceived nobody. It was impossible to delude one's self even for a moment into thinking that any one of these books was fired with so much as a single spark of the real fire that still burns as steadily as ever in the *Three Musketeers* and the Valois romances. But they did for a while supply a new type of novel that found favour with the general public, a type destined in advance to go out of fashion just as huge matrix stones and coloured glass door-knobs will soon have had their brief day as brooches and finger rings.

Yet, after all, this simile of the silver hall-mark does not in itself really explain; it simply translates our problem into terms which sound simpler but are really about as hard to define as the others from which we converted them. But perhaps we can get a little definite light on the matter through that one word, *solid*. Solid all the way through—the same substance and quality in the parts that we do not see as in those that we do; that is a pretty big undertaking for a craftsman working with such precious metal as human life and character. It means, of course, that your honest workman must put the same quality of thought into the ninety-nine other parts of the lives of his characters which he does not tell us about as into the one part which he does. If he knows only that his heroine wears in the opening chapter a gown of a certain queer shade of green, but does not know what she wore the day before the book opens, what she will wear the day after the book closes; what, in short, are her favourite colours, her personal preferences, her general standard of taste in dress—then, in this particular question, his work is not sterling, it is only silver-plated and very thinly plated at that. If a book can give you no more than just the substance of its printed lines; if you are able to

read nothing between them, if your mental vision cannot pierce deep down behind and beyond the carefully grouped facts that the author has chosen to give you, then the metal with which he has wrought is only an alloy, because where the metal is solid, though the physical eye cannot penetrate it, the mental vision can. Any of the great novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and their compeers, lived intimately with the characters they created, knew a thousand things about them which they never found occasion to set on paper. And it is those things which they did not feel called upon to write, quite as much as the incidents they have given us, that makes the men and women in *David Copperfield* and *The Newcomes* and *Barchester Towers* really alive—alive with all the solidity of human flesh and blood, the solidity and value of the sterling standard.

Now, as already said, a book may bear the sterling hall-mark, without being epoch-making or even serious minded. It is enough if it impresses us as being a thoroughly genuine specimen of its kind. And a very good example of this is given us by Mr. J. C. Snaith's latest volume, *Mrs. Fitz*. Now if one were generalising in a hasty sort of way about Mr. Snaith, one would be very apt to say that in three of his earlier volumes, *Fortune*, *Araminta* and *Broke of Covenden*, he has done three different things about as widely dissimilar as it is given to one single man to do; and that henceforth whatever he does must necessarily bear more or less resemblance to one of these three several types. And this would be an exceedingly rash thing to say, for it fails to reckon with Mr. Snaith's uncommon versatility. *Mrs. Fitz*, considered as a type of fiction, is considerably less important than *Fortune* or *Broke of Covenden* and rather less than even *Araminta*; but of its particular kind, it is of the same degree of fineness. The fictitious monarchy situated somewhere north, south or east of Budapest has been sadly overworked since Stevenson's *Prince Otto* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* set the fashion. One always felt certain vague misgivings about the type even as Mr. Stevenson handled it. No amount of clever workmanship could do away with

the ever present consciousness that it was at best a sort of grown-up fairy tale happening in Never-Never Land which would be searched for vainly upon the map. Mr. Snaith comes along with blithe audacity and by an ingenious twist repeats the same old familiar trick in a slightly new way and leaves us gasping a little and rubbing our eyes out of sheer astonishment at seeing how easily he has actually done what so many others have either just missed doing or, in some cases, have badly bungled. Now I do not wish to be misunderstood as claiming for Mr. Snaith's new volume superiority over such an admirable bit of art as Stevenson's *Prince Otto*. But he is essentially superior to the crowd of cheap imitators who have steadily debased the form which Stevenson and Anthony Hope originated. What Mr. Snaith has done is simply this: he has given us a story of an imaginary kingdom which he calls Illyria; but he keeps this kingdom ingeniously in the

"Mrs. Fitz"

background, while practically the whole action of the story takes place in twentieth century England. A great local scandal had sprung up among the leading families of a certain county town. A certain Fitzwaren whose people were among the oldest and the proudest in the county had so far forgotten what was due to himself and his station as to marry a foreign woman, a Viennese circus-rider, so gossip said. And all the ladies of the neighbourhood were up in arms against her. Now it happened that this Mrs. Fitz, as she was currently known, was not a circus-rider but only daughter of the King of Illyria and direct heir to the succession. Her identity was a carefully guarded secret because, in leaving Illyria and marrying an untitled Englishman, the princess had broken some of the most sacred laws of her country and the king's emissaries were scouring Europe to discover her and bring her back. And herein lies that element of excitement which will give the book its chief popular appeal. The chapters following the abduction of the princess, when all the old gossips are declaring that the ex-circus-rider has eloped with her chauffeur, while, as a matter of fact, she is held prisoner at the Illyrian

Embassy in the heart of London and is rescued thence by six able-bodied Englishmen who gaily defy the well-settled law of nations—all this is, for sheer sustained narrative of adventure, as good as anything that the modern romantic school has recently given. But that is only one aspect of the book and a rather subordinate one. The reason why *Mrs. Fitz* deserves to rank among Mr. Snaith's really serious work is because of the delightful and sustained note of social satire that pervades it, the shifting angle of view which shows us the narrowness of English county society through the eyes first of a shrewd and philosophical English gentleman and secondly through the eyes of a foreign-born princess to whom the whole British Isles are inhabited by a mad, topsy-turvy race, "creatures just stepping forth from the fairy-tales of Perrault." The one blunder of the book is in taking us, in the final chapter, out of the reality of England into the make-believe of Illyria. It is just there that to most readers the magic of the book will suddenly drop with a disheartening thud. The fault is one of construction, not of sheer writing. No amount of genius could build a story in this way and prevent the stage setting of Illyria from suggesting a final act in an Offenbach opéra-bouffe.

Another book of some merit which bears the stamp of sincerity is *The Eagle's Feather*, by Emily Post—a distinct advance, by the way, from this same author's earlier effort, *The Tittle Market*. She has here a big theme and she has constructed in a big way. As a piece of technical work it forms rather an interesting comparison with a novel written some years ago by Edna Kenton, entitled *What Manner of Man*. In both of these stories the central situation and the climax are closely parallel. In both, the theme may be epitomised as follows: the artistic temperament struggling between the love of a woman and the love of art and at last sacrificing the former to the latter. Miss Kenton's volume was less ambitious in scope and structure. The central figure was a painter who married a very simple and very sensitive girl from the

Hebrides, partly because he loved her but chiefly because he needed her for his model; and when he reaches the big moment in his biggest painting, the martyrdom of a Christian maiden in the Roman amphitheatre, he awakens just the look that he needs of grief and horror in her eyes by letting her guess for the first time the unworthy motive for which he married her. In *The Eagle's Feather*, the hero is a poet and is working upon a tragedy in verse destined to make his fame ring throughout Europe. Unfortunately, when at last he finds the one woman he is capable of loving, he cannot marry her because he has a wife already who has left him to enter a convent, and being a Catholic, he will not get a divorce. The woman he loves, who has fortune, high rank and an enviable social prestige, in the most exclusive Parisian circles, sacrifices all of these things in order to unite herself frankly and openly with the poet, letting the world think what it will. For a while they are idyllically happy; then comes a change, precisely the change against which the poet has warned her. His old preoccupation, his black despair at being unable to construct the last act of his great tragedy, comes upon him again, takes possession of him, leaves him no peace. The theme of his tragedy is the story of a mediæval knight who is a confirmed gambler, and when he goes to the crusades he gambles away all that he possesses to the Turkish sultan and finally stakes and loses his own wife, who has followed him in the guise of a page, and whom the sultan has discovered to be a woman. Now it happens that the poet's companion is physically and spiritually the perfect type of his ideal for the play, and he knows that if he could only do something as cruel and as brutal as his hero does in the play, the effect upon her would give him the clue he needs to finish his task. This is the temptation which he fights off day by day, week by week, until finally he yields, tells her bluntly to her face that he does not love her, that she is only a passing whim, that he is mortally tired of seeing her around and the sooner she goes the better. Under the inspiration of the silent reproach and agony in her glance he finishes his play, realises that it is a

masterpiece and then awakens to the enormity of what he has done and to the fact that she has taken him at his word and has gone. There is only one point at which the book weakens, only one place where the general tone of it is not sustained, and that is in the scene where the poet tells his abominable lie to the woman who is not but should have been his wife. It is a big moment, a tremendous moment, and somehow the way in which he chooses to express his weariness of her sounds rather flat and inadequate: "He wanted to end it all then and there. Would she please have the goodness to pack up and go"; and then he sees her disappear through the door, and immediately proceeds with somnambulistic ease to write his immortal fourth act. Now the book as a whole is rather big and the workmanship extremely good; but for just this one scene we get the impression that the author had not fully visualised it, that she was not quite sure in her own mind just what words her poet really used—else she would not have thrown them into indirect discourse—and that she was not quite sure either just how her heroine looked as she left the room—or else she would have made us visualise that one big moment more clearly. In other words, *The Eagle's Feather* is a book with the sterling mark upon it, excepting for the one bit of plating in the climax.

*The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls*, by Jesse Lynch Williams, is a good example of the fine type of workmanship that comes from knowing extremely well a small group of people of the average sort. It might be defined as the familiar type of American married life where it is founded on the hopeful condition of a fair amount of mutual affection, worldly prosperity, good health, good temper and average intelligence and, as most of us know, marriages which begin with all this cheerful promise are none the less quite apt to have their temporary ups and downs, even though the descending scale stops on the right side of actual disaster. Two young people who think they know each other extremely well, and who in reality have practically everything that really matters still to learn, are bound to

make the unwelcome discovery that if too much alone together they will inevitably bore each other—and that the boredom will be worse than in the case of other people because it carries with it a sense of bondage. This is the message contained in the first of these closely related episodes which Mr. Williams has brought together into the semblance of a long novel, although it is not, properly speaking, a novel at all, but a series of well-constructed short stories and novellettes. It contains a good deal of wise and wholesome philosophy regarding the little problems as well as the big ones of married life, the slow and difficult readjustments, the problems and blunders incident to house-building and home-making, and the risks that not infrequently arise when husband and wife insensibly begin to drift apart and some outsider, through caprice or vanity, seizes the psychological moment to make trouble. As to the relative merits of these stories individual preference may well differ; but to the present reviewer at least, the one entitled "Frederic Carroll, Monogamist," is easily the best. The subtle portraiture of Muriel Vincent and the way in which she lays siege to Frederic Carroll in his cozy little studio and very nearly succeeds in breaking up a home, deserves high praise for sheer dexterity of treatment. It is so easy to make an episode of this sort cheap and sordid, and so desperately hard to do it with just the inevitable word and the unflinching touch of real art. That is what Mr. Williams has succeeded in doing in this particular story, and in varying degrees it is what he has succeeded in doing all the way through the book. All of which is just another way of saying that *The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls* is one of the comparatively few books in the course of a publishing season from which one really extracts a few hours of quiet and wholesome satisfaction.

*Second String*, by Anthony Hope, brings to mind a new tendency in British fiction which has quite unobtrusively been creeping in during the past few years; namely, the tendency to concern itself more and more with the social life of middle class peo-

ple rather than the upper circles. *Second String* deals with the extremely mixed society of a small English town, in which the hero, Andy Hayes, upon returning home after some years in the Canadian lumber district, finds it somewhat embarrassing to steer successfully between the distinctly "high-life" people on his father's side of the house and Jack Rock, the village butcher, with whom he is connected through his mother's second marriage. There is nothing of great importance in the main thread of the story; it is a tranquil chronicle of how Vivian Welgood, a frail, timid sort of girl, while engaging herself to another man, discovers that there is something in the physical presence of strong, big Andy Hayes that gives her a certain borrowed courage and self-reliance. And of course it is no surprise to the reader when the other man finally elopes with Vivian's hired companion that she promptly and indeed gladly turns to Andy as second string. The value of the book lies in the deft portrayal of present-day manners, and as such, slight and modest as it is, it rings true.

*Nightshade*, by Paul Gwynne, belongs to what we may call the new art-jewelry type of fiction. Its merit

"*Nightshade*" all lies in being loud and flamboyant and daringly queer. We all know

what colour-blindness is, and we know that the commonest form of it is blindness at the lower or red end of the spectrum. We also know what is meant by ultra-violet rays, those invisible rays beyond the purple to which our retina is blind, although a photographic plate responds to them. Now, if we go a step further and imagine a human eye in all other respects perfect, but keyed up, so to speak, an octave higher than usual, we are ready to conceive of a man like the hero in this story who is blind in ordinary light, but can see with perfect ease in pitch darkness by the help of an ultra-violet lantern. The author has utilised such a human monstrosity in order to weave a fantastic tale of a man who without knowing it loves two women at once, one of whom he knows only through the medium of her voice, while the other he knows by sight as revealed



by the rays beyond the purple. The book is rather well written, a detail worth mentioning, because it is the only thing which lends dignity to this sort of extravaganza.

*Keith of the Border*, by Randall Parrish, is frankly a glorified dime novel of the Arizona frontier with all its customary paraphernalia of Indian massacres, lynching parties,

gambling dens, bucking bronchoes and wily desperadoes. The merit of the book lies in the fact that we know precisely what to expect, also in the equally interesting fact that of its type it is an extremely good example. We find ourselves chuckling softly in silent appreciation at the extreme cleverness with which it is constructed, the audacity with which some hackneyed device of sensational romance is seized and forced to take some new form, some unexpected twist. *Keith of the Border* is not an exalted type of literature, but if we are to have that type at all let us by all means be grateful that we can occasionally have it so well done.

*The Scourge*, by Warrington Dawson, who is already known as the author of another Southern novel entitled *The Scar*, is a book more important in theme and intention than it is in form and ex-

cution. The atmosphere of social, political and business life in the new South

has not unnaturally tempted quite a number of novelists to try and picture it—among others,

Miss Ellen Glasgow, who has the enviable merit of making us really see things as she sees them. The trouble with *The Scourge* is the trouble with a large number of other novels written by serious-minded men and women, vitally interested in existing conditions, and so much in earnest in their task of giving us certain types, certain incidents and certain theories of life that the book as a whole leaves a sort of scrap-book impression upon the mind. It is as though a cook was so vitally concerned in getting just the right amount of sugar and the right number of eggs and the correct measure of flour down to the fraction of a grain that she would forget after getting them together that it was necessary to do a good deal of vigorous stirring to give the compound unity. *The Scourge* lingers in the memory as a series of graphic but detached pictures. One appreciates with one's brain the importance of the social issues that the author raises, but one does not feel them in one's heart.

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## THE SHORT STORY FAMINE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



FEW weeks ago, the editor of one of the best known of the metropolitan magazines told the present writer that, impression and statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, there existed to-day a veritable short story famine. Asked to express himself more clearly, the editor continued: "I have been engaged in magazine work for the last twelve years and during this period have frequently been put to it to get good short stories for my publication, but never has the effort been

more difficult, yes, seemingly more impossible, than at present. And to-day, I do not even put the entire emphasis on the adjective 'good.' I tell you frankly I am having great difficulty in getting short stories that may be characterised 'fair' or even printable. Where short stories were sent in to me and submitted personally at the rate of at least fifty a week a year or two ago, to-day less than one-fifth of that number come to my desk. This is actually a short story famine year."

Subsequent conversation with other magazine editors has not only verified this editor's statement, but has also

brought to light a state of affairs in the short story market that, it may safely be asserted, has not been equalled in the more recent history of the periodicals devoted all or in part to fiction-in-parvo. As matters stand to-day, judging from the consensus of opinions obtained from the magazine editors, it is as difficult to get hold of a bright, readable short story as it was comparatively simple several years ago. The reasons for this shortage are hazarded as follows: In the first place, say the editors, any number of the former prolific short story writers of two or three years ago are now turning their pens to playwriting. The success of a few writers, such as Porter Emerson Browne and Mary Roberts Rinehart, in this direction has seemingly inspired their fellow short story creators to turn their pens into a similar channel, that holds out promises of greater glory and greater financial reward. In the second place, the advent of a number of new magazines in the field, magazines dealing entirely with the adventure, mystery and crime angles in fiction, has caused many short story writers to apply their efforts to this line of narrative. Why? Because the demand for even stories of average merit in this vein is so great that the writers are practically assured of an immediate acceptance and, what is more, frequently a higher rate of payment than results from the other species of more literary stories. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that even in this branch of the short story market the crop is anything but overwhelming at present.

Thirdly, the editors assert that many of their former short story contributors are now turning their attention to the writing of serials, with the obvious view of publishing them subsequently in book form. Fourthly, the limiting of the specific character of the desired short stories by the magazines has had its share, the editors admit, in causing the writers to put themselves to other tasks. Just how this has operated may be illustrated best by the personal view of a well-known short story writer. This man told the present writer a few days ago that he had written a story of the "character study" species, had sent it to seven magazines and had received it back in due

order with letters from as many editors saying that while the story was well written, the day of the "character study" story, at least as far as the magazines were concerned, was past. The writer continued: "This state of affairs is discouraging to short story writers. Almost without exception, the standard magazines to-day insist on the so-called 'uplift' stories. They do not care to consider stories of any other type, seemingly not realising that if short story writers are limited to the 'uplift' style, the writing of short stories must become to a large degree mechanical, of a single monotonous strain, forced in style and frequently abortive. To the writer who has other ambitions than a bank cheque, the arbitrary 'uplift' dictum has proved odious and discouraging and the result has been that writers of this class have ceased to apply themselves entirely to short stories and have turned to novel writing as a means to express honestly the best that is in them."

The editor of another magazine stated to the present writer a few weeks ago, that since O. Henry's death it has been utterly impossible for him to secure for his publication a short story that was original in any way. "The discouragement of the younger short story writers and the comparatively greater remuneration to be gained from the 'crime' brand of fiction," he said, "has left the field almost wholly to the present so-called staple short story men like Gouverneur Morris, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Chester, London, and their much-in-demand 'big name' brothers, with the result that the latter's trunks are being rifled for old manuscripts that, good, medium or bad, are sure to find a ready market in these hard times. It does not require a remarkably astute guesser to forecast the short story writers whose names will appear in any specified magazine two, three or four months hence. You will find, to a great extent, that the same old names reappear month after month, with now and again a solitary new name on which the desperate editor is willing, nay, *must* take a chance."

The editor of a well-known magazine with a large circulation in the Middle West several months ago caused to be

sent to each subscriber a stamped envelope, with the request that the subscriber indicate on the enclosed card his opinion of the short stories that recently had and were appearing in the publication in question. Nine out of ten of the subscribers who complied with the editor's request stated that they were "sick and tired" of the "crime slant" of the stories and asked the editor to give them relief. "But," said the editor to the present writer, "what am I to do? With the exception of a handful of short story writers who are in such demand they cannot half fill their orders; most of the printable short stories that are submitted to me are of the murder-mystery-detective species. The writers appreciate that there are six safe markets open to this sort of short fiction, where they are certain to sell their products—and they do not care to take a chance with the other kinds of stories. As a result, I have small choice. It remains for me either to print a fairly good 'crime' story or a trashy love story."

The editor went on to say that never before during his publishing career had there been so great a demand for the clean love story. "The short story writer who will set himself to the task of building clear-cut stories with revolvers, spilled blood and hairbreadth escapes left out, will find a market open to him the like of which he has never suspected."

Another reason that is assigned for the dearth of short stories possessing literary qualities is the demand and immediate payment for the slap-dash style of brief fiction. "Give your reader action and plenty of it. Don't stop to polish up your stuff. Write it for quick consumption, just as you would dictate it to a telegraph operator if you were a newspaper reporter 'covering' a late night story and had to rush it into your office from out of town in time to catch the 'bulldog' edition." These are the actual words used by the editor of one of the largest circulating short fiction magazines in America. "I pay my contributors well," he argues. "They can turn in three stories to me in the time it would take them to write *one* for one of the more literary magazines. And there you have the reason why they are doing my kind

of stuff." "Stuff" was his word. Here, too, have we a reason why there have been few noteworthy "discoveries" among short story writers in the last two years or more. The young writers of ability, the editors will assure you, appreciate the fact that they can earn three times the amount of money by applying themselves to the so-called "popular" stories than they can by seeking to indulge their pens in the possibly worthier types of fiction, worthier from a literary point of view at least. As a consequence—and this is the concordant opinion of some of the ablest magazine editors in this country—the readers of the higher class publications have to suffer. "It is precisely the same state of affairs that obtains—and must largely obtain—in the drama," we are told by one of these magazine men. "If a playwright can make more money in less time by writing the libretti of musical shows, he is going to write libretti. He will not apply himself to the vastly more difficult task of writing and constructing meritorious drama. He does not care to take the chance with his artistic wares and, really, you can scarcely blame him. Glory, fame and prunes is one thing; bread and butter and dessert is another. If there are six theatres open to musical shows and but one theatre open to worthy drama, it stands to reason that most playwrights are going to direct their endeavors toward the former, does it not? And particularly if the management of the one theatre, like the editors of certain high-class magazines, insist that it will consider only the 'uplift' kind of plays. Many of the world's greatest dramas have nothing of this 'uplift' quality in them, and this is true, too, in the case of many of the world's greatest short stories."

Just what has caused this general demand for "uplift" stories is more difficult of analysis. Obviously, the initial inference is that the readers of the magazines desire this species of story. But is that reason enough for demanding that short story writers literally "turn out"—that is the accurate phrase—only "uplift" stories? An editor with whom the present writer discussed the famine question—an editor, incidentally, who is fair

enough to believe the magazines are killing the short story geese that have laid golden fiction eggs for them in the past, because of their arbitrary insistence on the "uplift" fiction—stated that it was his honest opinion that serials would supplant short stories to a considerable extent in the near future unless the magazine editors became more liberal in their dealing with short story themes. "Most of the editors," he said, "seem to be blindly following a certain weekly leader that has gained a wide vogue through 'uplift' fiction. Is it not fair to presume that the reading public may soon desire something else in the way of honest, able short stories besides those with a moral tacked on the bottom? Many editors seem to be of the opinion that unless a story is uplifting, it is degrading. They see no splendid short story, interesting and well written, that deals with real conditions. And, as we all well know, there is not always an 'uplift' in such conditions—but, mind you, there may be a lesson anyway. There is a distinction between pseudo broad gauged 'uplift' and inferential, though quite as effective, reading observation."

We have chronicled the wholesale enlisting, on the part of short story writers of possible promise in other lines, in the "crime short story gang," as it is ironically termed by some of the standard magazine editors. This fact—for fact it is—however, has not lessened the demand for crime stories by the specialised magazines. The condition of affairs in this

field is related by one of the editors as follows: "Although there are easily twenty-five times the number of short story writers working on our line of fiction to-day that were a year ago, we are able to take care of all the good material that comes to us. And we always encourage the writers, furthermore, not to let up in their efforts. You see, a magazine of our type prints almost ten times as many short stories in a single number as one of the other magazines, and, as a result, we need just that much more material. Only the other day, we signed up with two writers for their entire output, and each averages a couple of stories a week. The demand on the part of a certain element for our kind of fiction is responsible for the famine in the more literary short stories."

Here we have a broad conflict of opinion. The editors of the standard magazines believe the public wants the "uplift" fiction and sometimes justify themselves in this opinion by gathering statistics, as in the case cited. The editors of the blood and thunder magazines—"blood and thunder" at least in comparison—say that the public wants *their* kind of short stories. There are facts in hand that would seem to prove both cases. But, no matter what view you take, one salient fact remains: There is a short story famine stalking through magazine land to-day. We have the words of the editors on both sides of the fiction fence for it.

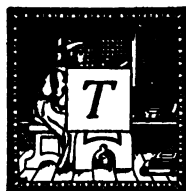


# REPRINTED PAGES

## KIPLING'S VERSE PEOPLE*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

### I



**T**HE *Story of the Gadsbys* was one of those published first in India. Together with the *Drums of the Fore and Aft*, *Studies in Black and White*, the *Departmental Ditties*, all unpretentious little tomes, modestly and quietly bound, it found its way to England, and soon the Keeper of the Books at the British Museum was struck by the fact that several well-known London literary men were asking from time to time for information in regard to a new writer named Kipling. A few months later Kipling had his "nine days' wonder." It was *The Story of the Gadsbys* that first attracted attention, and this book may be said to mark the turning point in his career. Only a short time before he had been running about Philadelphia trying to persuade editors to print his stories. He was everywhere told that nobody knew or cared anything about India. *The Story of the Gadsbys* ends with an *envoi*, the last line of which is: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." As the theme of the story was marriage, with its attendant joys and woes, the line has been accepted simply as a boisterous dig at that institution which is commended by St. Paul "to be honourable among all men"; another of those notes of warning, half serious, half mocking, which the bachelor animal Kipling used to fling out with fine relish. Did he not say that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"? It seems, however, to have another, a deeper significance—to sum up the man and his creed. "He travels the fastest who travels alone." The Kipling we know seems always to be travelling alone. It was so in the early Lahore days, it is more so

now. His attitude on the part of a man who was not doing something out of the ordinary, who was not making literature, would be impertinent if not boorish. "I will write what I please. I will not alter a line. If it please me to do so I will refer to Her Gracious Majesty—bless her!—as the little fat widow of Windsor, and fill the mouth of Mulvaney with filth and oaths. I will not 'meet people.' If I am on shipboard and prefer passing my time in the smoking room drinking Scotch whiskey I will do so. I will not truckle to old women or fawn upon fools. Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser!* I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone — always alone." This attitude is of vital interest as being in a measure the keynote of his work. It has another interest. People have invited and received personal rebuffs and gone away crying: "Snob! Cad!" Snob! Of course, he is a snob! So, Madame or Monsieur, is any great man who does not hang gaping and breathless upon your twaddle; who does not accede gaily to your request that he send you an autograph collection of his works; who does not undertake to find a publisher for your own or your daughter's manuscript. A snob! Certainly.

### II

Since he began writing, Kipling's prose and verse have ranged side by side, almost in martial step, with amazing precision. The men and women of the *Departmental Ditties* were the men and women of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. *Barrack Room Ballads* told in verse the stories of Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris and their soldier comrades. Of more re-

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1899.

cent years, in poetry as in prose, he has found his inspiration in the oil of the engine room, the thump of the screw, the salt spray of the sea; the lives of the men who toil in machine-shops, in the cabs of locomotives, in the holds of ships. That his success in treating of these later themes has been complete is open to doubt. Would "The Ship that Found Herself" for a moment have been considered seriously if it had been written by another than Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" ring hard and cold. They may be very true. McAndrew's soul may have been such a soul as was depicted; there is humanity, if rather vulgar humanity, in the dying Sir Anthony Gloster, but there is an element lacking—they don't cling in the memory—and one gladly turns back to the fire, the dash, the feeling of "Mandalay":

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the  
best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments  
an' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there  
that I would be—  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy  
at the sea.

The verse-people whose joys, sorrows, aims are best understood by American readers are, of course, the people of *Departmental Ditties*. The charm of the *Ditties* as of the *Plain Tales* was their evident spontaneity. It was impossible not to feel the zest and relish with which they were written. They seemed to have been done on fine sunshiny mornings, when the eye was clear and bright, and two or three pleasant pipes had whiffed the cobwebs out of the head. A young genius looked out upon the world, beheld there laughter and tears, folly and wisdom, and considerable wickedness of a healthy sort. The wickedness roused no anger in him. There was no disposition to howl stale moralities, his mission was not that of a social regenerator, his work bewrayed no maudlin indignation. When he wrote about the deception of a husband he treated all three parties in the affair with perfect and impartial good humour. His attitude was that of detachment, his

*métier* to watch the comedy and tragedy of it all as one watches a play. And after having been very much amused and a little bored he sat down to his writing table with the conviction that—

We are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes that ranged  
India's prehistoric clay.

There are times when he seems almost to resent the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on merrily and busily, new forces are constantly springing up as if out of the ground, the hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent no new sin. "Jack" Barrett jobbed off to Quetta in September to die there, attempting two men's work, Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most"; Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitiable human stories. Through the verses which tell of these people there rings a note of half humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrative ditties he has more relish. A general officer, riding with his staff, takes down a heliograph message between husband and wife and finds himself alluded to as "that most immoral man." A young lieutenant wishing to break an engagement in a gentlemanly manner develops appalling epileptic fits with the assistance of Pears' Shaving Sticks. What an honest, wholesome love of fun! What animal spirits! He can see the amazement on the General's "shaven gill," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as—

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs.  
Boffkin sits,  
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop  
Sleary's fits.

One thinks of him as roaring with laughter as he writes of the astonishment and discomfiture of these people, as the "good Dumas" used to roar with laughter at the humorous observations of his characters.

(Continued in Advertising Section)

# THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOY*

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN



THE reading public does not content itself with selecting its several favourites among the representatives of literature. It does not rest satisfied until it has chosen some one novelist or poet upon whom to confer the rank of the greatest living writer. It is as though each country had a literary throne which could be occupied by only one man in a generation, and which the reading public could not bear to see vacant for any length of time. Critics may agree upon two or three contemporary story-tellers as co-ordinately the foremost masters of their art, each taking precedence in some special field or quality; the public, however, seems to be loath to be dominated by any such oligarchy. While writers are fond of referring to the world of letters as a commonwealth or republic, their readers, much like the Jews of the time of Saul, hate to be left without a king. And if this is apparently the case with Anglo-Saxons, is there anything astonishing in the fact that in a country like Russia the highly centralised political *régime* under which the people live should find its reflection in the domain of art?

During the sixties and seventies of the last century it was Ivan Turgéneff who filled the office of the greatest Russian novelist. Although the chief works by which Tolstoy is best known to the civilised world were published during the same period, it was not until the death of the author of *Rudin* that "the sage of Yasnaya Poliana" came to be rated not only as the leading novelist of his own time, but as the most important writer in the entire range of Russian fiction. And now that Count Tolstoy is an aged and sick man, the question is often asked, Who of the younger representatives of Russian literature is to be regarded as heir-apparent to the throne which he has filled so grandly during the last two decades?

The question is one not easily an-

swered, and the facts with which it is connected disclose a situation unparalleled in the history of Russian literature since the days of Gogol and Pushkin.

Maxim Gorki occupies a position analogous to the one enjoyed by Kipling in English-speaking countries. Every new story from his pen is hailed as an event of prime importance, and his appearance in public is greeted with the most exuberant ovations. This noisy success of his would certainly seem to point him out as the unanimous popular choice for the place of the supreme story-teller of the present generation. Certain elements in the character of his work, however, when viewed in the light of deep-rooted Russian conditions and tastes, prevent one from taking his clamorous vogue seriously. One well-known critic speaks of him as a writer who was "quick to reach the pinnacle of his reputation, but who has already set out on his downward journey"; another writer describes Gorki's stories as the over-seasoned, but ephemeral dish served to a dyspeptic public"; while almost all of his most enthusiastic admirers among book reviewers of note concede certain faults in his art which in a country like Russia must be regarded as fatal to lasting pre-eminence.

That Gorki is gifted with an active imagination, and that his stories possess originality and unusual vigour, no one disputes. These virtues alone are not enough, however, to make literature of the kind which the educated Russian has been accustomed to exact from his leading writers. It should be borne in mind that popular recognition in the country under consideration is not synonymous with a large circulation among the typical novel-devouring part of the population. To be sure, Russia has her George Ohnets and Marion Crawfords, whose stories keep the wife of many a provincial officeholder awake nights; but even this class of readers know that the novels in which they are absorbed are not considered literature, while those who follow the book reviews in the magazines or newspapers scarcely ever come across

*From THE BOOKMAN for December, 1902.

the names of these authors at all. As to that peculiar species of dime novel which is well written and well printed and sells for \$1.50, it never sails under false colours. It is frankly a "dime novel," and one would no more think of calling it literature than one would a popular soda cracker that sold at the rate of so many hundred thousands a day.

Now Gorki's stories are certainly literature, but his talent is not made of the stuff that characterises the genius of men like Tolstoy, Turgéneff, Dostoyevsky, Goncharoff or Pisensky. Gorki is a child of the slums, and of these slums he writes in a novel and forcible way. He is a clever story-teller, and running through all his tales is a clear-cut message, a well-defined central idea, that has never been promulgated through the medium of Russian fiction before. Such a writer, amid the conditions which surround Gorki and his constituency, could not fail to seize the public eye.

The prevailing order of things, added to the psychological peculiarities of the Slavic reader, have worked out literary ideals which in the United States or England would scarcely meet with acceptance at the hands of an appreciable minority. The cultured Russian yearns for political freedom. Living as he does the life of the enlightened Frenchman or Englishman, he naturally misses those liberties the enjoyment of which has so long since come to be looked upon as part and parcel of civilisation. The university-bred subject of the Czar casts upon the parliaments of Western Europe furtive glances full of envy. By rendering politics forbidden fruit his government makes it the dream and passion of nearly every one who can read and think. Words like "party," "political programme," "constitution," or "free speech" are invested with a charm which the Anglo-Saxon of modern times could scarcely realise. In other words, the Russian reader of good literature considers himself a member of a downtrodden, languishing nation. As a consequence, every victim of oppression or poverty—of misery in any form—appeals to him as a fellow sufferer. On the other hand, a senseless censor system lends to every book championing the cause of "the de-

graded and the insulted," the relish of forbidden fruit. To elude the vigilance of the censor, therefore; to make literary images say things which in the form of an essay or editorial would be likely to bring publisher and writer under the ban, is the kind of art which is sure to attract attention in the land of the Czars.

The upshot has been an ironclad æsthetic theory, under which the talented artist who does not lay bare some form of human misery is looked upon as something like a public officer who neglects his duty. A tax-gatherer seizing the famished cow of a famished peasant family is the sort of pastoral that makes the surest appeal to the imagination of the educated Russian reader.

The salient feature of the best Russian literature, the one directly traceable to the movement which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, is the sympathetic attention paid to the tillers of the soil and the poor, ignorant, weak and defenceless common people generally. "The idealisation of the peasant" is one of the staple phrases in essays and editorials of that period.

The novelist, then, is expected to have something to say, and his theme must have some social iniquity to accentuate, or at least be taken from the life of the disinherited and of the "poor in spirit." Now the peculiarity of Gorki's position in the literature of his country lies in this, that while his art has a moral lesson to inculcate and seeks its images in the lower strata of society, preferably among those who have altogether been dislodged from the regular current of life, his message is a persistent panegyric of strength and backbone, of the master-spirits of the human race, not of its victims, nor of those who are poor in spirit. He advocates the basic ideas of Nietzsche through the medium of "overmen" in the form of drunken peasants or social waifs.

"A fellow must be sized up, to begin with," says the hero's father in his *Foma Gordéyeff*, "you must find out the kind of stuff he is made of, find out whether there is anything in him. If he is a smart chap with some backbone to him and a mind for business, then you might as well give him a lift. But if you run up against a weak-kneed fellow without a bit of



ambition, and that sort of thing, then spit at him and pass on. This is what I want you to bear in mind: When a fellow is always complaining and sighing and wailing, he is not worth a rap, is not worth your pity. Help only those who won't back down even when they are in trouble. Suppose a rotten plank and a sound one dropped into the mud. What would you do? Why, of what earthly use is a decayed piece of wood? So you had better let it stay where it is, down in the mud, so that people may tread upon it and keep the dirt off their shoes. As to the sound plank, pick it up, put in the sunlight, let it dry up, for, indeed, it may be of some use, if not to yourself, to somebody else."

Such is the ethical doctrine which Gorki preaches in almost every one of his numerous stories and sketches, in season and out of season. It is quite a novel doctrine in Russian literature. As a *leit-motif* it has never been utilised in Russian fiction before; but if it is only too natural that this motive, coupled with Gorki's resourcefulness and vigour, should have brought him into instant vogue, it is equally inevitable that a philosophy of this sort, as a basis of a literary message, shall sooner or later pall upon the Russian reader and gradually arouse opposition.

The average Russian bookman looks upon his government as the embodiment of undue strength and upon himself as an underdog, as one of the weak. The theory of the survival of the fittest applied to human beings in the crude, brutal form in which Gorki applies it through his Napoleons of the gutter is scarcely calculated to meet with lasting favour among a people who are always "complaining and sighing and wailing," always complaining of their own "Hamletism" (as Turgéneff calls it) and of being ruled by a bureaucracy of misfits. The typical Russian does not regard those who whine and have no turn for business as so many decayed planks for the stronger citizen to trample under foot. He pities these weaklings, and, indeed, himself for victims of an effeminating, enervating social system. It is to depict this very shiftlessness that Turgéneff wrote his *Rudin*, that "epic of Russian phrasemongery." But, then, *Rudin* is instinct with human pity, and

this all-forgiving pity is what makes it one of the most characteristically Russian novels ever written. The modern Hamlet, the man of great words and small deeds, is quite a common type in Russian literature, and in every case he has been treated with the same human sympathy and philosophical leniency as that which pervades Turgéneff's masterpiece, and which is in keeping with the popular character. It is a noteworthy fact that Russia sees a greater relative number of acquittals in criminal cases than any other civilised country in the world. Tolstoy portrays this inclination of the common people in his *Resurrection*, where the tradesman in the jury box readily votes in favour of the defendant. Not that he thinks Maslova innocent of the charge, but because "Who is free from wrongdoing?" Indeed, so characteristic is this tendency in the average Russian that it has been accentuated as the keynote to the whole psychology of this curious people in whom the world is so keenly interested these days, but whom it seems at a loss to make out.

*Rudin*, then, is a distinctly Russian novel, and if it is, Gorki's stories are decidedly un-Russian, all his "atmosphere" and the vividness of his characters notwithstanding.

A still graver drawback is Gorki's lack of artistic sincerity. The point is that with all his undeniable skill as a character painter, his tales do not ring true. They are not marked by that freedom from consciousness which another trait of the national character, as well as the best traditions of the country's literature, make a necessary condition to enduring fame. The average Russian has been correctly described by foreign observers as a naïve, unsophisticated creature with a profound sense of human motive; as one in whom the simple-minded sincerity of the child is combined with the intuitive human wisdom of the prophet. Born to be sad, mere cleverness for its own sake would be lost upon him, and a work of art, which is straining for effect, be it ever so lofty or subtle, is sure to weary him. This is as true of music and painting as it is of literature. The overwhelming

(Continued in Advertising Section)

# UNPUBLISHED REVIEWS

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

**HUNTING THE PICT IN BRITAIN.** By Julius Cæsar. Curtius, Dollabella and Company, Rome.

This book, written by our great faunal naturalist and exponent of the strenuous life, whose hunting trip into Britain aroused such great interest, is sure to meet with an immense sale among those who love stories of adventure or who are interested in sport, science, literature or art. It should become a pocket compendium for all those hunters who hereafter attempt the hunting of the Pict. Mr. Cæsar—who is affectionately known in Rome as "Our Jule"—undertook this hunting trip fully equipped, and was accompanied by a staff of trained hunters. He tells his adventures in his usual modest manner. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that in which he kills his first Pict, the skin of which, by the way, he afterward forwarded to the Remusian Institution, where it is now on view. The volume is illustrated with excellent views of live and dead Picts and other game, as well as numerous likenesses of Mr. Cæsar in his hunting costumes. In addition to killing great numbers of most ferocious Picts Mr. Cæsar was lucky enough to bag several good specimens of Scots, among which was an excellent specimen of the very rare bald-headed Paterfamilias Scotus.

**FARTHEST EAST.** By Marco Polo, F.R.G.S. Nicolo and Maffeo, Venice.

If this work had been put forth frankly as a romance it might have found numerous readers, for it must be considered a work of great imagination. It is, briefly, a tale of adventure told in the first person by Mr. Polo, in which he takes an utterly impossible journey by way of imaginary countries—Sivas, Mosul, Bagdad, and Hormuz—through Khorassan, to Lob Nor, and a city such as could not exist anywhere in the world: Shantung. It is enough to say that the adventures exceed the limit of possi-

bility. As a work of fiction we might have had more to say of this tale, but being told as a fact we can only condemn it.

**A JUMP TO THE MOON.** By Baron Karl Hieronymous Friedrich von Munchhausen. Raspe, Gluckstein and Company, Berlin.

At length we have a satisfactory study of lunar conditions and life such as students have been awaiting these many years. Baron Munchhausen, who has already established a reputation for careful attention to details in his *Travels and Adventures in Russia* (Wagner and Blotz, Düsseldorf), gives us in his new volume a scientific study of the Moon and her peoples, the whole written in a reserved tone. In fact, the only adverse criticism possible is that a man of greater imagination might have made the work somewhat more interesting. The Baron's well-known propensity for sticking close to the actual makes the work a little dry in some places, particularly in the chapter where he describes the finding of the resilient clay in South Prussia which, when leaped upon, continues to cast the leaper higher at each rebound, until, as the Baron says: "had I not, at this leap, landed full upon the Moon, my next leap would have sent me hurtling into the Sun, where I might have perished in the flames." We know this book will be eagerly read by all interested in geographical science, but we also recommend it to the attention of managers of Sunday School Libraries. The moral conveyed in the chapter dealing with the Baron's return to earth cannot fail to find a resting place in the infant mind: "The thought of jumping off the moon at first appalled me, for while I knew beyond doubt that I could so aim myself as to hit the earth, I could not, at such a distance, even with my marvellous eyesight, make out one part of the earth from another, and there was not only the danger of alighting in some vast desert, but of alighting atop of a pointed weathercock or in the ocean.

However, I considered that a man that had so valiantly battled for the truth on all occasions would be cared for by Providence, and I leaped. I was right. Not only did I alight in my own beloved land, but full in the mouth of the great chimney of my baronial hall, and so squarely that I descended the chimney without touching either side or soiling my garments."

LATER POEMS. By H. H. Homer. Aristides, Hippias and Herodotus, Athens.

It is with regret we take up this volume for review, since truth compels us to call attention to its many faults. More than once we have mentioned Mr. Homer as one of the most promising of our minor poets, and his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (Aristides, Hippias and Herodotus, Athens) gave evidence of some spark of the divine fire, although we have always contended that they were too lengthy. Still, we said frankly that we believed the two poems would be read for several years, and that parts of them might be familiar to our people for a decade or so, since portions have been included in *Choice Recitations for the School*.

In the new volume Mr. Homer leaves the field of Aeolic and Ionic legend in which he did fairly well as a versifier of narrative tales, and takes his stand—or fails to take it—among the real poets. It is one thing to write a long drawn out narrative in verse, and quite another to throw off one of those blazing pearls such as a real poem should be. We fear Mr. Homer has missed the idea entirely.

Take for instance his "Rhapsody on the Outer Garb and Religious Relationships of a Young Male of Chios":

There was a young fellow of Chios  
Whose peplum was cut on the bias:

It was made of goat skin

With the woolly side in,

But his mother's third husband was pious.

No doubt there is a whole story in this poem, but in our opinion it leaves too much to the imagination of the reader. If this is an argumentative poem, it, in our opinion, is a failure, for the last line seems to us to beg the question. If, on the other hand, it aims to tell the old legend of the ancient king of Chios (the name escapes us at the moment and our *History of Chios* is upstairs in the cedar chest) who for infidelity to the gods fell into such poverty that his children pawned their garments and went in goat skins, Mr. Homer makes undue use of his license, for the family fortunes were not restored by the third husband, but by the second, who worshipped Apollo properly. To take a noble old legend, introduce a third husband that did not exist, and cast an aspersion on a second husband by suggesting that he was not pious, when he was, is exceeding the limits of poetic propriety.

Of these "Later" poems of Mr. Homer we must speak in all frankness, and we do so when we say that in this case, at least, it is not better "late" than never. If Mr. Homer's friends have urged him to rush into print with this book we think, by this time, they *Odyssey* that he was *Iliadvised*.



# THE BOOK MART

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*Henry Holt and Company:*

Uriel Acosta. By Karl Gutzkow. Edited with Introduction and Notes by S. W. Cutting and A. C. Von Noé.

*Houghton Mifflin Company:*

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Speeches in Stirring Times and Letters to a Son. Edited with Introductory Sketch and Notes by Richard H. Dana (3d).

The Spirit of Democracy. By Lyman Abbott.

*B. W. Huebsch:*

Democracy and the Overman. By Charles Zueblin.

*Mitchell Kennerley:*

The Repertory Theatre A Record and a Criticism. By P. P. Howe.

*J. B. Lippincott Company:*

The Romance of the Ship. The Story of Her Origin and Evolution. By E. Keble Chatterton.

Under the Open Sky. Being a Year with Nature. By Samuel Christian Schmucker.

*The Macmillan Company:*

The Conflict of Colour: The Threatened Upheaval Throughout the World. By B. L. Putnam Weale.

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

Faith, Hope, Love. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.

Love, Friendship and Good Cheer. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.

Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It. By Edna Lyman.

Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Especially of Washington and Oregon. Selected by Katharine Berry Judson.

In Town, and Other Conversations. By Janet Ayer Fairbank.

Handicrafts in the Home. By Mabel Tuke Priestman.

Artistic Homes. By Mabel Tuke Priestman.

*The Outing Publishing Company:*

The Robinson Crusoe Library:  
Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. By Charles Stuart Moody, M.D.

Camp Cookery. By Horace Kephart.

The Book of Camping and Woodcraft:  
A Guide Book for those who Travel in the Wilderness. By Horace Kephart.

*The Percy Publishing Company:*

The Art of the Short Story. By George W. Gerwig, Ph.D.

*The Publisher's Weekly:*

Whitaker's (London) Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, 1910. Three Volumes.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

African and European Addresses by Theodore Roosevelt. With an Introduction presenting a Description of the Conditions under which the Addresses were given during Mr. Roosevelt's Journey in 1910 from Khartum through Europe to New York. By Lawrence F. Abbott.

Lords of Industry. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

How to Know Architecture. The Human Elements in the Evolution of Styles. By Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A.

The Conflict Between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy. Three Lectures by Charles W. Eliot.

*Small, Maynard and Company:*

The Conservation of Water. By John L. Mathews.

What Eight Million Women Want. By Rheta Childe Door.

*Frederick A. Stokes Company:*

Gardens Near the Sea. The Making and Care of Gardens on or near the Coast with Reference also to Lawns and Grounds and to Trees and Shrubbery. By Alice Lounsberry.

*Sturgis and Walton Company:*

Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness. By S. Hesketh Prichard, F.Z.S., with a Foreword by Frederick Courteney Selous.

The Lady: Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History. By Emily James Putnam.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

## NEW YORK CITY

## FICTION

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.

## JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. The Lakerim Cruise. Hughes. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

## ALBANY, N. Y.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.20.
6. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
3. Camera Adventures in African Wilds. Dugmore. (Doubleday, Page.) \$6.00.
4. Pages from the Book of Paris. Hornby. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.20.

## ATLANTA, GA.

## FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

## FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Recruiting for Christ. Stone. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Siegfried. Huckel. (Crowell.) 75 cents.
4. Mind, Power and Privileges. Olston. (Crowell.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

## BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## BOSTON, MASS.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
2. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Grover Cleveland. Gilder. (Century Co.) \$1.80.

## JUVENILES

1. Hero Tales of the Far North. Riis. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. The Crashaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

## BOSTON, MASS.

## FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
5. The Village of the Vagabond. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

## NON-FICTION

1. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. An American Citizen. Baldwin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.
4. The Lust of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

## JUVENILES

1. A Freshman Co. Ed. Lee. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Range and Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) \$1.50.
3. The Lakerim Cruise. Hughes. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Story Telling. Lyman. (McClurg.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Winning his "Y." Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Rheingold and Valkyrie. Illustrated by Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.

3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Parrish. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altemus.) \$1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. Prodigal Pro. Tem. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

1. Dethronement of the City Boss. Hamilton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.20.
2. The Education of the Will. Poyot. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
3. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
4. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

## FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
3. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.

## NON-FICTION

1. Everyday Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60 cents.
3. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Animal Why Book. Pycraft. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales Books. Lee. (Penn.) \$1.00.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Caravaners. By the Author of *Elisabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Prosperity Through Thought Force. Leland. \$1.00.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Successful Wife. Dorset. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. An Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NORFOLK, VA.

## FICTION

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. The Green Patch. Von Hutten. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. A Successful Wife. Dorset. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. A Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Cupid's Cyclopaedia. Clay and Herford. (Scribners.) \$1.00.
3. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
4. Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Luce.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Midshipman Ralph Osbourne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

## OMAHA, NEB.

## FICTION

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.50.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
5. The Stirring Wheel. Wason. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.
3. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Hilda of the Hippodrome. Paine. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
3. An Affair of Dishonour. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. His Hour. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Let the Roof Fall in. Danby. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## PITTSBURG, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
3. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON FICTION

1. Along the Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
2. The Battle of the Wilderness. Shaff. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
3. The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt. Ed. by Lang. (Dodge.) \$5.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Dave Porter of Starr Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Larry Burke, Freshman. Odell. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

## PITTSBURG, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
5. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. John Winterbourne's Family. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## PORTLAND, MAINE

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

## FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
2. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

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4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

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2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

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## FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
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6. The Caravans. By the Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.



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1. The Optimist's Good-Night. Perin. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
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3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
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## JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
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3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

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## FICTION

1. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) \$1.40.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggan. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

## SEATTLE, WASH.

## FICTION

1. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.

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1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

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3. The Wonder Book. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) \$2.50.

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## FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.
2. The Song of the Stone Wall. Keller. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

## JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

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## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Justice. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Hollow Tree. Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.

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## FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Gold Brick. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. John (on. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Sunshine Annie. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

## TORONTO, CANADA

## FICTION

1. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Musson.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. Freebooters of the Wilderness. Laut. (Musson.) \$1.50.
3. Christmas Day in the Evening. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
4. A Christmas Mystery. Locke. (Lane.) 75 cents.

## JUVENILES

1. Scouting for Boys. Powell. (Briggs.) 30 cents.
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## FICTION

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1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Flammsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Frank. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Tales of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " " "	2d	" " " "	" " " "	8
" " " "	3d	" " " "	" " " "	7
" " " "	4th	" " " "	" " " "	6
" " " "	5th	" " " "	" " " "	5
" " " "	6th	" " " "	" " " "	4

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.	178
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.	150
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.	127
4. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.	123
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.	100
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	99

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Antique Furniture of Paul Warren, Richfield Springs, N. Y.  
The Collection of Whistler Etchings of J. S. Dutcher, of Ellenville, N. Y.  
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# The Nation

27 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# KIPLING'S VERSE PEOPLE

(Continued from page 540)

## III.

The people who have been most vehement in acclaiming Mr. Kipling as the inspired and representative singer of the Anglo-Saxon race have been moved so to do by their enthusiasm over the fire of the man rather than by any dogmatic beliefs as to what poetry should be or should not be. It was quite natural that they should have brandished the "Recessional" like a bludgeon over the unhappy head of the present Laureate. When Marshal Soult was in the Government he was accused of having lost the battle of Toulouse; when he was with the Opposition he was conceded to have won it. Before his accession to the Laureateship Mr. Austin was esteemed and respected as a poet of culture and some talent; in these days the poor gentleman cannot publish a line but he is pursued with shouts of laughter and hoots of derision. The Laureateship carries with it many burdens and responsibilities; there are thorns on the cushion, and Kipling is unquestionably greater as he is, unfettered and untrammelled.

It is probable that he himself wanted it, as Thackeray wanted to dawdle in Parliament, and to play with sealing wax as an underling in the diplomatic corps at Washington. He has been accused of wishing to amass a great fortune and found a family. That matter, however, has no place here. Kipling marks in a measure the beginning of a new era since his success has done much to broaden the popular taste and make people bolder and more independent in their literary likes and dislikes. The age needed such a man. Certainly it is no crime to find Wordsworth and Browning hard reading, and to prefer the fiction of Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Richard Harding Davis to that of Mr. George Meredith. Only to have frankly avowed such preference would have damned one in that world where "Ladies' Reading Circles" spend an afternoon with the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* and "form opinions." The *precieuse* exists to-day as in Molière's time. Oh, for a Mascarille! So sweeping has been Mr. Kipling's triumph that even among those who profess scorn for everything but the most obscure in song it is permitted to boldly praise his ringing doggerel. Perhaps they are not far wrong who think that an abundance of books has lowered and vulgarised literary standards—who find better the old days, the

brave days, when Byron's verse rang like a trumpet call, when a new book by the Wizard of the North or by Mr. Irving was an event to be awaited with serious interest and some anxiety, when people liked their novels long, strong, with plenty of blood-letting, love-making and airy, genteel conversation. Everybody reads *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* and a little of *Paradise Lost* at some time of life, but with most of us, after a certain age, Milton and Pope and Dryden and Scott and Byron are relegated to the top shelves as irrevocably as the plays of Webster or the romances of Mlle. de Scudery. It is not so much that these poets belong to earlier periods and schools; *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker* and *Ivanhoe* and *Don Quixote*—the last-named in homœopathic doses—are being read and always will be read with undiminished relish. But the end of the century has not the time to scan its romance and demands that its verse be not only brief but of the kind that is done quickly, done as the two best pieces of work ever done in Scotland—the Battle of Bannockburn and *Tam O'Shanter*—were done, within a single span of sunlight.

## IV.

Nothing of Kipling's work in verse is marked by finer feeling than *Barrack Room Ballads*—nothing deals with more tangible people. In writing them he was giving of his best, his very best; consequently they are charged with protest. He was constantly thinking of the "travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land," of the unwritten laws which decree that "only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the railroads of State, because of the gold on his breeks." He was impatient; he girdled scornfully and indignantly at official blindness and folly, the folly and blindness that makes men cheats, that discharges Edward Clay and winks when he wriggles back into the service under the name of William Parsons. Then there is six thousand miles away an ungrateful and stupid public which, upon occasion, talks largely and smugly about "thin red lines of heroes," all the while looking upon Tommy Atkins, the individual, as a pampered brute of naturally criminal instincts, who must be lashed into subordination.

The Toad beneath the barrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that Toad.

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Let us first disabuse the reader of the impression that the Great Diamond Pipe was some marvellous and priceless meerschaum, briar or even a corn-cob, encrusted with diamonds. No such thing. A pipe, says Webster, is a mining term for a body or elongated vein of ore; hence, a Great Diamond Pipe is a large body, or elongated vein of diamonds.

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His range here is marvellously wide. In no portion of his work is the richness of his general information, which is constantly astonishing people, more striking. No detail has escaped his attention. His verse has shown us Tommy on the march as well as in barracks; Tommy under arms and Tommy in the pursuit of his not always reputable amours. And this is the secret of his strength—that he did not professedly *s'encanailler* himself, that he went to the study of this life not because it offered a new field, but because it honestly interested him. By dint of fighting the soldiers' battles he came to believe in them as his own. A man who felt himself to be stooping when he picked up the cudgels could never have written "The Sergeant's Wedding." The flirtations and scandals of the dashing, hard riding, hard dancing married ladies of Simla society entertain him no more than do the squabbles of sergeants' wives.

When it comes to a man in the case  
They're alike as a row of pins;  
The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skins.

Under the Indian sun the Tommy of his verse is a high-spirited creature, usually arrogant and brassy. He has an educated taste for strong drink, an eye for women, adores loot and practical jokes. Of his relations toward his officers Kipling has told us very pleasantly in "The Sentry," verses with a fine comic opera ring. For the civilian he has an immense and far-reaching contempt. At home the English drizzle and the gritty London pavements sap his strength; he slinks meekly out of theatres and "public 'ouses," and grows mopy and homesick for the East, with its sunshine and its "tinkly temple bells."

V.

By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed,  
From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,  
Fell the Stone  
To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;  
So She fell from the light of the Sun,  
And alone.

Now the fall was ordained from the first,  
With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,  
But the Stone  
Knows only Her life is accursed,  
As She sinks in the depths of the Tarn,  
And alone.

Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!  
Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!  
Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!  
Judge Thou  
The sin of the Stone that was hurled  
By the Goat from the light of the Sun,  
As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,  
Even now—even now—even now!

In Kipling's verse there is occasionally a ring that rouses anger at the persistence with which he has held to the writing of flippant social jingles and verses of which the most striking feature is their originality of theme, invading as they do provinces hitherto deemed totally lacking in poetic suggestion. Very seldom and then usually in a spirit of scoffing lightness does he allow us to see how true a poet he is on the accepted highest poetic lines; how seer-like is his vision. A word, a line, thrown in with apparent carelessness; awakens the memory of lost cities and forgotten names. There are such lines in "Tomlinson"—the hero of which, by the way, is not a man, but an attitude—in "Possibilities," in "The Perfect Romance" and elsewhere. The verses quoted at length above seem admirably to illustrate this. They form the headpiece of "To Be Filed for Reference," and were supposed to have been found among the unpublished papers of McIntosh Jellaludin, a loafer, a drunkard, a renegade outcast, whose mind was a "ragbag of odds and ends of useless information." They are, of course, not verses of the highest quality. The whole is obscure, it is in parts meaningless. But what did Coleridge mean when he wrote "The Ancient Mariner"? What is the meaning of Edgar Allan Poe's "Ulalume"? McIntosh Jellaludin may not have been the great poet he deemed himself, but sane and sober he had the making of a good one. Is not the figure striking! What dreams it suggests! How it sums up the darkness and mystery of the East! Kipling seems to have a certain shame about laying bare his soul, to wish to put forward his truest and loftiest inspirations under the guise of mockery, to fear not the name of poet, but the imputation of thinking himself one. This peculiar shame is distinctively Anglo-Saxon. The young Frenchman of literary aspirations will very often tell you that he is a "poet" quite unaffectedly. He finds nothing strange in so saying. It is as if he were to remark that he was a plumber or an architect or an apothecary. And after all why should a young man be more ashamed of writing poems and failing to sell them than a young lawyer of being without briefs or a young physician without patients? There have been times when Kipling has seemed to be meditating some loftier poetic flight, then paused, doubting, and half heartbroken at the doubt. He has been living busily among men, delighting keenly in the rush and turmoil of modern life, knowing its pleasures and prizes and solaces,

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"The average American in winter usually raises the temperature in his rooms to 76° or more and then wonders why he shivers on going outdoors, and why he has so many colds. The temperature is not the whole cause of the trouble.

"The parched air of our houses absorbs moisture from the skin and from the mucous membranes of the respiratory tract with consequent drying and congestion which prepare the way for the entrance of infection. A series of colds is the result and the establishment of the chronic American nasopharyngeal catarrh; superheated houses and dry air are responsible for these ailments, far more than inclement weather."

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Thy face is far, from this our war,  
Our call and counter cry.  
I shall not find Thee quick and kind  
Nor know Thee till I die.  
Enough for me, in dreams to see  
And touch thy garment's hem;  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them.

## THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOY

(Continued from page 543)

seriousness and melancholy of Tolstoy is paralleled in the canvases of Verestchagin and in the symphonies of Tchaikovsky. When we pass to Gorki, in the same connection, we find once more that, although a child of the very heart of his people, he is essentially the least Russian of all writers of note in the history of the modern Russian novel.

Scarcely an image in all his works but is marred by artifice, by an effect of cunning and of premeditation. His illiterate, semi-savage, yet strangely intellectual and heroic tramps are quite an up-to-date set of philosophers of the decadent school; and, while they may be found interesting one cannot resist a feeling that the ideas they embody are not theirs, but have been crammed into their heads in order that their author may parade his own paradoxes. Try as Gorki will to translate the piquant views which he professes into the logic and speech of peasant or vagabond, his characters and the high sentiments they are made to utter will blend no more than the sandwich man will blend with the signboards he is made to carry around.

With all his apparent earnestness, Gorki is a good deal of a sensationalist. He is not interested in life in the way which is characteristic of a Tolstoy or a Turgéneff. He does not listen to its undertones with the rapt attention of the man with whom artistic study is its own reward; he is not searching for the fundamental meaning of things, for the hidden importance of seeming trifles. What he really does is to hunt for effects of the kind which are apt to catch the eye of the cultured, and these he finds by the score.

The greatest truly Russian writer among the younger story-tellers of to-day is Anton Chekhov, the man to whom Gorki dedicates *Foma*

*Gordéyeff*, his most ambitious novel. Judged from a purely artistic point of view, Chekhov is the Tolstoy of the Russian short story. Of all the other representatives of the recent fiction of his country (leaving out the author of *Anna Karénina* as belonging to a former generation) he alone has the art of making his characters and their surroundings strikingly, irresistibly real. His unfailing grasp of the evanescent detail of life and his incisive sense of motive, added to the tremendous earnestness and maturity of his humour, compel the admiration even of those critics who impeach him for what they call his lack of any definite moral purpose. Having no "unifying idea" to convey, but painting life's bitter comedies and tragedies wherever he finds them, his triumph is of a purely literary character, without any admixture of that educational element which in a country like Russia takes the place of politics.

Keen as the general appreciation of Gorki's talents is, the most enthusiastic praise of his stories is not altogether free from a certain patronising note. His most ardent friends among critics do not seem to applaud him except with a condescending smile on their lips; and, upon the whole, one seems to admire him as a writer who is not to be taken seriously, but whose work is entitled to special recognition because he is an under-educated, crude son of the masses.

To be more explicit, the hysterical popularity of the "peasant-litterateur" is the outcome of that peasant-worship which has grown out of the humanitarian movements of his country. It is true that the agricultural population has since been supplanted in the sympathies of Young Russia by the factory proletariat of the cities; but then, this proletariat is largely made up of former peasants, and besides, Gorki's parents stand in closer relationship toward this element of the population than they do toward the peasantry. The element in question, the wage-workers, have especially endeared themselves to the hearts of the magazine-reading public by their participation in the political demonstrations of the university students, by having become the mainstay and the chief hope of the radical movement; and Gorki, who belongs to them by birth and early breeding, is known, in addition, as an outspoken radical and reformer. In other words, his overwhelming vogue is largely due to the fact that he is of the common people, and to the open secret that he is a bitter enemy of the present régime.



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The case is altogether different with Chekhoff. He is neither a revolutionist nor any other sort of "ist"; as to his antecedents, he is a nobleman by birth and education. He owes his success to his talent and to nothing else, and his stories are received with that mixed feeling of admiration and reverence which is the share of the truly great. Nor is his success restricted to a comparatively small number of devotees, as is the case with a writer like George Meredith. His several volumes have had enormous sales, and library statistics show them to be among the most popular books in almost every section of the empire.

Chekhoff began his literary career as a writer of *feuilletons* for newspapers. These were, for the most part, burlesque sketches, full of the irrelevancies of life, but displaying a depth of insight into reality which attracted immediate attention. There was an echo of sadness to his fun, and an intensity of human interest of the kind which leaves the reader's consciousness divided between a hearty laugh and a subtle sense of pity. He gradually lapsed into more serious moods and began to write longer stories, every one of which has been hailed unanimously as art of the highest order and at the same time condemned as barren of any "social idea." He has been known to fame some twelve years, yet he has never felt tempted to leave the short story for the full-fledged novel. He is particularly interested in the Russian capacity for being bored and melancholy, a propensity which seems to be growing on him as the years pass.

Mikhailovski, the leading Russian critic of to-day, omits no opportunity to assail Chekhoff's lack of any moral message, but even he does not dispute his genius as a portrayer of the kaleidoscopic, capricious trifles in our every-day experience. Nor does he deny his supreme position as a knower of men. He simply begrudges him his talent as something "worthy of a better cause"; as a great literary gift in the possession of a man who fails to put it to the use which the æsthetic theory of his country proclaims the only justifiable goal of artistic effort.

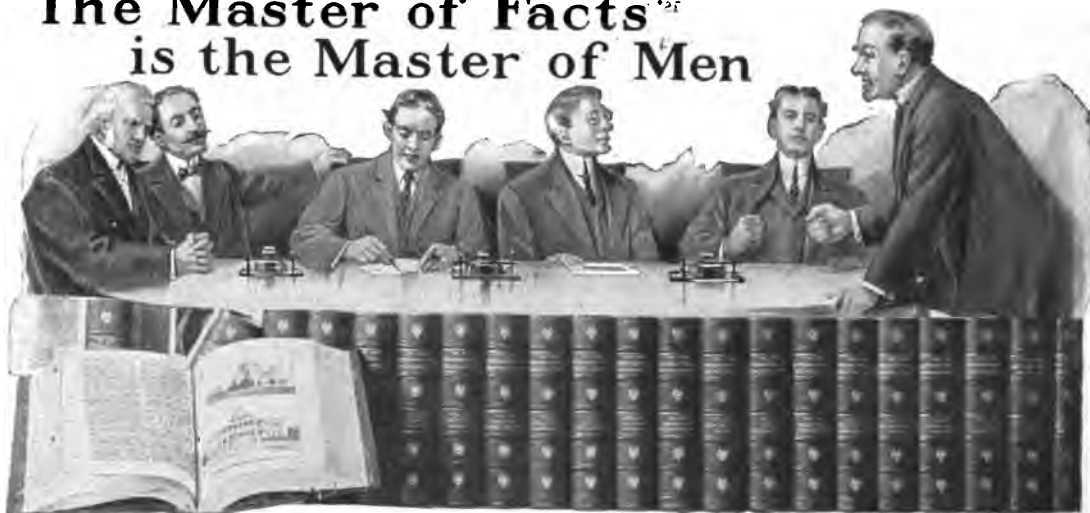
This violation of the traditional maxim which condemns art for art's sake, and perhaps also his being confined to the short story,

may stand between Chekhoff and the mantle of Tolstoy.

Vladimir Korolenko, known to Anglo-Saxon readers as the author of *The Blind Musician*, is an artist of high merit. For several years he held the palm of precedence uncontested. He is still a great favourite by virtue of his charming personality and the ardent human sympathy which animates his stories, as well as on account of the years of suffering he passed in exile. His style has been likened to Turgéneff's and the high artistic finish of his tales once gave him the foremost place among the younger generation of writers. If one had asked ten years ago upon whom the mantle of Tolstoy was destined to fall, Korolenko would have been named as a matter of course. Since then he has been gradually eclipsed by Chekhoff. He may safely be called the best living writer of fiction after Chekhoff, although the sensational vogue of Maxim Gorki has had the temporary effect of diverting some attention from both.

Russia has quite an array of other young writers of recognised force, all of them realists in the inoffensive Russian sense of the term. Of these Veresayeff, whose *Memories of a Physician* is "all the rage" just now, and Andréyeff, who was "discovered" only about a year ago, are still mere apprentices in the art of story-telling. The critics are forever bewailing the absence of talents like those of the middle part of the last century. This decline in the quality of the literary output is often ascribed to a lack of anything like the moral ideals which vitalised Russian letters about the time of the emancipation of the serfs. But then Russia is living a rather rapid life these days. The completion of the great Siberian railway and the general stimulus given to Russian industries, on the one hand, and the frequency and boldness of political demonstrations in which college students make common cause with the masses, on the other—all this is looked upon as something pointing in the direction of a new moral uplifting. And if the crusade against serfdom produced a Turgéneff, a Tolstoy and a Destoyevsky, the present struggle for popular institutions will give birth, so it is prophesied by the enthusiasts, to a new great literature, one which will mirror the new era even as the splendid fiction of the sixties mirrored the public-spirited ideas of those days.

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# The BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Literature and Life

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FEBRUARY, 1911

A Corner of Bohemia

The University and American Humour  
Strange Stories of the Patent Office

Representative American Story Tellers—David  
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The Editors Who Regret

The Story of Modern Book Advertising  
Meredith in French Eyes

Plays: Home-made and Imported

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# The Bookman for March

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## THE SOUTH IN FICTION

In the March issue will appear the second paper in the series "The South in Fiction." It will treat of the novels whose scenes have been laid in Virginia and North Carolina—one of our richest literary fields. Castlewood, on the banks of the James River, was the home of George and Harry Warrington before they left the colonies to visit their relatives in England. Somewhere in the northern part of Virginia is Carter's Hall and the fireside of Colonel Carter of Cartersville. Besides Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, other modern writers whose novels will be discussed in this paper are Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Sidney Lanier, Thomas Dixon and others. This paper will be written by Louise Chanler Willcox.

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## STRANGE STORIES OF THE CENSUS

The third paper in the series "Stories of Our Government Bureaus" will deal with "Strange Stories of the Thirteenth Census," in which undertaking were employed 9,000 enumerators, 5,000 special agents and many supervisors. In addition the article will also relate some of the tasks put to the Bureau by many persons who think it is a Tracer of Lost Persons.

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## THE BEST TRANSLATIONS

In one of the current novels the author, wishing to show that his heroine is not only an omnivorous reader but an unwise one as well, says of her: "She would read anything that came her way from books of real value down to a ten cent translation from the French." This remark admirably illustrates the attitude at this time and in this country that is popularly maintained toward translations. As a matter of fact a ten cent translation from the French was quite as like as not one of the world's masterpieces. The trouble is that very few people know much about the best translations of famous books; very few are aware how many English writers of importance have left translations which, like Pope's *Iliad* and Dryden's *Æneid* take a high place in the literature they have read. A brief survey of such famous translations by various writers will form the subject of a paper in our next issue.

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## OTHER FEATURES

In the March issue will appear the fourth paper in the "Best Seller of Yesterday" Series. It will deal with E. P. Roe's "Barriers Burned Away." Famous Educational "Best Sellers" will be the subject of a paper by Mr. George Middleton. There are some text-books which have sold into the hundreds of thousands and made handsome fortunes for their authors or publishers.

# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

VOL. XXXII

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 6

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There is said to be considerable commotion among literary circles in London owing to the seizure of a new novel by the police. **America, Take Notice!** The English censorship is far more strict and severe at present time than it has been for years, and every publisher who brings out a certain kind of book does it at his peril. According to a writer in the *British Weekly*, the risk is going to be greater still. Recalling two or three books that were widely sold and exploited in this country not very long ago, our feelings are of regret over American police inactivity.

If a prize were offered for the most flattering book notice of the year, we should unhesitatingly vote that it be awarded to the writer who began his review of the new English *Who's Who* in the *London Academy* for December 31st last with the words: "Any ordinary civilised Englishman, wrecked by chance on the shores of an uninhabited island, might be very happy if only a copy of *Who's Who* for the current year were washed ashore with him."

George Meredith's devotion to France and the French people is related in an article elsewhere in this issue. We do not know of any French portrait of Meredith, but if one exists, it is certain that the artist has given the features of the author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* a decidedly Gallic twist. Take, for example, the

accompanying portrait, which is the frontispiece of the twenty-second volume of the edition published by Scribner. It is from a photograph by Mrs. Seymour Trower, taken when the novelist was in his sixty-ninth year. It is typically French and might almost pass for a likeness of Victor Hugo.

In the handsome Memorial Edition of Meredith, which the Scribners are publishing, Meredithians will have a sign of their hero's immortality that may console for his country's failure to offer the doubtful honour of burial in Westminster. Like the New York Edition of Henry James, which we had occasion to



A FRENCH MEREDITH  
George Meredith at sixty-eight. From a photograph by Mrs. Seymour Trower.

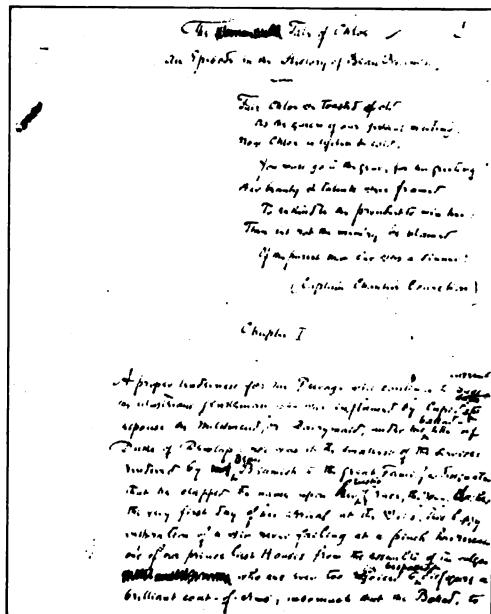
applaud a few months ago for its admirable appearance, this definitive Meredith is in every way worthy of an author who must be reckoned among the masters of the English novel. It is printed from large, clear type, on specially made paper, and bound in green silk. The illustrations, many of them reproduced in photogravure, are of exceptional interest. In addition to the portraits, there are views of scenes associated with Meredith's life and with his books, and best of all, reproductions of some of the illustrations by Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and Hablôt K. Browne, which accompanied the first appearance of certain of the novels in magazines.

Besides giving a worthy form to all the well-known novels and poems, this edition will provide a meeting place for a few scattered writings with which few Meredithians are familiar, and some hitherto unpublished works. Readers who recall Stevenson's testimony to the delight with which he first learned Meredith's *Love in the Valley* will hail with joy the promise of some unpublished stanzas for that poem, presumably included in neither the original nor the revised version. There will be critical writings which have heretofore been buried in the files of magazines, an unfinished comedy called *The Sentimentalists*, and finally the unfinished novel, *Celt and Saxon*, which has just appeared



CONAN DOYLE IN 1900

The other day we came across this snapshot of Conan Doyle, which, we believe, has never before been reproduced. It shows the creator of the most widely known character in fiction driving a party of friends to a cricket match in an antediluvian motor car.



FACSIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT FROM MEREDITH'S "TALE OF CHLOE"

We wonder how many of our readers have paused to think that despite certain undeniable literary shortcomings, the present age has produced the most widely known character in all fiction. It is now a little over twenty years since the name of Sherlock Holmes was first introduced through the medium of *The Study in Scarlet*, and to-day it is a byword to millions who have never read any of Conan Doyle's books and who have not the slightest interest in the science of deduction. Robinson Crusoe, Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Uncle Tom, the Count of Monte Cristo, the Swiss Family Robinson, Don Quixote, Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp, Ali Baba, Old Mother Hubbard—all these are strangers compared to the English detective. This is not an expression of opinion, but a statement of fact. If you doubt it, try an experiment, as we have done, with half a dozen urchins in the street, and see if you can find one to whom the name of Sherlock Holmes does not bring an expression of instant recognition. There is a minstrel song about a "darkey" who determined to name his first-born child after his favourite characters, and selected:





MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.  
MARIE VAN VORST ON THE RIVIERA

George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Roosevelt, Douglas, Lee, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, Dixon, ring in Booker T., Admiral Dewey, Thomas Jefferson, McKinley, Sherlock Holmes, Hezekiah, Obadiah, Abraham Lincoln Jones.

It is hardly worth while to mention that the mother has something to say in the matter and that the child in question becomes plain Arabella Jones, or to call attention to the metrical shortcomings of the song. The significance lies in the fact that the name of Sherlock Holmes was one of those which most naturally suggested themselves to the rhymster.

We are bound to say that most of the Sherlock Holmes revivals of recent years have rather disappointed and bored us, as they have usually represented very in-

ferior work on the part of Conan Doyle, and a great deal of talk about the fabulous sums of money he was being paid for doing it. The present revival, however, is considerably better. First there is Mr. Gillette's revival of the old play, and there is the new play built upon "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which is interesting despite the comment that the snake in the last act suggests nothing more terrible than a large and unwieldy sausage. Then there is the two-part story which is appearing serially in the *Strand*, and of which the first instalment is certainly very good. In fact it is so good that we are quite prepared for a very decided disappointment when it comes to a solution of the mystery.



MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.  
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART IN THE  
AUSTRIAN ALPS



MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.  
FREDERIC S. ISHAM AT KARNAK

In England they are talking of a new literary discovery in the person of Jeffrey Farnol. His romance, *The Broad Highway*, has received some exceedingly flattering comment. The *London Graphic* is quoted as calling it "the novel of the decade"; another reviewer compares it to *Lorna Doone*; while Clement Shorter, in the *Sphere*, says: "I have discovered a writer of striking merit—Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, whose name I have never heard before. The title of the book is *The Broad Highway*. It is the breeziest romance I have read for a long time."

While Mr. Farnol is a new man in his native England, he can hardly be regarded as such in this country. Six or seven years ago he was living in New York. While there he took the manuscript of his first novel to an American publishing house, by which it was accepted. The story appeared serially under the title *Chronicles of the Imp*, and in book form as *My Lady Caprice*. A shorter story, *Concerning the Honourable*

*Mr. Tawnish*, appeared as a two-part serial in this magazine. *The Broad Highway* was sent to an American publisher before it found an English one. A new book by Mr. Farnol, *The Money Moon*, is to be brought out next autumn. It will be illustrated by Arthur I. Keller.

Englishmen have a better acquaintance with the American skyscraper now than they had in the days A. L. Coburn's when London papers "New York" were in the habit of referring to our tall buildings as "flatirons" and superbly crushing such Americans as ventured to point out that the word "flatiron" referred to an individual structure. Mr. H. G. Wells is one Englishman who confesses to unqualified admiration for the skyscraper, given the New York air to review it clearly to its summit against the sky. In his foreword to Alvin Langdon Coburn's really unusual *New York*, which is published by Brentano, and which is a companion volume to Mr. Coburn's *London*, which appeared some time ago, Mr.



JEFFREY FARNOL

Wells speaks of visiting the Flatiron time and time again, that he might see it at every phase in the bright rounds of the New York day and night. "That same restriction between the Hudson and the East River that cramped New York's lateral expansion," writes Mr. Wells, "brought with it its remedy, and so quite

naturally and inevitably the city spurts up into such splendid fountains of habitation as Park Row, and the sharp jets of the Singer Building and the Metropolitan Tower, and comes to a portentously crowded escarpment of arrest at the Battery."



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Villard's "John Brown" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



THE METROPOLITAN TOWER

From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.



**THE SINGER BUILDING: TWILIGHT**

From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.



DOUGLAS JERROLD. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DR. H. W. DIAMOND IN MAY, 1857

So many books have been written about London *Punch* that we have entirely lost count. The latest is *Douglas Jerrold and Punch*, which comes from the press of the Macmillan Company and which seems to have more reason for being than most of the works on the subject, because during the forties and fifties, the golden age of the periodical, Jerrold undoubtedly stood in the popular regard more definitely for *Punch* than did any of his confrères. Thomas Hood and Thackeray were valued contributors, but Jerrold was the *Punch* spirit itself. As his son, Walter Jerrold, points out in the Preface, he was the author of what may be regarded as the most popular serial that has appeared in *Punch* during the seventy years in which the jester has sought at once to

**"Douglas  
Jerrold and  
Punch"**

delight and lash the age; he was also the contributor of the only story which may be described as a "full-length" novel that ever appeared in the pages of the periodical, and furthermore he was the writer by whose pen the politics of *Punch* were most vigorously expressed. Of Douglas Jerrold, G. A. Sala once wrote: "The brightest humourist, the keenest wit, the kindest man our Republic (of letters) has known for many a day."

That the actor of the Elizabethan era led a precarious existence, that the drama

as an institution was devoid of the dignity that it has achieved in later times, and that the theatre or playhouse was a centre of civic disturbance that required and received constant and rigid supervision, are facts

**The Mummer  
of Old**

void of the dignity that it has achieved in later times, and that the theatre or playhouse was a centre of civic disturbance that required and received constant and rigid supervision, are facts

constant and rigid supervision, are facts



Horace Mayhew. Doyle. Leech. Thackeray.  
Percival Leigh. À Beckett. Lemon. Tom Taylor. Jerrold.

**CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF**  
(By John Leech, 1847.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"



**CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF**  
Thackeray with the bat ; Mark Lemon (in the centre)  
with the battledore ; Douglas Jerrold playing skittles.  
(John Tenniel, 1854.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"





## CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

Thackeray in left top corner, below him Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold.

(By Richard Doyle, 1846.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"

abundantly illustrated by the wealth of material brought together by Mr. John Tucker Murray in the text and appendices of his two volumes entitled *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*. What Mr. Murray has tried to do is to trace the careers of the various companies that operated both in London and in the provinces, to determine their composition and to make a calendar of their performances, an itinerary of their tours. As the holder of a fellowship from Harvard for this purpose, he himself visited most of the provincial towns of England and examined those records and accounts which would naturally contain references to the strolling visitors. Many of the original documents he reprints in the appendices to his work, and these are eloquent of the conditions which obtained in the golden age of English dramatic poetry. The players were, of course, always enrolled under the patronage of some powerful protector as his servants, but this did not always secure them immunity from hardships and persecution. There seems to have been a constant warfare between the licensing power at London and the municipal authorities, while at times a license issued by the Lord

Chamberlain found itself nullified by an order from the Privy Council. This was the case with a certain Francis Wambus, a player attached to one of the companies of the Princess Elizabeth, who had a spirited encounter with the Mayor and Justices of Norwich in 1623. Presenting his license, he was confronted with a letter of later date from the Privy Council, authorising and requiring them "not to suffer any companies of players, tumblers, or the like sort of persons to act any plays or to shew or exercise any other feats and devices." Nothing daunted, Wambus, who said he would play, and, if necessary, lie in prison a twelvemonth to "try whether the King's command or the Counsellors be the greater," proceeded to fasten upon the gate of the White Horse tavern a notice to the effect that: "Here within this place at one of the clocke shalbe acted an excellent new comedy called the Spanishe Contract By the Princesse servants vivat Rex." For this Wambus was apprehended and, refusing to find security for his good behaviour, was thrown into prison. Finally released, he carried the matter with him to London, and securing a letter from the Lord Chamberlain,



tried to gain admittance without paying, and in the ensuing scuffle upset the money. Three of the players, Tarleton, Bently and Singer, ran to see what the matter might be. Wynsdon then fled, and was pursued by Singer and Bently, Tarleton in vain trying to restrain Bently. During the pursuit Wynsdon was joined by his servant, 'a man in a blue coat,' who threw a stone at Bently and 'broke his head.' Bently, who had been joined by Harry Browne, Sir William Paston's man, continued the pursuit. When Bently and Browne overtook the 'man in a blue coat' they thrust at him with their swords,



Browne giving him the wound from which he died. Evidently the company was not detained long in Norwich on account of this incident, for on July 9 it appeared at Cambridge." To appreciate the whole force and significance of this incident it must be borne in mind that it is not a question here of a barn-storming aggregation, but of one of the best companies of the time, under the personal patronage of Queen Elizabeth, and containing such an actor as Richard Tarleton, of whom it was said by Howes in

his additions to Stow's *Chronicle*: "For a wondrous plentiful pleasant extemporall witt, he was the wonder of his tyme." Like disturbances were by no means unknown in London itself. The theatres drew unruly throngs, which is not remarkable when it is remembered that the same edifices that served as dramatic temples were also used as bear-pits, being constructed for this double purpose. Not infrequently after a brawl between the players and the townsfolk, the latter would storm the theatre and do their best to demolish it.

The latest addition to the Highways and Byways series deals with Cambridge and Ely, and is written by the Reverend Edward Conybeare, and illustrated by Frederick L. Griggs. Among the anecdotes is one which recalls the origin of the familiar phrase, "Hobson's Choice." Hobson, who lived in Cambridge when the Tudors held the English throne, was a "carrier," a profession which at that date included not merely the transport of goods but the provision of locomotion for passengers—then almost wholly equestrian. Thus Hobson not only himself travelled regularly to and from London with his stage, but kept a large stable of horses for hire—even supplying his customers with boots and whips for their journey. But he was very autocratic in the matter, and would never allow any steed to be chosen except in accordance with his will. "This or none" he would say to any hirer who dared to remonstrate, and his business was so prosperous that he could afford to be independent.

In excusing himself from furnishing the frightful details of that famous "black mass," performed over the person of Madame de Montespan, who sought by this means to maintain her hold upon her royal lover, Mr. H. Noel Williams, author of *Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV*, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, refers the curious reader, in a footnote, to several French works in which a fuller account of the ceremony may be

found. Among these is Huysmans' *Là-bas*. Without some further gloss it will appear strange to many that a story with a wholly modern setting should serve as a manual of manners, customs and sentiments in the reign of the Grand Monarque. The explanation has, however, recently been supplied by the French critic and essayist, M. Remy de Gourmont, who was a close friend of Huysmans. Both had believed in the existence, in the middle ages, of that singular and sinister institution known as the *messe noir*, in which the ritual of the liturgy was reversed and perverted for purposes of magical incantation. Wishing to transpose this blasphemous outrage to the scene of contemporary life, Huysmans made a careful search, in which M. de Gourmont gave him his assistance, but without success. The fantastic ceremony proved to be wholly illusory, and the novelist was forced to fall back upon the incident to which Mr. Williams alludes furtively and of which a complete historical account is to be found in M. Ravaisson's *Archives de la Bastille*, and in M. Funck-Brentano's *Le Drame des Poisons*. It may be added that, so realistic and troubling was Huysmans' evocation, that many simple souls fell into the trap and were terrorised by the perspectives of secret sacrilege which it opened.

The trial in Paris of the "Count" and "Countess" d'Aulby has claimed much space in the American papers, for it is known that the woman in the case is an American, a native of Boston and a member of a family once prominent in that city. It is, however, less commonly understood that Francesca Lunt—which was the maiden name of the "Countess"—is the niece of the poet Thomas W. Parsons, who, as the author of "On a Bust of Dante" and of the poem which begins: "There is a city builded by no hands," holds a permanent place in American literature. The whole family history of the Parsons is one that would have attracted the sombre imagination of Hawthorne by virtue of the tragic gloom that invests it. Both Parsons and his sister, Mrs. Lunt, committed suicide within a short time of each other by throwing

#### The Black Mass



BALZAC AND COUNTESS HANSKA

A Caricature of the time

(Collection of M. Marquet de Vasselot)

A review of Frederick Lawton's "Balzac" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

themselves into wells in the little seaside hamlet of Scituate, Massachusetts. There are many still living there who remember the events here alluded to, and many bizarre stories are told of the handsome and eccentric poet, of his sister in whom there developed a strain of insanity, and of the beautiful and talented but "peculiar" Francesca Lunt, the pretensions of whose "count" scarcely imposed upon the shrewd Yankee villagers and fisherfolk.

One wonders whether the new "American Academy," which recently held its sessions in New York, will ever gather the traditions and rich anecdotal material of its French prototype. In his account of *The French Academy*, Mr. D. Maclaren Robertson has, one feels, scarcely availed himself of the wealth of material at his disposal. He limits himself largely to a discussion of those who were admitted to occupancy of the forty famous chairs. More amusing would be some account of the unsuccessful

ful candidacies, such as that of Verlaine, who, as is well known, at one time thought very seriously of aiming at academic honours, and who was only with great difficulty dissuaded by his friends from this purpose. True, Victor Hugo was refused four times, as Mr. Robertson reminds us, but as he was elected at the fifth application the memory of his first failures is honourably forgotten. Molière was never chosen at all, more because he was an actor than for any other reason. Boileau urged him over and over again to leave the stage so that he might be elected. His refusal to do this does credit to his heart if it is true, as has been asserted, that it was inspired by the fact that his withdrawal would mean the dispersal of his troupe and "the loss to many of its members of the means of gaining a livelihood." In 1778 the Academy set up a bust to his memory in its assembly hall in the Louvre, bearing the legend:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre.

The curious change which has come about in the estimation in which the profession of the actor is now held is marked by the election to the Academy, in our time, of the actor and dramatist Henri Lavedan. Perhaps some justification of the earlier sentiment and spirit of exclusiveness might be found in the trouble which the Academy once had in forcing M. Lavedan to forego the employment of the phrase "de l'Académie Française" after his name on theatrical posters when he is billed, not as author, but as comedian. It is only incidentally that Mr. Robertson touches upon and reveals some of the humours arising from the custom which obliges those who wish to enter the Academy to start their own candidacy. Thus it is in discussing the political complexion of the membership that he tells the story of M. de Freycinet, who, although his "literary baggage was by no means inconsiderable compared with that of many other Academicians," could scarcely have hoped to enter on purely literary grounds. When making the customary round of preliminary visits to his future *confrères*, this gentleman is reported to have said to Renan: "I hope, my dear master, that I can count on your vote." "Why, certainly, monsieur the minister," was the response, "provided, however, the president of the Republic should not solicit my vote."

Legends, of course, cluster about Napoleon and the Academy, or rather, the Institute, the former having been suppressed by the Revolution, although it was later restored in a measure before the Restoration as an integral part of the larger body. For example, when the young hero of Toulon and the first Italian campaign was chosen to succeed Carnot for one of the vacancies in the mathematical section, he was asked in the midst of another Italian campaign what he would do at the conclusion of the war to occupy his indefatigable activity. "I shall bury myself in a retreat," he replied, "and there labour to deserve the honour of being of the Institute." During the Egyptian campaign he opened all his orders of the day and reports to the Directory thus: "Napoleon, General-in-Chief, Member of the Institute"; and later, as Emperor, the

statement of his civil list began: "Allowance of His Majesty the Emperor and King as member of the Institute, 1,500 francs." Speaking of the literary prizes which he instituted, Napoleon is said to have declared cynically in open council that his only purpose in offering them had been to "furnish occupation to the intellectuals in order to prevent them from occupying themselves with more serious matters." His attitude toward the Academy was more tyrannical than had ever been that of its most monarchical protectors, beginning with Richelieu under the old regime. When Chateaubriand's reception oration was submitted to him, its anti-revolutionary spirit so incensed Napoleon that he is said to have declared that "if it had been delivered he would have walled up the doors of the Institute and thrown Chateaubriand into a dungeon for the rest of his life." The French have always been fond of attacking the Academy and throwing into relief its sins of omission and commission. In 1851, M. Arsène Houssaye published an amusing history of an imaginary "41st fauteuil." "By seating his pseudo-Academicians in it in a succession three times as rapid as found in any of the forty, and four times as rapid as the average, he shows not only a more distinguished occupancy for it than for any of the others, but a distinction almost equal to that of the actual forty combined." Not content with drawing up his list, which contains the names of Descartes, Pascal, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Louis XIV, Saint Simon, Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, André Chenier, Beaumarchais, and Napoleon, M. Houssaye affects to give an account of the election of each, and even, in several instances, to outline the oration which he is supposed to have delivered at his reception. The note of historic gravity is preserved throughout, as in the following account of the election of Napoleon:

In 1815, when the Emperor of the French went to conquer, with the grand poetry of exile, immortal sovereignty, the French Academy met in special session to admit to its body Napoleon's historian—Napoleon himself. It dispensed from visits him who was then sailing toward the cape of tempests. It was one of the great days of the Academy, for the Academy named with one voice this candidate

who had not presented himself. . . . Napoleon pronounced his reception on the rock beaten by the winds, heard by the eagles which had visited Prometheus, and which have brought us on their wings the shreds all inflamed of that stormy eloquence.

The Houssaye who wrote this witty arraignment of the Academy is not the Houssaye who is now a member of that august body.

A month or two ago we quoted an anecdote about a very pious lady who attributed her happiness in religion to the teachings of the great emperor. An entirely different phase of Napoleon's character is shown in *The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words*, which is published in this country by the Houghton Mifflin Company. "Count Cobenzl and I," wrote Napoleon, "met for our concluding session in a room where, according to Austrian custom, a dias had been installed with a chair of state representing that of the Austrian emperor. On entering I asked what this meant, and (on being told) I said to the Austrian minister: Come, before we begin, you had better have that chair taken away, because I have never yet seen a chair set higher than others without immediately wanting to get into it."

The question of who was Cain's wife has been one that has long puzzled youthful minds. A further complication is introduced into the Book of Genesis by Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in his recently published *The Better Man*, when he puts into the mouth of Adam the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A recent magazine short story that we have read with considerable enjoyment is Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Deserter," which appears in the January issue of the *Strand*, and which is not in the least obscured by the fact that the magazine contains the first part of another experience

of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. "The Deserter" is one of those direct little tales which an author needs only to start, for after that the yarn tells itself. It concerns a little London clerk, a kind of Bob Cratchit, seventy years after the conversion of Mr. Scrooge, whose life is soured by the tyranny of a domineering wife and unappreciative children. There is not so much definite hardness, only a very marked contempt for the shabby little husband and father who is the slave of them all. Peter Hayes thinks of all this, as he looks back upon the monotonous years one night just before Christmas as he is struggling homeward burdened with the family parcels. He arrives at his house, lets himself in with his latch key, and is aware of the presence of a visitor. This visitor is a lawyer who has come to announce that, through the death of a sister, Mrs. Hayes has come into a property estimated to be between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand pounds. Unperceived, Peter Hayes listens to the family plan for the disposal of the property, and hears himself derided as a handicap to their social ambitions. Wounded, and yet somewhat elated at the opportunity, he throws off the yoke then and there, leaves his wife and children to the enjoyment of their apparent prosperity, and slips out into the night to begin a new life.

With a beginning like this there is hardly any need to tell what the rest of the story will be. Of course, Peter Hayes enjoys immensely his first hours of freedom, and finds huge delight in the long forbidden cigar and the tankard of ale. Of course, after these mild excesses he emigrates to America with the determination of carving out a career. Of course he succeeds in this, becomes a rich man, and seven years later returns to England expecting to find his family in the enjoyment of prosperity and social position. Of course the legacy has proved to be almost all smoke and the American millionaire arrives just in time to avert the sheriff's sale. It is the old, old device, but it is told with a very genuine freshness and sparkle.

We have no illusions about the literary work of Mr. Oppenheim. He is not a

Field Marshal or a General of Division, so to speak, but a very good officer of the line, and when contemplating the books of men like him we are always impressed by how much better the service is than it was seventy-five or a hundred years ago. It is all very well to talk of the brave old days when Scott and Thackeray and Dickens were in their prime, but compare the minor men of that age with the minor men of to-day and you will be forced to a very profound respect for the present time. Of men like Mr. Oppenheim it must be said that they are good workmen. Perhaps there is not so much genius now, but there is plenty of talent and it is conscientiously applied. We print a letter which Mr. Oppenheim recently sent to his American publishers:

There is probably no question which an author has to answer more frequently than the exceedingly hackneyed one of how he came to take up writing, and in a general way there is none more difficult to answer, because he very seldom knows.

I frankly admit that I have no idea why it occurred to me in my younger days to make a nuisance of myself to editors, and to watch the slow absorption of my limited pocket money in postage stamps and manuscript paper. The thing came about, however, and the usual small measure of success which perseverance generally commands, encouraged me in time to take up the profession of story-writing seriously.

I was eighteen years old when my first short story was published, and only twenty when my first novel appeared. I have, therefore, had more than twenty years of story-writing, and the first thing which occurs to me to say about it is that I don't think there can be another profession in the world which maintains its hold upon its disciples to such an extraordinary extent. I spent nearly an hour before starting these few lines, trying to avoid being egotistical. I have now given up the idea. One can't write about one's work without being egotistical. These, therefore, are my personal experiences and feelings.

I don't know how to account for the fact that at forty-four years old I sit down to commence a new story with exactly the same thrill as at twenty. The love of games, of sport, of sea and mountains, the call of strange cities, wonderful pictures and unusual people, however dear they may still remain to one,

lose something of their first and vital freshness with the passing of the years. Not so the sight of that blank sheet of paper. The untrodden world of romance, the virgin field into which one is about to plunge, never loses its unspeakable and indescribable fascination. Personally, I can't account for it. I don't try. Sometimes it seems to me that it is because all one's life one hopes for one particular idea which never comes. There is always something elusive about the genesis of an idea of any sort. Perhaps it is the inextinguishable hope that on one of those occasions when one sits and waits, there will come the most wonderful idea that has ever dawned upon the brain of a writer of fiction, something of which dim glimmerings have passed through one's brain when one is half awake and half dreaming. Every writer of fiction knows what those will-o'-the-wisps of the mind are. With the morning their light has gone but they do their good work. They keep hope alive.

The moderate amount of success which my stories have attained enables me to write them in the manner I like best. I live in a cottage upon the east coast, with a view of the North Sea from my windows, excellent golf links within a few yards, and plenty of rough shooting within easy distance. I have no system of work, but, generally speaking, half my time is devoted to actual writing, and the other half is divided between exercise and sport, visits to London, and travel. My work itself is accomplished with the help of a secretary. Many a time, earlier in life, when I used to write my stories with my own hand, I have found my ideas come so much faster than my fingers could work that I have prayed for some more speedy method of transmission. Now I usually dictate my stories as they unfold themselves, to my secretary, who takes them down in shorthand. She then transcribes them roughly by means of a typewriter, and from these sheets I dictate the final effort, subject to the inevitable revision. These things, of course, are all a matter of custom, but whereas many of my fellow-writers have told me that they found it impossible to dictate satisfactorily, I myself, from the very first moment, found it by far the most effective method of getting my work on to paper. This is naturally a matter of individual idiosyncrasy.

I have never, I am sorry to say, been a great traveller. I have visited, in a cursory fashion, most European countries, and I have been to



PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM AND HIS FAMILY

the United States a dozen times, but so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. It is no gift of mine to impart reality into scenes and events taking place in a country in which I have not lived. Half a dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in one single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and

greater stories than I shall ever write. The real centres of interest to the world seem to me to be the places where human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker-on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer, if I might claim one, should be at a corner of the market-place.





CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

To remain and conclude personal, I was married in America nearly twenty years ago—my wife is my companion in all my journeyings and undertakings—and I have one daughter who is just thirteen and spending her first term at boarding-school. Outside my work, the things I enjoy most are my visits to the theatre, my golf and shooting. I am a bad golfer. My handicap is six, but I can't play up to it because I am a theorist. I am an indifferent shot for a good reason—because when I miss I shoot a little too far in front. And I am perfectly certain that I have written an excellent play and could write others, if only I could imbue a responsible manager with the same idea.

I feel as though I have been writing in a young lady's album, and I am glad I've finished.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

We have not been hearing much of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman of recent years, and the news that she is reappearing in the rôle of a novelist recalls some pleasant controversies of old. Her novel is entitled *What Diantha Did*. The

scenes of the story are laid in Southern California and the book is described by its publishers as "abounding in colour, atmosphere, and keen characterisation of local types."

Of course there is very little prospect of a time coming when the novel, in the matter of general popularity and money-winning capacity, will be displaced by some other form of writing, but looking back over the past few years one can almost say with Hamlet: "The play's the thing."



ANTHONY HOPE'S WIFE: MRS. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS AND HER CHILDREN

Before her marriage to Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who is known to fame as Anthony Hope, Mrs. Hawkins was Miss Elizabeth Somerville Sheldon, daughter of Charles H. Sheldon, of New York. Her sister, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, is Mrs. Henry Ainley.



The Archer edition of Ibsen has been, we understand, a pronounced success; the recent published plays of Maurice Maeterlinck are holding their own in the lists with the latest novels of the Indiana school; while Rostand, in book form, has a place with the great sellers of all times. The various translations of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon* must have sold into the hundreds of thousands, and the French sales are exceedingly impressive. Following are the official sales of Rostand, up to 1910, as announced by his publisher, Eugène Fasquelle, of Charpentier et Fasquelle, Paris. It may be said, in passing, that (barring Shakespeare) probably no other play has sold as many copies as *Cyrano*.

Les Romanesques .....	43,000
La Princesse Lointaine.....	41,000
La Samaritaine .....	42,000
Cyrano de Bergerac.....	365,000
L'Aiglon .....	271,000
Chantecler (up to April, 1910).....	138,000

Another "best seller" that people in general have ignored is the educational "best seller." For example, some time this month there is to appear a revised and enlarged edition of Brander Matthews's *An Introduction to American Literature*. About the same time a German translation of the work is to be published in Berlin. The book was first issued early in 1896. In the BOOKMAN for February of that year it was reviewed by Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of the City of New York, who spoke of it as "a piece of work as good in its kind as

any American scholar ever had in his hands." In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* it was reviewed by Théodor Wyzéva. In the fifteen years of its existence approximately two hundred thousand copies have been sold. An article on the subject of the earnings of text-books is to appear in an early issue.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT BIDDING LIEUTENANT PEARY GOOD-BYE



# NO LINES HAVE I

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

No lines have I as fine as those  
That Petrarch wrote to Laura fair.  
My Sonnets have no golden glows  
That come alone from genius rare.  
Yet when I gaze upon Her eyes  
Who hath become the Heart of me,  
I hold for all my own a prize  
That Laura ne'er could hope to be.

No inspiration deep is mine  
As Dante's when he hymned his praise,  
And sang the loveliness divine  
Of Beatrice and golden days.  
Yet when I look upon Her face  
Who hath become the Soul of me,  
For all his everlasting bays  
No Dante would I wish to be!

Immortal lines? 'Twere sweet to pen  
Such lines to thrill a future time;  
To have them sung and sung again  
Till Heaven echoes to their chime.  
Yet when I see that wondrous Love  
That hath become the Life of me,  
I seek no laurels from above,  
Nor dream of Immortality.

To pen Immortal Verse—ah, well!  
It is not my appointed part.  
Elusive is the Poet's spell,  
Elusive is the Singer's art.  
But e'en as Dante wrote, and he  
Who limned fair Laura for the throng,  
So hath a gift come down to me  
If not to write to live my song!

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## THE UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN HUMOUR

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



PECIAL inspirations like *The Chronicles of the Elis*, having no immediate connection with the regular college journals, appear every now and then, with a curious faculty of attracting wide attention out-

side the college world and of involving in their production men who afterward become prominent. *A Bunch of Grapes*, produced at Yale by Gouverneur Morris and R. M. Crosby, is a notable case in point. It is a curious little grey-paper pamphlet, rather suggestive of *The Lark* in general appear-



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Mr. Morris when an undergraduate at Yale was one of the authors of "A Bunch of Grapes."

ance, but deriving its decorative idea probably from the same source, the old woodcuts of a hundred years ago. The effect, however, of turning the old-fashioned naïveté of such rhymes and pictures to the depiction of campus subjects is absolutely its own, and is better illustrated than described. It is really another example, and a very subtle one, of the college parody; wherein subject-matter in itself humorous derives additional

humour from being cast in an incongruous form; and it has about it, one hardly knows how, a certain flavour of old fellows by the fireside among musty books and church-wardens and pots of ale. A more familiar case is the Cornell *Johnny Book*, which depicts with an engaging heartlessness the misdeeds of Johnny and Mary, with the stoical comments of their elders. The idea of these rhymes developed into a national fad, and for years

afterward the funny columns were full of wild imitations, many of which every reader will remember. The illustrations of *The Johnny Book* were by Andre Smith, and the author, Willard Dickerman Straight, became consul-general at Mukden, and now represents the Morgan loan syndicate in the far East. Whether the theory of government foreshadowed in the *Johnny Book* has proved especially applicable to problems of Oriental diplomacy and finance is an interesting matter for consideration. Wallace Irwin's immortal *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* are also of undergraduate origin; for the first of them, from which the sequence was afterward developed, appeared in the *Stanford Chapparral*:

I sometimes think that I am not so good,  
That there are foxier, warmer babes than I,  
That Fate has given me the calm go-by,  
And my long suit is sawing mother's wood:  
Then would I duck from under if I could,  
Catch the hog special on the jump, and fly  
To some goat island, planned by destiny  
For dubs, and has-beens, and that solemn brood.  
Yet spite of bug-wheels in my cocoa-tree,  
The trade in lager beer is still a-humming—



AN EARLY PICTURE OF WILL AND WALLACE IRWIN

This was taken some time before Wallace Irwin wrote his songs for the Stanford "Chapparral" on his widely known "Graduates by Request."



MCCREADY SYKES, PRINCETON, '94

Mr. Sykes is the author of "The Chronicles of the Elis," which Mr. Hooker called "the best and most characteristic of college parodies."

A schooner may be purchased for a V,  
Or even grafted, if you're fierce at bumming,  
My finish then less clearly do I see,  
For lo! I have another think a-coming.

But the funniest of college fun lies, after all, in the humour of events, and is only feebly shadowed forth on paper: the undergraduate genius for acting absurdities goes far beyond his power with the pencil or the pen; and of this the greater part of such college stories as find their way into print give a very dilute conception. A few tales of school life, like *Stalky & Co.* and Mr. Owen Johnson's delectable Lawrenceville stories, have the vividness of the reality; for which merit they are pronounced exaggerated by the many who have forgotten and the many more who have never known. Who has written of the Criminal Club, of the public propriety agitation, or of the dedication of the Sundial?—to name only a few chance episodes of a single Yale generation. Or of how Carrie Nation came to Yale? But this last, now that the participants are safe beyond faculty juris-



OWEN WISTER (STANDING ON THE LEFT) AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT HARVARD, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VIRGINIAN," IN HIS EARLY DAYS DELIGHTED IN COMPOSING SUCH PARODIES AS "THE MILDEWED HOTHOUSE"

diction and the Heroine has sought asylum from her labours of reform, may at last guardedly be related. In the days of Mrs. Nation's greatest fame and activity, when bartenders trembled at an unfamiliar step and her hatchet was only less notorious than Washington's, there sprang into being the Yale Temperance Society, a genial aggregation of thirsty souls whose purpose was to make the profession of abstinence a means toward enhancing the joys of conviviality. Absorbed in this project, they wrote various letters to the newspapers, composed ap-

propriate spiritual songs wherewith to serenade the campus while returning from their meetings, and for some time corresponded solemnly with Carrie on the subject of the shame of the universities. But the estimable lady, with that Napoleonic suddenness which marked her strategic movements, descended upon them in person, and appeared most unexpectedly in the room of the president of the society. It is reported that he at first mistook her for another cleanser of the Commonwealth, a certain washlady who held him deeply in her debt; but being at

length brought to realise that he stood in the actual presence of a celebrity, he rose to the occasion. The rumour spread, shouted from window to opening window, that Mrs. Nation was about to address the university from the steps of Osborn Hall. Thither the multitude proceeded with joyful whoops, to an accompaniment of slamming doors and echoing stairways, gathering as a crowd gathers

one's memory retains rather the portentous presence of the orator and the general impression that her style combined the qualities of Cicero and Josiah Allen's Wife, than any precise outline of her argument. At every pause the quartette was ready with some appropriate selection, "Show me the Way to Go Home"; "My Comrades, When I'm No More Drinking"; "We're Coming, We're Com-



HOW CARRIE NATION CAME TO YALE

"The temperance leaders had themselves photographed in a group, surrounding the mollified Carrie, in an attitude of admiration and respect, a large glass of water gracing each outstretched hand; and when that photograph was finished, lol by some ribald artifice of the operator rich foam appeared upon the glasses, and between the fingers of Carrie Nation herself reeked an undeniable cigarette."

to a fire; and when the lecturer appeared at the head of the steps, a solid mass of fresh young faces sloped down before her to the sidewalk, and stretched unbrokenly across the square, where traffic was suspended by the simple means of pulling off trolleys and taking horses by the head. A double quartette obliged with "Good Morning, Carrie" and the less classical "Here Comes Carrie Nation"; and the address began with a beaming acknowledgment of these tributes. Unfortunately no stenographer was present; and

ing, Our Brave Little Band"; "Give Us a Drink, Bartender"; and sundry more local and ephemeral ditties, the offspring of the hour. The effect of these Dionysiac melodies sung slowly and with a hymn-like intonation by hundreds of men's voices was a thing to remember; and when a wagon from a popular tobacconist drove hastily up and packages of the newest kind of cigarette were tossed broadcast among the multitude, the scene was past all imagining. In the sacred porch, Mrs. Nation, by this time vaguely



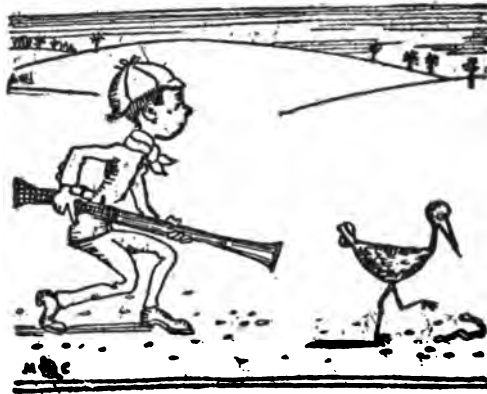
THE "JOHNNY SERIES" FROM "THE CORNELL WIDOW"

The "Johnny Book," which depicts with an engaging heartlessness the misdeeds of Johnny and Mary, was illustrated by André Smith and written by Willard Dickerman Straight, who became Consul General at Mukden and now represents the Morgan loan syndicate in the Far East.

## The SPORTING STOUDENT.

The sporting stoo-dent lee him creep  
Upon the vnlv. specting peep.

As for the worm within the humuck  
The peep would like it in his stumuck.



## A SONG.

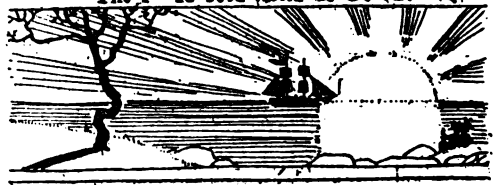
LAZY  
Peter-  
son.

To Cloris, Chloe, Am-  
aryllis & Hamamyllis.

AS gnarled Pine upon the Shore  
Looks forth to the Forevermore  
So Miss Co-ed, long link serene  
Looks back to the Long-since-has-been.  
If all God's Creatures could be fed  
The 1st 1st feed would be Co-ed.



Observe the lazy Peterson  
He has an ancient sweater on.  
He wears it all the week & Sundy  
& does not get it washed for Mundy  
If I had ½ a dozen dollars  
I'd buy this man some linen collars



FROM "A BUNCH OF GRAPES"





This Stoodent is the proudest  
 That you have ever seen^{man}  
 For he will cut you if he can  
 And treat you awful mean..  
 His pockets are all stuffed  
 He has a family tree.....with gold  
 But he is not so very old  
 As any one may see * * *

FROM "A BUNCH OF GRAPES"

aware of something grotesque in the manner of her reception, was inveighing with the full power of her excellent lungs against the filthy perils of tobacco; while below her, under a solid pall of smoke that streamed upward like the savour of a sacrifice, a thousand voices chanted gravely in answer:

*We don't use tobacco, for here's what we think—*

*That them as do use it most gen'rally drink.*  
 then, with a wild, slow torture of barber-shop harmonies—

*Down with King Al-co-o-HOL!*

At this point, as they say in the political reports, the speaker was interrupted by loud cries. For the arrival of sundry persons in authority, both municipal and collegiate, caused the audience to dis-

perse in haste. Mrs. Nation herself was spirited away to an afternoon tea arranged in her honour by the Temperance Society, while deputations visited the leading bacchanalian resorts of the city to warn the proprietors that they might expect their fixtures to be abolished at any moment. As for the temperance leaders, they had themselves photographed in a group, surrounding the mollified Carrie in attitudes of admiration and respect, a large glass of water gracing each outstretched hand; and when that photograph was finished, lo! by some ribald artifice of the operator rich foam appeared upon the glasses, and cigarettes in the hands of the bystanders; and between the uplifted fingers of Mrs. Nation herself reeked a large, fat, and fuming cylinder of the unsavoury weed.

This is only the fragmentary reminiscence of a single one of those burlesque happenings for which the college community forms a natural setting; and almost every graduate remembers half a dozen such tales, none the less farcical in fact for their inevitable loss of humour in the telling. It is no wonder if the campus is in reality what it seems to many of us in retrospect, the most fertile hotbed of the ludicrous that we have ever known. Fun was in the atmosphere and in the riotous youth there herded to-

gether under the gossamer pretext of education; the intellects and the energies that should in later years win serious honour for their possessors were there turned with full force upon amusement. But the really critical matter was probably the spirit of those days, eager for laughter and ready to go to the most unreasonable trouble for laughter's sake. For it takes at least two people to make a jest; and the part of that one who receives and appreciates it is by far the greater of the two.

## STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

### II—STRANGE STORIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE



VEN a cursory visit to the classical headquarters of the United States Patent Office will convince one that there seems to be no limit to the inventive schemes of Americans, whom the late Senator Daniels of Virginia lauded on the floor of the Senate as being "the most inventive people on the earth." From the cradle to the grave, literally speaking, they have sought patents; for if you seek you may be shown models or drawings of inventions of cradles and nursing bottles and of coffins and tombstones. One genius invented an apparatus which would rock the baby in the cradle, churn butter and launder clothes simultaneously by the mere turning of a crank; and another man executed a metal tombstone warranted to outwear the Sphinx. We are told that he died soon after his patent was allowed, and one of its models marked his resting place in Massachusetts, inscribed thus:

Here lies Wendell, an inventor by trade,  
And this, you see, is an invention he made.  
'Tis strange to say—though it's most truly  
said—

He made it while living, and enjoyed it when  
dead!

During the one hundred and twenty years of the existence of our patent system almost a million inventions have been recorded at the United States Patent Office. There is not nearly enough space in the Patent Office building to house the models and records, and they have overflowed into rented quarters outside, waiting the day when a companion building to the Library of Congress will be erected—a monument to Inventive Genius. As has been pointed out time and again by advocates of a magnificent building for our Patent Office, the bureau is the one branch of our Government which has sustained itself and gives an annual surplus to the Treasury of the United States, "showing the fecundity of our inventive element," as the late Senator Daniels expressed it.

#### JEFFERSON AS AN INVENTOR

It was another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, the most versatile President of the United States, who was the first statesman to recognise the importance of our patent business. He was instrumental in the passing of the act founding the Patent Office and granting copy-

rights. That he was of an inventive turn of mind is well known; and one of the stories of the White House concerns the large stove which he invented, hoping it would dispel the frigid atmosphere of the new mansion, the bleak rooms of which seemed to echo the wails of poor Mistress Abigail Adams, who blessed the inauguration morn which released her and her family from the icy palace. When Jefferson was at work on his stove he spent no little time at Foxall's foundry in Georgetown; and it is told that he often brought his fiddle with him, playing an accompaniment to the music of the forge on which material for his invention was being turned out. It was hinted that he found the foundry a warmer place in which to play than the White House, where numb fingers were the rule. Jefferson's stove, however, failed to accomplish all he hoped for it, and his wine bills grew apace.

#### THE BRITISH IN WASHINGTON

When the British invaded Washington, August, 1814, a few soldiers were about to train a cannon on the modest building which held the archives of the infant Patent Office, but were deterred by the heroic action of Dr. Thornton, the one clerk in charge, who rushed out, placed his body in front of the cannon, exclaiming "If Goths and Vandals would destroy a building containing models on inventions which might help the whole world, then the ball must first pass through my body!"

Courage admires courage, and the soldiers spared the building. But in the year 1836 a disastrous fire consumed all its models, drawings and records. The majority of these were later reproduced, but another disastrous fire which visited the present building September 24, 1877, destroyed over eighty-seven thousand models, many of which could not be duplicated.

#### LINCOLN AND GRANT

One of the most interesting models in the Patent Office is Abraham Lincoln's steamboat, characterised as "a triumph of the impossible." It was intended to lift a Mississippi or Ohio River steamboat over shoals by inflating immense bellows under the sides and beneath the water.

As scientists as well as common sailors have pointed out, he did not make allowance for the wear and tear of snags, driftwood and other obstructions, which would puncture his bellows in short order.

General Grant loved to tell a patent story on his brother Orville, to the effect that he invented an apparatus to make the milking of cows easier, and, to quote Ulysses, "He tried the patent on the cow that had no respect for patents, and Orville did not look so pretty when he got through, but he knew a blamed sight more!"

Orville Grant has many fellow-workers in cow inventions, some of which sound reasonable but turn out as sadly as his. One man invented a contrivance to keep the cow's tail from switching during milking periods. One clamp holds the cow's switch and the other embraces the leg of the milker. It is guaranteed to keep the animal from switching her tail in the face of the milker, but that it prevents her from using her hoofs and horns on the party who deprives her of the bliss of switching her tail is not guaranteed.

#### THE SHEET-IRON CAT

Inventive geniuses seem to have a grudge against chickens and cats, as well as cows. Not content with fooling motherly hens with patent nest eggs, inventors have evolved chicken pushers, which, when attached to the claws of garden-roving birds, forcibly push them from the rear; they have patented chicken killers, and picking machines which make the feathers fly from their dead bodies, and last, but not least, they have even provided excellent roasting pans. The cats fare badly—far worse than the chickens, in fact—for it seems to be the sole aim of the inventors to make short shift of felines, and the old adage, "There is more than one way of killing a cat," is fully proven by the hundreds of patent applications that demand cats' lives. Not content with this, one inventor tried to put pussy out of business by inventing a natural-looking papier-mâché cat with blazing eyes, which, placed before a rat hole, is bound to strike terror to the boldest rat that ever sneaked abroad. Another genius patented a sheet-

iron cat, operated by clockwork, with a bellows to produce swelling of the false animal's tail, and at the same time emit a catawaul which will waken the entire neighbourhood. This animal has claws of steel, which are intended to deal knock-out blows to any investigating live feline that may approach its precinct.

#### FAKE APPLICATIONS

Patent applications which have this humorous turn inspire young attorneys waiting for cases, and others, to make "fake applications" on foolish lines; but they are as careful to elaborate on models, drawings and specifications as if for a *bona fide* application. One of the funniest of these was a specification for an attachable tail for a stump-tailed dog, which set forth the social miseries of the dog which cannot wag a tail, and pleaded that it be provided for according to law.

While ready money has succeeded in getting thousands of senseless inventions through, lack of it has frequently retarded some of the best inventions we have. Again, meritorious inventions seem to have been viewed more coldly by men of opinion worth while than would be expected in this progressive country.

#### MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH

Morse was a long time trying to get the United States Congress and other influential men in Washington interested in his telegraph; and he was very low in funds and hope when he met with Amos Kendall, late a member of President Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet." Kendall was a born philanthropist, though he did not seek to be called one. To his home at Kendall Green—the grounds of which he later donated for the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C.—he invited Morse to make his experiments, while he, Kendall, and others tried to influence the body of Congress to back Morse. Kendall was a business man, and he got out Morse's patents, organised a company, and took charge of the public tests. In the woods of Kendall Green the most trying tests were made before that message was sent from Washington to Baltimore: "What God hath

wrought." And as one student at Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, has said whimsically—when relating the story—"Helped by Amos Kendall's push!"

#### THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE

The annals of the education of the deaf also contain the history of the telephone. While we hesitate to assume that if it were not for the needs of the deaf, the hearing world might have been deprived of that great space-abbreviator, for it was bound to become a reality in the Era of Inventions—the nineteenth century—we have the testimony of its inventor, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, that it was the logical result of his inherited interest in the welfare of the deaf. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, a Scotchman, by his inventions (organic method of classifying sound and the visible speech symbols) placed the study of phonics on a scientific basis in England, and opened means of communication, other than by signs or writing, between the deaf—and presumably dumb—and the speaking world. He taught his sons his methods; instilled in them the noble ambition to break down the barriers that made social outcasts of the deaf; and, in line with this, encouraged them to invent a talking machine—for such he believed possible. He offered a prize to the lads, but his namesake was the one who came nearest winning it, producing a machine which said "mamma" and "papa" and cried like a protesting infant. That was as far as the idea progressed while the family lived in England; but when they migrated to Canada, and later to New England, young Alexander found stimulating influences in the crisp air of the land and was hopelessly innoculated with the Yankee inventive propensities. He is careful to state that he found the patent system of the United States far more encouraging to inventors than that of conservative Great Britain.

While professor of vocal physiology in the Boston University, he became interested in multiplex telegraphy, and tried to invent means by which several messages could be sent simultaneously on one wire by using the musical scale with signals of different pitch. The sounding instruments were reeds connected by wire.

While he was experimenting one day one of the reeds accidentally struck the diaphragm at one end of the wire and its vibration was seen at the other end of the wire. That was the first note of the telephone; and young Bell reasoned if that sound could be transmitted, so could others. He quickly rigged up a line from a room at the top of the house to the electrical workshop in the basement and began experiments in transmitting with his assistant, Mr. Watson. Satisfied that he had solved the problem, he at once applied for a patent, though many of his interested friends and acquaintances advised him to stick to his work in multiplex telegraphy and not waste time on a "talking toy." But no sooner was the fame of the telephone established than mushroom claimants sprang up with the old cry, "I saw it first!" One report got into the newspapers that an examiner in the Patent Office stole the idea from the files of prior claimants and sold it to Bell for one hundred dollars; and, to furnish grounds for this statement, a mark was made on the floor of the Patent Office to indicate *where* the clerk stood when Bell handed him a hundred-dollar bill! Throughout all the clamour of previous claimants, on the advice of his lawyer, Bell remained silent, though it may be believed the blood in which inherited talent flowed boiled with indignation.

#### ROMANCE AND INVENTION

Dr. Bell has often related the part that his sweetheart, Miss Hubbard, who later became his wife, played in the promotion of his invention. Through her father, who was in charge of the Massachusetts exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, his scientific "toy" was given a place in the Massachusetts building. When Mr. Hubbard proposed exhibiting the instrument young Bell was lukewarm about it, and when a telegram came from Philadelphia informing him that he must appear before the committee in that city and show cause why his exhibit merited a place in the Centennial Exhibition he refused to go, on the ground that he was in the midst of school examinations—which were a certainty—and objected to leave that duty for the uncertainty of a place in the exhibition. Of

course his sweetheart and her father felt very badly over his decision, and when Bell went to see the young lady on the train that would take her from Boston to the Centennial City he found that she was using one of woman's most telling weapons against his stubborn will. At sight of her tears he forgot everything—even the fact that he had no baggage—and continued on the road with her to Philadelphia. Her brother "Willie" was also in the plot, for he sent Bell's baggage on by the next train.

#### THE EMPEROR'S ENDORSEMENT

The committee reached the telephone at the end of a brain-fagging day. They were apathetic concerning its worth and about to reject its claim for position, when Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was announced. He advanced to greet Bell cordially, for he had visited Bell's school in Boston, and now he requested that the youthful scientist demonstrate the telephone. Giving the Emperor one end of the line, and taking the other, Bell started to repeat fervently Hamlet's soliloquy:

"To be, or not to be—that's the question!"

And the answer to this particular question was "To be!" The Emperor was so enthusiastic that sparks from his fire lit the tired brains of the committee, which immediately decided that this great invention, endorsed by the Emperor of Brazil, should make its formal appearance at the United States Centennial Exhibition.

Bell was very grateful for this honour, and paid tribute to the land of his adoption by making his first public experiments at the national capital, erecting special lines which connected the Capitol with other public buildings; and, still loyal to the deaf, installed a station at Kendall Green.

#### THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOTOR

Last autumn, members of our foremost electrical society gathered at the mountain hamlet of Forestdale, near Brandon, Vermont, to honour the site of the old blacksmith shop where Thomas Davenport, inventor of the first successful electric motor, worked, dreamed and con-

ducted his experiments in electricity, while at the same time he was fighting the wolves of want. It is chronicled that his young wife's silk wedding gown supplied insulating material for his first motor, and yet experts state that if his patents were in force and he alive to-day he would be in receipt of royalties which would make him wealthier than any steel or oil king of this era. In the same blacksmith shop which was the birthplace of his motor he constructed a miniature electric road, almost an exact model of those in use to-day, though at that time his own State did not even have a steam road. He left his native village to lecture, exhibit and do other things to raise funds to promote his inventions, for he did not have money enough even to secure patents, though he swerved a little from his inventive work to establish the first electrical technical journal printed by electricity. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, leaving not a dollar to his credit, but to inventors and the world at large works which link his name with Faraday and Henry.

No doubt thousands of splendid inventions are lying dormant for lack of funds to perfect, patent, or promote them. But the way of the inventor is not so hard to-day as it was in the day of Davenport. The art of advertising has brought inventor and capitalist together, and many of the great trusts employ hundreds of inventors to devise inventions for their use. The Patent Office records show that the United States Steel Company, the Harvester Trust, the Automobile Trust, and the General Electric, Edison, Westinghouse and Bulloch electric companies, respectively, are leaders in promoting new inventions for use in their works.

#### THE CASE OF GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES

Now, strange as it may seem, the United States Government has discouraged, not encouraged, inventions by its employees. And when Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labour, Oscar S. Straus, reporting to Congress, May 5, 1908, the result of his investigation of patents granted to officers and employees of the Government upon articles used by the Government, states that the varied opinions held throughout the Gov-

ernment service regarding the ownership of patents by Government employees, especially as regards its ethical side, has had the unfortunate effect of discouraging inventive genius in the service; and that the Government has suffered in this respect, compared to private concerns, who offer every stimulus to improvements in methods and machinery.

There is no general status on this subject, excepting in the case of employees of the Patent Office, who are unable to acquire, directly or indirectly, except by inheritance or bequest, any right or interest in any patent issued by the United States Patent Office during the period of their employment therein. The fact that the Patent Office employees are forbidden to benefit by their ideas has caused many to resign from the service and go into private concerns, where they have a chance to market their genius. Some are not so fortunate as to be able to resign, and if they are honest men, who will not sell their brain children, said children have a slim chance to appear before the world.

#### THE SUPPRESSED GENIUS

There is to-day in the Patent Office a plodding genius who has ideas that he thinks would revolutionise labour if he had but the capital on which to resign from his post as special examiner and devote his time to perfecting his inventions. Over a decade ago—when still in the twenties—he had a young girl friend, as ambitious as he, though in different lines. On one of their woodland walks he confided to her that he had at last solved the problem of "perpetual motion," for which many had sought in vain, and that he might some day make his fortune from it. But at present it must rest, as he could not secure a patent when on the United States Patent Office force. She urged him to resign and take his chances with the world, as most geniuses have. He reminded her that his widowed mother depended on him for support. She was silent, and looking down into her face he saw her eyes were fixed on a withered leaf which was being twirled around and around by a truant breeze, which seemed only to strike that particular leaf.



THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

"Almost an example of perpetual motion," he said, striving to make light of his own pet invention.

"It will be as much use to the world as yours, buried in that limbo of genius—the United States Patent Office!" she cried. And she was right. He and his inventions are buried in the very building from which are issued patents averaging a thousand a week.

#### ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

There are numerous examples of officers of the Army and Navy inventing machinery and devices which are used by the service without any compensation from the Government. Generally speaking, they are guided by the code of honour that as they were educated at the expense of the Government and enlisted in its service it has the right to the use of their inventions without payment of royalty or other money. There have been many who have not considered themselves so bound, and have claimed compensation for use of their inventions. It was stated on the floor of the House of Representatives, when the fortification appropriation bill was under discussion a few years ago, that many officers "retired under

very questionable conditions and have gone into foreign lands peddling out their patents for improved army and navy machinery." While such action on their part was not treasonable legally it was regarded as dishonourable by many, and furnished additional reasons why the United States Government should encourage the genius which lies buried in its service.

Just now the Signal Corps is being swamped with plans of flying-machine inventors, hundreds of which try to copy the birds, and many of them live like birds of the air—to judge by the soiled, brown paper and rude drawings which they send, along with statements that they lack funds for perfecting their inventions, and ask the aid of Uncle Sam. Perhaps the day will arrive when the Government may have a court to pass on the most worthy patent applications and advance money for their promotion—for the honour and glory of this inventive country—but until then many inventions will be doomed to rust or rot unseen in attics, barns, shops and cupboards, while countless others will not have the courage to leave the brains which conceive them.



# PLAYS, HOME-MADE AND IMPORTED

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



THE attitude of the American audience toward foreign plays has undergone, in recent years, a noticeable change. Only a decade ago, the native American drama still ranked among those "infant industries" which (politicians tell us) need "protection" against the competition of foreign products. At that time a fairly good American play was far less likely to succeed upon our stage than a French or German play which had already been successful in Paris or Berlin. The American audience distrusted the American product, and felt an assurance in the label, "Made in France." But whatever shortcomings our native playwrights have still to overcome as artists, they have at least succeeded, in the last ten years, in awakening the American audience to a decided preference for home-made plays. Nowadays a French or German drama of the first importance is less likely to succeed upon our stage than a comparatively unimportant native product that touches some chord of American life that awakens in our audience the pleased and flattering sense of recognition. This alteration in the attitude of the public must be accounted both a gain and a loss for the cause of the dramatic art among us. On the one hand, it is very fortunate that home-production should be encouraged in our theatre and our growing group of native playwrights favoured by the patronage of the public. But, on the other hand, it would be emphatically unfortunate if the pendulum should swing too far in favour of the home-made play and thus endanger the subsistence of that world-welcoming aspect which has always been a notable advantage of our stage. Hitherto it has been our boast that we have set forth the best dramatic products of other nations side by side with our own; our stage has always been more cosmopolitan than that of London or of Paris; and we have been able to send our young authors to the school of the best European masters

without any necessity for sending them to Europe. Our native playwrights are not yet sufficiently mature as artists to dispense with the instruction to be gained by example from the masters of a dramaturgy older than our own. A too easy and too early business triumph of the home-made over the imported product would really be a disadvantage to our native art; and it is therefore, on all accounts, to be regretted that our public, by the withdrawal of its patronage, should discourage the importation of good plays by accredited European dramatists. We need to learn what France and Germany are doing in the drama, as well as to enjoy what we are doing ourselves. But the many-headed public is by no means many-minded; it seems incapable of enjoying at the same time two things which, though equally enjoyable, are distinctly different; it veers its vision to the right or to the left, and cannot look about in both directions.

At the present time there are only two types of foreign drama that are reasonably certain of success upon our stage. The first is the comparatively unimportant play of plot, of which the incidents will fit the life of any nation and which may therefore be adapted and rewritten as an American play. To this class belong the many French and German farces which the late Clyde Fitch, for example, used to make over into pieces fully as local to America as his own original compositions. The second type is the important play so universal in its aspect that, in a literal translation, it will belong as naturally to any other nation as to the author's own. This class is made up mainly of romantic and poetic plays, like *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Blue Bird*—to instance two examples whose only point of similarity is that both are poetic and romantic. But at present it seems hazardous to import that type of drama to which most of the eminent European dramatists are devoting their attention,—namely, a study of actual life so indigenous to the author's own nation that it cannot be adapted



and rewritten as a representation of American life, and so local in its implications that, if it be presented in a literal translation, our audience will fail to perceive within it the element of universal human truth. To this class belong, unfortunately for us, the plays of such masters as M. Eugène Brieux, who, in French eyes, is greater as a dramatist than either M. Rostand or M. Maeterlinck.

It must, however, be noted as a peculiar and very fortunate fact that our audience does not regard British plays as

temporary English drama as *The Thunderbolt*, *Mid-Channel*, and Mr. Rudolf Besier's *Don*, have received more appreciation in America than they received in England. It is fortunate for us that the attitude of our public toward the British drama is that of "free trade," even though the British public does not receive our own drama with the attitude of "reciprocity." It is only toward the realistic Continental drama that our public seems for a time to have adopted the attitude of "protection,"—to the possible artistic disadvantage, as well as to the



"NOBODY'S WIDOW."—ACT I

"She appears in widow's weeds at a house-party at Palm Beach. After she has told the tale of her bereavement, she is introduced to the other guests.—Among them is the Duke of Moreland"

foreign. American plays seem exceedingly foreign to the occupants of the half-guinea stalls in London—more foreign than French or German plays. But the familiarity of the American public with British life is no less remarkable than the ignorance of American life that is displayed by the British public. We have been so long accustomed to seeing on our own stage the best contemporary British plays that we accept them, as we accept the language itself, as a common heritage of the English-speaking peoples. Such masterpieces of the con-

temporary commercial advantage, of the home-made product.

#### HOME-MADE PLAYS

Among the American plays of the winter season, there is one that must be singled out for special commendation—a farcical romance by Mr. Avery Hopwood, entitled

"Nobody's Widow"

*Nobody's Widow*. The theme of this play is exceedingly slight; but it is developed with remarkable theatrical dexterity and with a rare and vivid sense of

life. A spirited American girl—Roxana Clayton by name—while travelling in France, meets and marries a charming young Englishman, who, though he has wooed her under a plebeian name, turns out to be the Duke of Moreland. An hour after the wedding ceremony Roxana discovers the Duke in the act of taking a harmless but affectionate farewell from a former flame of his. In a sudden pique of jealousy and pride, Roxana runs away; and for a long time her discarded husband can discover no trace of her. Roxana shies away from writing the actual facts to those friends at home to whom she has already poured out her love and admiration for the Englishman;

and she therefore says in all her letters that her husband has suddenly died. Some months later she appears in widow's weeds at a house-party at her friend, Betty Jackson's, villa at Palm Beach. After she has told the tale of her bereavement, she is introduced to Betty's other guests. Among them is the Duke of Moreland. The latter, having gotten track of Roxana's movements, has contrived to get himself invited; and of course no one has identified the Duke with the Englishman of ordinary name whom, in her letters, Roxana has loved and wedded and buried and lamented. When Roxana and the Duke are left alone, she tells him that he is dead for



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES

Mr. Gillette is about to retire from the stage. His career as a playwright is reviewed in the present article

her and must stay dead, and he announces his intention of giving her such a rush that within a week she will fall in love with him all over again and admit him as her husband. Pride and inclination, jealousy and love, resolution and desire, tug against each other in the amiable conflict of the succeeding days. Many times, in different moods, the couple win and lose each other. Once, when Roxana is about to yield, she receives a cablegram announcing that a suit for divorce which she had instituted in France has been decided in her favour. Subsequently, the Duke drags her off in the middle of the night to a justice of the peace whom he has prepared for such an untimely visitation and marries her a second time. Even then new complications arise to make Roxana resolve to run away once more; but love triumphs in the end, and, as the curtain falls, the conflict closes with supreme surrender.

This summary of the story does scanty justice to Mr. Hopwood's play; for the merit of the piece inheres in the innumerable humorous and human touches with which the story is developed in detail. In essence and in plan the play is a farce, because it presents its people in a series of scarcely possible situations which have been fabricated artificially to produce a ludicrous effect. But Mr. Hopwood has imagined his people with such sincerity that he has made them real,—so real that at times they appear to assume dominion over the situations and thereby lift the piece from farce to comedy. And the comedy, furthermore, is heightened by an undercurrent of serious emotion which threatens evermore to well up and overwhelm the play with a flood of passion that will dash it into drama. The play derives its special quality from the unusual, and nearly unique, commingling of these three appeals—the titillation of farce, the human humour of comedy, and the gathering and growing threat of serious drama.

To be sure, the piece is not devoid of technical defects. In the first act three characters are introduced who contribute nothing to the story—a German baron, a Portuguese countess, and an American girl. They serve no purpose in the plot,

and do not even add to the atmosphere, or background, of the action. They wander on and off the stage without a reason; and by the time the last act is reached, the audience has already forgotten their existence. Occasionally the story repeats itself, and there are certain redundancies in the dialogue. But on the whole the play is admirable alike for its emotion and for its humour. Though the plot is artificial, the characters are real. The merit of the dialogue is dramatic, rather than verbal: the fun arises less frequently from a formula of words than from effects of situation and of character. There is about the whole work, playful though it be, a certain richness of tone which augurs well for the future of the author. This note is struck most clearly at the close of the play. The unique and indescribable final curtain-fall employs the sanctity of silence to convey, with a profound poetic delicacy, what could not be conveyed without immodesty in any words except Rossetti's own.

Mr. William Gillette's farewell representation of a series of his old successes concludes an interesting

**The Plays of** chapter in the history of **William Gillette** the American stage. The

first impression gathered from seeing his plays again is an impression of agreeable surprise at their vitality. *The Private Secretary* and *Too Much Johnson* are nearly as amusing as ever; and *Secret Service* and *Sherlock Holmes* still thrill us as of old. The lesson to be learned from this experience is that exceptionally good workmanship in any type of art can survive a change of fashion to another type. For the second, and more critical, impression that is gathered from re-examining Mr. Gillette's earlier pieces is an impression that, although the fact somehow does not matter, they are exceedingly old-fashioned in their method. We are shown, in a striking object-lesson, how fast and how far the technique of the drama has progressed during the period of Mr. Gillette's career. The dialogue of his early farces is sprinkled with constructive soliloquies and asides; the entrances and exits are not always clearly motivated; and the structure displays that artificial sym-



**"I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO."—ACT II**

"His father sends him to the conventional Far West of the theatre, where he enjoys a hairbreadth escape from being hanged"



**"THE AVIATOR."—ACT III**

"He tremulously trusts himself to the air, and escapes with his life and the good-will of the summer-boarders"



**"SUZANNE."—ACT III**

"'Suzanne' is a comedy of character. It contains some delicious depiction of the humours of middle-class life in Brussels"



**"THE IMPOSTOR."—ACT I**

"Charlie Owen's relatives at once invite his supposed sister-in-law to spend the night with them, and she is driven to accept the invitation as the easiest way out of the difficulty"





"WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT."—ACT II

"There is the element of the stolen necklace and the substituted jewels . . . and there is the element of social satire"



"POMANDER WALK"

"The set consists of five little red-brick Queen Anne houses arrayed in a crescent beside the loitering Thames. . . . All the little houses of the walk are inhabited by delectable people wearing the picturesque costumes of 1805"

metry, that careful and obvious balance of part against part and scene against scene which we have learned to obscure in our more modern farces. Even *Secret Service*, which is in many ways the freshest of his early plays, now seems overweighted with comic relief. There is too obvious an artifice in the regular alternation of laughs and thrills, and the interjected passages of comedy obstruct the onrush of the action. Certain defects in the plot are now apparent which escaped our notice when the play was first produced. Why, for instance, when the heroine goes upstairs in the first act to get an all-important paper which she wishes eagerly to give at once into the hands of the hero, should she afterward carry it about with her for two whole acts, and produce it only at the climax of the third act, when it will serve the author as a *deus ex machina* to save the situation? But such cavillings as these merely indicate how strict we have become in our conceptions of technic within very recent years; and the point to be remembered is that no other American author contributed more than Mr. Gillette himself to further that transformation in our ideals of dramaturgic art which causes us to look back upon his early pieces as examples of a method now outgrown. In each of his successive plays Mr. Gillette appeared, for the passing moment, as an innovator; and each of his innovations was, like all reforms that are really progressive, a return to nature. He substituted nervous and staccato conversation for the rotund, rhetorical dialogue of his earlier contemporaries. He was one of the first of our playwrights to realise that effects may be produced more emphatically in the modern theatre by visual than by literary means. The second curtain-fall of *Secret Service*, the entire scene in the telegraph office, and the business of the guns in the last act, were for their time extraordinary—and remain to this day masterly—instances of story-telling addressed directly to the eye. No more novel and effective mechanical device has ever been introduced in our theatre than the crescendo and diminuendo of light which ushers each act of *Sherlock Holmes* on and off the stage.

In his triple capacity, as author, actor, and stage-director, Mr. Gillette has at all times exhibited consummate craftsmanship and thereby rendered signal service to the American stage. He has devised and presented with satisfying art a series of plays sufficiently vital to survive a change of fashion which he himself did as much as any other of our playwrights to effect. But now, at the close of his career, it is necessary that we should ask ourselves whether his plays constitute a really important contribution to our dramatic literature. They are all plays of plot and situation, rather than plays of theme and character. He has written farces instead of comedies, melodramas instead of dramas. He has displayed a mastery of the theatre of his day; but he has made no attempt at a mastery of life. He has been exceeding skilful in making parts for actors; but he can scarcely be said to have created a single human being who lives outside the play in which he figures, since Sherlock Holmes—as a person—was imagined by another man. His plays, since he wrote them to be acted by himself, are variations of but a single theme, which was conditioned by the narrowness of his special equipment as an actor: they all present a man of extraordinary calmness in a series of situations that would fling an ordinary person into flurries. The phlegm of the Reverend Robert Spaulding, the easy impudence of Augustus Billings, the self-command of Lewis Dumont, the quiet mastery of Sherlock Holmes, carry these heroes through a plot in which everybody else is kept at a high pitch of excitement. But this is Mr. Gillette's only theme as a teller of tales; and he has never even attempted to write a play which should offer a serious criticism of life. This is stated not in derogation of Mr. Gillette's accomplishment, which is entirely admirable within its narrow limits, but merely to define the nature of his work. It will be seen that, when the history of the American drama comes to be written, Mr. Gillette will have to be ranked as a less important dramatist than his earlier contemporary, Bronson Howard, who applied a no less remarkable dramaturgic skill to the serious task of representing many aspects of the society of his time.

Mr. William Collier's new offering is a farce, written by himself in collaboration with Mr. Edgar "I'll Be Hanged Selwyn, bearing the ominous title, *I'll Be Hanged If I Do*"

Like all the Collier plays, it precludes summary and prevents criticism. The hero, as usual, is a young man of amazing quietude and amusing impudence. In the first act, after a bibulous night, he awakens befuddled at noon and is informed that he has slept through the hour appointed for his wedding. The audience subsequently learns that he has overslept himself on purpose, by agreement with his fiancée, because the marriage, which is a marriage of convenience, is repugnant to them both. His father sends him to the conventional Far West of the theatre, where he enjoys a hair'sbreadth escape from being hanged, makes a fortune in mining, and falls in love with a simple girl, whom he ultimately marries. The dialogue glistens with witty lines, and the farce is admirable foolery.

*The Aviator*, a farce by Mr. James Montgomery, employs the familiar formula of flinging the hero into a perilous adventure, for which he is not at all equipped, but

which he has to carry out to the end, because most of the other characters, including the girl he loves, believe him capable of accomplishing it with ease. Robert Street has never ascended in an aeroplane; but he has written a popular novel about aviation. His publishers advertise him as an intrepid aviator and thereby make him a hero in the eyes of all the girls at the summer hotel where he is staying. A genuine aviator challenges him to a race in the air and lends him a Blériot for the purpose. Unable to extricate himself from this entanglement of circumstances, the hero has to make good. He tremulously trusts himself to the air, and escapes with his life and the good will of the summer-boarders. The piece is clever in detail and affords considerable amusement.

But *The Nest Egg*, by Anne Caldwell, is more genuine and more pleasing than

either of the farces we have just considered. Hetty Gandy, a thwarted old maid with a hankering for romance, writes upon an egg, before she sends it to the market, a sentimental quatrain, signed with her name and address and the date of the lyrical effusion. Three years later she receives a telegram from a man who has purchased the egg, stating that he is coming for her at once. All her friends and neighbours help her to prepare for the wedding ceremony. But when the man arrives, it transpires that he has come to secure Hetty not as a bride but as a witness in a pure-food suit that he has instituted against the man who sold him an egg that was three years old. Subsequently, however, he marries Hetty.

The theme of the old maid who mistakes a man's intentions and prepares for a wedding that is not to be, and then subsequently wins the man she has set her heart upon, is, of course, familiar in the theatre. It was used in *The Elder Miss Blossom*, which was acted by the Kendals, and has been employed more than once in the novels and the plays of Mr. Barrie. In the sub-plot of *The Nest Egg*, curiously enough, Hetty plays unwittingly the part of Puck in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and effects a temporary shift of lovers. But the author handles her theatrical material in a fresh and buoyant spirit. Hetty Gandy is a real character; and the minor figures in the story are imagined with sufficient clearness to lift the farce almost to the plane of comedy. The author displays a simple-minded delight in homely, ordinary traits of character. The conduct of the plot is easy, natural, and unaffected; and the dialogue is genuinely humorous.

#### IMPORTED PLAYS

It is not often that we are granted an opportunity in the theatres of New York for comparing the methods of two of the admitted poets of the world in handling similar materials; yet this opportunity has recently been afforded by the first production upon any stage of the *Mary Magdalene* of Maurice Maeterlinck and the first pro-



duction in America of *La Samaritaine* of Edmond Rostand. Each of these important pieces exhibits the conversion of an erring woman by the ministrations of the Messiah; but while the first may be described as a poetic drama, the second may more properly be described as a dramatic poem.

Before considering either of these pieces as a play, we must take cognisance of a peculiarly difficult technical problem which confronts an author of this present age of ours who attempts to transfer any scenes from the New Testament to the stage. At the very outset of his work, he encounters a dilemma that is almost certain to defeat him. He must choose between a supernatural and a natural view of his narrative materials: he must exhibit Jesus either as a god or as a man. If he determines to follow the former course, he necessarily defeats himself as a dramatic artist. The drama demands, as the very essence of its art, an absolute freedom of will on the part of all the participants in an action; and its purpose is defeated by any predestination of the action that is not inherent in the characters themselves. Any narrative that is conceived in the spirit of religious legend is predestined from its outset by a force external and superior to the characters, and the individual human wills involved in the action cannot cope on equal terms with the divine will that confronts them. To state the technical difficulty in a single phase—the supernatural is not dramatic. In order to achieve a genuine drama the author must imagine his materials as natural and human. But if he determines to follow this course, he will, in all probability, alienate the sympathy of his audience. At the present time our public is still traditionally Christian. It will hardly allow an author to achieve even a great work of dramatic art by presenting Jesus merely as a man. And since, in any age, the dramatist is forced to accept the collaboration of his audience, he is, in this present age, obliged to follow what is, technically, the undramatic course whenever he takes his materials from the Christian gospels.

In determining to exhibit Jesus in the

spirit of religious legend, M. Rostand, with a fine sense of the limitations thus imposed upon him as a dramatist, decided to forego any attempt to be dramatic. In the technical sense, *La Samaritaine** is not a play: it is conceived and executed as a lyric poem in dialogue. The poem is ushered on the stage by a solemn and mystical induction, in which the shades of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are summoned from the silence of eternity by a common sense of some miracle about to be. The supernatural and lyric treatment of the ensuing story is established æsthetically by this initial chorus. In the first act, Photine, the woman of Samaria, meets Jesus in solitude by the well of Jacob and is by Him awakened to 'religious ecstasy'; in the second act, Photine harangues her fellow-townspeople in the market-place and lures them to discard their workaday concerns in order to seek the kingdom of heaven; and in the third act, she leads the multitude to the well of Jacob, to listen to the teachings of the Saviour. The piece is very beautifully written. As a poem, it is the loftiest of all its author's compositions. In his other works, M. Rostand seems less a major poet than a minor poet raised to the *n*th power; but here, for once, he has subordinated fancy to imagination. The multifarious minor figures are drawn with his usual deftness of detail; but the serenity of Jesus and the ecstasy of Photine are conveyed with a profundity and breadth of poetry which he has not achieved elsewhere in his verse. *La Samaritaine* is an enduring work of literary art; and by renouncing any attempt to make the piece dramatic, M. Rostand avoided the defeat which his subject would otherwise have imposed upon him as a playwright.

But, on the other hand, M. Maeterlinck, having determined also to accept the supernatural, defeated himself as an artist by attempting the impossible task of making his piece dramatic. The divine figure of Jesus controls the entire

**La Samaritaine*. Évangile en Trois Tableaux, en Vers. Par Edmond Rostand. Paris: Librairie Charpentier et Fasquelle.

action of *Mary Magdalene*;^{*} but He is kept resolutely off the stage, and portrayed merely by His personal effect upon the figures in the foreground. The conversion of Mary Magdalene is not shown; it is merely presupposed. In fact, for two acts the audience is robbed of its desired participation in all of the essential scenes of the story, and is merely told about them in the dialogue upon the stage. This method, which is highly honoured in the tragic drama of Racine, has, of course, its merits; but in the present instance its employment is attended with an uncomfortable sense that the author is merely dodging a difficulty. In the last act he sets, at last, his essential scene upon the stage. Jesus, after His arrest, is delivered into the custody of the Roman officer, Lucius Verus. Verus is a lover of the Magdalene; but though she loves him still, she has turned cold to him since her conversion. She pleads with Verus to let the Nazarene escape; and Verus demands, as the price of the liberty of Jesus, that Mary shall first surrender herself to his desire. This price her regeneration forbids her to pay; and in order to keep alive within her soul the spirit of her Saviour, she allows Him to be led to death. This scene exhibits a bold attempt at the dramatic; but its essence is suspense, and the suspense is discounted from the outset by the fact that the conclusion of the scene is predetermined. As a work of literature, *Mary Magdalene* has many merits. The character of the Epicurean philosopher, Anncæus Silanus, for example, is one of M. Maeterlinck's finest studies of an individual mind, and deserves to be ranked with the aged Renaissance philosopher in *Monna Vanna*. But as a play, the work is undeniably a failure. M. Maeterlinck dashed himself against the obstacle which M. Rostand avoided. Instead of contenting himself with a poetical and reverential narrative he attempted to make a play; and the attempt was unsuccessful, because the material could not endure that indirect method of presentation which was im-

posed upon the author by the delicacy of his task. Only in its final scene—which fails because it is divinely predestined—is *Mary Magdalene* more dramatic than *La Samaritaine*, which was not intended as a drama; so, that, whereas M. Rostand's work conveys a satisfying sense of the complete achievement of the author's purpose, M. Maeterlinck's work conveys a sense of effort misdirected and defeated.

*The Foolish Virgin* is the second play by the eminent French dramatist, M.

Henry Bataille, that has failed lamentably in New York during the course of the present season.

"*The Foolish Virgin*"  
M. Bataille's special merit is a gift for searching psychological analysis of peculiar people involved in a peculiar personal and social complication. Though his subject is always an emotional entanglement, his treatment of it is invariably intellectual. He exhibits his characters as specimens in a laboratory of life, and forces his audience to study intellectually their exceptional and somewhat morbid emotions. But in doing this he does not by any means submerge the dramatist in the professor of psychology. His plays are tense, concise, and firmly built; he frequently discovers a new thrill of suspense and surprise to culminate at a curtain-fall; and he has a rare gift for delineating his characters individually by exhibiting the entire antecedent story as it appears from the point of view of each of them successively. The present piece, *La Vierge Folle*, affords a masterly illustration of his method; it was one of the most signal successes of the last Parisian season; and it will repay the study of all who are seriously interested in the dramaturgic art.

But *The Foolish Virgin* is emphatically an example of that type of Continental drama which cannot be successfully imported to America. The emotions that it analyses are essentially French; they lose their truth when they are represented by American and British actors; and to a public unacquainted with French character and French society, the representation does not seem to tally with life. Even an American who has

^{*}Mary Magdalene. A Play in Three Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

studied in Paris feels conscious, while watching the performance of such a play in English, of a desire to translate the dialogue back again into French and to imagine the piece as it would be played by a company of French actors.

In the present piece, a husband in his forties, who is happily married to a wife of rare beauty and strength of character, becomes infatuated with a girl of seventeen, whose adolescent passion has been overwhelmingly awakened by him. The girl's family discover her illicit love, inform the wife of the unfortunate fact, and arrange to send the girl to a convent. The girl escapes to the rooms of her lover. There she is discovered by the wife, who pleads with her husband to return to his senses. But when the girl's brother follows her irately to her refuge, the wife holds him at bay long enough to allow her husband to get the girl safely away. The husband flees with his love and escapes with her to England. The eloping pair are pursued by the family of the girl; and the wife also follows them, in order to protect her husband. She loves her husband still, in spite of his flagrant infidelity; she resolves to maintain her home as a haven for him to return to if ever he repents and tires of his folly. Discovering that the brother intends to break into the apartment where the refugees are living in order to shoot the husband, the wife rushes thither in advance, and for the second time holds the brother at bay. The girl, convinced by this performance that the wife's love is greater than her own, seizes her brother's pistol and shoots herself.

The wife in this story, with her unfaltering fidelity to the husband whom she loves in spite of the mad infatuation to which he has succumbed, her sense that she still belongs to him for better or for worse, and her reliance on the ultimate validity of the ties of the home, represents approximately that social ideal of modern woman which is most respected by the French. To an American audience, however, her behaviour is incomprehensible. Likewise our audience can hardly understand the almost pathologic passion of the girl, because they have not considered how the sheltered-

life system of bringing up the young that is practised by good families in France may react upon a temperament that is stirring with the sap of adolescence. So this drama, which was regarded in Paris as a specially notable psychologic study, remained for our audience an enigma. The fault is not ours, nor is it M. Bataille's. There are certain plays that cannot survive an importation over seas.

*Suzanne*, a comedy adapted by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers from the French of Mm. Frantz Fonson and

"*Suzanne*"

Fernand Wicheler is (so far as I remember) the first strictly Belgian play

to be imported to America; for the works of M. Maeterlinck must be regarded as belonging to all the world rather than to his native land. The first point that pleases us about *Suzanne* is that it is in no respect an imitation of the contemporary Parisian drama. It is a homely study of middle-class life in Brussels. It does not pose a problem or support a thesis; it merely tells a pleasant story about a family of people who are likable because they are natural and simple. It is not necessary to summarise the plot; for *Suzanne* is a comedy of character rather than of incident. It contains some delicious depiction of the humours of ordinary life. The father and mother of the heroine are two lovable spoiled children who love each other deeply and, as a consequence, are forever quarrelling. The heroine herself, with her sound common sense, her executive ability, her vivacity, her wholesome sentiment, is a person with whom it is an agreeable experience to spend an evening. This simple Belgian play has a homeliness, a tenderness, an intimacy of humorous characterisation, which are seldom exhibited nowadays in the more sophisticated and elaborate plays that come to us from Paris.

*The Impostor*, a novelistic sort of play by Messrs. Leonard Merrick and Michael

"*The Impostor*"

Morton, opens with an interesting situation but subsequently falls to pieces. Charlie Owen, a married man, is stopping alone at the

Savoy in London on the eve of a brief business trip to Paris. On the street he is appealed to by a respectable girl of good family who has been reduced by an unfortunate train of circumstances to entire penury and has wandered about without food or shelter for over twenty-four hours. He takes her into his rooms at the Savoy and gives her a supper before his comfortable fire. Some relatives of his suddenly blunder in; he cannot explain the situation in a moment; and he therefore introduces the girl as the sister of his wife. Thereupon he has to rush away to catch his train for Paris. His relatives at once invite his supposed sister-in-law to spend the night with them, and she is driven to accept the invitation as the easiest way out of the difficulty. Thus far the story is plausible. But the authors now ask us to believe that she remained an entire week as the guest of her accidental hosts without offering to explain her unintentional imposture, and request us at the same time to regard her as an honourable woman. At the end of the week Charlie Owen returns from Paris and denounces her as an impostor; but meanwhile the son of the family by which she has been entertained has developed an inexplicable affection for her, an affection which reveals itself to his own consciousness only after he has discovered the heroine's duplicity; and the piece is thus brought to a conclusion with a marriage. The trouble with this story is that, after the first act, it ceases to be true. A play is good only so long as it remains believable.

*Pomander Walk*, a comedy of happiness by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is one of

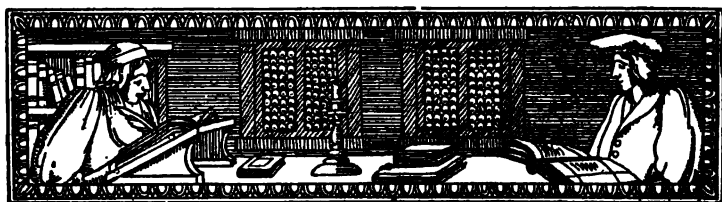
"Pomander  
Walk"

the most ingratiating plays of recent seasons. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the success of this piece was assured from the very moment when the first lifting of the curtain disclosed the set upon the stage. This set consists of five little red-brick Queen Anne houses arrayed in a crescent beside the loitering Thames somewhere out toward Chiswick. There is an elm-tree in the focus of the crescent, a rustic summer-house beside the river, a

couple of oil street-lamps for moonless nights, a flag-staff with the Union Jack rising within the iron palings of the little garden in front of Number 1, a bird-cage swinging before an upper window of Number 2, and a lone unwelcome fisherman lazily casting in the river. All the little houses of the walk are inhabited by delectable people wearing the picturesque costumes of 1805, which is the period of the play. The life-story of each of these people affords a thread of narrative, and all these threads are interwoven into an intricate tapestry of plot. It is needless to confess that the piece cannot be summarised. The characters are conceived with a delicious blend of sentiment and humour and are delineated in the manner of eighteenth-century English comedy. The dialogue, which is written with rare literary charm, sustains the atmosphere which has been suggested from the outset by the setting. If Ollie Goldsmith could be knaved out of his lonely grave in the Temple churchyard and brought to see this comedy, he would look upon a world in every way familiar and it would seem to him as if his century of sleep had lasted but an hour. For us, the piece awakens that imagination which deceives us into thinking it is memory; so that we seem to recall the fine enjoyment that our forebears used to take in dear delicious sentiments and whimsies before the world grew old. The crusty humour of the admiral, the burly pomp of the butler masquerading as a gentleman, the fine formality of the old-fashioned lord, the aggressive sentiment of the maiden who teaches her pet parrot to urge her bashful lover to propose to her, the natural love at first sight of the lyric-hearted youth and maiden, the renewal of an old love in middle age—all these and many other humours, like old laces that have been laid up in lavender, are here unfolded in their fragrance. Mr. Parker once wrote a play called *Rosemary*. The same title might be expanded to fit the present piece—"Here's Rosemary: that's for remembrance." For he has recalled the old familiar faces of the comedies we read about in *Elia*,—faces mystically dear to us for auld lang syne.

The reputation of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is solidly established; and his name is a guarantee of good workmanship. For many years he has maintained upon our stage the sound tradition of the well-made play. Of any new drama from his pen we may safely predict that it will tell an interesting story, that the plot will be constructed with exemplary skill, that the characters will all be living human beings, that the dialogue will be by turns concisely humorous and emotionally tense, and that the theme will offer food for serious reflection concerning the phase of life depicted in the play. All of these expectations are fulfilled anew in the satire of English high society, entitled *We Can't Be As Bad As All That*. The play is an admirable piece of craftsmanship, and deserves the studious consideration of all who are earnestly interested in the art of making plays. But, as we have often had occasion to point out, the general public judges a play not by its art but by its subject-matter. It happens that the story of the present piece is compounded out of several elements already familiar to the theatre-going public—elements, in fact, which Mr. Jones himself has set forth, in other guises, in one or another of his previous plays. There is the element of the woman at bay, confronted by the discovery of her dishonourable past, which was the leading element in *Mrs. Dane's Defense*. There is the element of one sincere and honest man set against a small herd of people who are trivial and shallow, which was the leading element in *The Liars*. The compound of these two elements which is here effected had already been made in another manner, in *Whitewashing Julia*. There is the element of the stolen necklace and the substituted jewels, which is one of the commonplaces of the drama of inci-

dent. And there is the element of social satire, which it is one of the functions of Mr. Jones as a critic of life to employ on every available occasion. The combination of these familiar elements which Mr. Jones has here accomplished is undeniably new, for any representation of life which is truthfully imagined is an individual creation that lives apart from any other; but—if the reader will admit a nice distinction between the words—the play is certainly not novel. This lack of novelty, in the theme, the incidents, the atmosphere, is not a fault in art; but it will militate against the favour of the public. Mr. Jones has never written anything more humorous than the School-for-Scandal dialogue in the first act of this play. The crisp and crusty Lady K., who is a sort of modern Mrs. Candour, gets a laugh at every line; and Top Bargeny, the club gossip, is scarcely less rich as a comic character. Again, Mr. Jones has seldom written anything more moving than the big scene at the climax of his serious plot, in which the heroine confesses to the man whom she loves and who adores her that it was she who, ten years before, had ruined the life of his dearest friend. The plot is so closely constructed that it carries along the interest of the spectator in a continuous crescendo; and during its progress we are given glimpses into many lives which extend, in imaginable reality, backward and forward far beyond the limits of the play. These are merits quite above the reach of any artist less accomplished than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; but the present piece is not so good a comedy as *The Liars* nor so good a serious drama as *Mrs. Dane's Defense*. A dramatist who has achieved such plays as those has to pay a certain penalty. Thereafter, the public that remembers will be continually asking him to do better than his best.



# MEREDITH IN FRENCH EYES*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



UT you who do me an honour in presenting me to the French public, why put yourself to that barren work?"

Save for some articles in the reviews, Marcel Schwob's article in *Spicilège*, Alphonse Daudet's comments in *Notes sur la Vie* and Charles Legros's *Chez nos Contemporains d'Angleterre*, nothing unusual has been written in French on George Meredith. True, Davray has made an adroit translation of an *Essay on Comedy* and versions of *The Egoist*, *The Tragic Comedians*, *Sandra Belloni*, and others have been published, but Constantin Photiadès, author of *Le Couvre-Feu* and *Les Hauts et les Bas*, is the first to offer a serious and elaborate introduction of Meredith to the French. When one recalls that until recently the author was little read by his own countrymen this is not surprising, especially since the subtlety of his ethical scheme is expressed in a style of such allure and syntactical eccentricity that translation is well-nigh impossible.

But Meredith was cosmopolitan, and peculiarly in love with the French. One has only to review his famous *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, his comments on French language and character in the eighth chapter of *Sandra Belloni* and the eleventh chapter of *One of Our Conquerors*, as well as his spirited resentment of the Countess of Brownlowe's criticism of French women in her *Reminiscences*, to realise what personal interest Meredith could exact of Gallic readers. M. Photiadès has himself expressed this conviction. "In the novels of Meredith, the English gain nothing when opposed to the French. Madame d'Auffray, Louise de Seilles, minor characters, attach themselves in unforgettable relief upon the British background. Diana Warwick pales before the ravishing Renée de Croisnel.

*George Meredith, par Constantin Photiadès. Librairie Armand Colin. 1910.

Truly, this loved one of Nevil Beauchamp symbolises all the grace of France. Is it not of her that Meredith in old age said: "Is she not a delicious creature? I believe I am still in love with her . . ."

But no homage to France is more precious than the *Odes*. The most ardent Frenchman did not sing his country with more enthusiasm. And why? Because France for Meredith is not only the "mother of heroes"—she is above all things "mother of Reason"—or, if one wishes, the older daughter of the "Comic Spirit." And Meredith himself said to the author, "I think perpetually of France. I am aflame to serve her." Yet, in a letter written in 1908, he accuses himself of not having rendered her justice. "It is true that always my heart beats for France: and it is not less true that until now I have not with sufficient testimony recognised the debt that the human race owes her. My *Odes* are an effort in that direction. If I were younger I would do more and better." In this connection, Meredith confessed he loved the *Ode to Napoleon* more than the famous *France*, 1870. "Without doubt the latter is more successful, perhaps more perfect: but the other moves me more because I flatter myself in having grasped the character of Napoleon and having shown that his genius was the absolute antithesis to the traditional genius of France."

It was this phase of Meredith which no doubt first attracted the author of the present study, and on the whole an interesting volume results. It cannot be said that he has contributed any new information concerning the facts of Meredith's life or the ground plan of his philosophy which the reader of Trevelyan, Henderson and Baily does not know. He also admits indebtedness throughout to Edward Clodd's "Recollections" (*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1909). He has attempted skilfully to defend the latter's information concerning Meredith's birth and early years, but until Constable brings out Meredith's correspondence

with a promised biographical preface little that is positive may be expected, if at all. Many will continue to believe the Great Mel in *Evan Harrington* was Melchisedec Meredith, his grandfather, a naval outfitter at Portsmouth. It may be mentioned, however, that M. Photiadès denies the "club gossip" of Meredith's relation, through his father, to the poet O'Shaugnessy and the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*—concerning whose early years there is equal vagueness. Meredith was not autobiographic like Balzac, and whatever legal irregularity there may possibly have been concerning his birth it did not affect his ethical viewpoint as it did Dumas,  *fils*. Only once, in *One of Our Conquerors*, did he touch upon this subject, though his well-known attitude toward the marriage convention, stripped of its spiritual bond, is not without interest. Perhaps *Modern Love*, as M. Photiadès points out, may be the nearest suspicion of an autobiographical mood, for this map of the passions was written after his first marriage and contains some "tragic hints" of its unhappiness.

There is no attempt in the present volume to analyse in detail each novel, as in Mrs. Sturge Henderson's admirable study, though under two chapters a very clear presentation of Meredith doctrine and ethical scheme is presented. It is unnecessary to comment on this, for it is merely a rereading of G. M. Trevelyan and Basil de Sélincourt, touched with considerable imaginative sympathy and understanding. But to introduce Meredith to the French, M. Photiadès has selected *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, which he subjects to a hundred-page digest, because of all his novels it best suggests the essence of Meredith to those who can find it, and for the others it is truly *une belle histoire*. The important passages of this varying novel of adventure are translated with considerable *verve*, and though the flavour of Meredith is necessarily lost for those whose palates are sensitive to it, to the uninitiated it will not be without delectation.

But what makes this study particularly interesting to us is a rather vivid picture, which the author gives, of his interview

with Meredith. Near a favourite reproduction of a Titian, beside a desk littered with foreign periodicals, the eminent author, nearly deaf, scarcely able to move his limbs, but with his large mobile mouth curving to each thought, spoke in a high, distinct voice with sharp underlining gestures. It is impossible to translate precisely back into Meredith's mouth exactly what he said, for obvious reasons, but even approximately phrased his views on various subjects are of importance and best reveal the extraordinary vibrant mentality he retained till almost the end. Reluctant with interviews, he began at once, as M. Photiadès records it, concerning reporters:

"Don't expect anything original of my fellow-countrymen: to-day they choose their models across the sea and copy, by preference, the French and Americans. France naturally purifies their taste. But the United States, that Hercules in a cradle, passes on to us the cavalier manners, truly too brutal, of its cowboys and rough riders. Those trappers communicate to us their aberration: the mania of finding fault with well-known persons in order to strip them naked as a hand. Such easy-going dumbfounds us: we take that impudence for strength. That is the way the English journalists ape the worst insolence of their transatlantic fellow-workers.

"With regard to the journalists, a class as influential as susceptible, a young author has the choice of two alternatives: flee them or manage them. The critics give me goose-flesh: I have never been able to court them. The truth is, Browning did not neglect them in his old age. Dickens and Thackeray caressed them as a cavalier pats his mount before rushing against his opponent. As for Lord Tennyson, he was past master in the art of provoking panegyrics and dithyrambs. There was a business man! He succeeded in literature as well as anybody: he made a fortune out of it. Clever cultivator, he transformed that run-down field into a gold mine. 'He bleeds me,' piteously groaned his publisher: all the same, he paid. Our publishers vainly upbraided the rapacity of Tennyson: they capitulated before it. For the crowd, cost what it would, imposed its well-

loved poet on them. . . . My nation takes pleasure in those pretty little elegiac histories, those edifying apologues, those psychic crises of young pastors discreetly tortured by doubt. If they adore these peaceful conflicts, these comfortable combats, they are able to intrust themselves without any risk to the ordeals in which the young pastor, after many vicissitudes, does not fail to affirm his faith. Such emotions, exempt from fever, have their charm. *In Memoriam* was a huge success! . . . Let us be just. Lord Tennyson, whom I admire, has the very enviable honour and miraculous privilege of making our villainous monosyllable language sing. For an English musician is, in a fashion, a blue bird. How compose with some words of one syllable in a vocabulary that hobbles and skips? We have at our disposal an old flute. It is shrill and sour. Shakespeare played on it by a *tour de force*; Milton with more ease and nearer to us. Tennyson and Swinburne have modulated on this shabby instrument a melody grave, warm and sustained.

"It is the custom to become ecstatic over the verbal imagination of my old friend Swinburne. Good! But another splendour which one ought to reveal to the public is his impetuous facility. What torrents of hot lava! Do you love Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*? The plastic seduction of that work fully justifies its immense success. I relish infinitely the rhythm of Fitzgerald, his beautiful minor harmonies, so mysterious! But how approve of his pessimistic tendencies? Omar is in vogue to-day—I know it only too well—but a more bracing nourishment is needed for the children of the earth. . . . In 1859 I was at Copsham Cottage, near Esher, with some friends one afternoon in the open air. Swinburne rushed up brandishing a small, thin book which far off resembled a holy pamphlet or prayer-book. One would have said he was an illuminated fanatic! Perhaps we would have feared a preacher if we had not from long standing known his religious sentiments. When Swinburne approached, he commenced to recite in a very loud voice the beginning of that grandiose paraphrase. He had just discovered it. His enthusi-

asm conquered us so completely that the twilight surprised us under the trees, reciting those sensuous and murmuring strophes. On his return, after dinner, Swinburne had gone to find something to write about, and there, under our very eyes, he composed at a burst his poem *Laus Veneris*, one of the most perfect in our literature."

Meredith was especially fond of Anatole France, "who mixes so much irony with common sense," and Mistral, "who has the abundance and clarity of a spring." It will be recalled in this connection that Meredith studied the Provençal dialect and translated a portion of *Mireille* in *The Reading of Life*, under the title of *The Mares of Camargue*. Daudet was "a man as brilliant and captivating as his novels." In painting, Meredith confesses to admiring the Wallace collection; Watteau, Chardin. Fragonard he loved; and, above all, Corot, "who regarded nature more tenderly than any other and painted it with the morning dew." But he did not admire Turner's "venetian phantasmagoria." In music, before his deafness, he loved the violinist Joachim, but less than Sarsate, whose virtuosity appealed strongly. One can remember *Vittoria* and *Sandra Belloni* for his comments on Beethoven, "a black angel," and the Italian operas.

Speaking of *One of Our Conquerors*, which Meredith suggested to M. Photiadès, was a sort of literary vengeance: "I was able to prove from my first battles that nothing upsets the critics like that which departs from banality and, in addition, demands attention. Toward sixty, after a small inheritance had assured me a pecuniary independence, it pleased me to serve to these gentlemen a strong dose of my most indigestible *cuisine*. I maliciously presented to them *Diana of the Crossways* and the novels which followed. But nothing overwhelmed them like *One of Our Conquerors*. The poor devils no longer knew which way to turn themselves. How render account of this hated volume! It was necessary to commence by understanding it, and the blind groped in their thick shadows.

Have you read the book X—has published on my poems? I'm astonished that he has separated my poetry



from my prose. Why? My thought is united as spontaneously to my prose and verse as my body to my intelligence and soul. But every critic has an unconscious defect. X—having decreed that the poet in me was less tiring than the novelist relieves himself entirely of my prose. . . . Each [critic] is more or less a slave placed near the conqueror to recall to him his mortal condition. They exalt the object of their liking to the clouds. Here and there they blame a weak rhyme, an obscure image; then they organise some distribution of prizes, enumerate the masterpieces, classify them, comment upon them. The others are hurled overboard—they are finished. Don't go implore their clemency. These magistrates constitute a tribunal without appeal—they render quick and summary justice!

"The press has often treated me as a harlequin—with so much the less deference that my fellow-countrymen love me little. Don't let's protest! Certainly, later, they accorded me a little glory; my name is well known, but they never read me. I put my fellow-countrymen to flight because I cudgel them. To foreigners I am an illustrious unknown! Consider

that all my poems were published at my own expense! It's true—no one bought my books, novels or verse. And now book collectors fight for my first editions, which sell for twenty and twenty-five guineas. It's absurd—absurd and makes me indignant. Once they would like to stifle my voice. I was excessively poor; I laboured like a negro to gain my daily bread. What chronicles and patched-up criticisms for the magazines and provincial newspapers! Finally my inheritance permitted me to live at ease, very modestly, as you see, in this peaceful cottage. If I continue to write in spite of the general indifference it is because certain magazines, notably *Scribner's* in America, pay me very liberally for what I send. Last year I gave the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* a poem [*The Call*]. I had hoped my poetic warning would be useful to my country. It passed absolutely unnoticed! Oh, my people don't love me; believe me, at the most they will love me after my death.

Sometimes, by the fireside, I close my eyes and whole chapters of novels file past me. But why write them? Verse, that is all I can produce now. I am too old. My countrymen do not encourage me enough."

## SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XV—DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

BY CALVIN WINTER

### I. HIS METHODS



AVE you ever watched a small ant attempting to drag a rather large beetle along a bit of rough ground? It is evidently a somewhat difficult and discouraging task, and the ant is likely to stop every now and then and walk around the beetle, trying to discover some point of vantage from which the more easily to grapple with

his task. For, of course, there is some one way of doing the thing quite simply and easily, if only the ant has the perseverance to find it out. The critic who approaches the sum total of Mr. David Graham Phillips's published work finds himself at the start somewhat in the position of the above-mentioned ant. The work looms up rather big and bulky and unmanageable; and it seems to be a problem to know just from what angle to approach it. And yet undoubtedly here, too, there is some one way of ap-

proach that will greatly minimise the whole problem of analysis.

In the first place, however, let us frankly recognise that Mr. Phillips is a rather important factor in the development of American fiction at the present day. We could name on the fingers of one hand the contemporary novelists who, like Mr. Phillips, are devoting themselves to depicting and studying the big ethical and social problems of their own country and generation, and doing it in a big, bold, comprehensive way, with a certain epic sweep and magnitude. And among these few none is more in earnest than Mr. Phillips, none striving more patiently to do the thing in the best, most forceful, most craftsman-like manner. Having conceded all this, we may also recognise that his results have fallen somewhat behind his intentions, that with all his industry he has developed his technique rather slowly, and that while just a few of his novels are of a quality which no serious student of present-day fiction can afford to neglect, a large proportion of the remainder may conveniently be set aside altogether as merely tending to increase the bulk of a critical analysis without contributing any light of real importance.

Now, in saying that Mr. Phillips has been slow in acquiring the technique of construction, we ought in fairness to define very carefully just wherein he seems to be defective. No competent judge could possibly read such books as *Old Wives For New* and *The Second Generation* without perceiving that the author must be widely acquainted with the best modern novelists, abroad as well as at home. There are certain qualities in these later books of his which are to be explained only through the influence of the best French realism—qualities which on the one hand are not the result of a conscious and deliberate imitation; but on the other, cannot possibly be an independent and spontaneous creation. The broad, Zolaesque sweep of phrase and action, the sense of jostling crowds and ceaseless activity, the endless panorama of city streets, the whole trick of treating humanity in the mass—these are things which Mr. Phillips has learned to do as very few American writers have

done them; and necessarily he must have learned them at the fountain head. Indeed his whole conception of what a novel should be is French rather than Anglo-Saxon. If you talk with him about theories of fiction he will admit frankly on the one hand that he has small use for the artificiality of such devices for giving unity to a series of stories as Balzac's plan of the *Comédie Humaine* or Zola's complicated family tree of the Rougon-Macquart; but, on the other hand, he does insist upon seeing every human story as a cross-section of life; and by a cross-section of life he does not mean a little local slice carefully measured to fit the dimensions of the particular story he is telling. On the contrary, if he is narrating the simple love affair of a boy and girl in some small town of the Middle West, he is always conscious, even though he has no need of bringing this out in the story, that there is between that boy and girl and all the other people in that town an inevitable and all-pervading human relationship; that that town is not an isolated community, but is itself one of the links in the vast network of social and industrial life stretching over a huge continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific with endless miles of railroad intersecting it, with a centralised government, a President and Congress at Washington and with countless lines of steamers keeping it in touch with the other world powers. All this helps in a way to show what to Mr. Phillips is a very vivid actuality. And of course the writer who always sees each little human happening, not as an isolated incident but as a detail of a tremendous and universal scheme, necessarily has a bigger outlook upon life and necessarily communicates to his readers a similar impression of bigness and of vitality.

This brings us directly to the question: Why is it that so many of Mr. Phillips's books contain more of promise than of fulfilment? Why is it that, starting as they do with big ethical problems and a broad epic treatment, they are so apt at the end to leave rather the impression of having given us an isolated and exceptional human story and not as having symbolised some broad and universal principle? The answer, I think,

is simply this: that Mr. Phillips in his methods of work reverses the usual process followed by writers of the epic type by finding his germ idea in a single character or incident and building from these, instead of starting with some ethical principle or psychological problem and then searching for characters and incidents that would best illustrate it. It follows that while such books as *Old Wives For New* and *Light-Fingered Gentry* and even *The Hungry Heart* make us feel that there is in the background, behind the specific story of individuals, a certain general and widespread principle, just as there must be in any story that lays claim to epic breadth; yet this secondary and general theme of the book is never clearly and specifically defined, never personified with that graphic visualisation that makes us think, in Zola's *L'Argent*, for instance, of the Bourse, in *Le Ventre de Paris* of the Halles, in *L'Assommoir* of Alcohol, as vast symbolic monsters wreaking their malignant pleasure upon mankind. The Zolaesque method is not necessarily the best method of arriving at this double interest, the individual and the universal, which just a few big novels have achieved; it is simply one of the best methods and the one most easily grasped by the layman, because it is so obvious. No one, for instance, could read Frank Norris's *McTeague*, with its underlying symbol of Gold, and miss the significance of it. That symbol of Gold is flung at us from every page; it dangles in the air in the shape of the huge gold tooth outside McTeague's dental parlour; it lies warm upon the ground in golden discs of sunlight filtering through the trees; we feel the cold, sharp greed of it in Trina's hoarded coins, the madness of it in the hidden treasure of glistening vessels that wrecks an unbalanced mind. In Mr. Phillips's books, on the contrary, one feels the ethical purpose far more vaguely; he is always stimulating, he sets us thinking deeply over big problems—most deeply, perhaps, when he most strongly antagonises us; but it is difficult to say with precision, or, at all events, to say within the limits of ten words just what principle any one book of his stands for. Take, for instance, the best and

strongest of all his books, *The Husband's Story*: even here the general public has groped rather helplessly to decide just what the author meant. It must be admitted that on the whole the general public has in this particular case been rather stupid in failing to recognise that when Mr. Phillips chose to see this particular story through the eyes of a certain shrewd and unscrupulous financier, he deprived himself of the chance of expressing his own ideas directly, and was obliged to give us everything strongly coloured by its passage through another man's temperament. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly to some extent Mr. Phillips's own fault that a majority of his readers assumed that *The Husband's Story* was an indictment of the American woman as a whole, and not simply of one limited and ultra-snobbish type of American woman. And the same question of his meaning is raised with considerably more justice in every one of his earlier books. Is *Old Wives For New* a protest against girl-and-boy marriages, or an endorsement of divorce, or both? Is *The Hungry Heart* an arraignment of the Doll House treatment of a wife, or a plea for equal standards for man and woman in questions of morality? And is *The Second Generation* to be taken mainly as a protest against inherited fortunes, a glorification of work, or as a satire upon the snobbery of America's idle class? In other words, had Zola written this book, would his symbol for it have been the Probate Court, the Dinner Pail or the Powdered Flunkey? It is part and parcel of Mr. Phillips's habitual tendency to see his cross-section of life in its completeness that he finds himself unable to do one thing at a time, obliged to complicate and obscure his central purpose by having in reality several central purposes.

And this brings us directly face to face with the real fault of Mr. Phillips's method of work, the real weakness of even his best achievements. He is not merely the clear-eyed and impartial observer of life: he is always a partisan and a reformer. He is so keenly interested in the problems that he is setting forth that he cannot keep himself and his ideas out of them. Of course when

you take one of Mr. Phillips's novels to pieces you discover that in its essence it is a problem novel; but this side of his work he has learned to disguise pretty cleverly. It is not so much the way in which he twists the lives of his characters in order to point a moral, but rather the slight running comment going all through the narrative portions of his story that keeps us reminded of what his particular outlook upon life is and of the somewhat annoying fact that he is trying to do our thinking for us. Here, for instance, is a trivial little example which stands as typical of his whole method: in *White Magic* he has occasion to tell us, as evidence of the expensive scale on which his heroine's mother runs her summer home, that she had no less than five footmen in attendance at the front door. Now, some of us may think this mere foolishness; others may wax indignant over it as a criminal extravagance; and others again simply regard it as no more than right and proper for a person in her position of life. Mr. Phillips has as good a right as anybody else to his own opinion about it, but it is not good art for him to force that opinion upon the reader by couching this little fact in the following terms: "Five lackeys . . . five strapping fellows with dumb faces and the stalwart figures that the rich select as menial show pieces." There is a veiled sneer in the very intonation of such a sentence that is incompatible with the best art.

It is this uncontrolled tendency to inject the personal equation into his books that every now and then sets the reader tingling with sudden antagonism in the midst of some of his strongest scenes. His outlook upon life is extremely clear-eyed and broad; and if he would be always content to give us the uncoloured facts and let us think what we will about them we would get considerably more benefit as well as enjoyment out of contact with his people and their histories. That there is a good deal of snobbery among our wealthy and fashionable class, our imitation aristocracy of money, is undoubtedly true. And to the average sane-minded American there is something distinctly foolish in the sight of an American mother trailing her daughters through

Europe with the open and unashamed intention of selling them to a title. But, after all, questions of this kind are largely a matter of the point of view. There is no useful purpose served in waxing indignant over people who happen to regulate their lives somewhat differently from the way in which you or I would regulate our lives. It is always worth while to set forth as strongly as possible in a story certain existing social conditions which the author in his secret heart condemns, but there is nothing gained by insisting that the reader must condemn them also. It may very well happen that the reader does not at all share the author's views, and in that case such an attempt to prejudice him is fully as irritating to read as the colouring given to news in a paper of the opposite political party to your own.

This interference on the part of Mr. Phillips, born as it is of over-earnestness, produces upon the types of his people and the construction of his plots certain modifications which are precisely what a shrewd judge of books might expect in advance to find there. In the first place, it leads him quite frequently to picture not what average people are doing under existing conditions, but what somewhat unusual people would in his opinion do under conditions just the reverse of those that exist—as, for instance, in *The Second Generation*, not what happens to the inefficient heirs of great wealth, when the hard-working father dies, but to the distinctly exceptional and self-sufficient children of a rich man who, for their own good, deliberately disinherits them. Or again, in *White Magic*, he studies not the typical case of the girl reared in wealth and luxury who, upon losing her heart to an impecunious artist, fights a long battle with herself because she cannot go against her training; but the exceptional case of the girl who flings such training to the winds and brazenly offers her heart and her hand to the penniless artist in question, who, being himself equally an exception, repulses her because he selfishly thinks that she will interfere with his art.

And, secondly, this tendency to tell us what we ought to think has its effect upon the individualisation of his char-

acters, and more especially upon his women. What I mean here is best illustrated by taking for a moment a book from which this particular fault is absent, *The Husband's Story*. This book being written in the first person makes it of course impossible for Mr. Phillips to obtrude directly his own opinions; and probably it is due to this fact quite as much as to any other that, artistically speaking, this is the best book that he has produced. The character of the wife Edna we get entirely as coloured by the husband's eyes—as strongly coloured as though we were looking at her through a piece of stained glass. The admirable thing about it is that the colour is uniformly and consistently maintained from start to finish—a bit of craftsmanship that requires a rather masterly touch. In turning from this book to others that are not written in the first person we realise that a good deal of the time Mr. Phillips is colouring his women, not so strongly to be sure, but none the less to a noticeable extent—in other words, that he is forcing us to see them through the medium of his own eyes instead of directly from life. We become aware of this by finding that he quite frequently expects us, indeed demands of us, to admire things that his heroines do and say which we ourselves cannot find at all admirable; and sometimes he is led into making them take certain actions that we are quite sure the women that we ourselves think they are would not have been guilty of taking. But questions of this kind are not a matter for generalisation; they can be better understood when we proceed to take up for separate analysis a few of the more significant of his novels.

## II. HIS BOOKS

Mr. Phillips has been writing novels for about a dozen years, during which time he has produced somewhat less than a score of volumes. To analyse these books one by one in the order of their production, beginning with *The Great God*, *Success* and *A Woman Ventures* and coming steadily down the list through *Golden Fleece* and *The Cost* and all the rest of them, would be not only tiresome but futile. It would be simply one of the many ways of making it impossible

to see the woods because of the trees. Mr. Phillips has been striving from the start to do pretty much the same sort of thing in all his work; and the only practical difference between his later volumes and his earlier is that he has been learning to do the same sort of thing considerably better. For this reason there is no more point in spending time on those earlier volumes than if one were writing an analysis of Zola it would be worth while to waste space on *Madeleine Ferat* and *Nantas* and *Thérèse Raquin*. In point of fact, one gets quite effectively the whole range of Mr. Phillips's powers and also of his weaknesses in the volumes that belong to his period of mature development, the volumes produced within the last four or five years.

*The Second Generation* is probably the best book to recommend to a reader approaching Mr. Phillips for the first time, because, on the one hand, it contains less than most of his books that is likely to arouse antagonism; and, on the other, it admirably illustrates his strongest qualities, his ability to give you the sense of life and motion and the clash of many interests. The substance of it can be told in rather fewer words than is usual with Mr. Phillips's novels. Old Hiram Ranger, millionaire manufacturer of barrels in a small Western town, suddenly makes two rather painful discoveries. First, he learns that his remarkable physical strength, which has never failed him for a day throughout all his years, is at last breaking and that he has not many days in which to "set his house in order." And his second and even more painful discovery is that for twenty years he has unwittingly been harming his son and his daughter by over-indulgence, allowing them to grow up in idleness, to form foolish and extravagant tastes, to choose their friends exclusively from the ultra-fashionable circles and to learn to despise the humble beginnings from which he himself sprang and from which the money that they thoughtlessly waste has come. He decides in bitter agony of soul that there is at this late date only one thing that he can do to repair his huge mistake and that is to deprive his children of the inheritance on which they have counted. The act hurts him more

cruelly than it can possibly hurt them—it hurts him through his love for them, through his pride in them and through his desire for public esteem and approval, since he foresees that such an act will be misunderstood and disapproved. All of this part of the story, the old man's sturdy courage and shrewd common sense, contrasted with the weak vanity and costly luxury of the son and daughter, is given with a graphic truth, a rugged strength, a sure swiftness of movement, that show you before you have finished the opening chapter that Mr. Phillips is one of the few American novelists who deserve to be taken seriously and to be watched with some care. But from the middle point of the story we get a rather exasperating impression that we are being allowed to behold not so much a cross-section of life as an up-to-date morality play. Old Hiram Ranger has chosen rather drastic methods to teach his son and daughter a lesson, to reform their characters, practically to make them over. No one can say that a situation thus created is without interest; but it becomes exasperating to find that the old man has made his calculations with the sureness of omnipotence, that his plan succeeds even in all its minor details and that the son and daughter repent of all their errors, reform themselves completely, are to all intents and purposes born anew. Mr. Phillips was probably not conscious of it when he wrote the book, but none the less it is to all practical intents a grown-up version of the story of the bad little boy who went fishing on Sunday and was drowned and the good little boy who went to church and was rewarded with plum pudding.

A dozen different readers would probably give a dozen different statements of the central theme of *Old Wives For New*. The real importance of the book—for among Mr. Phillips's books it is unquestionably one of the important ones—is that it sets forth quite pitilessly the gradual estrangement that arises between a husband and wife in the course of long years through the woman's sloth and selfishness and gratification of all her whims. It is an open question whether Mr. Phillips's method of present-

ing this problem might not have been improved upon. What he has done is to show us first in a brief prelude the sudden ardour of a boy-and-girl attachment, each caught by the mere physical charm of youth and health and high spirits and rushing into a marriage with no firm basis of mutual understanding. Then he skips an interval of about twenty years and takes us into the intimate life of this same couple, showing us with a frankness of speech and of thought that is almost cruel in its unsparing realism the physical and mental degeneration of the woman, fat and old and slovenly before her time, and the unspoken repulsion felt by the man who has kept himself young, alert and thoroughly modern in outward appearance as well as in spirit. The situation is complicated by the presence of two grown children, a son and a daughter, who see unwillingly the approaching crisis and realise their helplessness to ward it off. Such a situation in real life may solve itself in any one of fifty different ways. What Mr. Phillips has chosen to do is to bring the husband in contact with a young woman who represents everything in which his own wife is lacking. And although the man fights for a long time against temptation, in the end he obtains freedom from the old wife through the divorce court and promptly replaces her with the new. There is probably no other American novel that gives us with such direct and unflinching clairvoyance the sordid, repellent, intimate little details of a mistaken marriage that slowly but surely culminate in a sort of physical nausea and an inevitable separation. What a good many of us are apt to resent in the book is the stamp of approval that the author seems to place upon the man who deliberately discards a wife after her youth and beauty are gone, not because he thinks it for their mutual welfare, but for the cold-blooded reason that he wants to marry somebody else. There is a sort of heartless immorality about the whole proceeding that makes us feel that the slovenly, faded wife, with her shallow pretense of having worn herself out with household cares, her gluttony that has been the ruin of health and beauty, her peevish temper and ridiculous vanity,

makes on the whole a rather better showing than the husband. One cannot leave this book without adding just a word of protest against what may seem a trivial detail, yet is the sort of detail in which Mr. Phillips sins rather frequently. The

husband has met the woman who embodies his ideal of feminine perfection quite by chance in the woods, where he and his son are camping out. In the course of three weeks, almost without their knowing it, they have fallen in love



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS  
A portrait taken expressly for this article

with each other; then comes the awakening, and they go their separate ways, the man still knowing nothing of the woman's identity, of her station in life or of the particular corner of America which is her home. Several chapters later the man is in New York helping his daughter buy her trousseau. There are a thousand shops in New York from which she might choose, but purely by chance she takes her father to the one shop which happens to be presided over by the woman with whom he is in love. A coincidence of this sort is bad enough when it seems to be more or less of a structural necessity; but when, as in this case, one can think of a dozen simple ways of avoiding it it becomes unpardonable.

There is only one excuse for pausing to speak of Mr. Phillips's next volume, *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, namely, that it shows that even yet the author is weak in the power of self-criticism. How it is possible for a writer possessing the breadth of view and the power of expression that have gone into the making of at least four or five of Mr. Phillips's best novels to put forth seriously a piece of cheap caricature like *Joshua Craig* quite passes the understanding of the ordinary impartial outsider. Joshua Craig is simply an exaggerated specimen of a rather exasperating type of novel which has unfortunately become far too common in American fiction: the novel which shows the refined and carefully nurtured American girl, usually from the East, belying all her inherited instincts and acquired training by marrying the rugged, virile, usually rather vulgar man of the people who, for the purposes of this type of novel, is generally represented as coming from the West. The whole type seems to have originated at about the time that Owen Wister made Mollie's New England conscience capitulate to *The Virginian*, and the type has rather steadily degenerated year by year. But of course it is never fair to quarrel with an author simply because one does not happen to like what he has tried to do. The trouble with *Joshua Craig* is that he has so obviously failed to do what he tried. Joshua is not merely bluff and rugged and primitive of manner,

he is loud-mouthed and vulgar and deliberately discourteous. Margaret Severance, the reigning beauty of Washington, whom he decides in his stormy, violent, irresistible way to marry—not because he loves her, but because he conceives the idea that she loves him—is in point of manners pretty nearly his match. She has a way of looking at people “with a lady's insolent tranquillity”; and on one occasion, when she receives a letter that angers her, and her maid happens at the same moment to be buttoning her shoes, she relieves her feelings by springing up and bringing the sharp French heel of one shoe down with full force on the back of her maid's hand, leaving it skinned and bleeding. She is distinctly an unpleasant personality, yet even so, to marry her to such a cyclonic boor as Joshua Craig does seem rather like making the punishment exceed the crime.

Passing over *White Magic*, which is simply an innocuous little love story told with rather more explosive violence than the theme warrants, we come to the two books that exhibit Mr. Phillips's ripest powers, *The Hungry Heart* and *The Husband's Story*. *The Hungry Heart* is a sincere and detailed study of a marriage that threatens to be a failure because the man adheres to old-fashioned standards regarding women, while the wife, with her modern education and progressive views, finds it impossible to accept the rôle of domesticity and inaction to which he would assign her. As a piece of careful construction this volume deserves high praise. The entire action takes place within the house and grounds of the husband's ancestral home; the cast of characters is limited to just four people—two men and two women; we hardly get even a passing glimpse of any outsiders, friends or relatives, or even servants. And yet within this little world of four people we get a sense of universality of theme and interest, an impression not of learning the secrets of a few isolated lives, but of learning much that is big and vital about man and woman. There is nothing essentially new in the specific story; it is simply one of the many variants of the familiar triangle—the husband and wife who drift



apart, the other man who takes advantage of a woman's loneliness to persuade her that she is in love when really she is only bored, and finally the inevitable discovery by the husband of his wife's infidelity. What gives the book its value is not the episode of the wife's frailty, but the wise, far-sighted understanding of the way in which two people, physically, mentally and morally well equipped to make each other happy, gradually drift apart through stubborn adherence to foolish prejudices, mistaken reticence, petty misunderstandings, and a hundred and one trivialities, no one of which by itself is worth a second thought, while the cumulative effect of them all becomes fatal. Mr. Phillips's solution of the story, in which he makes the wife experience a revulsion of feeling that drives her from her lover back to her husband, while the husband, after hearing her confession, not only forgives her but practically admits that he is glad everything has happened as it has, because the effect upon him is to have reawakened his love—this solution comes as a disappointment. One feels it to be in the nature of an anti-climax to an exceptionally fine piece of work. That a man of this husband's conventional, conservative type could bring himself to pardon and receive back the woman who admits her guilt with a frankness of speech that makes one wince, rings false. Forgiveness under such circumstances is a delusion and a blunder. The ghost of the past simply refuses to be laid.

Lastly we have *The Husband's Story*, which is the type of book that we have long had a right to expect from Mr. Phillips, and which it is to be hoped is but the first of a long series of equal strength and bigness. Like all of this author's best work in the past, it is a study of a marriage that failed. And the reason that it is a better and bigger book than any of his others is not because of his theme, but because of his workmanship—the thing is better done, in its underlying structure, in its working out of details, in all that goes to make up good technique. The whole intimate drama of a pushing, climbing couple, who start from

sordid beginnings in an obscure little town in New Jersey, and end up in a Fifth Avenue mansion, is given from the husband's point of view with a grim and unsparing irony. It is a ruthless indictment of the unfitness of a certain type of American woman to undertake the duties of wife and mother and homemaker; but at the same time—and this is the point which a great many readers miss—it also shows, between the lines, that while the husband throws all the blame upon his wife, the fault is as largely his as it is hers. If she has been cold and calculating and dishonest in her social life, he has been cold and calculating and dishonest in his business life; if she is meanly and snobbishly ashamed of the people from whom she sprang, so also is he; if she has been too absorbed in her schemes for advancement to give him the companionship due from a wife, he in turn is too absorbed in huge financial deals to give her the love and care due from a husband. A large part of the merit of this undeniably big novel lies in what it merely implies, instead of what it says. To conceive a story of this sort is something in itself to be proud of, but to conceive of telling it through the husband's lips was a stroke of genius. To have told it in any other way would have been to rob it of its greatest merit, the all-pervading sting of its satire.

As I have tried frankly to recognise, Mr. Phillips is a writer with many qualities and some defects—like all men who have it in them to do big things. But it would be easy to forgive more serious faults than his in any one possessing his breadth and depth of interest in the serious problems of life and his outspoken fearlessness in handling them. There are, unfortunately, few in this country to-day who are even trying to do the sort of work that he is doing. And the fact that he does it with apparent ease, and has reached the point where he is doing it with triumphant strength, promises well for the future. Let us hope that *The Husband's Story* is the harbinger of a long series of volumes equally sincere and vital and technically equally admirable.

# A CORNER OF BOHEMIA

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING



THIRTY years ago all of us who gathered at Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue, were working or trifling with literature or art. It was a quiet and decent place, and other customers neither intruded upon us nor were noticed by us. Each of us had his own seat at the round table, and there we sat good-humouredly in clouds of the "infinite tobacco," which Carlyle attributed to Tennyson, with much chaff blowing between us; the flapping of the wings of ambitions that began better than they ended, and a sufficiency of reciprocal admiration, saved by ridicule before it could cloy or spoil. We all thought we were doing or going to do surpassing things which would make the world hold its breath. We were boyishly extravagant and inflated, and, as the doors closed on the apotheosis, Olympian.

For us they closed invariably till the next night. We were never there in the daytime. To us Oscar's was like Thackeray's "Back Kitchen" or his "Haunt," which vanished at the approach of daybreak—the door, the house, the bar, the waiter, Oscar himself, and all. An obligation remained, however, and that required one of us to see Jack M. home. He was the irresponsible, incorrigible, unescapable dependent of the fraternity, a handsome, seductive, irreparable young dog of a poet from Belfast. He could write well enough to be accepted by *The Century* and *Harper's*, but he was hopelessly indolent and unconscionable. Perhaps some of his verses linger in the anthologies; the best of them ought not to disappear. Few are left who remember him at all, or, I might say, who remember any of us. Exasperating as he was, a later and smaller Villon, a lesser Burns, another Savage or a Branwell Brontë; wanton and beyond redemption, we put up with him for his talents and his smile, vowing time and again that we would have no more of him, and then after a

momentary coolness restoring him to our intimacy and his old footing. We used all our ingenuity and persuasion to keep him at work, which might easily have been done; we got "jobs" for him, commissions for stories, articles and verse, but it was in vain. The late W. M. Laffan, a struggler like the rest of us then, not the magnate he became as a colleague of Mr. Morgan's and editor of the *Sun*, succeeded when the rest of us had failed, by a stratagem of Hebraic ruthlessness.

He called on him at his dingy lodgings early in the morning, knowing that the sluggard would still be abed.

"I've got a job for you, and see here! you are not going to leave this room, my boy, till it's finished."

He explained what it was, and after seeing that pen, paper and ink were on the table, walked off with the poet's only pair of trousers under his arm. In the evening he came back, and receiving the manuscript returned the trousers, coercion triumphing when no other form of compulsion would have availed.

I am reminded of a story that used to be told by Richard Watson Gilder. When the old *Scribner's Monthly* was started, somewhere near Bleeker Street and Broadway, and he was its assistant editor, Frank R. Stockton, not yet celebrated by the "Rudder Grange" stories, had a subordinate place in the same office. They sat, I think, vis-à-vis. Gilder had just written some verses on the hardships of the poet's lot, the refrain of which was "What the poet wants is bread," and with the natural and excusable vanity of youth he turned eagerly to the newspapers every morning to see how often it had been quoted and what had been said of it. He saw Stockton watching him one day in that detached, disinterested, almost lugubrious way of his which might melt into a smile but rarely if ever got as far in levity as laughter. The gravity of the humourist's manner, whether it is deliberate and methodical or temperamental and uncon-

scious, serves his purpose well. It has the effect of the low light which prepares the stage for the effulgence of the transformation scene. Bret Harte often spoiled his stories as he told them in his lectures and conversation by laughing himself before his audiences had time to. Stockton could hold himself as an image of conventual austerity during the mirth he communicated to his listeners; in the height of it he sat impassive or with a no more explicit betrayal of emotion than a look of mild surprise. He did not even chuckle or gurgle as Mark Twain did.

Gilder found what he was looking for. There was the poem, and, as I daresay other young poets do as often as their verses turn up, he read it once more.

One of Samuel Rogers's jokes was that he never met Wordsworth in a friend's library that he was not looking into one of his own works.

Gilder discovered a disconcerting misprint. "What the poet wants is bread" had become "What the poet wants is cheese" at the end of every stanza. He had to laugh and call Stockton's attention to it, but Stockton did not seem to see the fun of it. A closer examination showed that "bread" had been cut out and "cheese," neatly done with a pen in close imitation of the type, gummed in—by the apparently guileless Stockton, of course.

This has nothing to do with "Jack" except that bread alone did not satisfy him, and he would leave us whenever he could procure cheese elsewhere. He pressed me for a loan late one afternoon when my purse was empty, as it often was in those days.

"You could get it," he said reproachfully, with unlimited assurance and impudence, in answer to my explanation. His need was more than ordinary; he was in the sorest straits; unless he could get some money instantly disaster must crush him, and I would be responsible. There was no doubt about that, I would be the delinquent. He convinced me that I was hard-hearted, and made me ashamed of myself, and at last wheedled my watch out of my pocket and disappeared with it in the direction of the nearest pawnbrokers, where I recovered it the next day.

That evening, before the next day, I changed my usual restaurant for another, which was seldom visited by us, and there I discovered the rogue and the reason of his exigency. There he was in the highest spirits, as glossy and vivacious and insidious as he could be, with a bleached and bedecked Light o' Love, displaying her charms and giggling, opposite to him, and between them, instead of the rasping vin ordinaire of the place, a bottle of the Amontillado, which I liked but could seldom afford.

Another night Edgar Fawcett and I were parting from him in Union Square, a cold, drizzling night, when the wind was whistling round the corners and the rain was pelting us and making us turn up the collars of our overcoats. He was out of sorts and doleful. What was the matter? He paused before a letter box, and drew out of a pocket a bundle of letters ready for the post. They were to his friends at home, he explained, the last letters he would ever write, for he had resolved to take Time by the forelock and defy Fate, the Fate that had tortured him all his days, and we might take what comfort we could in the knowledge that in one of them to a relative who would see to it were full particulars of every dollar he owed to us and to others. All should be repaid, and he relieved from the burden of life. Not expecting him to carry out his threat, we chaffed him as we left him, and separated to go home. But the memory of some verses he had written on suicide in the *Century*, verses of dramatic power, haunted me. I could not eat my dinner, and leaving it unfinished I hurried out into the streets to see Fawcett at the house of his sister, Mrs. de Coppet, in West Seventeenth Street. Fawcett, too, gave up his dinner, and through the storm we made haste to Jack's lodgings. He was not there, and had not been. I pictured him—Jack with his ready laughter and affectionate ways, Jack of songs and stories, Jack miraculously transfigured, his faults wiped out, his merits shining—I pictured him dragging down the length of a dark and dripping pier and there escaping all his perplexities by flinging himself into the rushing tide. We searched all his haunts for him. They had not seen him since yesterday, and



GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. AN OLD-TIME FREQUENTER OF OSCAR'S

Fawcett's unbelief yielded slowly to my conviction.

At about nine o'clock, wet and dispirited, we looked into one of the little French restaurants that then clustered in Greene and Bleecker Streets—was it the Restaurant do Grand Vatel, magnificent in nothing but its name, or the more modest Taverne Alsacienne, where the dinner of four courses, vin compris, cost thirty-five cents? There we discovered him, debonair as ever, ending his repast with a *pousse café*, and reading a soiled copy of *Suicide* to a group of admirers in a corner. Our "pious feelings" had been played on, and we were as mad as the bull in Hardy's story. No sin of the Decalogue is so unforgivable as an advantage taken of one's sensibilities: that somehow pricks our vanity; the noblest part of us is duped and humiliated and turned to gall. When we had expressed our opinion of him, which could be done only with the license of vituperation, he turned a front of sheepish innocence toward us.

"You seem to be disappointed—you

seem to be in a hurry," he complained. "Wait. If you wait you'll see."

After a parley we induced him to come with us, and saw him to his lodgings. He lit the flickering gas, and threw himself on the bed. He picked up a razor from the dressing table.

"Do it," said Fawcett in a provocative voice, cruel and callous it seemed to me in my horror, a voice provocative and instigatory. I thought that the taunt must impel the lurking impulse from the shame of its irresolution.

But Jack, like a child, allowed me to take the razor away from him without more than a feint at a struggle, and as I put it safely into my trouser pocket I saw that an anti-climax would end the little drama of the night.

Two days later he slunk into my rooms in Stuyvesant Square and asked for it. Confident then that it would not be misused, I gave it to him for the shave he badly needed, and since then I have learned that those who talk most about suicide are the last to commit it.

Sometimes "Charley" Stoddard

(Charles Warren Stoddard of the *South Sea Idylls*) "dropped" in, perhaps from Egypt or from San Francisco or from the Pacific paradise, one of the gentlest and most plaintive of little men, who was not inaptly described by Mark Twain as "such a nice girl." He had a beseeching, wistful, propitiating manner, shot with gleams of humour that played as the sun

plays through clouds. When he smiled at you, it was with a mute entreaty for sympathy. Once he appeared in an old ulster, much too big for him, its skirts sweeping the floor; he had borrowed it from Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," as he explained, without seeing any reason for our laughter.

"Charley" would take from us any-



EDGAR FAWCETT

thing he wanted and we could spare as he took the air, or as a child takes things, as a natural right, without constraint or the awkward protestations of gratitude of the ordinary receiver: a night's, a week's lodging, the freedom of one's table, one's pipes, one's gloves, one's money, but

Cast on the water by a careless hand,  
Day after day the winds persuaded me;  
Onward I drifted till a coral tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant  
dew.



THE LATE HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

"Whimsical humour was the strong point of Bunner. A humour not dependent on the slang of the streets"

when his ships came home—they were always belated and unlucky—restitution never failed, and what was his at once became ours. O those ships of the needy and improvident! How long they were at sea! How seldom they made port! And when they made port, how shrunk were their freights! Like the Flying Dutchman, few of them ever doubled the Cape. They were like the ships of his own poem of "The Cocoa Tree":

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,  
And eye my slender body's horny case;  
Widowed within this solitary place,  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;  
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his  
sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they  
gave;

I watch my tattered shadow in the wave  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb,  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that  
never come.

"How many are the milestones on which I have sat," he wrote to me, "looking on my last dollar and wondering where the next was to come from!" But he really never worried much: each milestone was a mile nearer to the happy valley; he had the true gypsy, vagabond spirit, which receives without complaint whatever falls and frets not for more indulgence than an indifferent fate bestows.

One of the most original of American authors; one who could catch the soul of things below their superficial and material aspects; one whose charm inheres in a style and fancy too rarefied to be at once or at all appreciated by the casual, unreflective, uncultivated reader, he will endure in that first little book of the sea and flowers which as I reread it inclines me to call him the Charles Lamb of the Pacific.

Robert Louis Stevenson was charmed by it and him. He sketched him in *The Wrecker*, the queer little man who lived in a shanty on Telegraph Hill, and, missing him one day, he left under Stoddard's door this jingle on a scrap of paper:

O Stoddard' in our hours of ease,  
Despondent, dull and hard to please,  
When coins and business wrack the brow,  
A most infernal nuisance, thou!

O Stoddard! if to man at all,  
To me unveil thy face—  
At least to me—  
Who at thy club and also in this place  
Unwearied have not ceased to call,  
Stoddard for thee!

I scatter curses by the row,  
I cease from swearing never;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But Stoddard's out forever.

*South Sea Idylls* gave literature a fresh voice and showed a new capacity in familiar words. It filled the nostrils with the scent of lilies and orange flowers and our ears with the diapason of the sea murmuring along coral reefs.

He was always turning up unexpectedly in unexpected ways. When I was in San Francisco he was the idol of The Bohemian Club; then he went to the Sandwich Islands and remained there so long and was so contented with the simple life he was living, unharrassed by cares or ambitions, that I supposed he would never willingly exchange the breadfruit and airy vesture of that perpetual summer land for the flesh pots of our prosaic civilisation. Later he was appointed Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the choice having been made on the principle that a teacher who can reveal the soul of a book to his class is better than the man whose only recommendations are syntax and history. His methods were original (his spelling was abominable), but they were no doubt effective, and while the faculty were amply satisfied with his services, he became immensely popular with the students. Then he went to Covington, Kentucky. "I was so used up when I left the college," he wrote to me, "that for some months I felt as if I would never recover, but the loving care of my good friends here, and the unspeakable purity of the Kentucky whiskey, coupled with some weeks of absolute rest and the absence of responsibility, have pulled me through."

His affections reached out as devouringly as the tentacles of an octopus. After our meeting in San Francisco we became correspondents, and though I wrote to him, as I thought, without reserve and with a warm regard, we had only just begun when he protested that my letters were "too formal."

"What does he expect?" said Saltus (not Edgar, but his half-brother, Frank). "I suppose he thinks you ought to address him as 'Dear old Pard, you mash me. You're a Nineveh brick, and don't you forget it!'"

No one was hailed with more gladness in our symposia at Oscar's than Maurice Barrymore. He would drift in after the play, one of the handsomest fellows in town; well bred and well read; captivating in manner, and unspoiled by any of the affectations which cling like paint to so many young actors when they move outside the theatre. In those days he was

fastidious as to his attire, and not, as he became later, woefully careless of his personal appearance. His mobile and sensitive face was as pallid as that of Edwin Booth's, and, like Booth's, his deep and significant eyes gathered intensity in contrast with its ivory whiteness. He had some repose then, and was not the flighty, erratic, volcanic creature he afterward became through burning his candle at both ends and in the middle all at once.

The leading man at the leading theatres, the ideal *jeune premier*, he cared little or nothing for his success as an actor. What he always wanted to do was to write plays: that ambition was ever in his mind, ever on his tongue. I have been told that after his collapse, that tragical collapse of his, when his mind gave way, the old passion reasserted itself, and the first thing he did was to beg for pencil and paper and apply himself to the preparation of a drama, the parts in which he assigned to his fellows in misfortune.

Let us draw the curtain over that painful scene and recall him as he was while unbereft: nimble in wit, amiable, courteous, patient under attack and aglow with enthusiasm. I say, patient under attack. I have seen him bear annoyance as only a strong man can, and shrug his shoulders without other reprisal than a scathing word or two which made the person to whom they applied aware of his own ridiculousness.

Once, when we were talking, one among us persisted in begging the question. He could not keep to it, but muddled it with all sorts of irrelevance. If we spoke of China he spoke of Peru; while we had Euripides in hand he dragged in Andrew Jackson or somebody else unrelated to the discussion. It was impossible to pin him down or to shut him up. I daresay many people will recognise in him a by no means uncommon kind of bore. Barrymore hit the right definition for him: "The cuttlefish of conversation. It's no use to follow him. If you do he will at once disappear in the cloud of his own exudations."

Once in your company, "Barry," as we called him, would stay, if you could, till dawn or long after dawn, gaining rather

than losing brilliance as the hours passed and the world began to shake its chains. Out would come his latest play, not a manuscript, not even notes, but a rush of turbulent ideas not yet committed to paper. With matches, ashes or the tricklings from a glass he would make a diagram of the stage, and then with his finger indicate the action he proposed. At the beginning his synopsis would be lucid and detailed, and the characters mentioned by name; then as he warmed up he would abbreviate his exposition, giving names no more, and substituting for them only personal pronouns—"He" here, "She" there, while the action would be described by gesticulations and running commentaries, peppered with sulphurous expletives.

"You see! You see. He comes in here, R. U. E., the d—d—d! She's standing at a table, centre, arranging flowers. He sneaks down toward her. She sees him, the b—b—b! and cries 'Ah!' Taken by surprise. Horrified, clutches the back of a chair. He seizes her by the wrist and drags her toward him, and whispers in her ear. She drops to the floor, moaning, paralysed. Paralysed! He—the d—d—d! the c—c—c! grinds his teeth and is alarmed. He springs to the doors, locks all of them. Shuts the windows. Pulls down all the shades. Blows out the lamps. You see? Comes back to her. Snarls. He has a knife in his hand, the God-forsaken son of a sea-cook, the hoofed and horned—!!!"

On that, or something like it (the parody is confessed), the curtain would come down, and the breathless Barry would light another cigarette and say, "I am writing that little bit for myself. I see myself in it. I feel myself in it. And Georgie will do the widow."

"Georgie" was his wife, a very clever actress, the sister of John Drew.

While he was with you he was wholly and indivisibly yours, and the rest of the world had to wait for him, but when the rest of the world captured him in its turn you became the negligible quantity. His engagements were recorded in air. He meant to keep them, no doubt; he was contrite when he failed, but his clock stopped, and time had no measurements as he abandoned himself to any society



that interested him. So amiable was he, so diverting, so original that his companions never willingly let him go, and they were as much, at least, to blame as he was for his delinquencies.

One day I met him in London, and took him to my club for luncheon. We spent the whole afternoon together very happily, and it sped faster than we reckoned. Darkness came before he insisted that he must go, really must. I urged him to stay to dinner, but no, he had an imperative and unescapable engagement.

"At what hour?" I asked.

"At one o'clock," he replied quite seriously, and it was then close upon seven.

Many of the plays, probably most of them, were never written. They came and went in and out of his mind like shooting stars, dazzling him with their promise, and then eluding him. Plays of that sort can be measured only by their author's belief in them, and that is as good as to say that the plays achieved are inferior to them. They are unchallenged, uncriticised, unexposed to misunderstanding, jealousy and depreciation. Their incubation is an unalloyed delight, a pleasant dream without the disenchantment of any rude awakening. Nevertheless, Barrymore made one substantial success in his *Nadjesda*, the sombre drama in which Modjeska starred—the play which he believed inspired Sardou's later *La Tosca*. He was vituperative against the wrong that he contended had been done him in that case. He claimed that he had submitted *Nadjesda* to Bernhardt, and that after rejecting his manuscript she had conveyed the essence of it to Sardou, who had used it as the foundation of *La Tosca*.

You could please him by praising his acting, which often deserved praise and received plenty of it from both the people in front and his colleagues. His fellow-players of all degrees were as warm in their regard for him as those who were not in the profession, which can be said of but a few actors. They were always repeating his witticisms and giving examples of his ingenuity in extricating himself from difficulties on the stage, such as losing his "lines" and extemporising till nothing but the cue was

saved. In his time he played many and various parts excellently—Orlando, Maurice de Saxe and Jim the Penman; scores of them come back to mind, none more vividly than Rawdon Crawley in Mrs. Fiske's memorable adaptation of *Vanity Fair*. But could he have chosen his work, all other things would have been abandoned for that consuming ambition which down to the very end superseded all other interests.

When my wife and I invited him to luncheon or dinner, we usually looked for him at any hour but the hour appointed, or, I should say, any hour later than the hour appointed. Whenever he appeared—at three instead of one, or at nine instead of seven, though other people's belatedness could not be similarly condoned—he escaped reprimand, and at once imparted to any conversation a fillip, making, as it were, still water effervesce. One afternoon he arrived on the stroke of the clock, surprising us as much by the spruceness of his attire as by his exceptional punctuality. We had ceased to expect either; long habit had accustomed us to his neglect of both, and confirmed us in patience. Epigrams were easy to him. He was not addicted to long speeches; what he said was crisp and edged with raillery. We talked of books, of pictures, and, be sure, of plays—Shakespeare and the musical glasses. How he found time to read I do not know, but he was a well-read man. The conversation shifted to religion, and an avowal of his led to an exclamation and a question.

"You are not a Roman Catholic, Barry!"

"Yes, William, I am, but I'm afraid God does not know it!"

He stayed and stayed, remaining long after the others had gone, and such a rapid change came over him as I had never seen in any human being before and hope never to see again. He aged before our eyes as though years were slipping away from him instead of hours. His speech rambled and stumbled, tears filled his eyes; his handsome face became haggard and senile. He pulled himself together and laughed before his departure. But the laughter was unpleasant and constrained, and when the door

closed, the door that had been opened for him so gladly, I had a too soon verified presentment that we should not meet him again.

Alas, poor Yorick! Draw the veil on his frailty, for it was far outweighed by kindness and many other merits. In his character and temperament he was not unlike his own favourite of fiction—Fielding's Tom Jones—a sinner, but a very sweet one.

Sometimes we were twenty strong at Oscar's, and among the others were George Parsons Lathrop, William Henry Bishop and H. C. Bunner. How much it takes to make a name, an enduring reputation! When we seem to be on the edge of it we are flicked off like flies by the new generation, which has its own tastes and its own favourites. How good was the work of those three in criticism, verse and fiction! High place and some permanence seemed assured for them. Each had a quality of his own. Each was above the average. Whimsical humour was the strong point of Bishop and Bunner, a humour not dependent on the slang of the streets, as so much of what passes as humour now is. They wrote as educated men for educated people, putting perhaps too great a value on style. So did Lathrop, the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, essentially a poet, was compelled against his preferences to be also a handy man of letters of the kind editors rejoice in. Whatever you gave him to do he did, verse or prose, criticism, fiction or history, with sufficient skill and conscientiousness to conceal from the reader the incubus of effort and distaste. His versatility was remarkable, his craftsmanship unimpugnable, and though often restricted to the ambling gait of hack work, he showed in the breathing spaces of his manumission how good a seat he had on Pegasus.

Ask now at the bookseller's for Lathrop's *Echo of Passion*, for Bunner's *Short Sixes* or for Bishop's *Detmold*, which Howells thought so much of that he used it serially in the *Atlantic*. In all probability he will say they are not in stock or that they are out of print, referring you to the chances of the dust in a second-hand shop. Ah, my dear young friend, in whose ears applause is

ringing, enjoy it while you may, but put not your faith in Posterity! Posterity will snatch the laurels which tickle your brow, and sponge your name with the biggest and wettest of sponges from the slate that others may write on it. The grandchildren of the girls who dote on you now will wonder how on earth such dreary old stuff as yours could ever have been popular.

Some day I should like to write an article on forgotten authors; there are so many of them on whom neglect has unjustly and inexplicably fallen. Surely you do not think yourself comparable with Theodore Winthrop, Fitzhugh Ludlow, J. W. de Forest, Albert Webster or Constance Fenimore Woolson? Yet who reads them now? A search of the back shelves is necessary to discover these books; very few remember even their names. Yes, I will write that article and suggest to a publisher a reprint of those little masterpieces of the past. If in the future a fragment of you is enshrined in that way, it will be all you can expect from Posterity, and her twin sister Oblivion will resist even that.

Only one among us at Oscar's made a commercial success. We liked him, but patronised him. He had been in business in California and was business-like in method and manner, not a dreamer, not an idealist, to whom pelf was less than constancy to art. He was thick in figure, thick-voiced and pragmatic—on a lower plane than we reckoned ourselves to be. I think we classed him as an outsider; no doubt we were a little priggish and too consciously superior, but he was very amiable and forbearing, and in a degree pathetic. He had written a novel, and was convinced that it was a great novel. The publishers did not agree with him at all; probably no other novel met with more discouragement from them than his did. But rejection after rejection did not shake his steadfast faith in it, and though inwardly from an incomplete knowledge of it we slighted it as a flashy thing of paint and limelight, deserving its fate, his patience and fortitude under rebuff compelled our admiration. In the end, I think, he published it at his own cost.

His name was Archibald Clavering

Gunter, and the novel was *Mr. Barnes of New York*. Fifty copies of it, perhaps a hundred, sold to one of any of ours, and it is not out of fashion yet. Gunter and it are not forgotten. I do not mean to speak of them with disrespect, nor did we envy him. The public will have what it wants, especially stories of thrills and incessant action. Few of that kind excel *Mr. Barnes* or the other stories of Gunter's, which afterward flowed from him in a stream till they seemed to inundate every bookstall and even the trains moving across the Continent. Afoot ourselves, we saw him driving down the avenue in his carriage with liveried servants, as friendly as ever, and for all that display as simple as ever, and while we may have murmured at the inscrutability of the public taste, we did not forsake the composure and little refinements of the quiet way.

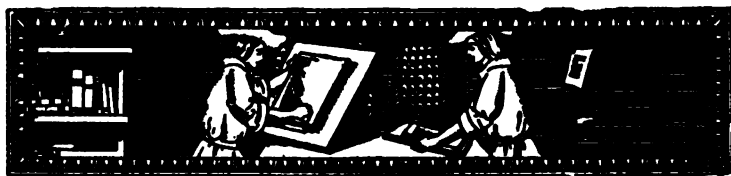
Though lacking gold, we never stooped  
To pick it up in all our days;  
Though lacking praise, we sometimes drooped,  
We never asked a soul for praise.

I have said that we were not to be found at Oscar's in the daytime, but before assembling there we often dined at places in the French Quarter, which was then as French as France itself. Here was the Restaurant du Grand Vatel, named after the celebrated and heroic cook of Louis the Fourteenth, who, utterly chagrined at the failure of a certain fish to arrive in time for one of his dinners, ended his life by running a sword through his body. The tariff was ridiculously moderate. A dish of soup and a plate of beef and bread cost eight cents; soupe aux croutons, five cents; bœuf, légumes, ten cents; veau à la Marengo, twelve cents; mouton à la Ravigotte, ten cents; ragout de moutons aux pommes, eight cents; bœuf braisé aux oignons, ten

cents; macaroni au gratin, six cents; celeri salade, six cents; compote de pommes, four cents; fromage Neufchatel, three cents; Limbourg, four cents, and Gruyère, three cents. Extra bread was a penny more; and though we insincerely protested against it as a shameless extortion, we never made fifty cents go further than at those repasts. The very name of the place increased the value received. The sonorousness of it and its traditions sweetened the wine, strengthened the coffee and deepened repose. The Black Cat confessed depravity. The Taverne Alsacienne was obviously enough suspicious; its atmosphere was of absinthe; dark groups in blue blouses with tobacco pouches hung from their necks whispered there of the Commune. . . . Where did you dine? There was grandeur in it—at du Grand Vatel.

Then there were opulent intermissions in our poverty, when cheques came like feathers from an angel's wings from *The Galaxy*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* or *Appleton's Journal*. The French Quarter was forsaken then. Nothing was too good or too dear for us; we made merry at Delmonico's or at Seighortner's, the old mansion of the Astor family in Lafayette Place, which retained the quietude and dignity of a stately private house and provided epicurean food, old Seighortner himself, blandest of hosts, hovering over us, unctious, smiling, and rubbing his hands, while the solemn and unhurried waiter set before us the incomparable gumbo, the pompano and English sole, the chicken so white and tender that it seemed like chicken transfigured into a dove from the bosom of the same angel that had let her feathers smooth us.

Where is the laughter  
That shook the rafter?  
Where is the rafter, by the way?



# NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### MR. VILLARD'S "JOHN BROWN"*

Like some far greater men who have figured in a crisis of national history, John Brown has been the object of bitter attack and vehement defence. It is doubtless an exaggeration to say that his mad raid upon Harper's Ferry precipitated the Civil War; other and mightier forces were at work to bring about a conflict of two irreconcilable ideas. But it certainly exacerbated popular feeling on both sides. Thus the man became a sort of symbol, and his name was used in doggerel verse to cheer the Northern troops. Naturally the passions then aroused have been a long time in subsiding. But it ought to be possible, half a century after the event, to contemplate John Brown's career calmly and judicially; and this is what Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard endeavours to do in a biography of ample size and infinite detail. He repudiates the attitude of the "mere panegyrist," and says that he desires to judge Brown and his followers in the light of history. He thinks that such a man cannot be dismissed "by merely likening him to the Hebrew prophets or to a Cromwellian Roundhead, though both the parallels are not inapt." Yet an analysis of Brown's character is made the more difficult by the extreme characterisations into which previous biographers have been tempted. Even Mr. Villard himself can scarcely be regarded as having given us an impartial view. It is difficult to select passages from so elaborate a work without running the risk of conveying a wrong impression; but although Mr. Villard, as a rule, keeps within the bounds of reason, and offers the evidence on both sides, the John Brown whom he presents to us is a patriot and not a traitor. Now, while the more monstrous charges may be dismissed and his sincerity of purpose conceded, the present generation, which is coming to look at the whole struggle between North and South without preju-

dice, will be reluctant to admit that a man who endeavoured to incite a general insurrection of slaves deserves a martyr's crown.

The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or political or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty and blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859 as at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage.

One does not need to be a sympathiser with the Confederacy to dissent from this conclusion. To speak of Brown's memory as "sacred, solemn and inspiring" is to put him on a level with Washington and Lincoln. Such fanaticism as his may deserve a certain measure of respect, but the sober student of history will withhold his admiration. Even the partisans of Brown must admit that the raid on Harper's Ferry was a blunder. Whether the Government did well to hang him is perhaps a fair subject of debate. There were those at the time who felt that his life might have been spared. Still, his act was treason, and he was a traitor. It would be hard to say when the death penalty would be deserved if it were not in his case. And if we consider the motive that inspired him justification of his course becomes ethically impossible. He would have plunged the nation into the horrors of a servile insurrection to gratify his hatred of the South.

The estimate of Brown's character, however, does not depend upon the last episode in his boisterous career. He betrayed his violent and unscrupulous nature in the fight over Kansas. It is significant to remember that his early days were turbulent, that he wandered from place to place without accomplishing much good anywhere, that he was unable to support his family, and that the savage strain in him frequently found vent in vindictive acts of cruelty. In Kansas he was guilty of one of the foulest mas-

*John Brown: a Biography Fifty Years After. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

sacres in the history of the country. Potawatomi is a blot upon his name that nothing can wash out. True, men must be judged in part by the circumstances of the time. No one would expect a border ruffian to be over-scrupulous. The passions of the contestants upon both sides were aroused, and many deeds of blood were committed. But the argument which Mr. Villard and others have employed in behalf of Brown is in truth an argument against him. "He killed his men," says Mr. Villard, "in the conscientious belief that he was a faithful servant of Kansas and of the Lord." So the Massacre of St. Bartholomew might be defended, or Cromwell's butchery at Drogheda. To allege religious zeal as an excuse for murder does not quite satisfy the conscience of the plain wayfaring man. But it may be questioned if Brown can be defended even on this score. He afterward made apologies for his act, which it is difficult not to regard as hypocritical. No doubt he hated slavery; but so did many other men, who would have turned in horror from imbruing their hands in the innocent blood of women and children. All Mr. Villard's casuistry does not avail to condone that. "Naturally a tender-hearted man," Mr. Villard goes on to say, "he directed a particularly shocking crime without remorse, because the men killed typified to him the slave-drivers who counted their victims by the hundreds. . . . And always it must not be forgotten that his motives were wholly unselfish, and that his aims were none other than the freeing of the race." If this is the best that can be said for John Brown it were better left unsaid.

Whatever his personal views, however, Mr. Villard has not consciously aimed to deceive his readers. He has given the documentary evidence without reserve, so that each may judge for himself. In this respect his book is worthy of all praise. Nor, despite its length, is it wearisome. Mr. Villard has a lucid and vigorous style and a gift for narrative that carries him along smoothly to the end. He is likely to be known as the authoritative, if not the final, biographer of John Brown. Those who disagree most profoundly with his conclusions will recognise his desire to be fair. The trou-

ble is not with him, but with his subject. A ruffianly fanatic who attempted to light the torch of something worse than war is poor material for a hero.

*Edward Fuller.*

## II

### SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS'S "AMONG FRIENDS"*

The comparison that is often drawn between Dr. Crothers and Oliver Wendell Holmes seems at first thoughts well-grounded. Holmes's memory radiates benignity and no one mentions his name nowadays without the prefix genial. This of course is the conspicuous and all-pervasive quality in the writings of Dr. Crothers. But though we have no quarrel with the advertisements which pronounce Dr. Crothers the Oliver Wendell Holmes of our day, for he does hold something like the same relative position among present American essay-writers, we must remind ourselves how very much milder our day is. Turning back to the "Autocrat" after an interval of twenty years or so, we find that memory has unduly softened our impressions. He is by no means so merely benignant or so utterly genial after all. He has his wraths and even his violences. He has strong prejudices and not a little conceit, and although he does not show the curmudgeon in him so often as did Dr. Johnson, it is there, as it is in other robust individuals, and he sometimes lets us have a peep. In short he is a far more vigorous and turbulent person than any of his literary descendants, and beside him Dr. Crothers seems hardly a person at all, but rather a literary tendency. As to that matter of benignity, Holmes is good-tempered, to be sure, but he is not even-tempered. We like his good temper because we know it could be bad. A good temper resists the temptation to bite, but an even temper is toothless; and it spoils our pleasure in a man's amiability when we know he cannot help it. Holmes could never be so steadily soothing as Dr. Crothers. His books all through are comparatively tumultuous. He advised fisticuffs where Dr. Crothers

*Among Friends. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1910. Pp. 367.

advises friendly conversation, that is to say in the settlement of controversies. Parsons, he said, might with great advantage to themselves and their flocks exchange theological polemics for a fair and open bout with the gloves. Dr. Crothers's opening essay, "Among Friends," which gives its title to the present volume, is a plea for the conversational arbitrament.

One of the most cheering signs of the times is in the increased use of the conversational method in the settlement of such disputes. The idea is that men of different groups should come together and converse freely on the matters that concern them. Their deliberate aim should be to understand one another. After they have succeeded in that they may resume their hatred if they can.

"Two Infallibilities," says Dr. Crothers, "each speaking *ex cathedra*, could not converse; they could only fulminate," and he goes on in a sweet and reasonable way to reconcile a typical individualist with a typical socialist—

Now, it would be very easy to take the remarks of you two gentlemen seriously and see two great opposing principles, which are bound to come into collision. On the one side there is a hard, unyielding commercialism anxious to perpetuate itself, and in the other a radical reconstruction of society on definite plans and with specifications that are well understood. We must all take sides and choose once for all between this and that.

But before we get unduly excited let us take into consideration the fact that the direction of social progress is everybody's business, and we cannot tell what will be done until everybody has been consulted. It takes more than one thoroughgoing Socialist to make a revolution, and it takes more than one hard-headed business man to prevent it. If there is to be a revolution, we are to be the revolutionists—not some of us, but all of us. It will not be the effortless advance of disembodied ideas, but changes in the feeling, thinking and acting of multitudes of living men and women. . . .

After all, what are civilisation and the rights of man, and the progress of the species, and philosophy, and political economy, and socialism, and individualism, and representative government, and all the other great subjects, among friends? They are only the provisional answers to the questions which we ask when

we begin to make ourselves at home in the world: How are all the folks?

Holmes could never have contained himself within this gentle and impersonal conclusion. He believed in brotherly love of course, but it included a reasonable amount of brotherly thumping. We have fallen upon softer times in our literary history, perhaps too soft for our good. If Dr. Crothers is the Oliver Wendell Holmes of his time, the character of the time will largely account for it. Most of his contemporary essay-writers have dispositions like feather-beds.

Nobody reviews a book of Dr. Crothers without saying something about his gentle irony and kindly wit, and we hasten to mention these terms lest we by chance omit them and so seem bizarre. But wit and irony are by no means the chief characteristics of his admirable little essays. What impresses the reader first and last is the quality of moral helpfulness. Disagreeable doubts as to the ultimate triumph of the good in human nature are not left dangling at the end of any paper. Nor have we ever happened to read one either in this volume or elsewhere in which some practical and consoling moral lesson was not somewhere tucked away. Now we value this help and consolation, and if we do not at the present moment need it, we rap on wood against the day of megrims, fidgets, or diabolic seizures, when we may call loudly for it in vain. But the amount of it that is offered to us in contemporary writings is really enormous. And American literature has always abounded in books to calm us should we ever be carried away by our emotions. Its chief lack has ever been books to carry us away when we are calm. A soothing spirit is perhaps the least necessary thing to demand of an American writer. For fifty years "healthy optimism" has been the tradition of American essay-writing, and each of its most successful practitioners has been obliged, no matter with what personal reluctance, to be a sunbeam. This cheerful tendency is stronger just now than it ever was, flanked on the one side by the placidities of the "New Thought" and on the other side by the solid comfort of the hygienic re-

ligions, to say nothing of the strong commercial demand in the magazines for "uplift."

So it has come about that the American essay, like the American novel, almost completely ignores the large and interesting complexity of this tough world, which on the contrary it regards as a small and very tender planet, sometimes naughty but in the main good, and always in need of petting. In the essay, as in the novel, there is pretty general insistence on the happy ending. Dr. Crothers, being a clergyman and very susceptible to the ideals of social service now prevalent, is too often caught in this smooth current and sometimes is personally altogether submerged. We frankly say we miss him. There are plenty of colourless persons for this work, and the essay is already abundantly civic, social, helpful, fortifying and soothing. If at any moment we feel in danger, we have but to spend ten cents, and half a dozen trusty magazine contributors leap to our moral assistance. But these people look very much alike and there is no sign that they could ever do anything different; whereas in regard to Dr. Crothers we feel that he might have done more than he has to solve the great problem of the American essay to-day, which is not a moral problem at all. The great "vital," baffling, "burning" question of the American essay to-day, is how to tell one writer of it from the next.

Therefore the gentleness and kindness of Dr. Crothers are qualities which we think it highly dangerous at the present time to praise, and we would draw attention rather to certain rarer merits. There is common-sense for example—

Success, he says, consists not in doing what you want to and doing it well; it is doing what you have to and being quick about it. It is to "get there." Where "there" is, is another matter that does not much concern a practical man. A newspaper poet wrote of his hero:

He came from where he started,  
On the way to where he went.

He was successful if he got to where he went before other people arrived. Then he could pre-empt the territory and wait for pros-

perity. We should all believe in prosperity, even if it takes our last cent.

Then follows a very shrewd and amusing analysis of that practical man.

Again of popular heroes—

Those who are tremulous about the fate of the Republic have a distressing notion that free nations have often perished because some great citizen has been too much admired and trusted. The idea is that an innocent nation may be betrayed by its affections. It loves not wisely, but too well. It trusts the fond professions of a friend of the people, who betrays the confidence that he has gained, and straightway turns tyrant.

One hates to disturb such a pretty, sentimental theory; but I confess to a great scepticism when I hear this lover's complaint. Nations "have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Nations have frequently tired of freedom and yielded themselves to tyrants, but not because of guileless trust in false professions. The tyrants did not gain their power by first inspiring the people with a love of liberty and then suddenly using that power to enslave them.

Of course we must expect to hear of Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon; they are always with us when we are asked to view with alarm any one whom the people delight to honour. But when we look more closely at these formidable personages, we find a singular consistency in their characters and careers. They deceived nobody, least of all their contemporaries. Had Cato crossed the Rubicon, or Hampden driven out Parliament, or Mirabeau proclaimed himself Emperor, we might have a clear case of breach of promise. But Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon did what might reasonably have been expected. In each case the hour had struck when the Man of the Hour arrived to do the work which awaited. People at the time were looking for just such a man as he.

Then there is his love of old books which is always genuine and contagious. Many will recall their pleasure in reading his *Atlantic* paper on the "Hundred Worst Books," which is here reprinted. Above all there is his perfectly lucid and simple style, wholly free from signs of strain or affectation.

C. M. Francis.

## III

## MRS. HUGH FRASER'S "A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN MANY LANDS"*

Mrs. Fraser's book has more than ordinary interest for me, but even if I took it up as an average reader I would be interested. As it happens, I know, or have known, personally most of the people of whom she writes, and many of them are associated with my earliest childhood. Her brother, the late Marion Crawford, I knew first when he was fourteen years old and was visiting his aunt, Mrs. Adolph Mailliard, at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he spent his holidays while attending St. Paul's School in New Hampshire. Mrs. Fraser's aunts, Annie Mailliard and Julia Ward Howe, I knew as a child and after I grew up. So it is all very interesting to me. Curiously enough I do not remember seeing Mrs. Fraser, when she was little Mary Crawford, at Bordentown, though I am sure that I must have met her at her aunts, for I was a playmate of her cousins, the Mailliards.

The Crawfords came from New England, the Wards from New York. The latter lived in Bond Street, which was a residential street even in my time. Such dignified old houses, so simple and yet so spacious and comfortable! There are a few of them left, but alas! they have fallen upon evil days and bear little resemblance to their former selves.

Mrs. Fraser's grandfather, Samuel Ward, the father of Julia Ward Howe, Annie Mailliard and Louisa Crawford, was a rich man as riches were counted in his day, and he brought up his children in comfort and ease; at the same time their education was not neglected and they were taught Greek as well as to sew. There was one son, named after his father, but usually called "Sam," and later "Uncle Sam" Ward. Like some of his sisters, he had a gift for writing and published a volume of graceful verse a short time before his death. He was, however, better known for his dinners and for his success as a lobbyist than for his gifts as a poet. Sam Ward married

Emily, the daughter of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortune. "He was," says Mrs. Fraser, "a quaint old man, very keen (as fortune founders have to be, I suppose) about saving money. When my mother and aunts were staying in his house after Uncle Sam's marriage, he used to come and knock at all the bedroom doors before breakfast, calling out in his strong German accent, 'How many eggs will you each haf, my dears?' Then he would go down and tell the cook the total, and woe to any capricious guest who left one uneaten and wasted after that."

When Louisa Ward, Mrs. Fraser's mother, wanted to marry Thomas Crawford the sculptor, there was much opposition on the part of her uncle, who was her father's executor. He had not a very high opinion of artists, thought them all impecunious, and impecuniosity was to him in a married man a crime. But the young people did not propose to be made unhappy for the rest of their days by a theoretical old uncle, and they finally got married; but Mr. Crawford, who was doing well in his art, never touched a dollar of his wife's money, which he insisted should be held in trust for her by her uncle. She went to Rome, where her husband had made his home, and there she lived until the end of her days. Although in her old age much crippled with rheumatism, she loved to accompany her son Marion in his wild sailing around the Bay of Naples. The rougher the weather the better she liked it.

There were three girls born to the Crawford family before Marion came, and wild was the joy of the father when this event happened. It was at Bagni di Luca in Tuscany, on the second day of August, 1854, not 1845, as generally stated. He was baptised Francis Marion, and up to the time that he became a writer he was called Frank. From the first he gave promise of unusual strength and beauty, and as time went on, of a character equal in power and harmony to the perfection of his physical organisation, and yet she tells us, "his intellect developed slowly along the most leisurely lines." It was not until his attention was attracted by a flaring circus poster, three or four yards long printed in huge

*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.



red and black letters, that he was willing to learn to read. Once he had learned this accomplishment there was no keeping pace with him. But until this time his doting sister entertained fears that he was going to be an idiot. Once started on a course of learning he took up the study of languages, and at the time of his death he was the master of at least twenty. He used to say that he could learn a language in six weeks, and this was not boasting, for he proved that he could do so more than once.

Mrs. Fraser tells an interesting and I believe a new story about her brother's famous novel *Mr. Isaacs*, which was his first venture in the field of fiction:

He wrote it in a few weeks and then sent it to Macmillan and forgot all about the manuscript, for three months had passed and no notice was taken of it. . . . Years afterward, when, as Henry James remarked to me, Marion was "meat and drink and lodging to publishers," he was shown a letter from Mr. John Morley, now Lord Morley, who had been a reader for the firm in question. Mr. Morley's appreciation of the novel-reading public was hardly justified by events. He classes *Mr. Isaacs* as a work which would never be popular; it would not "pay well," but he advocated its production, saying that it was original and well written.

In speaking of the Bordentown days Mrs. Fraser says that Louis Mailliard, the father of Adolph, her aunt's husband, was a natural son of Joseph Bonaparte. I know that this was said but I doubt if it was ever proved. Louis Mailliard was the secretary of Joseph while he was in this country and I believe that he came over with him in that capacity. Mrs. Fraser describes his son, her uncle Adolph, as "A handsome and charming despot who at once captured my affections and made me the most willing of his subjects." Mr. Mailliard may have had the dominating qualities of the Bonapartes, but he was a much handsomer man than any member of that family whose portraits I have seen. In the first place the Bonapartes were small men, but he was large and must have stood over six feet in his stockings. I knew him well when I was a small child, and,

though a little in awe of him, we were very good chums, and I enjoyed nothing more than going to his stables, a little out of Bordentown, to see his magnificent horses, as the only business that he followed was that of raising thoroughbreds. He seemed to be well off, but I don't imagine that the greater part of his money was made by his horses, for he was not of the stuff that horse dealers are usually made.

Mrs. Fraser's book is in two volumes, and she tells of her sojourns in many lands as the wife of Hugh Fraser, an Englishman in the diplomatic service of his country. She met interesting people everywhere, in Italy as a child and later during her diplomatic life at courts. It was in Italy that she met the Brownings. Mrs. Browning she did not like and she describes her as having

great cavernous eyes, glowering out of two big bushes of black ringlets, a fashion I had not beheld before. She never laughed or even smiled once during the whole conversation, and through all the gloom of the shuttered room I could see that her face was hollow and ghastly pale. Mamma mia! but I was glad to get out into the sunshine again! All that day and long afterward I pondered why should that nice, happy Mr. Browning have such a dismally mournful lady for his wife?

These first impressions were corrected later, but she never altogether liked Mrs. Browning principally because she had no sense of humour:

One healthy gleam of humour would have outweighed a good deal of classic learning and high thinking in so far as the benefit of her influence on her contemporaries was concerned.

I hope that Mrs. Fraser is wrong, for I hate to think that a man with so keen a sense of humour as Browning should have had a wife who was destitute of that saving sense "to the extent of complete unconsciousness of its existence."

Mrs. Fraser is very outspoken in her book and may perhaps be criticised in certain quarters for her outspokenness, but that does not detract from the readability of these two volumes.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

## IV

## "COWBOY SONGS"*

Preliminary to a more scholarly and comprehensive study of American balladry, Professor Lomax has brought together in popular form the words, and in many cases the music, of about a hundred cowboy ballads, with an occasional song of the rail, the trail, or the lumber-camp, and a few narratives of notorious criminals rather grotesquely suggestive of Robin Hood. The popular rather than scholarly intent of the present volume is his excuse for occasionally selecting what seems the best line out of several versions, and for softening various unseemly simplicities of phrase. For the first surely no apology is needed, unless among pedants; the collector merely takes his place in the chain of tradition, and does precisely what another inheritor of unwritten poetry would do in handing it down. And under the circumstances, perhaps the only objection to the second is that he has done it too well: it is hard to distinguish between the naive banalities of the original and the Bowdlerisings of the collector; and in some cases doubtless asterisks would be more truly expressive.

The collection is interesting in many ways: as reflecting the spirit and the life of the frontier from the inside, unfiltered through tenderfoot and sentimentalist, as preserving the nature of a phase of life that is passing from the earth, and for the intrinsic power of the songs themselves; but it is most interesting as a study in balladry, for the light it throws upon the older traditional poetry of our race. Here are true ballads, born of the soil, unstiffened by print, moulded not by one trained singer but by many nameless native amateurs, and dealing with the elemental interests of a rough and simple environment. In form they are strikingly like the old ballads: there is the same recurrence of fixed lines and phrases, the same Homeric rigidity of epithet, the same ruggedness of lyric and rapidity of narrative; with a different

set of metres, their verse has the same swinging looseness and subordination of stress to quantity, showing that they were made for music and composed by ear; and often the melodies themselves, with their droning minors and primitive cadences, are strikingly reminiscent of English and Irish folk-song. There are even one or two cases in which a familiar modern tune has undergone a curious reversion to more primitive form. I speak here of the melodies themselves; for their harmonisations given in the volume show, to say the least, no very great sympathy with their natural character. In subject also these ballads are restricted to the same elemental themes as their prototypes: there is the narrative of notorious outlawry, always in sympathy with the outlaw and often with his deeds; the tale of deadly fight; the idyll of daily occupation; a few comic songs and drinking-songs; and most frequent of all, the lament, serious or sardonic, for hard life or faithless love. A most conspicuous quality, and perhaps the most emphatic stamp of genuine primitiveness, is the predominance of the pathetic and the utter absence of that neurotic worship of savagery which is so familiar a symptom of modern civilised art. In this matter all folk-literature is of course unanimous. The really strong and primordial man, living close to nature and the beasts, bays dog-like to the mournful moon or wails feline lamentation for his absent loves; it is the epicene by-product of civilisation who twitters of glorious passions and abysmal brutalities, and with manicured hand strokes the swelling muscles of the gladiator. Virility sings in rough notes but with unashamed sentiment of the sad, the merry and the beautiful, taking its own healthy strength as a daily matter of course; and it is worth remembering, after a surfeit upon Babylonian bull-worship, that the whole cult of the superman originated with a poor little German philosopher who lived invalid and died insane.

But the difference between these and the old English and Scotch ballads is no less marked than their similarity. In every respect of quality—in subject and tone and treatment, in style and rhythm,

*Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads. Collected by John A. Lomax, M.A.; with an Introduction by Barrett Wendell. New York: Sturgis and Walton.

in the whole form of both words and music, they are strikingly alike; they differ simply in that the Western ballads are not nearly so good. This is by no means to say that they are weak or worthless as literature: they are often picturesque and have their moments of emotional power; but the best of them fall far behind the average of those folk-poems which have resisted the erosion of centuries. And this inferiority shows itself both in restriction of subject and in cheapness of style. In a world composed almost wholly of young bachelors, where women and children are rare and the family does not exist, the folk-singer is either cut off from half his material or driven back upon lonely lamentation: you cannot expect from him a *Helen of Kirconnel*, an *Edom O'Gordon*, a *Lord Randal*, or a *May Margaret*; for their themes are no part of his existence. And in the treatment of what remains the Western singers were grievously handicapped by cheap print and the rudiments of education. An utterly illiterate person will describe vividly and narrate with vigour, because the essence of these arts is the concrete appeal to the senses, the telling of things as immediately and personally experienced: he must go to the very object for his images and to himself for his words. He has nowhere else to go for them. Likewise, the educated artist in literature will achieve these merits consciously, through mastery of language and knowledge of the canons of his art. The illiterate is innocent of banality, and the artist is above it. But the slightly educated man who has read a little and that little bad, will give to his sincerest utterances the colour of what literature he knows: his stock phrases will not be Homeric but Journalese; he will describe not vividly from the eye but vaguely from the mind; and to eke out his conscious poverty of expression he will turn eagerly to triteness, using words whose effect he does not feel. He plights his true affection instead of falling in love, and attends divine service when he goes to church. Before the times of cheap writing and cheaper schooling, folk-literature was safe from this taint of tawdriness; but in these days only conscious art can escape it.

Perhaps the fundamental difference between the old ballads and the new is a difference of environment: the difference between the border and the frontier, between war and work, the outlaw and the Bad Man, the arrow and the lariat. The old ballads were made in a society rough and primitive in material things, but at the same time in the midst of the highest civilisation of the day; in countries already mellow with age and full of the whole of life. Whereas the cowboy songs and their like were made in an environment which for a time reproduced the simplicity at the expense of the civilisation; a land of men, barren and laborious, a land of weary danger and volcanic joy. Moreover, America is still colonial in respect to her literature, and will probably, like Rome, remain so to the end of the chapter; and the West, until the last few years, was the colony of a colony. The Border lay between the earldoms of Douglas and Northumberland; the Frontier lay between the Rockies and the sea. And if it is a far cry from Robin Hood to Jesse James, it is no farther than from Sherwood forest to the alkali desert, from venison and October ale to the chuck-box and the slug of red-eye, from the primitiveness of Merry England to the primitiveness of the Wild and Woolly West.

Huntly Murray.

## V

### FREDERICK LAWTON'S "BALZAC"*

Some years ago certain writings by the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul presented the author of the *Comédie Humaine* as a man who was subject to all of man's weaknesses and some of his excesses. This attitude brought down upon the head of the Belgian collector the wrath of Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, the American woman who had excellently translated so many of Balzac's works. To her the picture was a libel, an outrageous distortion. The Balzac that she knew was the Balzac of the white tunic, going to bed at seven and rising at one in the morning, work-

*Balzac. By Frederick Lawton. New York: Wessels and Bissell Company.

ing eighteen hours at a stretch for weeks upon end, constantly preaching the value of personal chastity to his brothers of the pen, a Balzac whose life was consumed by his gigantic literary labours and his struggle with his debts. In a measure she was quite right, and so was M. de Lovenjoul quite right. Because there were several Balzacs, or rather the one Balzac had so many sides. For that reason, no matter how many books may be written about him, any new one that is the result of serious effort and study is likely to have a certain freshness and individuality.

Mr. Lawton's Balzac is the Balzac of astonishing eccentricities and magnificent dreams. The worker is there, the ascetic is there, but these are obscured a little by that Balzac who has come down to us through innumerable curious anecdotes. Now you see him as the organiser of a vast secret society, believing in it with a naïve ardour, delighting in it even more, greeting his associates of the order, when he meets them in society, with huge winks and grimaces. As a matter of fact the reviewer does not recall that Mr. Lawton refers to this phase of Balzac's life at all, but it is one of the impressions that one takes away from the book. Again it is Balzac, the colossal egotist (albeit his vanity was always more amiable than that of Victor Hugo), in fancy entering the Academy (which, after all, was far less than his due), thence stepping to the House of Peers, a member of the Upper Chamber, then a minister, and finally the monarchy overturned and Honoré de Balzac proclaimed, through the recognition of his merits and genius, the President of France. Then, in contrast, the dismounting from Pegasus, and becoming again an ordinary mortal. Henry Monnier, the caricaturist, used to relate that meeting him once on the Boulevard, the novelist tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I have a sublime idea. In a month I shall have gained five hundred thousand francs."

"The deuce, you will," replied Monnier; "let's hear how."

"Listen, then," returned his interlocutor. "I will rent a shop on the Boule-

vard des Italiens. All Paris is bound to pass by. That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes. Well, what next?"

"Next, I will establish a store for colonial produce; and, over the window, I will have printed, in letters of gold: 'Honoré de Balzac, Grocer.' This will create a scandal; everybody will want to see me serving the customers, with the classical counter-skipper's smock on. I shall gain my five hundred thousand francs; it's certain. Just follow my argument. Every day these people pass along the Boulevard, and will not fail to enter the shop. Suppose that each person spends only a sou, since half of it will be profit to me I shall gain so much a day; consequently so much a week; so much a month."

And thereupon the novelist launched into transcendental calculations, soaring with his enthusiasm into the clouds.

It was the same Henry Monnier who, meeting him another time on the Place de la Bourse, and having had to listen to another of such mirific demonstrations about a scheme from which both were to derive millions, answered drily:

"Then lend me five francs on strength of the affair."

But it was not because of literary achievement alone that Balzac considered himself worthy of the highest political honours. He held himself to be something of a seer, and in his day dreams carved up Europe on a scale of Napoleonic magnitude. It was not merely his own ardour, but what he professed to see in the political firmament that led him to urge upon Madame de Hanska the necessity of a hasty marriage. Writing in 1846:

I see Italy and Germany ready to move. Peace hangs only by a thread—the life of Louis-Philippe, who is growing old; and, if war comes, Heaven knows what would happen to us. . . . For a young and ambitious sovereign who would not want, like Louis-Philippe, above all to die quietly in his bed, how favourable the moment would be to regain the left bank of the Rhine. The populations are harassed by petty, imbecile royalties. England is at loggerheads with Ireland, who seeks to ruin her or separate from her. All Italy is preparing to shake off the yoke of

Austria. Germany desires her unity, or perhaps more liberty merely. Anyway, we are on the eve of great catastrophes. In France, it is our interest to wait, our cavalry and navy not being strong enough to enable us to triumph on land and sea; but, when these two are improved and our defence works completed, France will be redoubtable. One must admit that by the manner Louis-Philippe is administering and governing he is making her the first power in the world. Just think! nothing is factitious with us. Our army is a fine one; we have money; everything is strong and real at present. When the port of Algiers is terminated, we shall have a second Toulon in front of Gibraltar; we are advancing in the domination of the Mediterranean. Spain and Belgium are with us. This man has made progress. If he were ambitious and wished to chant the Marseillaise, he would demolish three empires to his advantage.

Following up this letter, which marked a period when the courtship was complicated with many menaces of rupture, Balzac went to Wierzchownia and remained there four months. Even there he was not free from the grandiose schemes for gaining a fortune that were forever reeking in his brain. In the trees alone of the vast estate he saw a profit of twelve hundred thousand francs, and it was not easy to convince him of the impracticability of the affair. What a land it was, that Russia that Balzac visited in the forties. Great magnificence and an utter lack of the commonest conveniences. Madame Hanska's estate was the only one of the region boasting a Carcel lamp and a hospital. Ten-foot mirrors and no paper on the walls. The whole of the Wierzchownia Castle—as big as the Louvre—was heated by straw, which was burned in stoves.

*L. E. Roussillon.*

## VI

### EMMA GOLDMAN'S "ANARCHISM"*

Every thoughtful person ought to read this volume of papers by the foremost American anarchist. In whatever way the book may modify or strengthen the opinions already held by its readers, there

*Anarchism and Other Essays. By Emma Goldman. New York: Mother Earth Publishing Association.

is no doubt that a careful reading of it will tend to bring about greater social sympathy. It will help the public to understand a group of serious-minded and morally strenuous individuals, and also to feel the spirit that underlies the most radical tendencies of the great labour movement of our day.

Emma Goldman is known by name to a very large number of people; but she is as yet not truthfully known to the public at large. There is probably no living man or woman who has been so thoroughly misrepresented. A feature of the present volume, which is interesting in itself and which helps materially to explain Miss Goldman, is the biographic sketch by Hippolyte Havel. Mr. Havel has known Emma Goldman for many years, has worked with her, has suffered in the same cause; and, in addition, is an extremely subtle, intelligent and mentally sympathetic personality. It is undoubtedly the most complete and accurate account of Emma Goldman's life that has been published, or is likely to be published, for many years to come. Future biographers will be forced to draw largely from Mr. Havel's sketch.

The body of the book is made up of twelve essays by Miss Goldman. Their titles are indicative of their tendency: "Anarchism: What It Really Stands For"; "Minorities versus Majorities"; "The Psychology of Physical Violence"; "Prisons: A Social Crime and Failure"; "Patriotism: A Menace to Liberty"; "Francisco Ferrier and the Modern School"; "The Hypocrisy of Puritanism"; "The Traffic in Women"; "Woman Suffrage"; "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation"; "Marriage and Love"; "The Drama: A Powerful Disseminator of Radical Thought."

In a brief review it is impossible to explain a philosophy and an emotional point of view which is dependent on a whole body of complex social experience new to the readers of this magazine. The point, however, at which there may be, from the very start, a meeting-ground of sympathy between the conservative world and the world which Emma Goldman tries to express is the essential idealism of anarchism. One feels this on every page of the present volume. All persons

really living love poetry—fundamental poetry, whether in verse or prose. And we love poetry not because it is fanciful, artificial, and pretty, but because it is true—the truest thing we have. When we grasp any truth profoundly it seems poetical to us.

Emma Goldman holds the opinions she has because of her idealistic passions. They are the fundamental cause of her ideas. And this is not denying her ideas truth. On the contrary, it is affirming that they possess the deepest of all truths—poetical truth. It is interesting to notice how often throughout her book she quotes, in support of her own feeling or belief, some poet or transcendental philosopher—Shelley, for instance, or Emerson.

People who are not anarchists, but who understand, would probably admit the deep ideal truth there is in the extreme individualistic, and, at the same time, the emotionally social, attitude. They would say, the best poetry teaches us this, we do not need anarchism to expound it. The socialists, for instance, who are the result of the same labour movement which produced the anarchists are impatient with the anarchists, whom they deem dreamers, unspecific, unpractical, unscientific. The real reason for the socialists' dislike is that the socialist is, in comparison, an opportunist, is looking for quick results, and feels that the more "radical" anarchist is in his way, therefore already to the socialist a little "disreputable"!

It would be unjust to suggest that general poetical truth is all there is in anarchism. Emma Goldman's book brings out many delicate psychological considerations and much specific ethical and political and economic criticism. But the general poetical truth which is an integral part of the anarchist's philosophy is the common factor between the public and the more special development of anarchistic thought. The literature of anarchism is slight and inadequate. It is difficult to appreciate what anarchists are like through their written words. But to their written words this volume of Emma Goldman's is an important contribution.

*Hutchins Hapgood.*

## VII

### JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE"*

It is, perhaps, not too much to expect that when the third volume of Mr. Allen's trilogy appears he will vouchsafe some explanation of the goal toward which he is presumably striving. So far, this is kept sedulously concealed. If the first book, *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, left the reader in some doubt as to the purpose of that singular and not too happy consideration of the primeval mysteries masked by the Christmas spirit and observances, this doubt is, in *The Doctor's Christmas Eve*, deepened to Stygian darkness. Issued independently and with separate and distinct sets of characters, these two books would be comprehensible enough in themselves as imaginative fantasies and as studies of the lawless in the sexual instinct. But with the constant insistence on the Christmas motif that binds them together, and with the careful and deliberate correlation of two intimate tragedies springing from the same source in men who are friends and neighbours, there is evidence of an intention that lies outside of and beyond the intention as contained in each book considered by itself, and that at present can scarcely even be guessed at. Unless a flood of light breaks in upon the darkness at some later point to justify this elaborate mystification, and to give decided form and significance to what is, till now, merely tantalising through its shapeless obscurity, fragmentary incompleteness, and portentous hints of an occult unity, Mr. Allen's trilogy will be a failure, dire and almost unredeemed. "Almost," because there are elements of power and beauty even in *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* which, taken individually, is very much inferior to *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, absurd and ludicrous as that book was in many respects. There, in spite of the prosy preaching of the impossible professor who lectures his wife on Christmas eve concerning the symbolism of the decorations that adorn their tree, there was a certain imaginative spell in the vision that supravened upon the actual

*The Doctor's Christmas Eve. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

setting of a quiet country parlour, and that made the stilted speaker the illusionary participant in a savage Druid rite; while the *dénouement*, more suggested than described, was managed with a certain artistic truth and dexterity, in spite of the verbal blemishes that prevent the fastidious reader from ever yielding himself wholly to this writer's evocative magic. In *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* there is but a single moment of even this partial illusion. It comes when the doctor, who has already been alluded to in the previous book, and who is here represented as having fallen in love at first sight with the wife of his friend, the professor, is impelled by a power beyond his will to pay her a visit when he knows her to be alone. He hesitates a minute before the gateway to Professor Ousley's farm, and then, dazed, but not too dazed to note that no one is in sight, he drives in:

The main driveway approached the house almost straight; but a few yards inside the gate there branched from it another, which led toward the sequestered portions of the grounds. It was private and for pleasure; it formed a feature of the landscape gardening of earlier times when country places were surrounded by parklike lawns and forests and stone fences. It skirted the grounds at a distance from the house, passed completely round it, and returned to the main driveway at the point where it started. Thus it lay about the house—a circle.

Slowly the doctor's buggy began to enclose the house within this circle, this coil, this arm creeping around and enclosing a form.

In spots along the drive the shrubbery was dense, and forest trees overhung. He had scarcely entered it when a bird flitted across his path: softest of all creatures that move on wings, with its long, gliding flight, a silken, voluptuous grace of movement—the raincrow. It flew before him a short distance and alighted on a low, overhanging bow—its breast turned, as if waiting for him. Its wings during that flight resembled the floating draperies of a woman fleeing with outstretched arms; and as it now sat quiet and inviting, its throat looked like a soft throat—bared.

There is more of this scene, but the portion quoted is enough to show Mr. Allen at his best. It reveals true poetic

sentiment and considerable subtlety in the suggestion and interpretation of the unconscious element in man's emotional experience by the modern method of symbolism. Here is something rare in our contemporary literature. There is no other American writer, surely, who could take as his subject the naked promptings of physical desire and raise the treatment to a plane so spiritual and romantic. But, unfortunately, such spots are in Mr. Allen's work few and far between. There is an eternal combat in the writer himself between the poet, so seldom purely and adequately revealed, and the jejune, ill-disciplined, uninspired and wholly humourless expositor of psychological and biological theories which turn his head and throw his art into confusion. If he had long ago abandoned himself to the fantasies of his imagination, to "the vagabondage of his dream," Mr. Allen might originally have become one of our great writers. But behind the poet lurks the Presbyterian, who warps his artistic inclinations and tempts him to tailor a moral garment out of a fabric too fine-spun for such utilitarian uses. This is not primarily the story of a middle-aged doctor's love for another man's wife. If it were, it would be noteworthy as an attempt, wholly honourable, to treat of love under some other aspect than that of the immature sentiment of boys and maidens which forms almost the sole insipid stock in trade of our novelists. But this love story is but an incident. Mr. Allen must have a problem. He must bring children into his story and endeavour to demonstrate the effect upon their young minds of a family atmosphere poisoned by a false situation. For the doctor's wife knows that she is not loved, and little by little their son divines the family skeleton, till one awful day he tells his mother that not she but the "other lady" should be the mother of his sister and himself. Thus is the sin of the fathers visited upon the sons, and, indeed, upon the fathers themselves, for the intimate tragedy of this story lies in the doctor's clairvoyant perception from the start that the very affection and admiration which his son has for him is bound to become a source of spiritual corruption.

This is clear enough. But it is one thing to state a problem and another to put it into action. It is in the attempt to develop such a situation and to lend some semblance of human truth to the characters in its exposition that Mr. Allen's art breaks down. Mr. James, who has none of his poetry, would have easily mastered all the difficulties involved in this obscure psychological problem which has a certain affinity to that which he treated with such mastery in *The Turn of the Screw*. For Mr. Allen, however, they lie beyond the range of all possibility. His children, who are necessarily cast for rôles of the first importance, are absurd little mannikins who have in them nothing of the spirit of childhood, and who, therefore, utterly ruin the illusion, while the vicious method of indirection employed in getting the thin tissue of essential facts before the reader, coupled with the complication again, for the second time, of the human motif with a metaphysical and transcendental interpretation of the Christmas mysteries, lead to a vague and baffling confusion. Perhaps we shall learn some day the significance of this sedulous centring on a single Christmas eve—for the action of the two books seems to be synchronous—of so much human tragedy, but at present Mr. Allen is in sole possession of his secret, and he has well guarded the first two syllables of his charade against the raising of the curtain on the final scene that will spell out for us, we hope, the missing word of this mystery.

W. A. Bradley.

### VIII

#### MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS'S "THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE"*

The taste for moral sayings or "sentences" has always been a marked trait of the English genius in literature. Mingled with a relish for humorous whimsicality and eccentric characterisation, it remains a feature of American fiction. What character recurs more fre-

quently in our most popular novels than the rustic philosopher who holds forth at the cross-roads store, and seasons his rude wisdom with a strong spice of the vernacular? The *fin lettré* may feel disdain for the crudeness of the convention which keeps the type alive, and which constructs a hundred such Socrates of the wood-shed and front yard, out of a few well-worn aphorisms whose novelty, in each instance, consists solely in the manner in which they are revamped with a new homeliness of simile, and tortured into a new uncouthness of expression. But for the great public there is no staleness in the repetition, and each remote descendant of Polonius is received with warm welcome as guide, counsellor and friend, and is added piously to the already well-filled gallery of familiar deities—the lares and penates of American hearth-side shrines.

It is the distinction of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice that, in her *Mrs. Wiggs*, she created the feminine counterpart of David Harum, and blazed a new path for those women writers qualified to enter that particular field of fiction wherein didactic intention is masked by mild sentimentality, and humorous character study. Such a writer is Miss Daviess, whose delineation of a little group of Tennessee country folk living on the "Providence Road," is at once differentiated from the work of the writers of the earlier local colour school dealing with the same locality, by its lack of insistence upon any particular traits that set these people apart from the people of any other section. Miss Daviess's characters—Mother Mayberry, Squire Tutt, the Deacon, and all the rest—are merely rustics of a conventional type that is recognised at once as belonging rather to fiction than to life. Mother Mayberry, whose heart is welling with love for all her neighbours; who is possessed of such sound good sense and tact in the application of it to the affairs of village life; who finds a solution for every difficulty; who supplies the sick with simple remedies for their ailments, and the well with cup custards and raised biscuits—her motto, and that of her kind, would seem to be: "Eat and the world eats with you"—and who is of an inexhaustible

*The Road to Providence. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.



sentimentality and loquaciousness—is there any one who does not at once recognise this central figure, about whom all the mild happenings in this simple little book revolve, through having met her, not in any known circle of society, but in more books than one can recall by title? Let us admit that she is a good soul, but let us also be grateful that she is always safely confined behind the bars of a book. For who could possibly stand the terrors of daily intercourse with one who releases such a flow of words on the slightest provocation, who invariably curses the sacred silences of sorrow and sympathy with a ready-made discourse, and who, with a fiendish aptitude for the figurative style of expression, seems ever half gasping with impatience to fling the flowers of her exuberant fancy at the sufferer she would encourage and refresh? A woman of this kind, if she really existed, would, in spite of the feverish goodness of her heart, be a public nuisance, and would never be mistaken for anything but a maniac. Sentimental paranoia is her malady.

As for the story itself, it is too slight for criticism or analysis, but those who are sentimentally inclined will find pleasure in the love-story of a famous singer lady who loses her voice and the handsome young doctor who helps her to find it.

*Cleveland Palmer.*

## IX

### MARIE VAN VORST'S "FIRST LOVE"*

It is a simple theme which Miss Van Vorst has chosen for the subject of her latest novel, one of those tragedies of youth that are so tragically serious to the youth himself and so tragically amusing to the rest of the world. For the rest of the world never takes very seriously the love of a youth for an older woman who happens furthermore to be married to another man. But Miss Van Vorst has given us such an excellent portrayal, appealing in its simplicity and directness, of John Bennett's hopeless love for the beautiful

*First Love. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mrs. Bathurst, that we cannot fail to give him a full measure of sympathy, whatever we might have done if we had been looking on in actuality. For John Bennett is really alive and very likable from the moment when he is first introduced to us, a tousle-haired twelve-year-old, hiding in a corner of a dismantled drawing-room while strangers haggle over his dead father's belongings, until the moment when he passes from the pale of our interest into the commonplace of a proper and conventional marriage, to which we are quite indifferent. In fact, there is nothing else in the book quite as good as the portrayal of the boy's feelings while his father's prize gun is being auctioned off, and his inability to express his gratitude when this beloved object is restored to him. The little scene is written with a loving understanding of the shy dumbness of the manly boy that is worthy of all praise.

He endured whacks and bruises and hurts as all manly boys do, but he could not bear this sacrifice. His father's own prize gun! "Gosh, dang!" he said, and was sincerely profane.

And equally good is the clumsy "About that gun—it's all right!" with which the boy expresses his heart's overflowing gratitude.

When John grows to young manhood and bestows the first great love of his heart on the woman who gave him back the cherished gun, we are sincerely sympathetic. Also do we give a full mead of interest to Virginia Bathurst's natural leaning toward the charm of clean-minded, clean-blooded youth, while fate has linked her life to sottish middle age. We watch her wise and brave control of her feelings and condone her slight momentary yieldings. But in face of this, her refusal to marry John when death sets her free, is so utterly unmotivated, that as far as the reader's interest is concerned the story stops then and there, and all that has gone before is of no value. There may have been many reasons for the step, but the author should have told us some of them.

This point is one of the most serious faults of construction in a book which has many good qualities, and which

otherwise is written with a simple evenness of style that marks a decided advance over some of Miss Van Vorst's other work. There are other little blots—for instance, any lover of horses sport would have his enjoyment of the splendidly told episode of John's accident in the Horse Show ring dampened by the initial improbability that a stalwart, broad-shouldered six-footer, weighing presumably one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds at the least, should be

chosen to put a "featherweight" mare over the hurdles.

Unimportant as it is of itself, the little incident is characteristic of a certain carelessness which marks all of Miss Van Vorst's work. This writer has so much undeniable power and directness of portrayal, so much natural ability that the well-wishing critic may be pardoned a regret that she does not think it worth while to acquire craftsmanship.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

## PORTRAIT PAINTING AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



It seems at first thought like a rather superfluous question to ask to what extent a novelist ought to be a verbal portrait painter. The novelist is a maker of pictures in prose and of course, one would say off-hand, his various characters ought to be presented to us with the clear-cut vividness of portraits so that we may know the shape and colouring of their features, the clothes they wear, the very soul of them looking out from eyes of grey or blue or brown. Stated in this way, the whole question seems axiomatic and quite beyond any need of discussion. But there is this distinction, and a rather important one, between the portrait of a person in real life and the portrait of a character in a novel; between a painting of Napoleon or George Sand or Sarah Bernhardt, on the one hand, and of Mr. Pickwick or Becky Sharp or Terence Mulvaney, on the other; namely, that the people out of real life are actual, every detail about them is a prosaic matter of fact; they could be measured a hundred times by the Bertillon system and always give the same results; whereas a character in a novel is not seen, and never can be seen, in precisely the same way by any two readers. It is probable that if all the separate impressions made upon all the separate readers of *Don Quixote*, for instance, or *Les Trois Mousquetaires* could

be brought together into composite photographs, the resultant pictures would not vary very widely from the separate conceptions of the Knight of La Mancha or of Athos or Porthos or D'Artagnan. But it is really this small limit of variation, this right which we each one of us have to see a fictional character through our own eyes, that makes our friends in the book world so much more real to us than the characters in recorded history ever can be—it even explains the familiar paradox that Richard the Lion Hearted of Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Richard Yea-and-Nay of Maurice Hewlett are more real to us all than the king of historic text-books can ever be.

Now the reason why a character in fiction is seen by us more vividly when drawn by the author in a somewhat impressionistic fashion with a certain proportion of the details left out, is that we are able to associate that character with some one whom we know more or less intimately. Any of the familiar figures in public life whose faces look back at us month by month from the magazines and whose words and actions are chronicled in the daily press are, in one sense of the word, too close to us, too definite and actual, for our imaginations to become active about them; and on the other hand, because they are so clear-cut, so definitely just what they are and nothing else, we get an exaggerated sense

of their remoteness. But a character in a novel, if not given to us with too great a lavishness of detail, is very apt to call up in our minds a more or less conscious association with some one we know. For instance, take a short story in which the author has not troubled himself to do more than imply that the girl is young and attractive with brown hair and grey eyes: it is more than likely that in reading what this girl says and does you will find yourself exclaiming: "Why, that is Kate! That is Kate to the life!" But if the writer had gone a little further and with a portrait painter's accuracy had traced the oval of her cheek, the angle of nose and chin, had mentioned her two dimples and one tiny little mole behind the left ear, he would at once have spoiled for you that mental association which was the key to your visualisation—because Kate, your Kate, may not happen to have those same curves and angles, those dimples and that mole.

Now we cannot argue from this that it is better art to discard portraiture from fiction, to paint only the hearts and brains of our characters and leave their outward forms mere lay figures, convenient blanks for each reader to fill in at pleasure. In this matter, as in everything else, pertaining to fiction, the secret of success lies in compromise of an intelligent sort. Description of the colour of hair and eyes, the material and the cut of clothes is, after all, in last analysis, a question of economy of means. Thackeray wanted to be told what kind of trousers a man wore, because he found such knowledge a valuable key to character: Jane Austen was delighted when, at an exhibition of paintings, she came across a portrait which realised her own conception of one of her characters—and what pleased her about it was that the portrait verified her own private belief that that character's favourite colour was, if I remember rightly, green. Now both these novelists were instinctively upon the right track. The colour and texture of clothing, the outward adornment of ribbons and laces and jewels, are all important, so long as they give a key to character or, in any way whatever, enter into the fabric of the story; in other words, so long as they are

of structural importance. And there are many details which we can assume to be structurally important in a long novel and which would not be important in a five thousand word short story. There are, for instance, plenty of short stories in which the colour of the heroine's hair and eyes is not mentioned. But it would be difficult to imagine a full-length novel which did not state or at least convey to us by inference these elemental details. And the moment we go beyond the more ordinary variations of physical appearance, and especially if we overstep the boundary line of the normal and verge upon physical deformity, we must be sure that such deformity is essential to the story we have to tell and that without it our story would have been radically different or else have remained untold. The one excuse for that very repulsive novel, *Sir Richard Carmody*, is that without the special deformity of the central figure there would have been no story to write. The hidden ears of Donatello in *The Marble Faun* is another and pleasanter illustration of the case in point. The whole story hinges upon the question raised in the reader's mind whether those ears were like those of any normal man, or whether they were furry and pointed. Indeed, this illustration is even better than it seemed at first sight because it is a rather rare case of a physical detail which is left vague for each reader to fill in as he pleases, and yet at the same time is, by a trick of suggestion, so sharply defined that, whatever you finally choose to think, you cannot for an instant escape from the startling vividness of one abnormal possibility.

A very good way in which to convince ourselves that the real masters of fiction do not describe their characters beyond the extent necessary to an understanding of the part they play in the story, is to call to mind the mingled feeling of surprise, disappointment and resentment that we have all felt over the attempt of some artist to realise some of our favourite characters in a series of illustrations. Sometimes, of course, an artist blunders from not having read the text with sufficient care. But far more often the source of our disappointment lies in that element in the portrait about which

the novelist has remained silent and which the artist has conceived in a manner utterly different from our own conception.

Somebody will be quite likely to raise the objection that the whole theory herein set forth, that description should always be limited only to the structural necessities of the story, leaving a sufficient liberty to each reader to fill in details to suit himself, contradicts the admirable law laid down by Maupassant who in turn received it from Flaubert: that if you are describing a field or a tree, a horse or a man, you should study and ponder over the outward physiognomy of the object you are depicting until you have found the one inevitable word or phrase that will bring out with the utmost possible brevity and conciseness the difference between that field or tree or horse or man and all the others in the whole world. But in reality there is no contradiction here. The very fact that Maupassant requires us to seek for the one inevitable word or phrase instead of the hundred words or hundred phrases shows that he does not for an instant mean that we must give a complete and exhaustive picture of the object we are trying to draw. On the contrary, the whole principle of description with him is impressionism; to convey a portrait with the fewest and sharpest lines possible. His mind seized upon some one detail, whether in the tree or in the horse, that made it different to him from all others; and his purpose was accomplished, if he succeeded in making you or me see a tree or a horse that to us was different from all the others we had ever seen. Whether our exceptional tree or horse was identical with his was entirely beside the question; we might even imagine a case where, if he had given a greater abundance of detail, his tree or horse might have ceased in our eyes to be individual and have become a commonplace experience.

*Jim Hands*, by Richard Washburn Child, is a rather good example of the way in which a distinct impression of personality may be conveyed to the reader with a minimum of physical description. Excepting for

an eight-page prologue, the whole story is a monologue in the first person by Jim Hands himself, and all that we know about him in a physical way is that he is a grey-haired, horny-handed foreman of the "upper leather room" in a shoe factory. The narrative, so loosely constructed that it puzzles one to know whether to call it a novel or not, deals mainly with the story of Jim Hands's daughter, Katherine; and of Katherine we have just one brief portrait, worded as follows:

She had the rich, half-red, half-brown mass of hair which so often is seen as a peculiar beauty conferred upon women with cold, white, transparent skins and small stature. In this girl, however, the luxury of colour and mass crowned a figure which was tall, erect, pliant, and poised as only healthy bodies can be, with the suggestion of easy muscular action unhampered by too much weight. And the flesh of her hands, her face, and neck was of that warm colour that suggests, like a field of ripening grain, the open air and sunlight.

A fairly detailed portrait, you think, as you read. You imagine that you know Katherine well enough to recognise her if you met her casually this afternoon in the street; and that is precisely the impression the author was trying to make. Yet, as a matter of fact, how much do you know about her? Why, merely that she is tall, well formed, with red-brown hair and the warm colouring that goes with health—a description that fits a number of women in the average man's experience. And yet, as Jim Hands unfolds the intimate story of his daughter's life, from the moment when he first realises that "children is a terrible investment," down to the moment when the responsibility for this particular investment is transferred into other and younger hands, we are under the illusion that we know Katherine in a very vivid and personal way—far more so than if we had had a colour portrait of her painted by some master artist. Of the book as a whole there is this to be said: that it is full of rough common sense, hearty good will and simple pathos; that it makes us acquainted with a number of humble, yet big-hearted people; and that even where the old foreman in his ram-

bling narrative drops now and then into a mood approaching farce comedy it is without coarseness and always with a certain wise seriousness lurking behind it. Jim Hands himself is a character whose acquaintance it is a real pleasure to make, not only because he is so much bigger than the lot in life to which fate has assigned him, but because he has, underneath the rugged surface, such a wealth of sympathy and comprehension and affection, for those that are near and dear to him. *Jim Hands* may not be a book constructed according to the modern rules of technique; but that does not prevent it from being a rather big book because of its deep understanding of human nature.

*The Readjustment*, by Will Irwin, is an interesting little volume for a number of different reasons. In the first place, it is a good example of the modern impressionistic portrait painting with a minimum of sure, swift strokes. The man and the woman about whom the story mainly revolves are presented to us at the start in an apricot orchard in southern California. The young man, Bertram Chester, is a college student earning his tuition through the summer months by picking fruit in Judge Tiffany's orchards; the young woman, Eleanor Gray, is the owner of the adjoining ranch. Chester, we are told, is "a stalwart boy of perhaps two and twenty, broad, though a bit over-heavy, in the shoulders"; that his eyes are "long, brown and ingenuous"; and that "under his wide and flapping sombrero peered the front lock of his straight, black hair." Eleanor is introduced first of all as "a girl all in brown, dust-resistant khaki," and with "great, grey eyes." We get a little further light upon both of them when the young man, with more frankness than good taste, tells her in almost the first words that they exchange: "They say you're one of the smartest ranchers in these parts, and also the prettiest girl around Santa Lucia." This is the beginning of a distinctly enjoyable little romance in a delightful setting of sunshine and warmth and the open-air beauty of trees and flowers; and underlying it is a more serious note of a

clash of temperaments, and instinctive recognition on the part of these two that, however strong the physical attraction between them may be, with its appeal of youth and health and high spirits, nevertheless, there is between her innate refinement and his coarser nature an impalpable barrier which refuses to be broken down. There is one other character of real structural importance, Eleanor's friend, Kate. Now Kate is a young woman lacking very large in all those more delicate traits which make Eleanor shrink from Bertram's vulgarity; and, because the young man's breadth of shoulder and carelessly outspoken admiration appeal to her she proceeds without scruple to win him away from her friend. It looks, for a while, as though Mr. Irwin had nothing especially new to say in this book; as though it was aiming toward the rather hackneyed culmination of a rivalry between two women in which the finer natured of the two was destined to be the victim. But just at the end Mr. Irwin introduces an entirely new twist to an old situation and the "re-adjustment" which takes place under the very shadow of death solves a difficult situation in a way that is eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

*White Roses*, by Katharine Holland Brown, is another pleasant little idyll of the Far West. Corinna Curtis is a young woman who gives her relatives considerable anxiety be-

cause, while surrounded by a growing swarm of admirers, some of whom are eligible while some are not, she gives not the slightest indication of any wish to make up her mind and to settle down sensibly. When her cousin, Tom, is sent to Arizona to superintend the survey for a new railroad, his wife, Millicent, has numerous misgivings about taking Corinna with them, ostensibly because she is afraid the poor child will have a rather stupid time in the midst of a desert, but really because she foresees the havoc which Corinna is going to cause among the scattered male population throughout a hundred mile radius. In this respect, her misgivings are amply justified: and therein lies the whole sum and substance of the story. Upon Corinna's ar-

rival at the desolate little railway station, eighteen miles from the nearest house, with no one waiting to meet her and no idea of what she must do next, she meets and incidentally snubs a certain man by the name of Morgan, whom the natives have exalted to a hero and fondly call El Amigo. This man, sprung from unknown parents and possessed of only the fragmentary education that he has been able to give himself, forms a note of exaggerated romanticism throughout what would otherwise be a graphic and perfectly natural portrayal of real life. Aside from the first chapter and the last, Morgan comes but little into the story; but in every chapter a single, mysterious white rose arrives by mail for Corinna, gathered no one knows where, in the heart of the desert. And in every chapter just as one eligible suitor after another has reached the crucial point in his declaration and Corinna is about to capitulate, something or other is sure to happen to bring into her mind a comparison with Morgan—a comparison always unfavourable to the other suitor. Of course, one foresees from the very structure of the book that it must end only one way—with the triumph of romanticism and white roses. And perhaps there may be some readers who will share the author's evident admiration for her hero, El Amigo. But even those of us who think otherwise will be repaid for reading the book by its pervading tone of clever comedy and by the exceedingly natural and often tender domesticity in the chapters devoted to the intimate interests of Corinna's cousins Tom and Millicent.

The present reviewer is willing to concede that it may be largely his own fault

**"The Bird  
in the Box"**

that he fails to understand what Miss Mary Mears, the author of *The Bird in the Box*, is trying to do, throughout the greater part of that rather rambling novel. The heroine is the granddaughter of an old fisherman on the New England coast. Her mother died at her birth; her father had already disappeared, no one knew where, obeying an instinctive craving to sail away, aimlessly, across the seas. The girl has grown up in a rather primitive way, in

the healthful freedom of the open air and has developed a delicate and rare beauty. When, on the threshold of womanhood, she has no close friend save her grandfather and a young boy of French extraction, a moody, unbalanced fellow of about her own age. Suddenly one day, she meets on the shore a man from the city, an impulsive, erratic young inventor—a man who when the inventive fit is upon him, forgets everything and everybody, the ties of affection and the letter of written contracts. At the moment of their meeting, he is in the pay of a big lithographing company to which he is under contract to perfect a new kind of roller. They have sent him to this fishing village so that he may work in quiet and they pay him well, partly because the president of the company believes in him, partly also because the president's daughter is in love with him and has used her influence. Meanwhile, he forgets all about the roller and becomes absorbed in a new instrument for measuring the depth of water; and days lengthen into weeks while he and the fisherman's granddaughter float around the waters in a rowboat testing his new invention. Then, when she has learned to love him, he gets a letter or two from the city and promptly leaves her. There is probably some sort of connection between this disappointment of hers and her newly conceived plan to leave the home of her birth, take her grandfather with her, now too old to work, and friendless and with little money, seek her fortune in New York. Frankly, this whole proceeding impresses one as being quite as wild a bit of melodrama as the episode of little Nell and her grandfather in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Well, they have their troubles, not quite as they would have had them in real life, but still sufficient to make a few rather harrowing chapters. The grandfather is stricken with paralysis, and the young girl learns what it is to be cold and hungry and to know the interior of pawnshops. But when things are darkest she makes the acquaintance of a millionaire jeweler, old enough to be her father, who persuades her to marry him. For several chapters we have been expecting that the erratic young inventor would reappear: and sure enough, he

does. He greets her quite theatrically one night, standing beside the door of her carriage as she and her millionaire husband leave the opera. She realises at once that she still loves the inventor, in spite of the fact that she is a wife and that he meanwhile has eloped with the lithographer's daughter and is living in something very like a garret, hoping vainly for paternal forgiveness. Now in real life a young woman possessing even a tithe of the high mindedness with which this heroine is endowed would have felt keenly the awkwardness of the situation; but she has not a single scruple in manœuvring to have her husband's millions used in financing the enterprises of her inventor-lover. We almost forgot to mention, by the way, that her husband has made her a present of a Swiss mechanical toy consisting of a jewelled box from the top of which, at the touch of a spring, a little bird appears and sings a sweet, sad little song. This bird in the box she morbidly chooses to regard as a symbol of her own marriage. It is hardly worth while to carry the analysis of the plot any further, through the scenes of the husband's jealousy and the wife's indiscretion, down to the rampant melodrama occasioned by the half-witted French boy of the earlier chapters who quite thoroughly accomplishes his mad desire to make trouble by committing homicidal assault, arson, and suicide, all in the same hour. It is not the purpose of this review to comment further upon a plot which seems so abundantly to speak for itself. But at least, Miss Mears deserves credit for the extraordinary ingenuity by which out of this orgy of crime and disaster she finds a way of making her heroine not merely contented but actually glad to be a "bird in the box."

In a book where the main interest is psychological, the question of physical portraiture becomes a secondary consideration. How a man or a woman looks may be a vital matter when we are dealing with overt acts: there is much truth in the cynical Frenchman's maxim that if Cleopatra's nose had been a fraction of an inch longer, the whole history of the world would be

changed. But where the interest of a story all centres in the working of one human brain, the shape of nose or colour of hair and eyes does not so much matter. An admirable case in point is *The Rest Cure*, by W. B. Maxwell, and considered as a study of cerebral mechanism, the book is something close akin to a stroke of genius. It concerns the career of an English statesman and financier; a man who, if not literally sprung from the people, is at least several social strata below the exclusive circles of rank and title. He belongs to that rather rare type of men with a big brain and indomitable will, eminently practical in his views of life, and determined at all costs to be a master of men. The art of introspection, the ability to analyse his own motives or those of other people is something he has never practised. He is neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but essentially a forceful, successful politician and business man. Because of his inability to know what failure means, he wins the hand of the woman he loves, although at the time he is only at the beginning of fame and fortune, while she has all the pride of family and of wealth. Now here is the brief epitome of the main material facts of this marriage. Even in the honeymoon, the bride is divided between her admiration for her handsome, powerful, commanding husband and her mortification at his frequent bad manners and bad temper. And this double attitude toward him, while it does not cause any open break between them during the first years of the marriage, does seem to explain a rather strange break between them after the birth of their third child. This child is sickly from the first and its death two years later has seemed inevitable. The wife's love meanwhile has withdrawn utterly from her husband and after the child's death she leaves him, not insisting that the separation shall be permanent, but pleading pitifully that he shall give her time. The husband, who cares more than he ever before realised for the wife, slowly breaks down, under the combined strain of his colossal business and political interests and his domestic troubles; and suddenly, without warning, his splendid physical strength goes to pieces and he finds himself in a

#### "The Rest Cure"

sanitarium doomed to complete and permanent wreck, with nerves and brain and heart weakened beyond repair. To a man of his active, aggressive nature, life such as is mapped out for him by the doctors is worse than death; but there is one young doctor who becomes vitally interested in his case and decides, as an experiment, to give him a new interest in life. So, slowly and persistently, he teaches the invalid how to use his brain in a new way; the old business activity would kill him, but the quiet, scholarly, introspective sort of brain work is the best tonic he can have. Thanks to the novelty of it, the sick man takes a new lease of life; his wife returns to him through pity and remains, through newly awakened love; and for many months he drags on a crippled existence of tranquil happiness, amusing himself by writing the memoirs of his life, illuminating it with the searchlight of his newly acquired analytical powers. He finds that he has persistently misunderstood the motives of men and women and that often he has owed his success to these misunderstandings, because they have helped him make lucky guesses, whereas a better knowledge would often have made him afraid to act. Most of these discoveries cause him keen amusement; but there is one discovery about his past life on the brink of which he hovers for a long time, gropingly: namely, the reason why that third child came between his wife and himself, making her, for the time being, hate him. And when the truth finally bursts upon him, it kills him as surely as a pistol bullet, leaving him barely time to learn the name of the other man, to hear the wife's confession and to whisper his understanding and his forgiveness. The book is a finely artistic development of an unusual and difficult theme.

*A Man's Man*, by Iain Hay, is a book that well deserves its growing popularity because it is so pleasantly unusual. When the book opens, Hughie Marrable is just finishing his course at the University of Cambridge and we get an exceedingly vivid and slightly ironical description of a "bumping" race between the college crews, in

which Hughie leads his college to victory. Incidentally, we get a pretty good idea of the pent-up energy inside that strenuous young man which prepares us for the remarkable adventures that lie ahead of him. Hughie's uncle believes in foreign travel as the best possible finishing school for a young man; and when Hughie, fresh from his victory on the river, learns that the girl he hoped to marry has pledged herself to some one else he is quite willing to follow out his uncle's wishes. From this point on the underlying idea of the story is not unlike that of Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty*, in so far as it pictures the development of a man's character by rather rough usage at the hands of nature and his fellow-men. Like Norris's Ross Wilbur, Hughie Marrable, in the course of his travels, is shanghaied on board a sailing vessel; and his subsequent adventures in the form of mutinies, storms and shipwreck are sufficiently lively to satisfy any but a vitiated taste. At all events, Hughie returns to England much as Ross Wilbur returns to San Francisco, a thorough man's man within and without, and with small use for social refinements of the pink-tea variety. He does, however, remember, with some pleasure a small child of the feminine sex who, at the time of his departure from England, when he was still smarting under disappointed love, had tried to console him by saying sympathetically: "Never mind, I'll marry you when I'm grown up." During these intervening years this ingenuous young person has been completing the task of growing up; and with growth has come a change of mind and a forgetfulness of her promise. If Hughie's Uncle Jimmy had not been a wise and far-sighted old gentleman, the story might have ended with untimely promptness. But thanks to his rather peculiar and clever adjustment of money matters, a wilful young woman is forced to take a sensible view of what is best for her, and a clever little story is brought to a natural and sympathetic conclusion.

It will not be necessary to expend many words in giving a rather cordial endorsement to *The Court of Lucifer*, the latest volume by Nathan Gallizier, author of *Castel del Monte* and *The Sorceress*



*of Rome.* The setting of Mr. Gallizier's novels is mediæval Rome; the theme of this latest book is the story of Lucrezia Borgia, not according to accepted traditions, but in the kindlier light of documentary evidence. Of the book, all that it is necessary to say here is that it represents the better type of serious historical fiction;

that the author's painstaking care of detail and patient research are evident throughout without unduly obtruding themselves and that his whole picture glows with a sumptuous colour and a richness of fabric that well accord with the fierce passions and the deep undercurrent of plot and counterplot with which his theme deals. The volume is a worthy successor to his previous works.

## AT TWILIGHT

BY AGNES GARFIELD SMITH

There are dreams at dawn and dreams at dark,  
 But the dreams my heart loves best  
 Are the dreams that come when the silent sun  
 Drops out of the blazing west;  
 Drops out of the blazing west, dear heart,  
 To the depths of the scarlet sea,  
 And the silver mists of the eventide  
 Steal on and on toward me.

For the dreams adrift in those silver mists  
 Are dreams that are wondrous fair—  
 As sweet as the lilt of a spring-tide song  
 And as sacred as answered prayer;  
 As sacred as answered prayer, dear heart,  
 Dreams of the children we both shall love  
 In the beauty of after-years.  
 Tender as angels' tears—



# THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

## PRELIMINARY PAPER

*In our April and May numbers there will appear two papers on "The Story of Modern Book Advertising." As has been announced in the BOOKMAN prospectus for 1911, these papers will show by text and pictorially the devices by which the most striking books of the past quarter of a century have been exploited. As a preparation for the writing of these papers Mr. Tassin has gone very thoroughly over the subject of the advertising of books in its historical aspect. The result of this research is the following "Preliminary Paper," which shows, among other things, that even Addison and Steele were not above resorting to devices which are soundly condemned in the present day.*



HERE was no need to advertise the first recorded books. The entire edition, strictly an *edition de luxe*, was invariably sold out before publication. They were the baked-clay tablets struck off for the Chaldean royal residences, and there were probably never more than three copies made of any one book. The publisher, too, was the property of the purchaser, and he was paid for publication in a manner that precluded any risk whatever on his part. The first bookmen who were not thus totally independent of trade fluctuations were Egyptians who made their living, in what a humourist might insinuate is not even to-day an unallied industry, as superintendents of the dead. As in Chaldea, publishing was still a side line; it was only a subordinate activity of funeral directors to dispose of copies of the *Book of the Dead* among the friends of the deceased as a memorial. But they are, as far as is known, the first to undertake the disposal of books under any ordinary trade conditions. Between them and the next recorded bookmen there is a great gap, for, although the Preacher declares with some weariness that of the making of books there was no end, nothing is written of the circumstances of their publication and distribution. In Greece, as far as is ascertained, only a very small class of men

owned books, and there was probably no publishing machinery. All references lead one to infer that the price of books was so high as to keep them the rarest of luxuries for the very rich alone. The Roman occupation about 150 B. C. began to change this, for the Roman genius for management seems to have extended into every social activity, and probably as soon as the people of Rome began to want books at all there were enterprising fellows who saw a way to get them on the market upon competitive terms. As, also, Alexandria became after the conquest a great book centre, one is doubtless safe in saying it was Rome that gave the effective commercial impulse to book-making.

### ROMAN PUBLISHING HOUSES

There were in Augustan Rome established publishing houses which not only turned out large numbers of books, but many editions of them, and at an incredibly small price. That their arrangements were business-like may be inferred from the testimony of Horace. He relates that when an author failed to please the metropolis the publishers shipped the entire edition of his works to the provinces, and if he still failed to go off as writer they made arrangements to bring him back again and sell him as paper to the pastry and spice shops. One great firm in Rome had over two thousand trained slave copyists; and their work was swift

and cheap, for Martial writes that they had ready an edition of a thousand copies of his *Epigrams* in just one hour to be sold at ten cents a copy. The exceedingly large reading public which all this indicates must have been many years in growing, and one may assume that Rome had long been a city of readers. Atticus, the publisher of Cicero, had a great many modern methods in the conduct of his business, and the fact that Cæsar's *Commentaries* were very quickly dispatched to the outposts of civilisation shows that the machinery of distribution was also well organised. Thus we may conclude that the advertising and publicity department was in good shape.

#### THE OLD, OLD TRICKS

From the earliest times in both Greece and Rome placards announcing the gladiatorial exhibitions were posted on walls; and as there is mention of the fact that Roman booksellers placarded the outer walls of their shops with the titles of new books, one may guess that so wide-awake a firm as the brothers Sosii knew how to bill the town also. This is the more likely, as Martial tells us that when he wrote advertisements for the booksellers in the shape of epigrams he specified, along with the form and the price of the book, the place where it was offered for sale. Martial had all the advertising dodges of the day at his finger tips, and probably introduced a few new ones. An author so keenly alive to the commercial aspects of his profession would hardly have advertised the baths of Etruscus for nothing, and one may guess that he knew what he was about when he referred requests for copies of his poems to his bookseller. He probably engaged in selling his own books even more actively than this, and he was not above turning a thrifty penny by selling the complimentary copies which the Roman publishers were in the habit of allowing authors for advertising purposes. For authors in Rome had long been engaged in widening the demand for their works. Poets, according to Pliny, used to distribute their prospectuses. But the instant popularity of a new scheme for advertising showed that "it filled a long-felt want" in bringing the author into closer contact with the pub-

lic. This was the practice of giving free public readings, introduced by Asinius Pollio. In spite of his importance in the political world, he had had poor success with his writings until he hit upon the idea of building a private theatre in which to read them. As he was too important a man to neglect openly, people who had not cared to buy his books found it politic to be numbered among those present. Other hungry authors saw the value of the scheme, and as Rome seems always to have buzzed with promoters looking around for something to promote the town soon became studded with halls built to be hired out to authors. With this small expense they could see if they were likely to get back the money invested in publication. So general did the practice become that Pliny notes that through April hardly a day passed without some one giving a recitation. Writers who had not the price of a hall recited on the streets and in the public porticos. Modern publishers, not unacquainted with self-advertisement in authors, may well sigh for the good old days when the authors assumed the expense of self-exploitation also. Yet for all the willingness of writers to pay for a larger demand for their books, the bookselling trade had grown by the end of the first century into such proportions that one can be certain the publishers had themselves developed a substantial system of acquainting the buying public with their wares.

#### GERMAN BOOK DISTRIBUTION

Though after the break-up of the Roman Empire the book trade which it had introduced into Gaul still continued, it became and remained until the close of the fourteenth century almost entirely the making of transcripts for individual buyers under special orders. Both the transcription and the disposal of books were confined to the cloister, and though in several monasteries the matter was put upon a strictly commercial basis it could not be called distinctly a trade, since books were not prepared for general use. Well-defined bookselling machinery existed in Paris and Florence and Venice, but there was no advertising done beyond the issuing of written handbills. This latter was

mainly confined to the few secular scribes, who only toward the last years of manuscript writing began to assume the proportions of an organised trade. On the first sheet of a very late manuscript is the following general advertisement: "Any books that are desired, whether great or small, religious or profane, beautifully painted, all of these will be found by Diepold Lauber, scribe in the town of Hagenau." In Germany, unlike the other countries, the only means of distribution of books seems to have been the fairs and the annual markets; and when later the printing press was discovered, this practice facilitated the rapid diffusion of printed matter to an extent almost incredible in days when there were no newspapers. As soon as the presses came, publishers were naturally the very first to appreciate the new opportunity for publicity, and at once applied them to the purpose of multiplying the written handbills formerly employed.

#### THE COMING OF PRINT

As long as books took only the form of expensive manuscript there could, of course, be no popular distribution, especially since only the wealthy, and but few of them, knew how to read. But the art of printing fortunately had its development in a commercial town, and when the business of bookmaking and distribution left the cloister of monastery and university it speedily came into relations with the people themselves. Especially in the low countries and in Germany the circulation of books among commoners began, and so notably increased that in a short time the selling price went steadily down as the market widened. Thus the need for advertising made itself known once more. As early as 1470 one printer issued a descriptive catalogue of his books after quite a modern fashion. At the head of it was the following notice: "Those who wish to possess any of these books have only to address themselves to the sign of —." The blank was to be filled out by each retail dealer to whom the catalogue was sent. Indeed, enterprise seems to have been engendered in the very handling of the presses; for the second printer on record did not remain content with printing the old manu-

scripts but became also a publisher of new books; then he became his own bookseller and his own agent, travelling as far as Paris to create a new market; and then, it must be added, he became a pirate also, promptly appropriating another man's manuscript and inserting his own name as author.

#### THE FIRST EUROPEAN FIRMS

In Italy and France the taste for reading did not spread so quickly as in the North, and until it did so there was little need for advertising. In 1500 Aldus was still depending for the sale of his publications on direct correspondence with his scholars. But in the end, finding personal inquiries too numerous, he printed the first descriptive catalogue with prices ever issued. The great house of Estiennes in Paris and several other large publishing firms grew as rapidly and built up such a remunerative demand for their books—in a day when means of communication and even travel itself were irregular and difficult—that, like Aldus, they were soon forced to give up personal correspondence. Henry Estiennes thus begins his catalogue in verse:

With letters ceaseless I'm annoyed.  
Italian, German, English, French,  
All on my studious hours intrench.  
"What last has been achieved and ended?  
What are the impressions next intended?"  
These pages few as best may suit you  
In form of catalogue salute you.

Although in Germany the Lutheran movement had thrown a large number of inexpensive pamphlets on the market, they were sold for the most part from hand to hand by peddlers or propagandists in the market places and from house to house. Thus it remained to the printers of Paris to be the first to advertise formally the wonderful cheapness of their wares. As early as 1500 this sign appeared in a printer's window: "Don't run away on account of the price. Come, rich and poor: this excellent work is sold for a very small sum." Soon this grew to be the favourite advertising idea in Paris, and all the printers began to harp on one string. "I do not lock up my books like a miser," ran another sign, "but anybody can carry them away for

a very little money." Both of these signs, as will be seen, strike the modern personal note and strive for the catchy phrase. The genius of the craft, however, struck the topnotch of contemporary advertising when he persuaded a dignified professor of the University of Paris to inform the public that they must be grateful to him for "this beautiful and cheap book"; and thus the puff direct began again its useful journey, intermitted since the days of Rome. The other printers hastily followed suit, and as many needy university professors pocketed perquisites for books as actresses nowadays for hair tonics. The stall business of displaying in the open air on planks set up on trestles began about this time, and the stall-keepers had a special cry proclaiming the marvellous cheapness of their wares to arrest the passer-by. But if the enterprising printers of Paris first exploited by sign and puff and cry the inexpensiveness of their publications, it was a German who in 1591 printed the first approach to a newspaper advertisement. A newsletter extolled a book describing a magic plant supposed to give warning of disaster, and both newsletter and book were undoubtedly the output of the same shop.

#### CAXTON AND THE FIRST POSTER

In England, however, more than one hundred years before this, Caxton had printed the first poster. It announced the sale of a collection of rules of the diocese of Salisbury, "Pyes of Salisbury use," and gave his name and sign. This was at the Red Pole in the Almonry at Westminster, whither—according to his business announcement in 1480—"if it please any man spiritual or temporel to bye . . . lat him come and he shall have them good chepe." But Caxton by no means catered to men alone; on his list were many poems and romances and treatises of love of a decidedly temporal nature, and he was apparently the first publisher to reach out to capture the larger public of women so emphatically sought for these days. He knew the circle of scholars and theologians was small, and he wisely quadrupled the demand by his adventurous policy. Nevertheless, in

spite of his business instinct, he had strict notions as to the dignity of the trade, and the immediate business of bookselling was entirely a subordinate affair with him and the first English printers. They were desirous of selling their books, it is true, but they never dreamed of giving their chief attention to doing so. The bookseller as a prime branch of the business came in during Elizabeth's reign. Unlike the earlier ones, these booksellers were neither educated nor concerned with scholarly affairs, and they were also accustomed by nature and training to all the dodges of a precarious living. Having little else on their minds, they had leisure to devise all sorts of advertising schemes to dispose of their goods, which were more often than not stolen or forced from starving authors. Their bills were stuck all over town, and doubtless—as their shops were chiefly clustered round St. Paul's—the humming resort of busy and idle London, the unsavoury middle aisle, was thickly placarded with their announcements along with its innumerable advertisements, notices, and disreputable personals. Another favourite place for handbills of the titles and general descriptions of new publications was on the outside of the theatres close to the playbills. Most of the ordinary booksellers' dodges of the time are probably mentioned by Heath in his *Epigrams*, published in 1650.

#### TO MY BOOKSELLER

I have common made my book; 'tis very true,  
But I'd not have thee prostitute it too;  
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall  
To tempt the buyer; nor poast it on each wall  
And corner poast, close underneath the play  
That must be acted at Black Friars to-day;  
Nor see some Herring-cryer for a groat  
To voice it up and down with tearing throat;  
Nor bid thy prentice read it and admire  
That all the shop may what he reads inquire;  
No: proffer'd wares do smell; I'd have thee  
know

Pride scorns to beg: modestie fears to woove.

The posts here referred to were set up not only on the streets but, according to the ancient Roman practice, at and in the shops themselves. They were adorned with red announcements of the

latest publications (imagine a publisher of to-day venturing to compete with a barber!). The fashion persisted many generations, and Pope more than once alludes to it.

What though my name stood rubric on the walls

Or plaistered posts, with clasps, in capitals!

#### LITERATURE AND QUACKERY

It was during the Elizabethan age that books began to be associated with quack medicines and pills and nostrums. Just as the earliest bookseller on record was an undertaker also, many of the Elizabethan booksellers sold drugs of all descriptions. These made both ends meet by dealing in the remedies their medical works mentioned. Bookshops, too, were often depositories for clandestine and questionable correspondence. This increased the evil reputation the trade had got when it fell into the hands of printers who made a vocation of stolen goods and their business the last stopping house this side of open knavery and vagabondage.

It was May 23, 1622, that the first periodical newspaper came out in England, and in it appeared some publishers' announcements. They were not, however, strictly advertisements in the usual sense of the word. The earliest real advertisement came out in April, 1647, and ran as follows: "A Book applauded by the Clergy of ENGLAND called THE DIVINE RIGHT OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT, Collected by sundry eminent MINISTERS in the Citie of LONDON; Corrected and augmented in many places, with a briefe Reply to certain Queries against the ministry of ENGLAND; Is printed and publish'd for JOSEPH HUNSCOT and GEORGE CALVERT, and are to be sold at the Stationers Hall and at the Golden Fleece in the Old Change." Publishers' advertisements were the first species to develop in the newspapers, and those of quack remedies were a close second. Here, as Stevenson would say, is a sobering reflection for the proudest of earthly vanities. The earliest advertisement of Isaac Walton was in an almanac of 1653.

#### "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

"There is published a Book of Eighteen-pence price, called the COMPLEAT

ANGLER, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION: being a discourse on Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy the perusal." By 1730 this modest advertisement had grown to display proportions in several different kinds of type and was making an effort (here a very successful one) to be interesting on its own account. "This day is published What will satisfy such as have bought Mr. Ozell's Translation of the Roman History and also undeceive such of Mr. Bundy's Friends as are more Friends to Truth . . . Being Serious and facetious Remarks by Mr. Ozell on some thousands of capital and comical Mistakes, Oversight, Negligences, Ignorances, Omissions, Misconstructions, Mis-nomers and other Defects, in the false Translation of the Roman History by the Rev. Mr. Bundy.

"A witty foreigner upon reading an untrue Translation of Cæsar's Commentaries, said 'It was a wicked translation, for the translator had not rendered unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.'

"With equal truth tho' less wit, may it be said the Translator of the Roman History has not paid the Rev. authors the TYTHE of their DUES; which in one of the same cloth is the more unpardonable.

"The money is to be returned by Mr. Ozell to any Gentleman who after reading it shall come and declare upon Honour he does not think the Book worth the Money."

#### THE INIQUITIES OF ADDISON

It is interesting to note that it was the *Spectator* which first started the habit of advertisements for other commodities than books or quack medicines; and, sad to say, the fashion seems to have been introduced by its policy of puffing liberally anybody who paid for space—a policy which one would scarcely think of the great Mr. Addison not only following, but originating. There are, as Mr. Lawrence Lewis points out, several striking instances of the *Spectator's* business office dictating editorial "speculations." The nearest he came to it in book matters was when he wrote a series of papers on *Paradise Lost* to help out the sale of Tonson's edition, which was re-

maining on the shelves, and when he devoted a paper to praising the *Cartoons of Raphael*, engravings of which were advertised in the same number. "I am obliged for the following essay," says *Spectator* once, "to the Ingenuous Author of a Poem just Published, entitled *An Ode to the Creator of the World*." But none of the puffery appeared in the advertisements themselves, and they were for the most part merely substantial or detailed announcements of the form and content of the books. Those coming nearest to any bid for attractiveness are the following: "A Treatise of the Hypochondriac and Hysterick Passions, vulgarly called the HYPO in men and VAPOURS in women; in which the symptoms, causes and cure of those Diseases are set forth after a Method entirely new. The whole interspersed with instructive Remarks on the Modern Practice of PHYSICIANS and APOTHECARIES: Very useful to all that have the Misfortune to stand in need of either." "Just Publish'd. A Letter to the Author of the History of the Lutheran Church, from a Country School-Boy. 'Out of the Mouth of very Babes and Sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine Enemies; that thou mightest still the Enemy and the Avenger.' Psal. 8 ver. 2. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers Hall."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE "SPECTATOR"

Publishers once having started to embellish their announcements, however, were not slow to employ all the tricks which up to this time had characterised the advertisements of quackery. The apparently quite modern expression, "the book is advertised like a patent medicine," might have had a more particular meaning in the seventeenth century than now, while the practice begun by the *Spectator* of puffing paragraphs in the news columns so increased that publishers were allowed to insert their own advertisements in this disguised form. One periodical even set about a campaign to prevent undue reputations being made in such a fashion. Possibly the most alluring publisher's announcement of the next hundred years appeared in 1741. "An Apology for the Life of MRS. SHAM-

ELA ANDREWS, in which the many notorious FALSEHOODS and MISREPRESENTATIONS of a book called PAMELA are all exposed and refuted. Together with a full Account of all that pass'd between her and Parson Arthur Williams, whose character is represented in a manner somewhat different from what he bears in PAMELA, the whole being exact Copies of authentick Papers deliver'd to the Editor. Necessary to be had in all families. With a modern Dedication after the Manner of the Antients, especially Cicero."

#### FIELDING AND DEFOE

All this time, of course, had been developing and increasing other forms of advertising, indirect, but even more effective. Advertisement by dedication was not at all to be despised as an excellent method of attracting the attention of the public at large. The patron's assistance was by no means over with publication; people were interested in books for which great names graciously stood sponsor. Dryden's publisher thought the dedication of his *Virgil* to King William such a good stroke of business that he made the matter doubly conspicuous by having Eneas drawn with a hooked nose like the king. The practice, too, of issuing proposals for bringing out books by subscription worked also as an advertisement. Doubtless as much publicity as possible was obtained by this, though there is no record that the proposals were advertised in the picturesque way of a generation or two before, when the practice of selling books by lottery was in vogue, and at least one publisher-author had his book lottery announced in the theatre. Authors also had grown alert to the wisdom of allowing their coming events to cast a shadow before. At the end of the second volume of *Amelia*, Fielding inserted an advertisement of his projected newspaper, *The Covent Garden Journal*. The practical Defoe preferred to look backward rather than to gamble in futures. In each pamphlet he systematically referred to a previous one, and if any had the misfortune of failing to sell he would write another pamphlet just for the purpose of calling attention to it. So well known was he as an adroit

and robust advertiser that when, in 1705, a bookseller could not get rid of a large edition of a heavy book called *The Christian's Defence Against the Fear of Death* he applied to Defoe to help him out. Thereupon the agile author wrote the account of Mrs. Veale, and in the recital of the circumstantial details of which he was past master, he put a recommendation of this book as "the best on that subject ever written." At once the edition was completely sold out. Perhaps Defoe's most spectacular exploit in the advertising field was when he brought out the *Life of Jack Shepard* during the trial of that worthy, and, to cap the climax, managed to get an allusion made to it from the very scaffold itself.

#### BYRON AND BULWER

The *Morning Chronicle* in 1802 made a specialty of book advertisements and exhibited, for the time, much ingenuity in the matter of display. Publishers had the fashion then of keeping back their announcements until they had enough to bunch them together in what was called a "cloud" or "swarm," in order to impress the public with the extent of their business. "Each bookseller," wrote the proprietor of this journal, "is desirous of having his cloud of advertisements inserted in the front page. The new advertisements, one at a time, would not do; they would have the cloud. Then, said I, there is no place for the cloud but the last page. The booksellers were affronted, indignant. The last page! To obtain the accommodation they set up a morning paper, the *British Press*, and to oppose the *Courier*, an evening one, the *Globe*. Possessed of general influence among literary men, could there be a doubt of success?" And thus began a period when the booksellers practically had it all their own way and controlled most of the organs of literary opinion; and the era of brazen puffery came about. Byron, in the mean time, had introduced a new note into book advertising, that of the carefully nurtured personality; and the idea he had furnished to his publisher on his return from the grand tour proving effective enough to sell out the edition of *Childe Harold* in three days, the trade seized upon it with avidity.

Byron, by his paleness, his calculated abstinence from food in public, and his interesting air of abysmal wickedness, showed the publishers the commercial value of an intangibility. It was a foregone conclusion that Bulwer Lytton—the Barnum of his day, as he has been called—would not lag far behind in exploiting his showy personality. And Bulwer, like Byron, did not the less appreciate advertisement for his contact with the stage—indeed both of them proved quite able to teach the theatres a thing or two. Then came Disraeli, equally interesting as a social figure and through necessity even more anxious for personal notoriety.

#### DISRAELI AND SCOTT

If Dizzy had not been a self-advertiser there would probably have been no Dizzy, and he made his novels as he made everything else serve him in that respect. Christopher North in *Blackwood* denounced "the shameful and shameless puffery" by which the sale of *Victorian Grey* had been secured. But the publisher, having almost complete command of the literary press, was able to keep up as long as it was profitable the discussion of the identity of the author. Scott, with *Waverley*, had taught the trade the commercial value of mystery. "No artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is now thought too abject for a man of letters," wrote Macaulay in his wrath, turning the full vial of it on the scapegoat Robert Montgomery. But only Montgomery suffered the blight of his majestic censure, and puffery, secure in controlling most of the channels of publicity, went on undisturbed. Besides the market price of personality and of mystery, the trade had by this time well learned the value of the hoax, and the lately discovered manuscript, and the long list of temporarily successful impostures had begun.

#### THACKERAY

While there seem to have been no definite schemes launched for the exploitation of the books of the Wizard of the North, Scott's whole life was one which served indirectly to advertise his novels. His palace at Abbotsford, his friendship for the Prince Regent, his



truckling to national prejudice in his absurd *Life of Napoleon*, all helped him to sell. Indeed a little pamphlet might be written on High Life and the Book Trade. It is well known how the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne put the breath of life into that still-born infant, *Lorna Doone*; and how it was not passed over by her publishers that the late queen's favourite novelist was Marie Corelli. But Thackeray did more than cater to the English love of a lord or introduce ill-disguised portraits of celebrated personages in his novels; he was accused of aiming at the patronage of the British nobility in his *English Humourists* and of bidding for the American market in his lectures on the *Four Georges*. His squabble with the *London Times* over that journal's slashing criticism of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* would be regarded in our more commercial age as a frank bid for exploitation. When, in 1858, Edmund Yates wrote for *Town Talk* a not wholly flattering account of his personal appearance, he did not disdain to demand loudly that Mr. Yates apologise for printing facts about the colour of his hair and his manner of speech, learned in the privacy of the Garrick Club. Yet an article written a few years ago complaining of the blatancy of authors in these degenerate days speaks of this incident as an illustration of Thackeray's loftiness of spirit!

#### DICKENS AND READE

Dickens knew the value of advertising and did not hesitate to make use of it. His lecture tours served the two-fold purpose of putting money directly into his pocket and spreading the fame of his books. Charles Reade wrote anonymously a long article on himself for *Once a Week*, in which he said: "It is impossible to speak too highly of *The Cloister and the Hearth*; it is one of the most scholar-like and learned as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful works of fiction in any language. Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius. The effect of *Foul Play* is perfectly marvellous. It leaves the stories of every other sensational novel writer far behind."

#### M. DE BALZAC ON BALZAC

Nor was Balzac in France disdaining to puff his own works. "If you have not been born a story-teller," he wrote in a review, "you will never obtain the popularity of Monsieur de Balzac. And what a story-teller! What verve and wit! How the world is dissected by this man! What passion and coolness!" The exclamation marks are characteristic, for the French school of the first half of the century was far more open than the English in exploiting itself. It is true that Richard Savage's publisher advertised his author's having killed a man, but Balzac seems almost to have provoked duels with his publishers for the sake of advertisement. All his life his head was seething with schemes to attract attention to his books. "My friend," said he, "I have the brilliant idea to open a grocery store with Honoré de Balzac printed over the door in gilt letters and me in a blouse behind the counter: this will create such a scandal that every one will buy my books."

#### DUMAS AND HUGO

The elder Dumas used his astonishing personality, his political ambitions, and the extravagance of his château of Monte Cristo to attract attention to his romances. In later life he descended to fiddling in a restaurant as a means of self-advertising. Théophile Gautier strutted about Paris in an extraordinary red waistcoat in order to attract attention to himself and to his work. Victor Hugo was the very personification of self-exploitation. Beneath that colossal egotism, which on one occasion led him to suggest gravely that the issue of the Franco-Prussian War be decided by personal combat between himself and the King of Prussia, there was a strong vein of shrewdness. No publisher who ever had dealings with him was able to forget that he was an excellent business man, and he must have understood that these manifestations of his vanity would result in increased sales. He left nothing to chance, however, for he took pains to write his advertisements himself.

#### THE EXPLOITATION OF SUE

But the height of literary advertising of the first half of the last century was

reached in the case of Eugene Sue's famous novel, *The Wandering Jew*. A French newspaper publisher contracted for the serial rights of the latter and then proceeded to make the most of his bargain by methods which, as some one has expressed it, would have made a modern American stare. Every little while the daily instalment would fail to appear, and in its place would be a notice that M. Sue was suffering from a slight indisposition and the readers would be obliged to wait forty-eight hours for new developments of the narrative. So well did these methods succeed that it was impossible to buy outright a copy of the journal, and instead copies were rented out at ten sous for half an hour, the time thought necessary to read the instalment. And all the while Sue himself was industriously abetting the publishers by posing overdressed and with spurs to his boots at the Café de Paris in an attitude of deepest abstraction, as if wondering what the next instalment would be about. The brothers Sosii and Martial must have been much chagrined when the report reached them in the Elysian Fields.

#### THE UNCHANGING FASHIONS

Thus, having reviewed the history of book-advertising down to yesterday, one feels that even in the field of commer-

cial exploitation—which is particularly the field of our own age and our own country—there is little except in execution that is new. The degeneracy of the trade of letters, like the degeneracy of the theatre, is a familiar wail of the time. "Even the author," naïvely writes an elevated scribe in satirical vein, "has nowadays cheerfully consented to engage in the race for fame"; and a dignified publisher comments sadly, "As books are a commodity they must be advertised, but circus methods are to be deplored." Both writers sound the high note of the "good old days." Pray, when were the good old days? It was once the writer's experience to chase them through four costume plays in one New York season—roughly, the plays covered twelve generations of recorded time. In each was a wagging greybeard who held up hands in horror at the commercial character of the coming age. "It was not so in my time," he lamented. But in vain, through recorded history in the domain of books, as in every other, we search for

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty not for meed.

The fashion of these times, when none will sweat but for promotion, is, after all, far less of a solitary phenomenon than old men like to admit.



# THE EDITORS WHO "REGRET"

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*We are constantly receiving letters of inquiry about men who conduct the American magazines of the present day. That Mr. Alden guides the destiny of Harper's, Mr. Johnson of the Century, and Mr. Burlingame of Scribner's are facts which are comparatively well known. But the personalities of the men in control of the magazines with less history and tradition remain in relative obscurity. "Who is the man who decides upon the manuscripts that go to this magazine office or that?" is the burden of a questioning letter. "Who is the Editor who regrets?" As a general reply to these inquiries the present article is printed.*

The editor regrets that the enclosed manuscript, although possessing considerable merit, is unavailable for his present needs.



It was the late O. Henry who said that the two saddest phrases in the English language were "Please remit" and "The editor regrets." Like all magazine writers, O.

Henry, at different times in his career, had come to know the two sad and closely related phrases intimately. Before the tide comes in the affairs of a contributor to the periodicals he has learned the regret slips of the editors of the various magazines so well that he can identify any one of them, without looking at the name, from the colour of paper on which it is printed. Most of the regular magazine contributors who live in New York, the magazine centre, know the mysterious men by name if not personally, the mysterious individuals who, to the rest of the great United States of Magazine Writers, are known merely by the blank, cold, non-committal word "editor" which comes back to it in the same envelope with its highly prized manuscript. For this latter considerable group, the persons in *absentia* who hurl their literary efforts into the sanctums of the editors of the popular New York magazines, this paper is prepared—that they may be brought face to face with the cruel murderers of their temporary literary hopes, that they may know concretely the personalities of these editors who "regret," and that, in daring spirit, the characteristics of some of the

men behind the blank, cold word mentioned above may be brought out of the realm of office mystery and be revealed to a curious writing world.

There is a small group of older editors, such as George Harvey of *Harper's*, and Lyman Abbott of *The Outlook*, whose personalities and methods have been chronicled in the prints, and who, consequently, are well known to the public, both writing and otherwise. These editors shall not concern us here. Rather shall it be our purpose to afford a fleeting glimpse at the younger and less widely known men who preside actively over the managing editors' desks of some of the other magazines, men who, some of them at least, have been wont to conceal the light of their names under the bushel of their regret cards.

Let us first make our way into the editorial sanctum of the *American Magazine*, presided over by John S. Phillips. Mr. Phillips is one of the lucky species of men who can work hard and smile while he is doing it. He can discuss a serious article on "The Measure of Taft" with Ray Stannard Baker, for instance, and discuss his poor luck at Bridge the night before at the same time—and neither seemingly will interfere with the other. He dotes on Bridge, Goshen, New York (where he spends his Sundays), and the Middle West viewpoint in national affairs and literary likes and dislikes. Born in Illinois, he believes that if you can get up a magazine that will be generally suitable to the people of Illinois you will have a magazine that will embrace the national taste. And his success with the *American*, née *Frank Leslie's*

*Monthly*, seems to argue for the correctness of his ideas on the point in question. He is "strong for the healthy, 'home' tone in a magazine," as he expresses it, and his editorial ideas, in consultation with his staff, are worked out on this line. Mr. Phillips's managing editor and the man from whom you probably get your cards of regret direct is Albert Boyden, who, born in Illinois, mirrors accurately the Phillips idea. Mr. Boyden is a keen detective of faults in realism in the stories that are submitted to him. Woe be to the fiction story that comes to Mr. Boyden containing a piece of automobile machinery wrongly characterised or an item of factory routine that is incorrect! Detecting errors of this nature is to Mr. Boyden's heart what Bridge is to the heart of Mr. Phillips.

Very much like Mr. Boyden is Mr. Sewell Haggard, the "regret" man of the *Metropolitan*. Mr. Haggard is a graduate of newspaper work, having served for a number of years on the staff of the New York *Sun* before entering the magazine field. Although the active editorial head of the magazine is M. E. Stone, Jr., it is the managing editor from whom emanates the flood of "regrets." Mr. Haggard is of a serious disposition, gives one the impression of a limitless capacity for long, steady working grinds, is rarely "seeable" to contributors who call at the office, and is a quick analyst of a story's merits and, more particularly, demerits. Everything that goes into the *Metropolitan* magazine must be passed on by Mr. Stone, but the young managing editor is the final effective sieve that stands between the former and the second of O. Henry's "saddest phrases."

The House of Munsey, with its numerous magazines, is, because of the big number of its publications, one of the favourite targets of the short-story writers. The supervising editor of several of these magazines is Robert H. Davis, generally regarded, with John Cosgrave, as the George Horace Lorimer of the monthly field. Davis is an unusual personality. He is a short, chubby, smooth-faced, dark-haired man, with a blunt, straight-from-the-shoulder method of saying what he thinks. He believes in seeing every contributor who comes to his

office. He has a remarkably quick mind, born of long newspaper training, and can tell the value of a submitted article in a flash. He has, furthermore, a comprehensive knowledge of everything from the political situation in Montana to the financial condition of the Mills hotels. He has a memory that is the equal of that possessed by Paul Drane, the day city editor of the New York *Herald*, who can tell off-hand why the yacht *Illiad* figured in the news on, say, September 15, 1889. Mr. Davis is the city editor style of magazine editor. He can assign the subject of an article on "The Growth of the Automobile," or an article on "Soda Water Statistics" for the *Scrap Book*, and a railroad topic for a *Railroad Man's Magazine* article in three minutes. And he can see, talk with and transact business successively with a dozen contributors without wasting a moment's time and without missing a single opportunity to learn what the caller has that may prove available for the magazines over which he presides.

"Bob" Davis's letters to contributors explaining why this or that manuscript has been rejected by him have long since become famous in the metropolitan magazine world. They are as characteristic of the man as the colourless "regret" slips are not characteristic of some of the other magazine editors. Davis's letters are masterpieces of staccato, explosive, condemnatory comment. If a story is very bad, he will tell the contributor that it is "one of the worst stories I ever read, just trash." He does not mince his words. His is the cannon-cracker kind of criticism, with no preliminary sputtering. But his criticism is frank and fair, that it always is, and if a contributor's feelings are hurt sometimes, Mr. Davis never loses that contributor as a friend. He knows how to praise as well as he knows how to damn, and his praise is just as straight-from-the-shoulder as is his censure.

R. H. Titherington, a graduate of Oxford, is the individual editor of the *Munsey* magazine. He has occupied this position for many years and has done much to build up that publication. Robert Mackey, who looks out directly for the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, is a

former editor of *Success*, and more recently assistant Sunday editor of the New York *Herald*. Matthew White, Jr., who edits the *Cavalier* and *Argosy*, has been with the Munsey publications since their beginning, and to him a great deal of the popularisation of the *Argosy* brand of thriller story in the ten-cent field is due. Mr. White, who is the first American editor to have recognised the ability of Arnold Bennett, is the author of a number of books of boys' stories that had a considerable vogue twenty years ago. He invents a considerable number of the plots for the *Argosy* stories himself and develops them with the aid of his contributing writers. In addition to his work of editing the two story magazines, he edits the dramatic department in the principal Munsey publication. Like Mr. Davis, all the Munsey editors believe in personal contact with contributors.

*Everybody's Magazine* is under the editorial charge of John O'Hara Cosgrave, a well-known figure in the popular magazine world and an acute judge of the sort of stuff that goes to make a magazine bought and read. To Mr. Cosgrave goes much of the credit for bringing *Everybody's* up to its high rank in general popularity. Possessed of a strong physique, a dyed-in-him love of the work he is in, a wide acquaintanceship among men and a keen sense of discrimination between fake and real sensationalism, he is eminently suited for the leadership of a publication of the nature of the one in the editorial chair of which he whirls 'round. But as far as the curious army of regret receivers is concerned, Gilman Hall and Trumbull White are the two specific editorial subjects who must be dragged from the secret shadows of the sanctum, for these two men, particularly, are the associate editors upon whom falls a great deal, in fact, the greater deal, of the assorting and rejecting work after, as in all other cases, the preliminaries have been attended to by the "readers." Of these two associate editors, Mr. Hall is the next of editorial kin to Mr. Cosgrave as far as the rejected contributor is concerned. He was formerly the editor of *Ainslee's* magazine, and is known as the first editor who recognised the worth in

the stories of the man with whose observation on "the editor regrets" this paper was introduced.

The managing editor of *McClure's* magazine is H. H. McClure, a cousin of S. S. McClure, proprietor of the periodical. H. H. McClure was, at the beginning, associated with *McClure's* magazine, but subsequently became one of the guiding powers of the newly created *American* magazine, when Mr. Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Peter Dunne and others resolved themselves into its sponsors. Because of family ties, his re-association with *McClure's* was natural. Mr. McClure is thirty-six years old, is tall, slender, blond and possessed of an exceptionally "meetable," likable personality. As head of the H. H. McClure Newspaper Syndicate, he has come into close contact with the better known British and native writers, many of whose products he has handled exclusively for a considerable period of time. He was partly responsible for the introduction of the original Sherlock Holmes stories in America.

John Thompson, formerly on the staff of the New York *Times*, is the editor of *Pearson's Magazine*. He practically edits the publication single-handed, anyway as far as the contributors go. The "regrets," when they do come, come from him direct. He, too, is a young man—still somewhere in the later thirties—is of a tall, athletic build, and has a favourite tilted-'way-back-in-his-chair position in which any intruder in his sanctum may usually find him. Norman Boyer, the present editor of the *Smart Set*, succeeded George Splint to his present post, after having been associated with the staff of the *Success* magazine when Robert Mackey was its editor. Mr. Boyer follows out the Davis idea of seeing all contributors personally, of talking over their story ideas with them, and of recommending certain changes in stories which, when so altered, may prove available. Like Mr. Davis, Mr. Boyer also takes time to write letters to many of the magazine's contributors, but the Boyer letters are as sweet milk compared to the Davis letters' acid. Whenever an unknown contributor sends in a manuscript that, while not available, still discloses

traces of considerable sporadic merit, a Boyer letter of appreciation and criticism will go with the regrets. It is interesting to note in this connection that the editor recently published in his magazine in semi-fiction form the correspondence that had passed between a contributor and himself, and received a number of letters from readers of the magazine subsequently praising what they believed was a printed story-manuscript.

Arthur Hornblow, editor of the *Theatre Magazine*, is the same Arthur Hornblow who made a novel of *The Lion and the Mouse*, Charles Klein's drama, and is the author of a number of novels of the brand of *By Right of Conquest*. Mr. Hornblow rarely talks with a contributor save through his secretary, in which regard he resembles Caspar Whitney, the well-known editor of *Collier's Outdoor America*. Albert Britt, the editor of *Outing*, was called to that chair from the editorship of the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, having before that time been on the staff of *Public Opinion*. Mr. Britt talks over the ideas of prospective contributors with the latter in his office. Mr. Britt is just the sort of man you would expect to find editing a magazine like *Outing*. He is not an athlete, but he looks *Outing*, talks about out-of-doors and enjoys talking about it.

Edward Cave, the editor of *Recreation*, believes with Mr. Britt that the editor of an out-door magazine should be an out-of-doors man. And Cave most certainly is an out-of-doors man in every sense of the word. He is young, full of life, and spends a great deal of his time on automobile, fishing and hunting trips, of which he writes under his own name for the magazine of which he is editor.

William Young, the editor of *Hampton's Magazine*, is a newspaper man of wide experience in both New York and Chicago. While B. B. Hampton rules the contents of his magazine with a direct hand, it remains for Young to do the greater amount of the preliminary work with the various "standing" and volunteer contributors.

Charles Hanson Towne, well known as a contributor of poetry to the periodicals and, a number of years ago, editor of the *Smart Set* magazine, is the "regret" man of the *Delineator* and *Woman's Idea* magazines, over which Erman J. Ridgway exercises general editorial supervision. Recently succeeding Samuel Merwin as the managing editor of *Success*, Howard Brubacher has been entrusted with that publication's regret slips. Mr. Brubacher has been associated with *Success* for several years and is one of the youngest of the "regret" men. Charles Agnew MacLean is the editor of the *Popular* and *Smith's* magazines and Archibald Sessions the editor of *Ainslee's*. Karl Edwin Harriman, author of the novel *Sadie*, is the editor of the *Green Book Album* and supervisory head of its colourful sisters, the *Red* and *Blue Books*. Herbert Kaufman, whose name is familiar to magazine readers, has recently been created editor of the *Woman's World*. Although Norman Hapgood is the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, the man in whom the contributors are interested is Albert Lee, the managing editor. Charles Belmont Davis, a brother of Richard Harding Davis, and a well-known writer of stories dealing with stage life, is the *Collier* fiction editor. Clarence Richard Lindner is the new fiction editor of *Leslie's Weekly*. George Buchanan Fife, the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is another graduate of newspaper work, having been engaged in that field of journalistic service in New York for more than fourteen years. William A. Taylor is the editor of the *Associated Sunday Magazines*, and is known far and wide as "Pop" Taylor. H. G. Payne, editor of the recently instituted *Monthly Magazine*, is a former member of the *Harper's Weekly* staff and, before that, a newspaper graduate.

Henceforth, then, will "the editor regrets" cease to be anonymous. The personalities of the rejection slips have been ferretted out!

# THE BOOK MART

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is the list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and 1st of January:

### NEW YORK CITY

#### FICTION

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The De Bercy Affair. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) \$3.00.
3. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

#### JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggan and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

### ALBANY, N. Y.

#### FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

#### NON-FICTION

1. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
3. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

#### JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggan and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Poems of Childhood. Field. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

## ATLANTA, GA.

#### FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

No report.

#### JUVENILES

No report.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

#### FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

#### NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.

#### JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

## BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

#### FICTION

1. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

#### NON-FICTION

No report.

#### JUVENILES

No report.

## BOSTON, MASS.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
4. Life of Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

## FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. What's Wrong With the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Wonder Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
2. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

## FICTION

1. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO

## FICTION

1. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.
2. The Sleeping Beauty. Quiller-Couch. (Doran.) \$5.00.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.



CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Through the Little Green Door. Donohy. (Stern.) \$1.00.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Little Knight of the X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) \$1.50.
6. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DÉTROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

DÉTROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Social Buccaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Sleeping Beauty. Quiller-Couch. (Doran.) \$5.00.
2. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.

3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
3. The Better Man. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Sutors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## FICTION

1. Not of Her Race. Foster. (Badger.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Christmas Mystery. Locke. (Lane.) 75c.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$6.00.
2. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.
3. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Dulac. (Doran.) \$5.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Tama. Watanna. (Harper.) \$1.60.

## NON-FICTION

1. Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
2. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.
3. Girls. Hutt. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
4. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

## NORFOLK, VA.

## FICTION

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Sapphire Bracelet. Field. (Watt.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. A Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## OMAHA, NEB.

## FICTION

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) \$1.50.
6. The Girl of the Limerlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

3. Adventures in Home Making. Shackleton. (Lane.) \$1.75.
4. Susan in Sicily. Tozier. (Page.) \$2.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Kiddie Land. Wiederseim and May. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Tittlemouse. Porter. (Warne.) 50c.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Ingleside. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. The Caravaners. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Creators. Sinclair. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

## NON-FICTION

1. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
4. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) \$3.00.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.80.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Love of the Wild. McKishnie. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) \$1.50.
6. Way to Peace. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.
4. Camp and Camino in Lower California. North. (Baker & Taylor.) \$3.00.

## JUVENILES

1. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Plupy, the Real Boy. Shute. (Badger.) \$1.50.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.

## FICTION

1. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.  
 6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## PORTLAND, ME.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.  
 4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.  
 5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.  
 6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.  
 2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.  
 3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.  
 4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.  
 2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.  
 3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.  
 3. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.  
 4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.  
 5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.  
 6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) \$1.75.  
 2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.  
 3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.40.  
 4. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$6.00.

## JUVENILES

1. The Mutt and Jeff Cartoons. Fisher. (Ball.) 50 cents.  
 2. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.  
 3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## FICTION

1. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.  
 2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.  
 3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.  
 4. The Siege of the Seven Suits. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.  
 5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.  
 6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.

## NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.  
 2. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) \$2.40.  
 3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.  
 4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) \$4.80.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.  
 2. The Little Lame Prince. Mulock. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.  
 3. Beatrix Potter's Books. (Warne.) 50 cents.

## RICHMOND, VA.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.  
 3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.  
 5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.  
 6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.  
 2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.  
 3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.  
 4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.  
 5. The Annals of Ann. Sharber. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.  
 6. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

1. Mr. Pickwick. Reynolds. (Doran.) \$5.00.  
 2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.  
 3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.  
 4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.  
 2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
4. Those Nerves. Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Under a Fool's Cap: Songs. Holmes. (Mosher.) \$1.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Wonder Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Model Aéroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
2. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

6. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) \$1.40.
4. The Readjustment. Irwin. (Huebsch.) \$1.20.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Vanished Ruin Era. Stellman. (Elder.) \$2.50.
3. City that Is. Steele. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
4. California. Jordan. (Robertson.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Helene Von Racowitza. (Autobiography.) (Macmillan.) \$3.50.
2. Romance of Imperial Rome. Champney. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

3. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.

## JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

## TOLEDO, OHIO

## FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Gold Brick. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. First Love. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

## NON-FICTION

No report.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

## TORONTO, CANADA

## FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Mussion.) \$1.25.

## NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith. Haultain. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.

## JUVENILES

No report.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

## NON-FICTION

1. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.00.

2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

## JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy with the U. S. Forresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

## FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

## NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Storrs.) \$4.80.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) \$6.00.

## JUVENILES

1. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

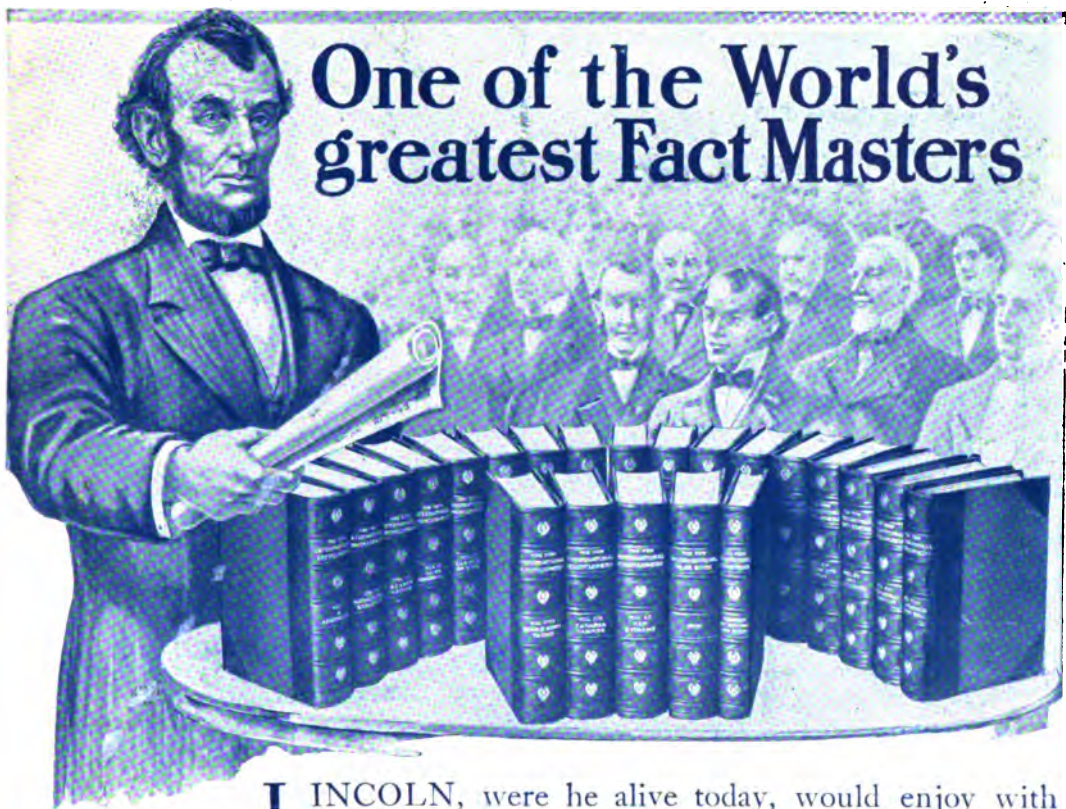
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " " "	2d	" " " "	" " " "	8
" " " "	3d	" " " "	" " " "	7
" " " "	4th	" " " "	" " " "	6
" " " "	5th	" " " "	" " " "	5
" " " "	6th	" " " "	" " " "	4

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.	298
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	165
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.	108
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.	94
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.	91
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.	85



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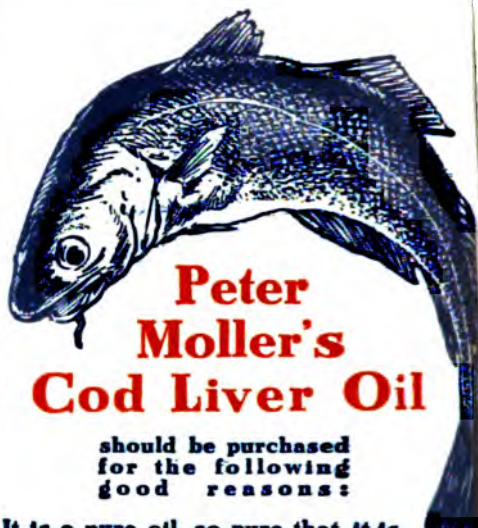
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